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WHY ROCK WALKED OUT ON PHYLLIS

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LIZ'S STORY

## "They said we shouldn't have this baby!"



FEB 12 1958

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*The STORY of*

# a Girl who kept a Promise

## *AND A MAN WHO COULD BE A HERO IF HE BROKE HIS!*



**LT. ALEC AUSTEN, USN—**
who had to shoot
the question-mark
off his name...
Played by

# ALAN LADD

*The* THUNDERING STORY
of The U.S.S. Poe--
a tiny speck on the
ocean that grew into
a tidal wave of fury!

# THE DEEP SIX

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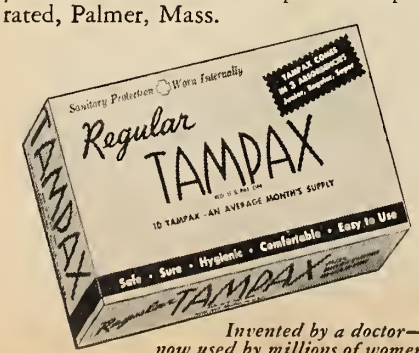
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FEBRUARY, 1958 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

# modern screen

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*Color portrait of Liz Taylor, Mike Todd and baby Liza by Toni Frissell. You can see Liz in MGM's* RAINTREE COUNTY *now and she'll soon be in MGM's* CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF.
*Other photographers' credits on page 72.*

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Modern Screen is published monthly with the exception of the January issue. All subscriptions expiring after the December 1957 issue will be extended one month for each January issue due but not published. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form No. 3579
to 76 Ninth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 52, No. 1, February 1958. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacarte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions, and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years; $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Reentered as second class matter March 25, 1957, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1958 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596,800.



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**GORGEOUS NEW GIRL!**

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IN

**"THE SEVEN HILLS OF ROME"**

co-starring

RENATO RASCEL

MARISA ALLASIO

with

PEGGIE CASTLE



Screen Play by ART COHN and GIORGIO PROSPERI • Based On a Story by Giuseppi Amato
Filmed in TECHNIRAMA® — A Product of TECHNICOLOR® • Produced by LESTER WELCH
Directed by ROY ROWLAND • A Le Cloud Production




**Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.**

Q Isn't the **Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz** marriage just about over?
—N.Y., Newark, N.J.
A *Touch and go at this point.*

Q Didn't an ex-boyfriend of **Kim Novak** once try to blackmail her?
—G.Y., Chicago, Ill.
A *No, just ruin her career.*

Q Can you tell me how much **Jahn Wayne** gets for a picture?
—H.Y., N.Y.C.
A *$666,666.*

Q How old is **Jack Benny?**
—R.Y., N.Y.C.
A *63.*

Q Isn't the reason the **Rad Steiger** reconciliation did not take because of an English actress Rod is interested in?
—N.T., Hartford, Conn.
A *No. Steiger is merely a difficult man to live with.*

Q I understand that **Elvis Presley** is lonely most of the time. Is this true?
—L.Y., Louisville, Ky.
A *Elvis says it's true.*

Q Is it on the level that **Audrey Hepburn** is now the highest-priced actress in the world?
—F.Y., New Orleans, La.
A *Yes; she gets $350,000 and up per film.*

Q I've been told that **Cary Grant** has it in his contract that he will not dance in movies with any actress who wears body make-up. Is this true?
—B.T., Richmond, Va.
A *True.*

Q **Suzy Parker,** the model who got such a build-up as an actress—isn't it true that her voice is so sing-songy they have to re-dub all her sound tracks?
—K.T., Los Angeles, Calif.
A *Not all her sound tracks; only some.*

Q **Jennifer Jones** and **Rack Hudsan** in *A Farewell to Arms*—isn't Jennifer too old for Rock?
—D.T., Reno, Nev.
A *She's older by a few years.*

Q **Elsa Maxwell** is going to make her debut in Las Vegas, one hears. What can she do?
—L.T., Baltimore, Md.
A *Talk.*

Q What ever happened to **Dale Rabertson?**
—Y.O., Oklahoma City, Okla.
A *Just finished making* Ann of Brooklyn *with Gina Lollobrigida in Rome.*

Q Is **Montgomery Clift** in love with **Elizabeth Taylar?**
—S.T., Eugene, Ore.
A *Has been for years, in a friendship way.*

Q Wasn't **Maria Lanza** confined to a hospital in Rome because of too much drinking while he was making *Seven Hills of Rome?*
—D.Y., Rome, Italy
A *Lanza was hospitalized to lose weight.*

Q Is **Debbie Reynalds** a good wife to Eddie Fisher?
—W.L., Philadelphia, Pa.
A *The best.*

Q Is it true that **Rassana Brazzi** avoids tax payments by being incorporated in Lichtenstein?
—F.R., Raleigh, N.C.
A *Brazzi does have a corporation in Lichtenstein.*

Q Has **Jaan Crawford** ever given any money to charity?
—H.T., San Francisco, Calif.
A *Loads. For years she maintained several beds in a clinic, paying all the hospital bills of sick people unknown to her.*

Q How old are **Henry Fanda's** daughter Jane and **Frank Sinatra's** daughter Nancy?
—J.T., Phoenix, Ariz.
A *Jane Fonda 19; Nancy Sinatra 17.*

Q Will **Erral Flynn** play **John Barrymare** in the **Diana Barrymare** movie?
R.D., Newark, N.J.
A *Yes.*

Q Now that **James Dean** is dead, won't anyone tell the truth about him? Wasn't he really disliked by people who worked with him?
—A.A., Lafayette, Ind.
A *He wasn't disliked; he just wasn't understood. What people found irritating was his complete lack of manners.*

Q Why did **Arthur Fellows** haul off and slug David Selznick during the filming of *A Farewell to Arms?* Didn't he have respect for Mr. Selznick's glasses?
—E.R., Chicago, Ill.
A *Selznick slapped Fellows first.*

Q **Sophia Loren's** chest measurements —aren't they propped up by falsies?
—E.T., Boston, Mass.
A *Sophia has never worn falsies.*

Q Is **Marlon Branda** completely bald?
—H.R., N.Y.C.
A *Brando unfortunately is losing most of his hair.*

Q In the movie *Jeanne Eagels,* there's a scene in which **Kim Navak** has to fall into a tank of water. Did she play it herself?
—E.E., Los Angeles,Cal.
A *The scene was played by stunt woman Helen Thurston.*

Q Can you tell me if **Bob Hape** is a Democrat or a Republican?
—L.Y., Atlanta, Ga.
A *Hope keeps his political affiliations private; he did however contribute handsomely to the Republican campaign chest.*

Q Is it true that **Jaanne Dru** lost all her money in an Arizona tennis club?
—D.L., Phoenix Ariz.
A *She lost a good chunk of it.*

Q **Simone Silva,** the girl who disrobed in front of Bob Mitchum at the Cannes Film Festival two years ago—what's happened to her?
—G.L., Baltimore, Md.
A *She died recently—from over-dieting, say her friends.*

Q How many times has **Dale Robertsan** been married?
—J.U., Tulsa, Okla.
A *Three.*

Q Who in movies has the real name **David Kuminsky?**
—K.T., Nashville, Tenn.
A *Comedian* **Danny Kaye.**

Q Did **Betty Huttan** ever sing on Detroit street corners for pennies?
—J.F., Detroit, Mich.
A *Yes, as a youngster. Her fatherless family was very poor.*

Q Isn't *You Can't Run Away From It* a re-make of *It Happened One Night?*
—D.L., Newark, N.J.
A *Yes.*

Q Can you tell me how much **Richard Widmark** gets per picture?
—S.B., Marion, Ind.
A *$200,000, and frequently a percentage of the profits.*

Q Is it on the level that **Leslie Caran** has dyed her hair blonde and insists upon wearing a man's black hat?
—G.S., Portland, Ore.
A *She walked around London a few months ago made up like that; said the make-up was "so chic."*

Q Doesn't **Gene Kelly** wear a hairpiece?
—G.D., Johnstown, Pa.
A *Only in movies.*

Q Does **Debra Paget's** mother really weigh 325 pounds?
—H.D., Los Angeles, Cal.
A *Your figure is exaggerated by 125 pounds at least.*

Q Which paintings did **Mike Todd** buy from Aly Khan for **Elizabeth Taylor**? How much did he pay for them? Are the paintings in her name?
—L.U., Miami, Fla.
A *Todd paid approximately $30,000 for* The Boats *by Carzou, Degas' portrait of himself, and a Utrillo. They are community property.*

Paramount Presents

# ANNA MAGNANI

# ANTHONY QUINN

# ANTHONY FRANCIOSA




**NEVER HAS THERE BEEN SUCH MAN-WOMAN EXCITEMENT ON THE SCREEN!** The raw realism of love in the story of a woman who married a man she had never seen before . . . before she met the man she couldn't live without! Anna Magnani brings new adult emotions to the screen in her first performance since her Academy Award-winning role in "The Rose Tattoo"!

in

HAL WALLIS'
production

# *Wild is the Wind*

Co-starring DOLORES HART · JOSEPH CALLEIA · Directed by George Cukor
Screenplay by Arnold Schulman · Based on a story by Vittorio Nino Novarese · Music composed and conducted by Dimitri Tiomkin

**WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH**

**FOR DRAMA**
*Peyton Place*
*Old Yeller*
*Paths Of Glory*

**FOR ADVENTURE**
*Lafayette Escadrille*

**FOR SUSPENSE**
*Witness For The Prosecution*
*Stopover, Tokyo*
*Flood Tide*

**FOR COMEDY**
*The Lady Takes A Flyer*

**FOR LOVE**
*April Love*

# NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



*Hope Lange has plenty of reason to fear her abusive, drunken stepfather (Arthur Kennedy) in this picture of life in small-town New England.*

## PEYTON PLACE

**Lana Turner**
**Lee Philips**
**Diane Varsi**
**Hope Lange**
**Betty Field**

*small town saga*

■ The novel was a best seller, and the movie should be, too. Lucky for 20th CENTURY-FOX, who spent two million dollars on it. The story is about a lot of people and their capacities to love. Peyton Place is a small town somewhere in New England. The school, the factory and the telephone are the sources from which all things, including vicious gossip, come. Mildred Dunnock has been a well-loved teacher and is looking forward to becoming a well-loved principal, but a new young man (Lee Philips) is imported for the job. Diane Varsi, who gives a lovely, graceful performance as the literary-struck daughter of widow Lana Turner, is the link that brings Philips and Lana together. Lana leads an isolated life—that's her odd preference. She owns a dress shop, runs it efficiently and takes very good care of her daughter. Russ Tamblyn is one of those sensitive, insecure adolescents; he has good reason—his mother literally smothers him with what she calls love, and is horrified even to see him talking to a girl. Russ and Diane play out some very tender scenes together. Betty Field keeps house for Lana; she's married to the school janitor, a heavy, abusive drinker (Arthur Kennedy). Kennedy's bearable when sober, but when he's drunk he attacks his teen-age stepdaughter (Hope Lange). The town doctor (Lloyd Nolan) takes care of *him*. But a couple of years later, Kennedy shows up and Hope—who is now engaged to a nice boy—kills him in self-defense. When she goes on trial all the dirty linen gets washed and all the loose ends are drawn together in everybody's life. It's a picture that sprawls through a few years—around, during and after World War II—dramatically revealing that the lives of ordinary people can often be quite complex.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

## WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION

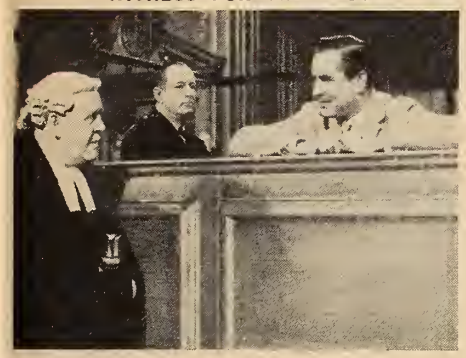
**Tyrone Power**
**Marlene Dietrich**
**Charles Laughton**
**Elsa Lanchester**
**Torin Thatcher**

*brilliant puzzle of crime*

■ A rich widow who wears crazy hats gets herself murdered. Tyrone Power used to visit her once a week or so for a glass of sherry, and Tyrone's solicitor—this is England, dahling—has a feeling that the police are going to arrest Power for murder. So he trots Ty over to Charles Laughton's place, since Laughton happens to be the foremost criminal lawyer in the country. Laughton has just had a severe heart attack and the doctors have taken away his cigars, replacing them with nurse Elsa Lanchester whose dedication is likely to kill Laughton in a week. Sure enough, the police arrest Ty, and the prosecutor puts Marlene Dietrich on the stand. She's Ty's wife. Now what do you think of a wife who testifies against her own husband! A wife whom he lifted out of war-torn Ger-

many and set down in peaceful old England; a wife who announces on the witness stand that she had another husband all the time? Don't answer those questions. The climax of this movie has more twists than a pretzel. Slick and entertaining, too.—UNITED ARTISTS.

*WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION



## THE LADY TAKES A FLYER

*down-to-earth comedy*

**Lana Turner**
**Jeff Chandler**
**Richard Denning**
**Andra Martin**
**Dee J. Thompson**

■ If you can't change a leopard's spots, how can you change a man like Jeff Chandler? Well, you know how brides are—they never say die. When Lana Turner met Jeff Chandler she was as high as he—I mean, they were always up in the sky. Flying. During the war she ferried planes. Now it's after the war and Chandler's still flying because he can't think of anything else to do. Lana can. She can think of getting married, and gives up nice, steady Richard Denning for this boy with wings. Honeymoon's grand, full of cute love scenes of which you are spared almost nothing. Homecoming is grand, because by this time Jeff and Denning had established a very successful ferrying service. But there's also a pilot working for them (Andra Martin) who ought to be in moving pictures—and she's female! When Lana discovers she's going to be a mother she rents a beautiful house to go with it and Jeff gets nervous. It's all so permanent. That's when the trouble starts. But don't prepare yourself for tears because from this point on the movie starts jumping. Not only with hilarity, but with the delightful fury of a woman like Lana fighting for domesticity.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

*THE LADY TAKES A FLYER



## PATHS OF GLORY

*the real side of war*

**Kirk Douglas**
**Ralph Meeker**
**Adolphe Menjou**
**Wayne Morris**
**Richard Anderson**

■ Paths of Glory lead but to the grave; particularly the glory that comes in war. This is a movie about French soldiers in the trenches during World War I. It's brutal, stunningly realistic and altogether fine. Kirk Douglas is a Colonel who considers the lives of his men very valuable. But his commanding officer, General George Macready, is more interested in his own career; he already has a palace from which he issues orders of a kind that sacrifice thousands of his own men. *His* superior officer (General Adolphe Menjou) is a cynical and clever man who believes in nothing, except comfort. Kirk's company is ordered to take a hill. The order is insane, and the soldiers, after making a try, fall back to the trenches. Three of them (one is Ralph Meeker) are picked at random to be court-martialled as an example. Unlike most Hollywood movies, nothing, not even Kirk's defense, saves them from the firing squad. However, Kirk's commanding officer is dishonored and Menjou offers him his job. Menjou is genuinely surprised to discover that Kirk hadn't been planning to get it—and now angrily refuses it. This would be a totally depressing film if it were not for its honesty, and for the realization Kirk has. He discovers that despite all corruption it is still possible and necessary to keep one's faith in men.—UNITED ARTISTS.

*PATHS OF GLORY



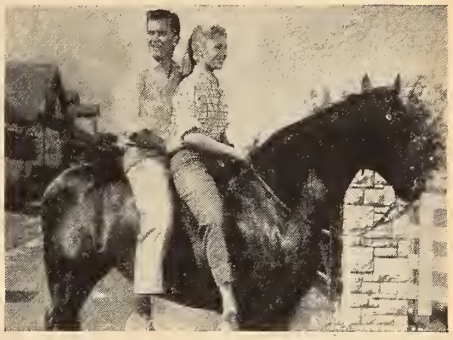
## APRIL LOVE

*sunny romance*

**Pat Boone**
**Shirley Jones**
**Dolores Michaels**
**Arthur O'Connell**
**Jeanette Nolan**

■ Who doesn't like an old-fashioned, warm-hearted love story? Here it is. Pat Boone ran around with a bad crowd in Chicago. He was arrested for being a passenger in a stolen car. Put on parole, he's sent to his uncle's farm. His aunt (Jeanette Nolan) welcomes him; his uncle (Arthur O'Connell) is not so cordial. Ever since his son was killed in the war he's been withdrawn, and the farm has nearly gone to seed. The neighboring farm is much better off; it's thriving. It's also the home of sisters Shirley Jones and Dolores Michaels. Shirley drives a sulky better than anyone; Dolores does likewise with a red convertible. The problem is: Pat's driver's license has been revoked and he knows absolutely nothing about horses. Needless to say both situations are righted. He tames a fierce stallion on his uncle's farm, and he wins a sulky race. But before that he's involved in an auto accident which threatens to lose him his parole. Go see *April Love*.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

*APRIL LOVE



## OLD YELLER

*a dog's life*

**Dorothy McGuire**
**Fess Parker**
**Jeff York**
**Tommy Kirk**
**Kevin Corcoran**

■ If you love dogs you'll love Old Yeller. Even if you hate dogs, you'll love them after you see this picture. Texas in the 1860's didn't have as many oil wells as it had frontier families and donkeys and pigs and cows and corn. One morning papa (Fess Parker) goes off on a cattle drive to Kansas, leaving his homestead in the charge of his adolescent son Tommy Kirk. Tommy has to protect his mother, Dorothy McGuire, and his frisky kid brother, Kevin Corcoran, as well as hunt deer and tend the corn patch. This big old yellow stray dog starts hanging around. He's useful—saves Kevin from the wrath of a mother bear, saves Tommy from being mauled by wild hogs and finally saves himself from a life without love. Then dread hydrophobia spreads across the land—first it drives you mad, then it kills you—and a crazed wolf attacks the family. Old Yeller leaps to the rescue—and to his doom. A very nice tribute to man's best friend.—TECHNICOLOR, WALT DISNEY.

*OLD YELLER



## LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE

*the Foreign Legion*

**Tab Hunter**
**Etchika Choureau**
**Marcel Dalio**
**David Janssen**
**Bill Wellman, Jr.**

▪ Tab Hunter is a headstrong boy whose only solution is to leave his home in New England and join the French Foreign Legion. At this time, the French are fighting Germany in World War I, and it's a wonder that the Germans didn't win, considering the flying equipment at Tab's disposal. But even before he can get up in the air he knocks down a drill instructor and is held for court-martial. He deserts and flees to Paris where Etchika Choureau waits for him. She is a girl of shady reputation but he loves her, even wants to marry her. This is difficult since he's afraid to be seen in the street. To while away the time he teaches her English and she teaches him French. When life gets unbearable, Tab takes a job bringing customers to a house of ill-repute. The U.S. enters the war and he finally persuades an American General to help him. By the time Tab leaves Paris, he's a flying hero, a husband and a pretty good man with the parlez-vous.—WARNERS.

## STOPOVER, TOKYO

*cloak and dagger thriller*

**Robert Wagner**
**Joan Collins**
**Edmond O'Brien**
**Ken Scott**
**Larry Keating**

▪ Something terrible's going to happen in Tokyo. Somebody is going to be assassinated. Probably the U. S. High Commissioner (Larry Keating); probably when he lights the torch of international brotherhood at a dedication ceremony—because little does he know that he'll be lighting a grenade instead. If anyone can save him it will be Robert Wagner masquerading as a draftsman; he's a Fed. Meanwhile there is much to delight the eye—Joan Collins, for one, who works at the desk of an airline terminal. Wagner is apparently on his way to Korea, but is delayed in Tokyo. You get the feeling that spies are everywhere, and they are. One day Wagner meets a Japanese man on a golf course, switches bags with him. Next day the Japanese man is murdered. Wagner and Joan practically adopt his adorable eight-year-old daughter. One night Wagner sees Joan with another young American (Ken Scott) and pretends not to recognize him. Ken is a Fed, too, but he seems to be in the wrong country. Wherever Wagner goes, Edmond O'Brien is not far behind—this includes Turkish baths. O'Brien supposedly owns a coal and iron company, but don't let that fool you. There's a lot of suspense, a lot of beautiful scenery and plenty of that cloak and dagger routine.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

## FLOOD TIDE

*a new twist on murder*

**George Nader**
**Cornell Borchers**
**Michael Ray**
**Judson Pratt**
**Joanne Moore**

▪ Murder takes place on a beach and a man who is prepared to shout his innocence to the end is tossed into the death house. That would be that if it weren't for George Nader, who returns from one of his jaunts—he's a rich engineer—to help free this man who was convicted on the testimony of ten-year-old Michel Ray. Michel is a cripple due to a spinal injury he got in an auto accident, and Michel is as nutty as a fruitcake. No, that's being too hard on Michel. The truth is, he is insanely jealous of any man who so much as looks at his widowed mother, Cornell Borchers. Cornell is very easy to look at. When she lived next door to George's beachhouse he looked at his bachelor status, looked at Cornell and promptly decided to switch his status. But Michel would have none of that and succeeded in breaking up the romance. Naturally, everything that Michel does is not Michel's fault; it's Cornell's fault because she's over-protective and indulgent. Nader finally wins Michel's confidence, which certainly is a triumph. You'll learn a little about psychology in this one.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

## RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

**SAYONARA** (Technicolor, Warners): Jet Ace Marlon Brando overcomes his intermarriage prejudices when he sees how strong the love is between pal Red Buttons and his Japanese bride. Marlon's erstwhile fiancée, Patricia Owens, becomes enchanted by Kabuki dancer Ricardo Montalban, and Marlon with the lovely new star Miiko Taka. But society and the Air Force don't share their liberal views. Exotically beautiful photography.

**MY MAN GODFREY** (CinemaScope, U-I): Young and wealthy June Allyson picks up English butler David Niven in a scavenger hunt and decides she wants to marry him. Her scatter-brained mother, Jessie Royce Landis, and femme fatale older sister, Martha Hyer, have their own designs for him.

**PAL JOEY** (Technicolor, Columbia): Frank Sinatra as the heel all women adore—rich widow Rita Hayworth and small-town-type singer Kim Novak, for instance. Showgirl Barbara Nichols is about the only one who can see through him. Gay, extravagant music by Rodgers and Hart.

**KISS THEM FOR ME** (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): Jayne Mansfield's boyfriend once told her—out of gratitude to all his buddies—"Kiss them for me." Cary Grant and Leif Ericson are among the many, many who get kissed. The beautiful high-fashion model Suzy Parker is in this romp too, which all takes place in the presidential suite of a swanky hotel.

***LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE**



***STOPOVER, TOKYO**



It's a BALL when THREE GUYS FALL for the one they CALL...

# The GIRL MOST LIKELY

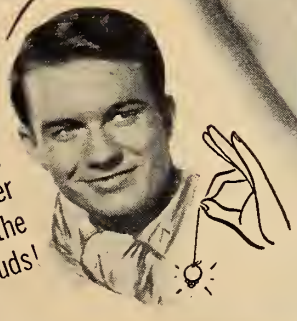
(and she promises to marry all three!)



Her "steady" boy promised her the moon



The playboy gave her everything under the sun



and the poor boy put her in the clouds!



MUSIC YOUNG!

MUSIC GAY!

"The Girl Most Likely" ☆




TECHNICOLOR®

"All the Colors of the Rainbow"

"I Don't Know What I Want"

and the sensational "BALBOA!"

Plus MORE, MORE, MORE!

Dances and Romances in the Playgrounds of the Pacific!

STARRING

## JANE POWELL * CLIFF ROBERTSON

with

## KEITH ANDES * KAYE BALLARD * TOMMY NOONAN * UNA MERKEL

Dances and Musical Sequences Staged by GOWER CHAMPION · Music and Lyrics by HUGH MARTIN and RALPH BLANE · WILLIAM DOZIER in Charge of Production

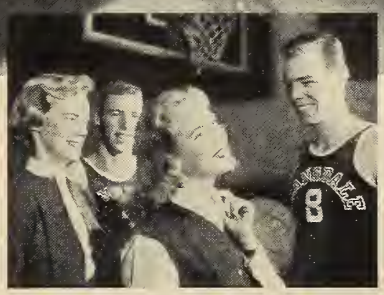
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN · Screenplay by DEVERY FREEMAN · Produced by STANLEY RUBIN · An RKO RADIO Picture · A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL Release

RKO RADIO

# CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH

**LYN BEHRENS,** *Freshman, Bradford Junior College, Bradford, Mass.*





Meet active, popular Lyn Behrens and some of her friends. Lyn has many interests . . . from dramatics and dance committees to teaching swimming, and work as assistant Girl Scout leader. Music too . . . sings in a pop trio, the Glee Club and Chapel Choir. When you're as busy as Lyn, you can't let pimples spoil a single moment.

Read what Lyn did: "*Skin blemishes often embarrassed me and took a lot of fun out of the activities I enjoyed. Nothing seemed to help until I found Clearasil. Clearasil really worked for me. I'm happy to say my skin problem is a thing of the past.*"

Lyn Behrens

Academy Hall, Bradford, Mass.

*Would your experience help others?*

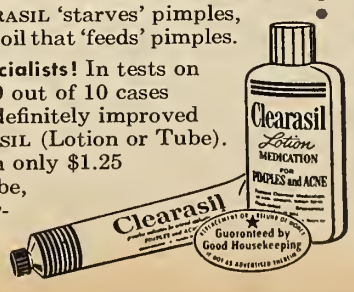
*Millions of young people have proved . . .*

**SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION 'STARVES' PIMPLES**

**Skin-Colored . . .** *hides pimples while it works!* CLEARASIL can help you, too, gain clear skin and a more appealing personality. Now you can get CLEARASIL as a smooth Lotion in handy squeeze bottle, as well as in the famous Tube.

**Why Clearasil Works Fast:** CLEARASIL's 'keratolytic' action penetrates pimples. Antiseptic action stops growth of bacteria that can cause pimples. And CLEARASIL 'starves' pimples, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples.

**Proved by Skin Specialists!** In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of 10 cases were *cleared up* or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (Lotion or Tube). Long-lasting Lotion only $1.25 (no fed. tax) or Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. *Money-back guarantee.* At all drug counters.




**You, too, may have had skin problems and found Clearasil helped end them. When you think of the wonderful relief that effective treatment can bring, you may want to help others. You can, by writing us a letter about your experience with Clearasil. Attach a recent photograph of yourself (a good close-up snapshot will do). You may be the next CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH. Write: Clearasil, Dept. N, 180 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N. Y.**

**SPECIAL OFFER:** For 2 weeks' supply of CLEARASIL send name, address and 15¢ to Box 260-AC (for Tube) or Box 260-AD (for Lotion), Eastco, Inc., New York 46, N. Y. Expires 2/28/58.

***Largest-Selling Pimple Medication In America (Including Canada)***




## Privacy has its points— but so does Recognition!

■ When you're a movie star, you get used to never having any privacy. But you don't always like it. Anne Baxter didn't like it.

But then something happened to change her mind . . .

It was while Anne and the cast of *Chase A Crooked Shadow* were staying at an elegant hotel in Spain during the filming. The staff took pride in knowing the names of all the visiting *Americanos* from Hollywood. And it was *Good morning, Miss Baxter*, from the elevator boy; *Beautiful day, Miss Baxter*, from the doorman; *Trust you enjoyed dinner, Miss Baxter*, from the headwaiter—from morning to night.

It was just like when strangers on the street turn around to stare and taxi drivers know you even in the disguise of kerchief and dark glasses—sometimes she felt she couldn't call her soul her own. And as Anne said, "I have no wish to be successful as a personality, only as an actress."

Anne insists she is 'a simple person with simple tastes,' and she liked to get away from the formality of the hotel. Every evening she took a walk by herself, under the stars, enjoying the beautiful Spanish countryside. It was so peaceful, and it relaxed her for tomorrow's long workday.

One night, she walked longer and farther than usual. As she strolled slowly, drinking in the splendor, she began to realize that splendor wasn't all she was drinking in—it had begun to rain! In a moment the rain turned into a downpour. There was no shelter of any kind, not a house, not a tree close enough to do any good.

She finally squished her sorry way back to the hotel, completely bedraggled, and looked forward to a hot bath and a hot drink.

And when she saw the doorman, she expected all kinds of sympathy from him.

But instead, he gestured violently: Get away from here! You cannot come in!

He didn't know who she was!

And there was nothing she could do.

—Not until Richard Todd came out and identified her.

Now, when Anne Baxter sometimes wishes she could enjoy a more private life like ordinary people, she remembers that one time when she wasn't recognized—and makes no complaint!

*Watch for Anne in Warners'* CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

# LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Jane Russell worked so hard for the WAIF ball! And Jimmy McHugh and I enjoyed it so much.

**IN THIS ISSUE:**

★ A ball for sweet charity . . . and a party for me . . .

★ Three 'perfect' marriages come to an end . . .

★ Marilyn Monroe stops by to chat with me . . .

**LOUELLA PARSONS**
**in hollywood**



# louella parsons'





**ABOVE** *We had an extra-special orchestra to entertain us at the WAIF benefit affair—Tennessee Ernie Ford, Jackie Cooper, Peter Graves, Fred MacMurray. And the music was good!*

**LEFT** *An infected eye almost kept Joanna Moore from coming to the ball. But we should have known this jolly little Miss would make it! Her snazzy eye-patch intrigued us all—and especially her escort for the evening, handsome Bob Neal.*

## TWO WONDERFUL PARTIES

Sometimes these big charity balls can be the most uncharitable bores. But I can truthfully say I can't remember having more fun than at the WAIF Ball at which close to $100,000 was raised for **Jane Russell's** beloved project—finding good American homes for refugee children.

From the moment we walked into the Grande Ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel the feeling of a good time seemed to fill the air. Jane, looking like a dream walking in a bright red satin Don Loper gown, had no more than greeted us and we had found our table, than Tennessee **Ernie Ford** came up to my escort, Jimmy McHugh, and said they were assembling an international band on the spur of the moment and for him to come and play the piano.

Sure enough, in a private room near the party—and all dressed up to the teeth because they thought they were just to be guests—were **Fred MacMurray,** saxophone in hand; Gene Nelson, with bongo drums in front of him; **Mickey Rooney,** about half the size of the bass viol he was thumping; **George Gobel,** guitar slung over his shoulder; **Jackie Cooper** at the drums; **Jerry Colonna** rolling his eyes back of a trombone; **Peter Graves,** clarinet—and when Jimmy sat down to the piano, Tennessee Ernie waved the baton and this orchestra lined up in about ten minutes was off to the hottest rehearsal!

When they later came on to play for the party, the place went crazy—that's how good they were. No one wanted them to stop, except their wives, who wanted to dance.

Perle Mesta, the hostess with the mostest, who had flown out from Washington to be co-hostess with Jane, said she'd seldom seen such a fun party.

As for the rest of the show, it was just tops. **Lauritz Melchior** sang, followed by **Carol Channing, Ethel Waters** and **Art Baker.**

Among those having the time of their lives were the **Gary Coopers**—Rocky in a bright green dress; the **Gabor** girls, **Rhonda Fleming, Greta Thyssen** and many more—including newcomer **Joanna Moore.**

This Miss stole considerable publicity. She had an injured eye before the party and rather than stay home and miss the fun, she had the U-I make-up department make her a black velvet patch on which was painted in sequins—a very cute wink!

**I HAD SO LITTLE TIME** in the big town—yes, since my last column here, I slipped off for a short trip to New York to see the new shows and some old friends—that my good friends Jimmy McHugh and Ed Wynn, guiding light of the famed Harwyn Club, decided to give a big party in my honor and invite all my pals! What a gay and warm affair it turned out to be! If another guest had shown up I think the Harwyn Club would have burst at the seams.

Of course, **Rosalind Russell,** who is the darling of New York in *Auntie Mame*, attracted much attention when she arrived dressed in the height of fashion—as always.

And redheaded **Greer Garson,** who was soon to replace Roz in that stage play, was holding court too. While we are on the subject of the well-dressed, **Patti Page** looked like she had just stepped out of Harper's Bazaar. The sleek-looking blonde singer is

# GOOD NEWS

*It's the party season and the days are filled with news of love . . . and marriage . . . and a few broken dreams . . .*



*One of the big highlights of my New York visit was seeing Kirk Douglas and his pretty wife, and Gloria Swanson—at a party thrown just for me!*



*Patti Page came to the party too, and held hands with her handsome husband, dance director Charles O'Curran. She's so wonderful on TV!*

certainly one of the best-dressed women in TV, and when I told her that—Patti said her husband Charlie O'Curran deserved a lot of credit for her good taste.

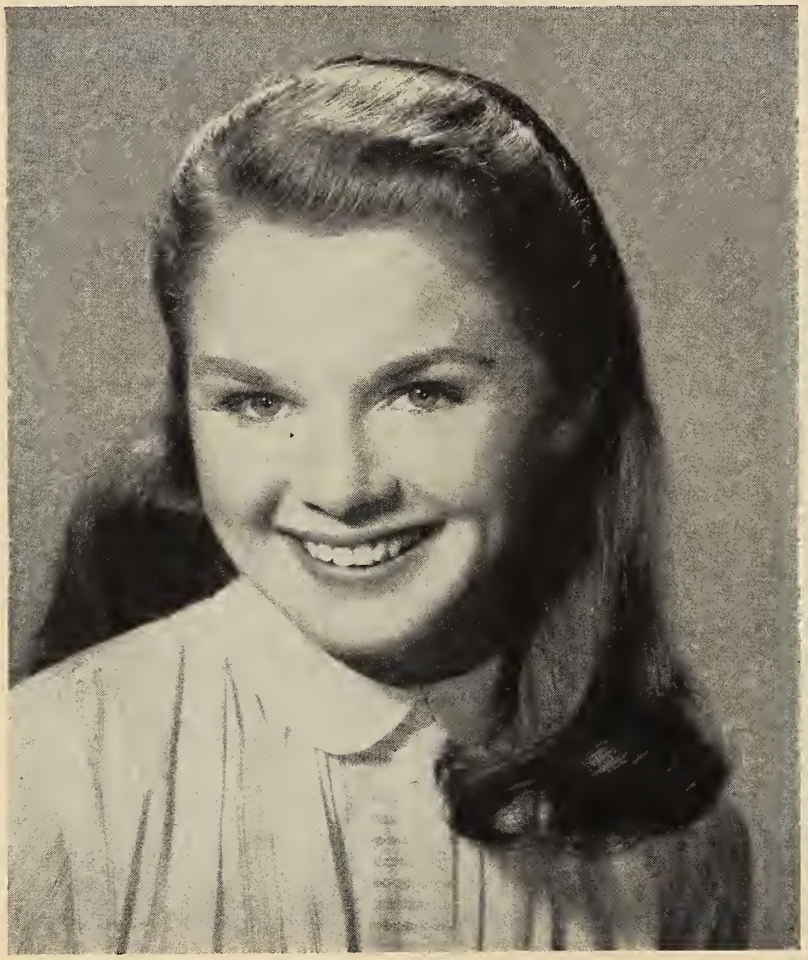
I had interviewed **Kirk Douglas** the day before for my newspaper and I knew how glad he and Anne were to be back in the USA after eight long months of picture making in the most horrible weather in Europe. He was beaming from ear to ear as he, too, greeted old friends at my party.

It would take up the rest of this department to list everyone who came to make this event so happy for me—but among the dear friends I saw were **Anna Maria Alberghetti, Polly Bergen, Ethel Merman, Fernando Lamas** and **Arlene Dahl**—they are so happy about the expected baby, **Benay Venuta, Irene Dunne**—such a credit to Hollywood as President Eisenhower's appointed delegate to the U.N., George Delacorte, publisher of MODERN SCREEN and editor David Myers and his pretty wife Astrid, Elsa Maxwell—and oh, well, I give up. All in all, it was a party I shall not soon forget.



*And sitting together were those two sensations from* SAYONARA, *Red Buttons and Miiko Taka. That's pretty Mrs. Red Buttons sitting with them at the* HARWYN, *where the party was held.*

# I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM . . . DIANE VARSI



. . . the nineteen-year-old girl who had never set foot before a movie camera until she tested to play Lana Turner's daughter in *Peyton Place*—and is now on her way to stardom in a performance already touted for a Best Supporting Actress Oscar.

Here is no rock 'n' roll teenager. In her private life she has had enough emotional experience for a woman of thirty-five or older. Married at sixteen, she has a baby boy, Shawn, born in 1956, soon after the marriage was annulled. Later that same year, she married independent movie producer James Dickson, but this marriage too has just gone on the rocks.

Certainly there is nothing in Diane's appearance that marks her as a femme fatale to have so much experience so early in life. She's five-feet-seven inches, 120 pounds, has ash-blonde hair and blue eyes—and looks exactly like what she is: a school girl with a movie crush. Far from being an outstanding beauty, her chief claim to attention is an alertness and aliveness to her expression.

A native of San Francisco—her father is a florist there and her parents are divorced—Diane exhibited dramatic talent as far back as when she was a grade school student at ST. MARY'S GRADE SCHOOL, and later when she attended SAN MATEO HIGH SCHOOL, JUNIOR COLLEGE and JEFF COREY'S DRAMA SCHOOL.

Through the efforts of Jeff Corey, Diane appeared in her first and only stage play, the production of *Gigi* in Los Angeles. Now and then she got a modeling job, but she was just one among the army of hopeful wishers until she was taken to Mark Robson at 20TH for an interview for *Peyton Place*.

He says, "This girl was born knowing how to act—she's that rare thing, a natural." 20TH CENTURY-FOX believes so, too. She now has a long term contract, and her new picture is with **Don Murray.**

# MARLON'S HAPPY AT LAST . . .

What a difference love and marriage and the joy of an expected baby have made in the personality of **Marlon Brando.**

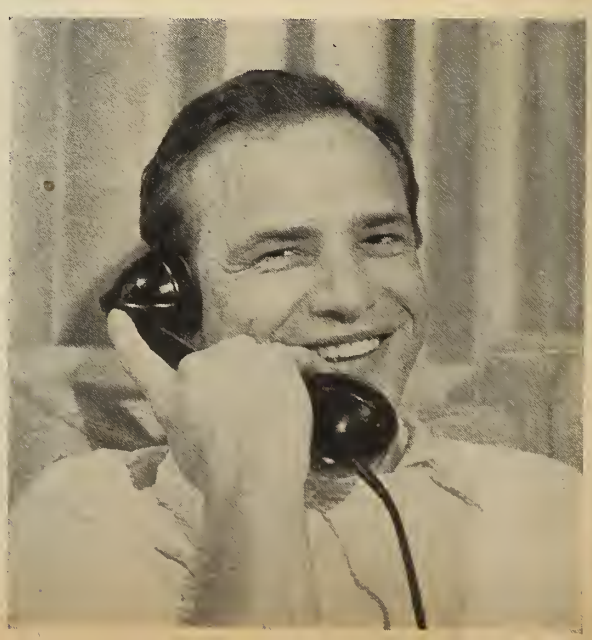
He is a really happy man—for just about the first time in Hollywood, perhaps in his entire life.

He is very deeply in love with **Anna Kashfi.**

A good friend of mine who knows them, and is one of the few guests invited to their home, tells me that "Marlon is content to just sit and look at Anna.

"His love is fiercely protective, perhaps because she has had much serious illness in her life.

"He told me, after the news was out that he and Anna would have a baby in July, 'The only thing in life that matters—is loving and being loved.' It's about time the boy was happy, at last."

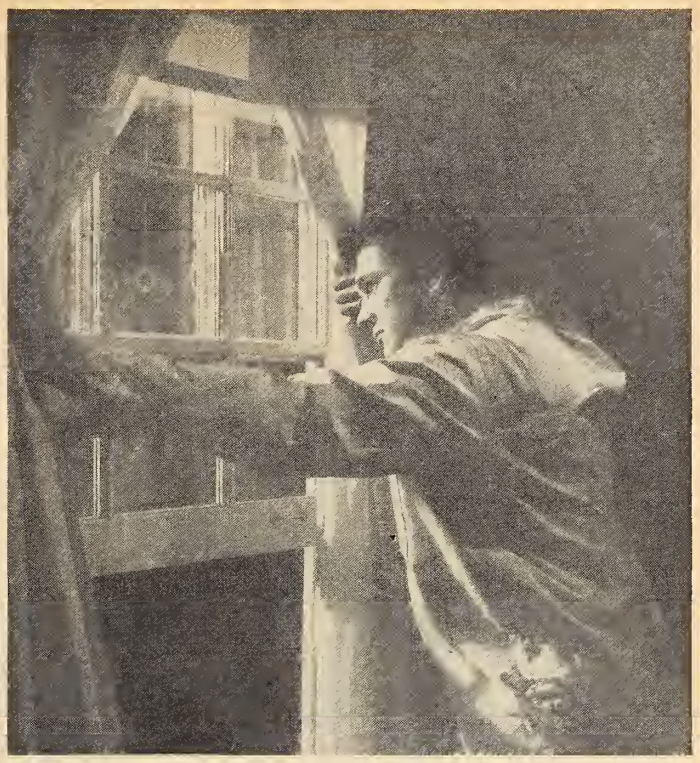




*For Esther Williams and her little boy—and the other two children—the future is a life without Ben, without Daddy. But things have not been going well with Esther and Ben for a long, long time. . . .*



*A blaze of scandal surrounded Ingrid's marriage seven years ago—and a blaze of scandal heralded the end of her life with Roberto Rossellini. But in my opinion, their separation had little to do with Sonali . . .*



*For too many months, Rock and his Phyllis were separated —his work kept them apart; her illness kept them apart. But it takes more than a few months of separation— and a wife's little extravagances—to break a marriage apart at the seams. And only Rock and Phyllis know the real tragedy . . .*

# THE DREAMS COME TO AN END . . .

If you ask me, the thing that broke up **Ingrid Bergman** and the man she gave up everything for, Roberto Rossellini, is his sheer unadulterated, unbearable jealousy that she is again a successful actress winning the plaudits of the world for her talents! He couldn't take it.

Arrogant and blustering, convinced in his own mind at least that he is one of the few genius directors of all time, he seemed a good enough husband to Ingrid during those few years in Italy when both their careers were on the skids. He directed her in two pictures, both flops—and privately blamed her for the failures.

Even before she left him, Ingrid had said in despair, "He is so hard to work for, with no sympathy for anything short of perfection."

So when their waning finances made it imperative for Ingrid to seek work with other directors—those who were making pictures; Rossellini wasn't—and she won the *Academy Award* for finest performance in *Anastasia*, it was more than he could take.

Like many men who are hurt in the ego, Rossellini soon found another woman to adore him and build up his self esteem, an East Indian beauty, married and the mother of children, named Sonali Das Gupta. Their romance was conducted so openly that it was soon a major scandal in India, and the talk about them spread to Europe and Paris where Ingrid was appearing on the stage in *Tea and Sympathy*.

As humiliated and hurt as she must have been, Ingrid tried to keep her chin and her courage high, denying any trouble with her Italian husband.

But the bitter show-down had to come—and the ill-fated saga of Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini came to an end on a rainy day in Rome when they both appeared in court and signed a separation paper. That's as close as they could come to a divorce in Italy.

And so ends a great mistaken love story in the life of a great star. There's more about Ingrid on Page 44.

By the time **Esther Williams** and Ben Gage admitted their eleven-year marriage was at an end late in November, I'd arrived at the point of thinking *What next?* in the line of movie news this year.

1957 will go down as a time of startlingly big news out of Hollywood. It's a case not of what has happened—but what *hasn't* happened!!—as you well know if you read my review of the year in MODERN SCREEN'S HOLLYWOOD YEARBOOK.

Speaking of Esther and Ben, I can't honestly label their parting a surprise. I have reason to know that things have not been going well with them for three years, ever since Ben started taking an active management in Esther's career. He was the impresario of her *Aquacade* in London and producer of one of her TV shows.

When she stayed in Europe long after she had completed her movie with Jeff Chandler—*Raw Wind In Eden* was shot on location in Rome—and Ben stayed here in their Brentwood home, I suspected something was amiss. After five months, when she finally arrived in New York and was met by Ben, I called her long distance and told her I heard her marriage was shaky. She said it wasn't true, that Ben was right there with her—but she didn't say it with a great deal of conviction.

I'll say for Esther, I think she tried very hard to hold her marriage together because of the children, Susan 4, Kimmie 7, and Benjy 8. She is very much a family-type girl and she loves her home and children. She and Ben are in many business projects together outside of pictures.

But once again, as it so often happens, it is very hard to keep a marriage together in this town when the woman's career is so far out in front of the man's. Page 38 carries a more complete story about this unhappy woman.

Only **Rock Hudson** and Phyllis know what really broke up their marriage. But I can tell you one thing which did *not* bring on the rift, although it is being loudly circulated.

It isn't true that Rock felt Phyllis was far too extravagant. You heard on every side that when Rock returned from five months of making *A Farewell To Arms* in Italy he was shocked that Phyllis had taken a long lease on an expensive home in Malibu, in addition to the new home they had bought in Beverly Hills, and had spent a small fortune furnishing the beach place. This is one of the things you heard about the Hudsons.

To the contrary, Rock has always been more than generous with his wife. The same saleslady who waits on me in a swank Be-

verly Hills store frequently served Rock when he was buying gifts for Phyllis.

The saleslady told me, "Sometimes Mr. Hudson would buy four or five complete outfits for his wife. Last Christmas, he bought her a beautiful evening gown complete even to the white mink shrug to wear with it. He also bought several sports outfits, including matching Cashmere coats. Mrs. Hudson, herself, told me he was far too extravagant with her."

Rock also bought beautiful jewelry for Phyllis. There isn't a pinch-penny bone in his body.

Nor do I believe that her long illness with hepatitis, which prevented her from joining him in Europe, is the cause of their trouble.

If you ask me, Rock is fundamentally a lone wolf, a man who goes best alone. He is completely absorbed in his work. Right now he is tired to the point of exhaustion after two strenuous location trips, *Twilight For The Gods* in Honolulu, and *A Farewell To Arms*.

Recently he and Phyllis had dinner together and seemed to enjoy their date on the town—but most of their close friends do not expect a reconciliation, even after Rock has had a chance to rest. You can read more of the details of this unhappy story on Page 36.



## FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING

**Jayne Mansfield,** Christmas shopping for boy-friend **Mickey Hargitay**—and ablaze with that huge diamond Mickey gave her—pulled the funniest line of the holiday season.

"I'm looking for something for 'The Man Who Has Everything—ME,'" quipped the irrepressible Jaynie.

# RITA HAYWORTH'S IN LOVE AGAIN!

"I'm very much in love with Jim Hill, and of course I'm going to marry him," **Rita Hayworth** told me cheerfully over the 'phone when I called to check that she and Jim, who's a partner with Burt Lancaster in HECHT-HILL-LANCASTER, were marrying over the holidays.

If ever there was a girl who believed that Love And Marriage go together, as the song has it, it's my friend Rita. When she falls she falls and she always marries the guy. Hill will be Number 5 in her life—but she is just as excitedly and ardently in love with him as though he were Number 1.

I've known red-headed Rita through all her marriages and I would class them as follows:

Ed Judson—bossed her and kept her under his thumb as long as he could.

Orson Welles—dazzled her with his intelligence and fathered her daughter Rebecca.

Prince Aly Khan—the most exciting and romantic of Rita's husbands. It was glorious while it lasted. But she couldn't take his custom of paying attention to other beauties while married to her. The father of adorable Princess Yasmin.

Dick Haymes, the singer—the most dreary and unhappy of her marriages. Every kind of trouble beset them, including financial.

Now for Jim Hill—he's never been married although he is most popular with the ladies. He's taught Rita to play golf and take long drives in his sporty car. They go to movies, not premières, and hold hands. They window shop along fashionable Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills. They'll have dinner at four o'clock in the afternoon or two o'clock in the morning, whenever the mood moves them. Jim's successful and he's a good guy. Maybe he'll be Rita's happiest.



*Rita Hayworth, who has married and shed four husbands, is holding hands these days with producer Jim Hill—and I'd say he'll be her fifth husband. But perhaps, this time, Rita has found the right man for her—and Jim will be her* last *husband as well. She's gone through a lot of heart-break, this girl; she deserves a little happiness. . . .*

# MARILYN DROPPED BY TO VISIT ME...

It was raining cats and dogs the day **Marilyn Monroe** came to see me in New York.

I'd like to say right here, there is one particular thing I've always noticed about my friendship with Marilyn. We may not see one another for a long, long time. Yet each time we meet it's as though there had been no interruption in our intimacy.

Because I knew she had been so ill at the time she lost the baby she and Arthur Miller wanted so much, I was really surprised at how pretty and glowingly healthy she looked. She was wearing a wool print of various shades of green under a full-length mink coat and, despite the pouring rain, no hat covered her blonde hair.

When I enthused on how wonderful she looked, Marilyn laughed, "Well, I'm a country girl now. Lots of sleep and fresh air at our home in Connecticut—if you can imagine *me* an early-to-bed girl! Remember how I used to love to stay up till all hours and sleep late—when I wasn't working, of course?" That, I could. Marilyn didn't go to many Hollywood parties.

But when she did—she was certainly the last to leave.

"Arthur and I live such a simple life in the country," she went on happily. "We have had his two children with us through most of the summer, plus the fact that he is working hard on a new play.

"There's very little time, really, to get even as far as New York."

She told me she had ventured in on this very wet day because she had an appointment with her doctor—yes, she's *still* under his care. Besides, she had to shop for some furniture for the new apartment they have leased for the winter season. "Also, the big thing was I wanted to see *you*," she said very sweetly. "You are my good friend."

Do you wonder I am so fond of this girl?

We talked of many things and many people—some sad, some happy in Marilyn's life.

She said, "I want you to know that I have never known such happiness as I have with Arthur. My life is so rich and contented I can hardly believe it has happened to me."

"Don't let it become so contented that you'll stay in Connecticut and forget all about your work," I laughingly warned. "We can't spare you."

"Oh, I have been keeping busy studying at the ACTOR'S STUDIO," she answered quickly, "and of course you know I return to Hollywood to start *The Blue Angel*, a new musical version of Marlene Dietrich's picture, as soon as the script is ready. Arthur wants me to have my career."

She also told me she is making some recordings for RCA.

"But most of all," my girl friend said, "we hope for children." And I second that wish for you, Marilyn. You are a wonderful girl.



# IS NATALIE BURNING!



. . . and I mean *burning* at **Joan Collins!** Natalie thinks Joan insulted her in front of 30,000,000 people—or whatever number was tuned in on a recent Ed Sullivan TV show when Joan and **Bob Wagner**—Nat's heart—were appearing to plug their *Stopover Tokyo* movie. It happened this way:

Ed Sullivan (to Bob Wagner): "I hear that you and Natalie Wood will soon be married."

Bob: "That's right—I hope."

Ed: "Well, I want to wish you both much happiness and good luck."

Joan Collins: "And I want to wish you good luck, too, Bob. *You'll need it!*"

That *did* it! The show wasn't even off the air before Natalie was calling from the coast to ask Bob what in the world *that* girl had meant? It was the most malicious, etc., etc., etc., thing she had ever heard—and on and on.

Later, Joan—seemingly surprised over the hubbub—made a half-hearted stab at explaining that she just meant that *anybody* who gets married needs a fair share of luck and that nothing personal was meant about Natalie and Bob.

But the fat was in the fire—to coin a phrase—and no one listened much to Joan. Particularly Natalie.

*Remember Errol Flynn when he swashbuckled across the screen in the old days? Well, it's a new Errol that you'll be seeing soon! Incidentally—these days Errol's date is . . . his lovely ten-year-old daughter!*





*Lana was so nice to one of her fans recently. And he wrote me to tell me all about the special interview she found time for . . .*



*One of Piper Laurie's fans writes in to tell me what he thinks Piper should do the next time a producer offers her a big, fat movie role . . .*



*Lots of us were pretty surprised when little Mitzi Gaynor got that plum role in South Pacific. But wait till you see her in it—before you decide she wasn't the right choice. She is! And I know you'll all agree with me.*

# THE LETTER BOX:

*"I'm glad, Glad, GLAD* **Piper Laurie** *is having the last laugh on Hollywood. She's proving herself a great actress on* TV *and I hope she sticks her tongue out when film producers who wasted her so woefully come running,"* snaps Ginger McConnell, Dallas. Hold on, lady. Did you see Piper in UNTIL THEY SAIL? . . .

Evie Adams, Milwaukee, postcards: *"Will you please send me a list of all movie actresses who are older than their husbands."* Are you kidding? . . .

*"I dare you to deny that* **Marlon Brando** *is the greatest actor in the world after* SAYONARA," writes Phoebe, of Riverside, California. *"His great picture was sneak previewed here and even people I know who had not liked the 'uncouth' Brando broke down and agree he is the finest in the business."* A great many fans like you believe Marlon may win another Oscar, Phoebe. . . .

An interesting letter from Daniel Camino, Miraflores, Lima, Peru, S.A., who has had the chance of meeting many movie personalities in Lima and thinks American fans might be interested in his reactions:

*"First, Peru's most popular actor is American* **Rock Hudson.**

*"The star who personally was the nicest to me was* **Lana Turner,** *who granted me an interview at her hotel suite when I wrote her a letter asking her to. She spoke to me as though I were an old friend, even to making some jokes about herself.*

*"On the other hand,* **Joanne Gilbert** *seemed to me to be conceited.*

*"***Van Heflin's** *wife, Frances, is the nicest movie wife I've met. Both of these people are fine representatives of Hollywood.*

*"***Yul Brynner** *is, of course, a sheer joy. Such a continental charmer, and he knows it. Who cares? And* **Jarma Lewis** *is the finest lady I have ever met."* Thank you, Daniel, for your colorful comments. . . .

*"I still say* **Mitzi Gaynor** *isn't the right star for* SOUTH PACIFIC," argues Mrs. Leo Agillo, Brooklyn. Wait and see, wait and see, say I. Joey Vinnetti, also of Brooklyn, says he nearly died laughing when he learned **Errol Flynn** was back going strong in Hollywood. *"Who's kiddin' who about the movies wanting new faces?"* cracks Pal Joey. But Errol is doing an entirely different thing from his old swashbuckling roles. He's gone into character portrayals in TOO MUCH TOO SOON and THE SUN ALSO RISES. . . .

*"Tony Franciosa should win the Oscar for the best supporting actor for his wonderful portrayal in* HATFUL OF RAIN," opines Mrs. Veronica Callighan, Baltimore. Don't worry, he'll be well up in the running. I'm sure Shelley Winters agrees with you. . . .

Peggy Potter, Tucson, Arizona, writes: *"I hope Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner don't marry. Not yet. They are too young. If it is really love, it will last for many years. I know what I'm talking about because I, too, fell madly in love and married in my teens. It was a big mistake."* Every experience is different, Peggy, my girl.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O. Parsons



## OLORES MICHAELS
## ried, "I'M ALL WET!"

Dolores was nervous. She tried to hide r trembling while the hairdresser put the ishing touches to the glamorous coiffure eated for her first screen test.

She had just been discovered at the RECTORS' WORKSHOP by 20TH CENTURY-OX. Sure, she had toured with *Brigadoon*, d been on television, and even modeled but a screen test, that was the most portant step in her career so far!

And, to put it mildly, she was nervous! The make-up man tried to distract her explaining how he was highlighting her h-blonde hair and putting sparkle into r blue eyes. The wardrobe girl kept ling her how well she wore her clothes, d the hairdresser was so proud of her cial styling.

But was Dolores listening? No, all she ld think of was would she fluff her s and could she understand the director. had heard that he was French. Supe she couldn't understand what he said? Then suddenly there was no more time supposing. She was ready.

"You look lovely," the hairdresser said. o ahead, now, we're all rooting for you."

She looked at herself in the mirror. She look sort of pretty, she decided. Well, felt more confident now. And Dolores s determined to succeed. She walked on- the set, poised and smiling.

She waited to hear *Lights! Action! Let roll!*

Suddenly a prop man ran up to her with ucket of water—and soaked her from d to toe! The special hairdo, the careful keup, the gown, all soaked!

She heard the director saying—a French ent, all right, but this was very clear— is scene calls for realism, Miss Mich- ; you're playing a wet angry woman!"

"Lights! Camera! Action!"

*Dolores is appearing in* TIME LIMIT, *a ath Production, United Artists release. o in* APRIL LOVE *and* FRAULEIN *for 20th tury-Fox.*







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# MANSFIELD —NO "PLAIN JAYNE"



■ If you want to meet Jayne Mansfield, it's a standard joke in Hollywood that you need only attend the next opening of a super market, movie theater, restaurant or shoeshine stand. There you will find Jayne in her glory—being photographed by a barrage of cameramen and answering questions just as fast as they are fired at her.

For instance:

Q—What's your real name?

A—Jayne Palmer. Legal name is Vera Jayne Mansfield.

Q—When and where were you born?

A—April 19th, in Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Q—Where did you go to school?

A—University Park Grammar School, Highland Park High School in Dallas, Texas. Also Southern Methodist University in Dallas, the University of Texas in Austin, and the University of California at Los Angeles.

Q—Children?

A—One daughter, Jaynie Marie, born November 8, 1950.

Q—How about a self description?

A—Blonde hair, hazel eyes, 5'5½" tall, 115 pounds, and 40-18-35.

Q—What are your hobbies?

A—Playing with my pets, swimming, horseback riding, playing tennis, working out with weights and studying Shakespeare.

Q—Favorite all-time movies?

A—*Gone With The Wind* and *A Streetcar Named Desire.*

Q—Favorite foods

A—Well-done steaks, combination salad, fresh vegetables and fruit.

Q—Favorite flowers?

A—Gardenias and roses.

Q—Favorite colors?

A—Pink, aqua and white.

Q—Have you ever considered any other career besides acting?

A—Yes, prima ballerina, but I've wanted to be a movie star since earliest childhood.

Q—Do you like signing autographs?

A—Yes, very much.

Q—Posing for pictures?

A—Even more so!

Q—Any amusing or interesting incident with a fan you would like to share with the readers of Modern Screen?

A—I signed my first autograph nearly three years ago when I was shooting *Female Jungle* down on Olvera Street in Los Angeles. The streets were filled with policemen holding back youngsters from infant age to nearly twenty years of age. Around three o'clock in the morning a little seven-year-old boy named Richard Mendoza came up to me and said, "You're really Jayne Mansfield, aren't you? Please give me your autograph. I've waited all night to get a look at you. Please sign this for me." And he took out a picture of me from a pin-up magazine. I was just a starlet then and didn't think anyone had even heard of me. Tears came to my eyes, because this was my first recognition.

Q—What kind of a house do you live in?

A—A modern five-room home, built on three levels, in the Benedict Canyon section of Beverly Hills. The house is made of redwood and glass, and has a red brick patio in the backyard with a barbecue pit. On the patio is a pink and blue pool. A fifty-foot dog pen is immediately above the pool. Nearly everything in my house is pink. I bathe in pink champagne and use my old pink coats as my bathrobes. I sleep between black silk sheets and have a pink mirrored headboard above my bed.

Q—Do you have a fan club?

A—Yes, the President is Susan Sturies, Spirit Lake, Iowa. Anyone interested in joining may write to her for complete information.

Q—Where may the readers write to you?

A—In care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California. And my very best wishes to all of them!

*Jayne's appearing in* Kiss Them For Me *for 20th Century-Fox.*

# $100 for you!

Fill in the form belaw as saan as you've read all the staries in this issue. Then mail it ta us right away because each af the fallawing readers will get $10—the ane wha sends us the first questiannaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Mail yaur ballat ta: **MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, N.Y. 16, N.Y.**

Please check the space left af the ane phrase which best answers each questian:

**1. I LIKE BING CROSBY:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I LIKE KATHY GRANT:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**2. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**3. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**4. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I LIKE BOB WAGNER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**5. I LIKE TONY CURTIS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I LIKE JANET LEIGH:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**6. I LIKE ESTHER WILLIAMS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**7. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well

**8. I LIKE RICKY NELSON:**
☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**9. I LIKE INGRID BERGMAN:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**10. I LIKE GEORGE NADER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**11. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**12. I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**13. I LIKE SAL MINEO:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

**AGE**..... **NAME**.....

**ADDRESS**.....
STREET

.....
CITY & STATE

Here are the pall prize winners far October: Cecil Batsfard, Verdun, Quebec, Canada; Mary Mannina, Cicera, Illinais; Judy Phelps, Minnerasa, Manitaba, Canada; Susan Caak, Halley, New Yark; Judy Reed, Alderwaad Manar, Washingtan; Caral McSherry, Oakland, Califarnia; Mrs. Dale B. Mullins, Huntsville, Alabama; Hazel Hawkins, Seneca, S. C.; Gail Gardiner, Winter Park, Flarida; Mrs. Bill Granger, Jr., West Unian, Iawa.





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# HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

■ When William Holden is in residence in his Beverly Hills home he simply takes it for granted, as do most men, that the house will be clean and that he will find everything, including his cuff links, exactly where they should be. It never occurs to him to inquire as to how these miracles have been brought about. Therefore, when he found himself having to share a bathroom with producer Carl Foreman when they were on location for *Stella*, Bill bathed, shaved, brushed his teeth and went whistling off to return to his room and dress.

A few minutes later, there was a loud and furious pounding on his door and he opened it to confront an indignant Carl Foreman, towel draped over his arm, shaving kit in hand, obviously en route to that same bathroom Holden had just left.

"Can't you find it?" Bill said helpfully. "Here, I'll show you where it is. Right down this hall and—"

"Oh," interrupted Foreman bitterly, "I *found* it all right! Just ask me *how* I found it—a ring around the tub, wet towels on the floor, water slopped all over—"

"Well, sure," said Bill, "but isn't there a maid—I mean, it *is* a hotel, there must"—Bill fumbled vaguely—"be someone—you know—someone who cleans up the rooms and all."

But there wasn't anyone who cleaned up the bathroom except the once-a-day cleaning that the chambermaid gave it at seven in the morning. Beyond that, everyone was on his own. Bill was horribly embarrassed—and apologetic. He went downstairs and got some cloths and and a bucket of water. The next thing anyone knew, Bill Holden was once more whistling cheerfully, this time on his knees, as he scrubbed the tub until it shone, scrubbed the floor, scrubbed everything in sight. Foreman finally called him off, pleading, "We'll miss dinner if you don't stop and I *still* haven't bathed."

The next day, Foreman got to the bathroom first, and, mindful of Holden's example, he, too, slipped downstairs and came up with a bucket of water, cloths and a brush, and now it was Foreman's turn to scrub everything in sight. When Holden came in, Carl was glowing with pride in his own handiwork.

"There," he announced, "now there's a bathroom that's really clean!" Holden glanced around. "Why," he said, "look at that mirror above the wash bowl! All splattered with soap. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here, give me that cloth—"

And the natives of Weymouth, England, will tell you that there isn't a bathroom in town whose floor shines like that one, whose nickel trimmings glitter in the sunlight as though they were made of silver, and whose mirror isn't smudged by so much as a thumbprint. "Blimey," said the young chambermaid admiringly, "I never seen anything like it, I didn't. I declare, *I'll* never get it that clean!"

*Bill's in Columbia's* THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI, *and soon will be in Paramount's* CAREER.



## SO WHO'S A DUDE?

■ Jack Lemmon's knowledge of the Old West was pretty much limited to a verse or two of *Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie* until he ran into a fellow named Glenn Ford who turned out to be something of an authority on the subject and who gave Lemmon a bit of advice.

"Go Western, young man," Ford is reliably reported to have said when he and the young actor from Harvard met one day at the corner of Gower and Sunset in Hollywood. There have been moments since when Lemmon has wished he had turned a deaf ear and continued toward the Naples Cafe and lunch.

To press the point, Ford handed Jack a script he happened to be carrying at the time. The name on it was *Cowboy*.

Lemmon is a man who recognizes a good script when it's given him and a few days later he and Ford were standing side by side on a dusty movie location somewhere near Santa Fe, New Mexico, trying on Stetsons for size.

Lemmon chose a pearl-colored hat and looked at Ford for approval.

"Dude," said Ford.

"Like this," he said. He took the new hat, threw it in the dust, walked on it, tossed it under an on-coming camera truck which rolled over it. Then he threw it in the air and shot a couple of holes in it and held it under a water tap.

"Now," he said as he handed it back to Lemmon, "after it dries out, it just possibly may look a mite like a hat."

"Ride much?" he asked Jack, with a sort of gleam in his eye.

"Maybe I'm no Roy Rogers," Jack was a little defensive now—the memory of the new hat was still sore. "But if I say so myself—"

"Do a fast mount?" inquired his new teacher.

Now the trick to a fast mount is to have the horse start before the rider gets on. Not too tough, but it does take practice.

A couple of hours later, Jack was a bit dirty, more than a bit tired—but if the script called for a quick get-away by horseback, he wouldn't have to ask for a stunt man. Jack knew the score.

"Now about guns . . ."

Jack's hand went to his holster. He looked up to see Ford's gun leveled at him. "You," said Ford, "are dead. What's more you've been dead about sixty or seventy-five seconds."

Followed a lesson on the fine art of the fast draw.

"Only one thing left for you to learn," Glenn told his weary pupil, "and that you can practice by yourself. You've got to learn to drawl a little, and give a level look. Like this. Then you'll be ready to become an Honorary Marshal in the Honorary Marshals of the Golden West, Columbia Pictures Chapter."

"Our call," he added, "is for five a.m. tomorrow and all you do is sit on the top rail of the corral. What you learned today may not help you tomorrow—but it's a long picture and these things may come in handy later. Okay?"

Lemmon gave him a level look and walked away.

"Hey," Ford yelled, "that walk—it's too Harvard."

Lemmon turned slowly, leveled another look, spat into the dust, gave a hitch to his gun belt, and whistling *I'm an Old Cowhand*, walked on toward the sunset.

"What do you make of that," Ford said aloud to himself. "The dude had the drop on me."

He leveled a look at no one in particular, and Glenn Ford, the old cowhand, walked toward the sunset, too.

The dinner tent was in that direction.

*Jack's in Columbia's* OPERATION MAD BALL; *Glenn's scheduled for MGM's* THE SHEEPMAN and THE TUNNEL OF LOVE. *And Jack and Glenn are together in Columbia's* COWBOY.


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## TOM TRYON — HE HAD ONE YEAR TO MAKE GOOD!

■ "Five minutes, Mr. Tryon," the page boy called, ducking his head into the dressing-room which Tom shared with three other bit players.

"Five minutes," Tom repeated to himself, "and now it's too late to call. I'd never get through in time."

And then he looked back into the mirror, applying his make-up, and thought of the call he should have made, and wouldn't make, and how he'd let his folks down.

It had all begun just about a year ago. He was about to leave his home town, Wethersfield, Connecticut, to track down fame and fortune on the New York stage. His folks had wanted him to be a scientist or banker, something secure with a future, but he had his heart set on being an actor. Finally he won out. He would go to New York; he would try his luck, and if he didn't get a break within one year, he'd come back home, settle down and forget about acting forever.

He still remembered the scene at the station when he parted from his folks. His Ma had cried and couldn't seem to let him go. His Dad had taken him aside, pressed some money into his hand, and said, "Remember, son, one year—if you don't get a part by then, we'll expect you back. Good luck."

And in the months that had passed since, the long, hard discouraging months, they hadn't once mentioned his promise to them. They had sent him cheery, chatty letters. At Christmas he had talked to them for more than an hour on the phone. But not a word about his career; not a word about his homecoming.

Of course they knew he was doing badly, but they never interfered. And the year of trial, the year of pounding the pavements, hounding producers, trying everything and anything to get a part—just one break—was coming to an end, and he had gotten absolutely nowhere.

Then it had happened, two weeks ago. Out of the blue a television casting agent had called him, said there was a part for him on a dramatic show. It wasn't big—maybe twenty lines to speak—but it was a start. He had wired his folks, told them to be sure to watch the show. And they had wired back that the whole town of Wethersfield would be tuned in the night he was going to appear.

In the rehearsals that followed, his part began to shrink. The program was running too long, cuts had to be made somewhere. And every time they had to lop off a minute or two, it was Tom's actions that were eliminated, Tom's lines that were discarded. In dress rehearsal they took his last line away. All that was left for him to do was walk across a room for ten seconds—no words, no emotions, no "business."

Tom meant to call his parents to tell them not to bother to tune in. But he postponed it and postponed it and now it was too late.

The show went on. Tom walked across the room, and then, out of camera range, walked off the set and into his dressing room where he sat with his head in his hands until the show was over. Then—"Call for you, Mr. Tryon," the page boy said.

Tom went into the hall and picked up the phone. He heard his Mother's excited voice on the other end of the wire. "Tommy," she said. "Tommy, you were wonderful!" He tried to interrupt her but she hurried on, words spilling out one after another: "We're all so excited. The Reynolds and Mr. and Mrs. Williams are here—they send their congratulations. And Betty says *hello*. And . . . and . . . Tommy, I love you."

Then another voice came on the phone, his Dad's voice. It was higher than he remembered and kind of choked up. "Son, I'm proud of you. That's all I have to say. I'm proud of you." And then the operator cut in and there was a babble of *good-byes* and Tom was suddenly alone, with only the dial tone breaking the silence.

He didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Congratulations from his family—for what? For nothing. Then suddenly it hit him. "They didn't know it was nothing. They saw me and that's all that mattered to them.

"But what would they do if I really got a big part? I guess there's only one thing to do—get one and find out."

And he did . . .

*Tom's latest is* THE UNHOLY WIFE *for U-I.*

## FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in February, your birthstone is an amethyst and your flower is a violet. And here are some of the stars you share your birthday with:

*February 3*—**Peggy Ann Garner**

*February 4*—**James Craig**
**Ida Lupino**

*February 6*—**Zsa Zsa Gabor**
**John Lund**
**Gigi Perreau**
**Ronald Reagan**
**Mamie Van Doren**

*February 7*—**Keefe Brasselle**

*February 8*—**Jack Lemmon**
**Lana Turner**

*February 9*—**Kathryn Grayson**

*February 10*—**Jimmy Durante**
**Robert Keith**
**Robert Wagner**

*February 11*—**Leslie Nielsen**

*February 12*—**Forrest Tucker**

*February 13*—**Lyle Bettger**
**Kim Novak**

*February 14*—**Thelma Ritter**

*February 15*—**Kevin McCarthy**

*February 16*—**Vera-Ellen**
**Peggy King**

*February 17*—**Arthur Kennedy**
**Wayne Morris**

*February 18*—**Adolphe Menjou**
**Jack Palance**

*February 21*—**Dane Clark**
**Zachary Scott**
**Ann Sheridan**

*February 22*—**Guy Mitchell**
**Robert Young**

*February 23*—**Race Gentry**

*February 24*—**Barbara Lawrence**
**Marjorie Main**

*February 26*—**Betty Hutton**
**Peter Lorre**

*February 27*—**Reginald Gardiner**
**Elizabeth Taylor**

*February 29*—**Arthur Franz**



**Clark Gable**
*February 1*



**Cesar Romero**
*February 15*



**Betty Hutton**
*February 26*



**Joan Bennett**
*February 27*



## When JOAN CRAWFORD laid an egg

■ In a town where parties are anything but ordinary affairs, Joan Crawford has the reputation of being "a hostess with the mostest on the ball."

That's because Joan is a perfectionist and she always plans everything down to the last detail. But on one unforgettable occasion her party turned out to be a complete failure, planning or no planning!

It was just nine Easters ago. Joan had read that the White House was giving its annual shindig for the kiddies and since her own youngsters were at an age to appreciate the traditional egg hunt, she decided they'd have one, too.

Christina, Christopher, and the twins, Cathy and Cynthia, were delighted when Joan told them there was to be an egg hunt in their Bel Air garden.

It promised to be almost as festive as Christmas!

The night before Easter Joan set to work with a will.

After the kids were asleep, she boiled dozens of eggs and tinted them in all the lovely shades of the rainbow.

Then, early Easter morning before the children were up, Joan slipped out of the house and carefully hid each one of the colored eggs about the garden.

When she gave the signal, the kids, whooping with excitement, set off on their hunt. But after awhile their laughter died down and they grew awfully quiet. Came the moment when they trooped into the house, hot and tired, and very down in the mouth.

"Gee, Mom, we looked everywhere," said Christopher.

"If this is some kind of joke, I don't get it," sniffed young Christina.

Completely stumped, Joan hurried out to the hiding places to see for herself, the children tagging at her heels. Sure enough, there wasn't a single egg in sight. Finally, she peered behind the last shrub—and the mystery was solved.

There—looking as ashamed as a dog can look—sat her pet pooch, surrounded by heaps of egg shells!

"Daggone you, Cliquot!" exclaimed Joan. "Looks like *you've* won the egg hunt!"

*Joan is appearing in* THE STORY OF ESTHER COSTELLO *for Columbia.*


there's a bit of Satan in...



SATIN FINISH

the new Evening in Paris lipstick

It's absolutely wicked of Evening in Paris to make a lipstick so alluring! Satin Finish *clings* as scandalously as satin . . . *smooths* your lips to satiny softness . . . makes them *tempting* as the devil. In a bewitching spectrum of pinks, corals, reds . . . each sheathed in a tall golden swivel case. **Now only 49c**



INFERNO RED, ONE OF THE NEW SATIN FINISH SHADES




**ANITA EKBERG, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl** says: "I started using Lustre-Creme Shampoo when I first came to Hollywood and I love what it does for my hair. Now I wouldn't be without it!" Lustre-Creme is used by the world's most glamorous women —shouldn't *you* use it, too?

# For the most beautiful hair in the world

# 4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Anita Ekberg says—"I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" . . . you're listening to a glamorous movie star whose beautiful hair is part of the charm that enchants millions.

*Your* hair can have that Hollywood-lovely look with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair will sparkle with highlights, shine like the stars! Yet it's so easy-to-manage—behaves like an angel—even right after shampooing. Waves are smooth—curls springy.

You'll see—and *he* will, too—how much lovelier your hair can look when you change to Lustre-Creme, the shampoo of the stars!

Lanolin-blessed creme or lotion never dries . . . it beautifies










## "Actresses need muscles" —says TERRY MOORE

■ To all prospective actresses, Terry Moore has this message:

"Spend as much time in the athletic department as in dramatic classes!"

If you want to be a movie star, you'll have to know swimming. dancing, and other sports—and you need *muscles!*

Remember that scene in *Bernardine* where Terry had to walk back to town after a date? Since each scene in a movie is shot six or seven times for lighting effects and from different angles, she spent almost the whole day walking. She admitted being tired but would have felt worse if she hadn't been used to it.

"Dancing lessons are a must for any actress," Terry advises.

If Terry hadn't known or liked ballroom dancing, the college prom in *Daddy Long-Legs* would have proven almost unbearable. Being perfectionists, co-stars Fred Astaire and Leslie Caron kept the cast repeating the spirited *Slue Foot* routine over and over until it was perfect.

All the while, the weary dancers had to keep smiling as they sang and danced—giving the illusion it was fun and easy.

Ability to ride horseback can help win a role; it did for Terry Moore in *King of the Khyber Rifles.* Luckily, she had learned as a girl on her grandfather's ranch. But even then. she had to practice riding every morning for several weeks before production, since as a Victorian Lady, she had to ride side-saddle.

Terry and Bob Wagner spent several hours in a swimming pool filming one scene for *Between Heaven And Hell*, where they kissed under water. The sequence was completed quicker, because both stars had been swimming since childhood and had learned how to hold their breath under water. Even then they were exhausted.

Incidentally, Terry's swimming ability saved her life during *Barefoot Mailman.* When the stunt girl refused, Terry herself had to fall out of a rowboat into a river full of alligators.

One crocodile came so close it had to be shot from shore. But she kept swimming until she reached the safety of the shore, and was pulled out. This scene had to be done perfectly—and in one take. It was. thanks to her athletic ability.

*Terry's next is* PEYTON PLACE *for 20th Century-Fox.*

FROM

# HUSHED-UP

ROMANCE TO

# HURRIED-UP

WEDDING—

*turn the page for Louella's inside story on Bing and Kathy*





*"I almost broke up this marriage." Louella tells how she— unwittingly— may have stopped the first wedding plans of Bing and Kathy . . . and how she may have helped bring them together again.*

# BING went the strings of my heart

■ Next to the bride and groom, I'm sure that no one was happier when Bing Crosby and Kathy Grant were married in that headline surprise elopement to Las Vegas than I.

I say this in all seriousness because ever since their romance broke off in the Fall of 1956, I have been suffering from what may be called a case of *columnist conscience.*

In other words, I had heard and had reason to believe that a scoop I had written—which was headlined in the Hearst newspapers everywhere, to the effect that Kathy had flown up to Hayden Lake taking along a wedding dress and that she and Bing would be married over the weekend—had stirred up so much fuss and feathers in many quarters that the wedding that had been planned, even to posting the wedding bans, did not come off!

From an intimate source, I had heard that when Bing, a lovable but privacy-loving critter if there ever was one, had read in cold print that he at the age of fifty-two was about to take unto himself a Texas bride of twenty-two—they were a year younger then—and that his eldest son Gary was a year older than the bride-to-be, he developed a case of cold feet that just couldn't be warmed in the direction of the marriage license bureau.

I also suspected that the 'advance warning' had given the four Crosby sons, who have watched their father very jealously since the death of their mother, a chance to long-distance *What goes, Dad?*

Whatever the cause, the fact remained that Bing and pretty Kathy had split up and I knew that she was a broken-hearted girl.

So eleven months later, when the wires started buzzing out of Las Vegas that a certain Harry Lillis Crosby and one Olive Kathryn Grandstaff had taken out a marriage license and were that moment being married in the little Catholic Church I have myself attended so often in Las Vegas, it was all I could do to keep from performing a little jig of joy right in the swank 21 Club in New York. *(Continued on page 70)*



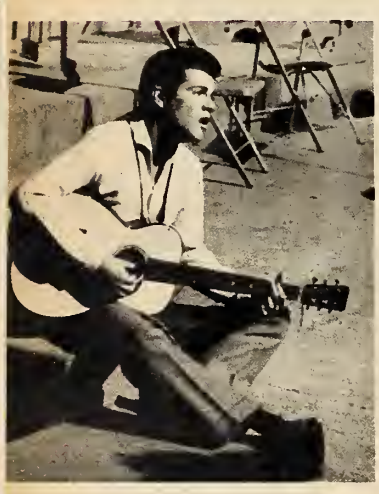




**LEFT** *Kathy's folks—her married sister Frances Ruth Meyer and husband Leonard; Kathy's uncle and aunt, the Edgar Stokeleys; Aunt Frances Sullivan; Kathy herself; her Ma and Pa; brother D. E. Grandstaff, Jr., and her cute niece and nephews on the floor.*
**CENTER** *Kathy, in a pre-Bing pose, at the time when her heart was breaking over Bing.*
**RIGHT** *The "I do" kiss of Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby, right after their wedding in Vegas.*

## Tommy Sands—

*I went with a girl named Molly Bee, the sweetest gal you ever did see, but...*



# I ain't goin' steady no more!

*by Bill Tusher*

■ Not going steady? That's a *big* switch for Tommy Sands! Where most fellows start by dating up a storm in their teens, then start going steady after a few years—Tommy did it the other way around. All his life, he's been a steady dater. And just now he's started playing the field.

How come?

It was not that he suddenly cared less—or not at all—about Molly Bee, whom everyone had assumed was his best girl. It's just that now there's Molly—and Babby Greene, and Chris Callos, and Diane Jergens and Kathy Reid. And there would be others.

And there's a reason for it . . . a big reason . . .

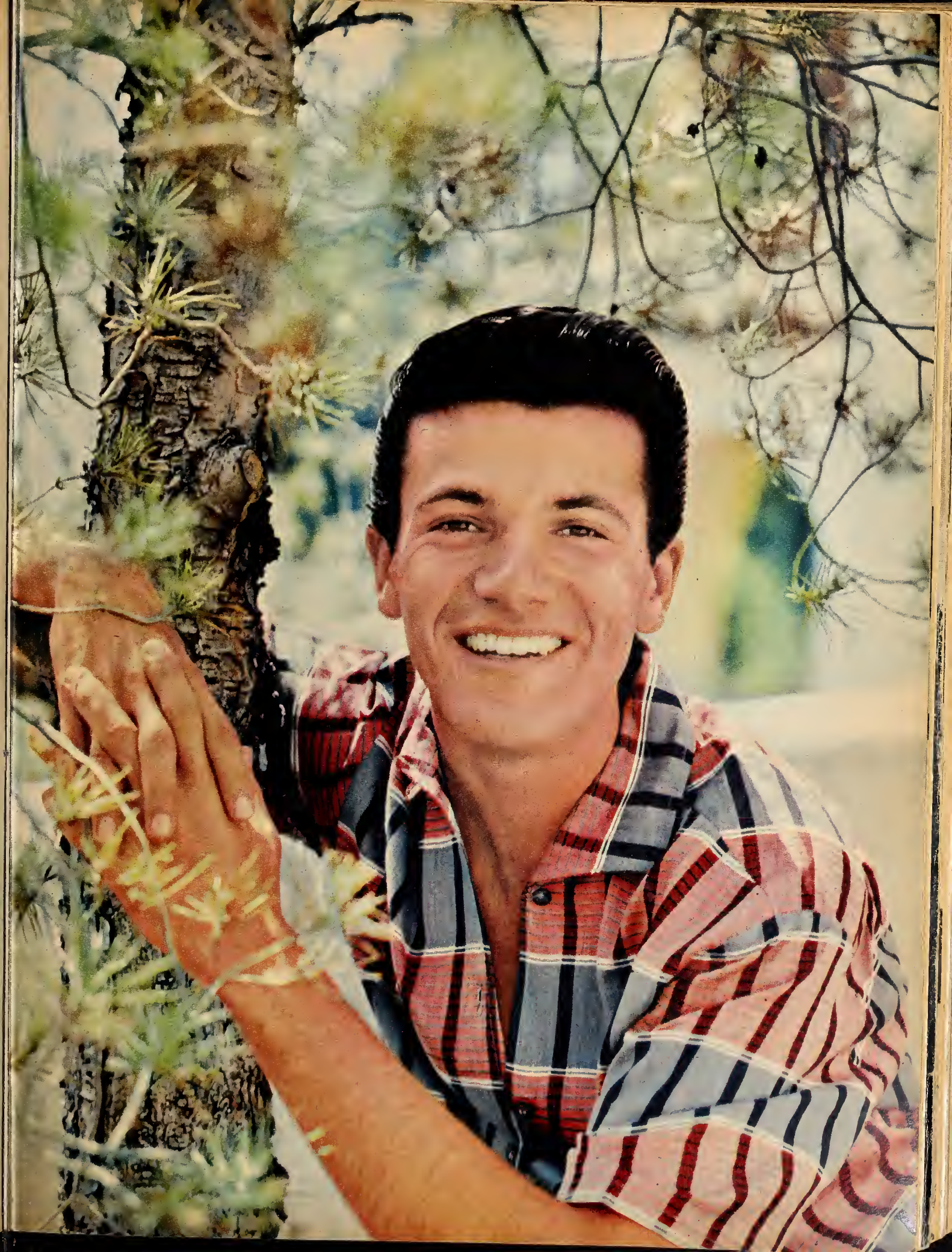
It all started when conductor Emil Newman came over to Tommy's table at Mike Lyman's restaurant on Vine Street and introduced his lovely daughter Arleen, a very sharp lass in tan shorts and a corduroy jacket.

"I dig those shorts," Tommy almost whistled. "Isn't she pretty? Boy, she's beautiful. She's very nice, too. I think I'm going to ask her for a date the next time I see her."

And then he stopped short. He had never thought this way before, never thought of more than just one girl at a time. . . .

Did this mean he didn't want Molly any more? "No," he says, slowly, thinking it out. "I'm dating other girls now, sure. And it's not a thing of *Molly and Tommy*, like it was. But we're still good friends and we'll still date, but she's only one of the girls I see, and I'm (*Continued on page 77*)





Should Liza ever ask, "Mommy, is it true I almost wasn't born?"–Liz would have to answer, "They told us not to have a baby, but we'd never never listen." "Who told you, Mommy?" "Well, it happened long ago and far away..." and Liz would probably leave the rest of the story up to us:

Once upon a time, dear baby Liza, three thousand miles away in a kingdom by the sea, a little girl was born. She was not of royal blood, but we will call her princess, because her beauty was to bring her the tribute of kings. The Princess Liz had black, black hair, blacker than a witch's heart, softer than an April day. The Princess Liz had wondering, wondering eyes, and they

(*continued on page* 64)

# A Bedtime



# Story For Liza

*You're scared, Natalie, that you're not fit for marriage but—*

# You can make it baby, if...



**if "Kisses sweeter than wine"...**



**aren't all you can offer!**

**. . . if, first of all, you remember you're a *woman*, not Mother's little girl . . .**

For nineteen and a half years, the most important person in your life—like in most people's lives—has been your mother; and you'd be the first to agree that Mom has been someone who did a heck of a lot to make life easy for you, the first to acknowledge your dependence on Mom.

The relationship between you two was, and still is, much closer than between most mothers and daughters. Whereas the average girl sooner or later resents her mother's interference, and tries to live her own life and make her own decisions, you've never reached that point. The rumors a few months ago about disagreements with your family and your threats to move out were phony. Maybe because you know your mother has always been solidly in your corner—*even if it meant siding against your father.* And Natalie, you've never had *any* secrets from her. In a way you two were —and are—more like girl friends than mother and daughter.

Your mother has (*Continued on page 82*)





*All you've got to do is love each other, thought Rock and Phyllis, and all the rest takes care of itself. Just one problem. It wasn't to prove true.*

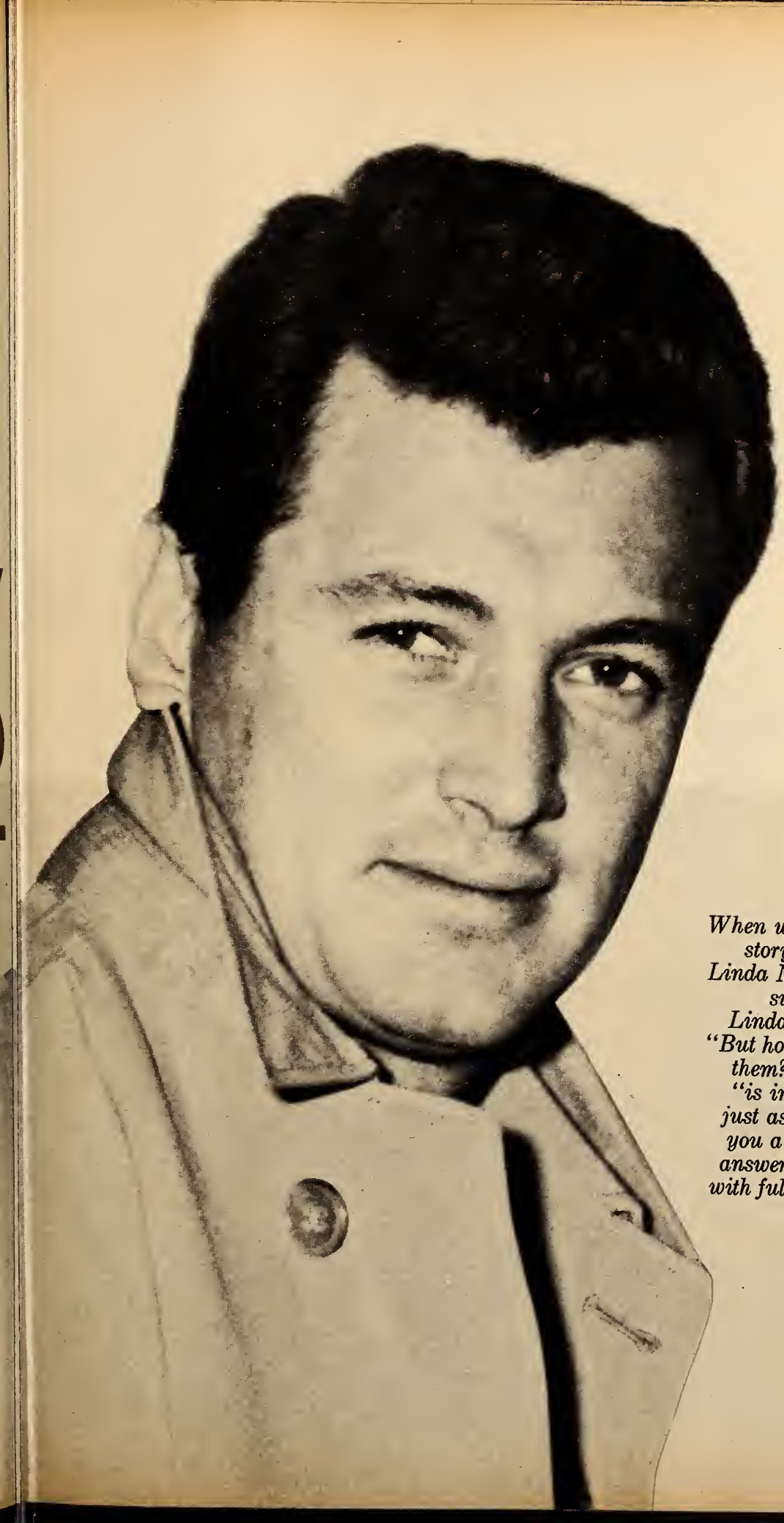
# WHY ROCK WALKED OUT

*by Linda Matthews*

■ The tall young man sitting on the bed put his head in his hands. "I don't know, Ma," he said softly. "Ma, I just don't know."

Across the room, the grey-haired woman stared at him. Then she got up and walked to the window. Outside traffic roared, voices drifted faintly up. Below her a sign flashed: Beverly Hills Hotel. She sighed. "I don't understand you, Roy," she said finally. "We're talking different languages maybe. You tell me you're getting a divorce. You tell me you're—you're through with Phyllis. You sit here in a hotel room; you've moved out of your house—and I ask you why—and you tell me you don't know." Suddenly, with surprising force, she crossed to him. She pulled his hands down from his face. "Look at me!" she ordered. "I'm your mother. Look at me. Tell me why!"

In the silence, a clock ticked. Defeated, the woman dropped her son's hands. She went back to the chair and picked up a jacket and a purse. She walked to the door and opened it. Then with her back to Rock, she said softly, "I'm going home. If the neighbors ask me why you left your wife, I'll tell them what I used to read in the magazines. You like your steak rare, she likes it well-done. So you're getting a divorce. I'll tell them that. Maybe I'll even tell it to myself." She turned her head. Her tired (*Continued on page 58*)



*When we received this unusual story we worried and called Linda Matthews . . . "Are you sure your facts are right, Linda?" "Yes," said Linda. "But how could you have gotten them?" "That," said Linda, "is indeed the secret . . . but just ask this: have I ever sent you a false story?" Since the answer was "no," we print it with full faith that it is correct.*

THE EDITORS

# Esther- don't throw away 11 YEARS!



*A lot of living is packed into eleven years of marriage . . . home, children, and Ben's steady love.*

Dear Esther:

There was quite a crowd at the dock the day you came home from Europe. September 27, 1957, to be exact. A sticky day that felt more like August than September— I remember that. The girl next to me in the crowd was mopping her forehead with a hanky when suddenly her hand dropped and her head jerked up. "There it is!" she cried out. "There it comes!"

And the *Ile de France* steamed majestically into sight.

Every head swiveled around. Hands pointed, voices rose, shrill and excited. It must have been quite a sight. But I wasn't watching the ship come in. I was watching a face.

If anyone had noticed me, I suppose they'd have thought I was an idiot, because by movie-star standards, it wasn't much of a face. Square-cut, a little heavy, like the rest of the man. Not young, really—a fortyish face, and not ashamed to show it. A good, durable, unglamorous face—with a look in the eyes that made me want to cry. Have you ever seen fear and hope and pain and love all mixed up together, Esther? It can tear the heart out of you.

The man was Ben Gage, and he was waiting for you to come home. He's your husband, the man you decided to divorce . . .

A minute ago, he'd been surrounded by reporters. He had been fanning himself with his hat, and his voice was light, and he was laughing. The way he had laughed a few weeks before when he told Louella Parsons, "Go ahead and say Esther and I are having trouble. It makes us more interesting. But the truth is, the only thing wrong with us is that my wife's been gone three months, two weeks, one day and three hours— and I miss her." (*Continued on page 75*)

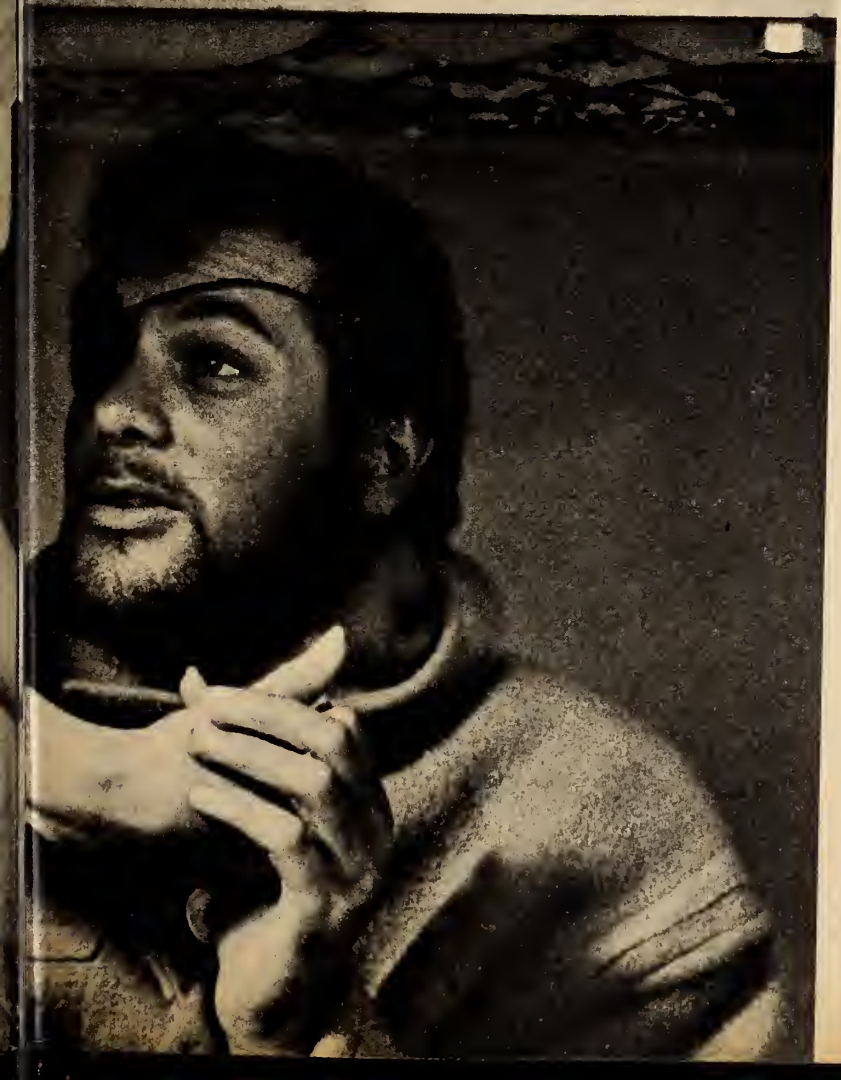


*I couldn't*
*even tell*
*Janet...*
*I just said*
*"goodnight darling,"*
*and began...*

# THE LONGEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE







■ The hotel room was dark, except for the soft patch of sunlight that sifted through the drawn drapes. And it was quiet. So quiet that you could almost hear a man breathe. Tony Curtis was alone in the room. He sat on the edge of the big chair, sat with his head in his hands and his heart in his throat. He sat there praying.

He was scared. He'd been scared before, but not like this. He'd known poverty, and the uncertainty and fear that came with it. You could work your way out of poverty, escape it. He knew. He'd managed. He'd known the fear of failure. He'd licked it. And the lost feeling of emotions gone haywire. He'd put them back in order. He'd known physical pain. Eventually it had passed. Not without help . . . none of it without help. And now. . . .

After a while, a long while, he got up and walked over to the bed table. He picked up the telephone, put it down, then picked it up again. "Would you get me the Dinard Hospital. Dr. Loriel's clinic . . ."

There were clicks and buzzes and purrs on the line and, finally, a low, steady voice. "Hello. . . ."

"Dr. Loriel? Tony Curtis. Look, I hate to bother you, but I've been wondering if. . . ." He stopped (*Continued on page 61*)



**by Marcia Borie**

# meet Ricky

■ First of all, you're aware of Ricky Nelson's startling good looks. He's six feet tall, has dark brown hair, deep blue eyes—and a smile which makes him a heartbreaker! He's the nation's newest singing sensation; he's been in show business since the age of nine. But sitting in front of you, his feet propped up on a coffee table, he might be any teen-ager in any living room—until he starts talking about his music. . . .

"It's funny, I keep wondering why it took me so long to realize how important singing is to me. I've been singing around the house since I was a little kid, and I also played drums, picked out tunes on the piano and fooled around on the clarinet and saxophone. I can't read music and I never really took any lessons except for a month on drums and three or four clarinet lessons. So music always seemed to just naturally be a part of me, but I didn't think much about it until a couple of years ago. Then suddenly something came over me and I just knew I wanted to concentrate on it.

I kept thinking about how I'd like to make a record, but I never really asked anybody about it. Then last year, on one of our TV shows, I did a two-minute imitation of Elvis Presley.

"Things seemed to happen as a result of that show. It was then that I asked my folks if I could make a record. We talked about it for a while. At first, Dad was a little skeptical. But when he thought it over and said *okay*, he and Mom went overboard. Since I made my first record they've been behind me, encouraging me one hundred percent. (*Continued on page 66*)

**"I'm not exactly going steady with Marianna, but..."**





**"The main thing my folks have taught me is how to act natural..."**

# BERGMAN TALKS!

*Ingrid gives Modern Screen the first magazine interview since the break-up*

by BEVERLY OTT

■ I was in London when the world's headlines splashed the Bergman-Rossellini break-up. David Myers phoned me from New York to get that story, the first magazine story, at any cost. I said *no* at first. I just felt so sorry for Ingrid, felt that she had gone through so much prying into her private tragedy already, that I hated to add to her unhappiness. Besides that, I *thought* I knew what she would say. David reminded me, however, that a reporter's first duty is to her readers, and I took the assignment.

But when I hung up I wasn't so sure I'd be able to fill it. Poor hounded Ingrid . . . was I going to join the wolves and help tear her to pieces? But there was nothing to do but pick up the phone again and call Ingrid Bergman.

She was on the set of *Indiscreet*—and there was a title change I didn't like. The film's title was *Kind Sir*, and I couldn't help wondering whether the title change to *Indiscreet* wasn't an attempt on someone's part to sell tickets by pinning another scarlet letter on Ingrid. "Hello," her voice was as calm, low, and warm as I remembered it. "Bev? It's been a long time, hasn't it . . . An interview? Well, why not?"

I could have thought of a few good reasons. . . .

"In fact, why don't you come over now?"

"*Right* now?"

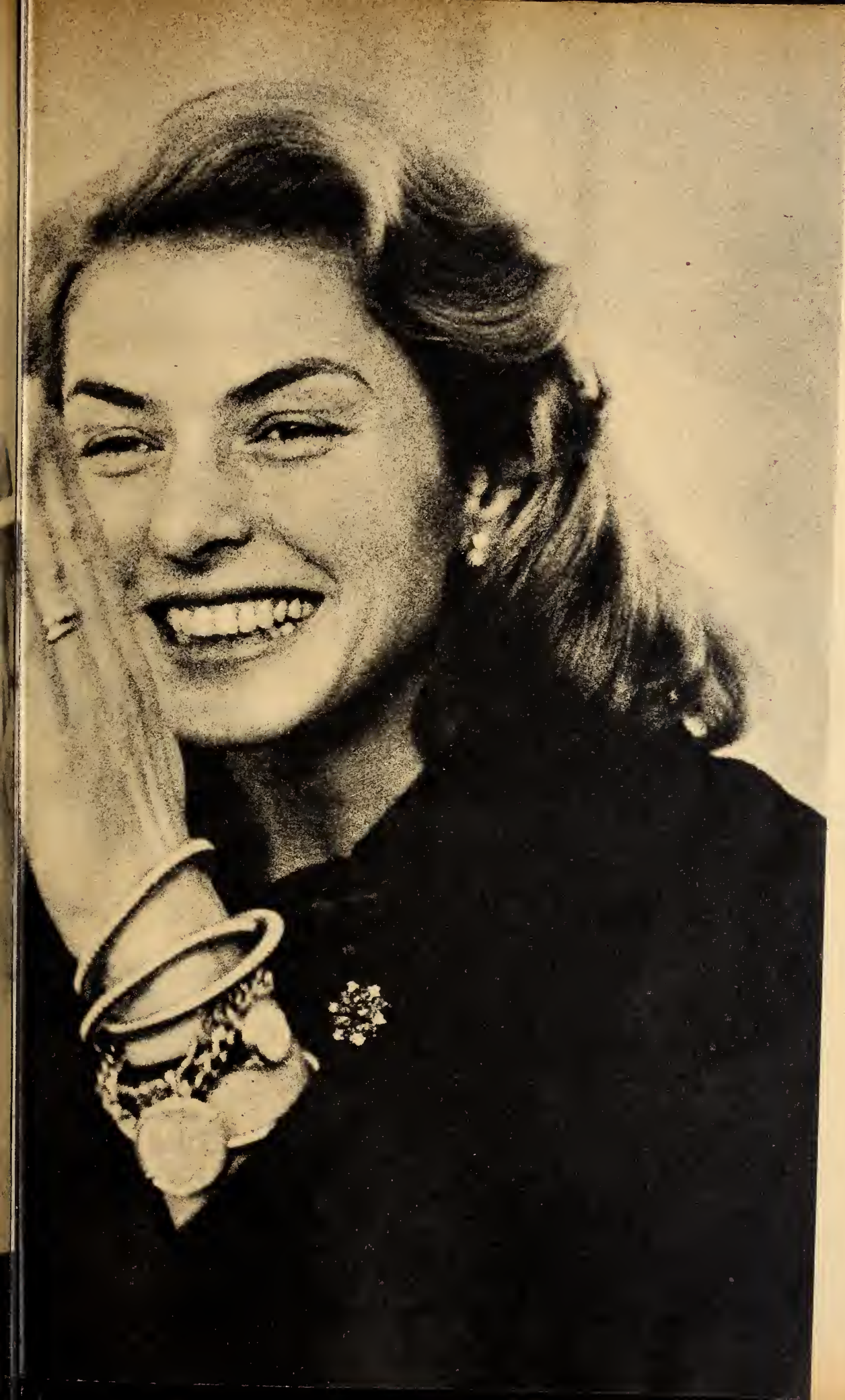
She laughed, "*Right* now."

As my old taxi crawled through the foggy London streets on the way to the movie set, I thought of what I would say to her. *I won't mention Sonali*, I thought, *not at first.* I'll ask her about the children. That always brings a smile from her, but afterwards, what will I say?

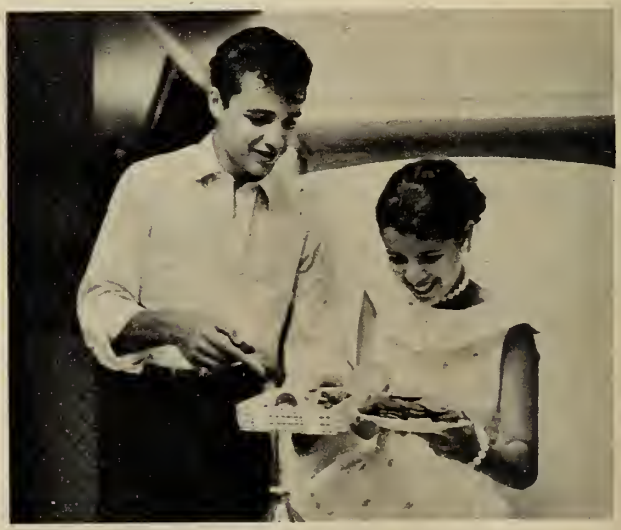
When I saw Ingrid, I was shocked.

(*Continued on page 81*)









**Sal gives his sister Sarina some inside info on keeping fellows interested: be smart enough so that he'll enjoy talking to you—and invite him in after your date for cookies and conversation.**



Sarina wanted to see some tricks with heavy stage make-up. So Sal showed her.



And then Sal showed his sister how to adapt stage make-up for street wear.



And what about costume jewelry? Well, a little goes a long way . . .

*Sal straightens out*

*Sarina about—*

# her first date

■ It was a few minutes before midnight when Sal heard the front door open. "Sarina?" he called out, putting down the script he'd been reading. "Yes, Sal," his sister called back as she hung up her coat in the foyer closet of the big Mineo house in The Bronx, New York, then walked into the living room, quietly, knowing that the folks were upstairs and asleep already. She plopped herself on the couch alongside Sal and took hold of his hand. She was glad to see her brother. He'd flown in from Hollywood the day before and he was going to be home for a few days before taking off on a publicity tour. And it was always good, always wonderful to see him.

But she couldn't hide the fact now that there was something she wasn't feeling so good or wonderful about. "Boy," she sighed, with all the depths-of-life sighing a fifteen-year-old can muster so easily.

"What's the matter?" Sal asked. "Didn't you enjoy your date tonight?"

"Date?" Sarina asked, being very sophisticated for a moment—laughing the (*Continued on page 68*)



But most of all, says Sal, don't just hang around waiting for the phone to ring. He'll call back!

Just stay where you are - we've got a few questions

# hold it George!





**George Nader, who was your first date?**

*A very cute red-headed girl used to live near me at the beach. She was just about my age and after watching her walk up and down the beach for several days I mustered up enough courage to ask her if she'd like to visit the amusement pier with me. I was a very poor escort, since I had no money—so we just walked about the pier taking in all the sights. I guess she was somewhat disappointed, because most nine-year-old girls like to go on rides at an amusement park.*

**Do you get lonely living alone?**

*Not at all.*

**Do you do all of your own housework?**

*No. I have a man who comes in to clean on Mondays and Fridays—but he doesn't always show up!*

**What type of woman do you like to date?**

*One with a sense of humor, please!*

**What do you first notice about a woman?**

*From a distance, her figure. Close-up, her mouth and eyes.*

**How do you usually meet the women you date?**

*Usually at a party, or at the studio while I'm working on a picture.*

**Who are some of your favorite Hollywood dates?**

*Martha Hyer and Ingrid Goude.*

**What qualities do you like best in a woman?**

*Honesty, intelligence and a sense of humor.*

**Do you like perfume on women? Lots of make-up?**

*Yes, but not the heavy types of perfume. I don't think any woman should wear so much make-up that it is obvious. I think clever women know how to conceal their make-up.*

**Where do you like to go on a date?**

*I prefer inviting a few couples to the house for dinner . . . casual affairs where we listen to records and sit around and talk. I don't care for night clubs unless the entertainment is really fabulous.*

**Do you believe in long or short engagements?**

*Never having been engaged, I don't know!*

**Would you like a church wedding, home wedding or a fast trip to Las Vegas?**

*I haven't really thought about it. Anyway, doesn't the girl usually decide?*

**What size family would you like to have?**

*A large one.*

**Do you date while working on a picture?**

*Not often.*

**What particular feminine habits annoy you?**

*Are there any annoying feminine habits?*

**Do you like filming love scenes?**

*It depends who I'm working with. The crew*

(*continued on page* 76)



*Jill was only sixteen when she married the man she loves. But she knew she was a mature sixteen—old enough to know her own heart, level-headed enough to run a whole household, and good wife enough to get a hearty breakfast into Neil before he leaves for work!*



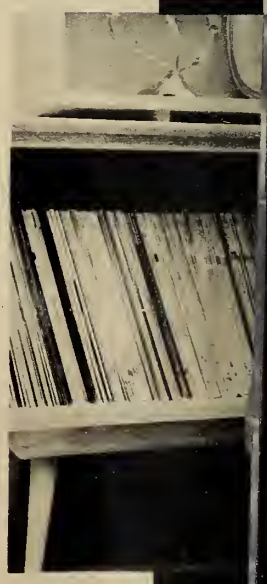




*Of course, sometimes it's a little hard to figure out how some of those kitchen 'helps' are supposed to operate . . .*

*And there are times that Jill wouldn't exactly swear that having Neil around to cue her is really such a time-saver—what with all the interruptions like a little kiss now and then . . .*

*But as she sits in her own home—knowing that she is surrounded by love, knowing she has taken the first steps on the road of adulthood—Jill knows that she* was *ready for marriage . . . for a couple of reasons . . .*





*Is a girl of 16 ready for marriage?*

# "I'm glad I was a TEENAGE BRIDE"

SAYS JILL ST. JOHN TO HELEN WELLER

■ A few months ago, on the pages of MODERN SCREEN, Luana Patten told of the bitter regrets she had because she had run away and eloped when she was sixteen.

Here's the other side of the teenage marriage question . . .

"Not *all* teenage marriages are mistakes," protests tall, beautiful, red-haired Jill St. John. "I ran off and got married when I was sixteen. I didn't wait—not even till I finished the picture I was making with Johnny Saxon," Jill grins. "I'm glad we didn't wait. My happy marriage to Neil is proof that we were right."

Of course, the circumstances under which Jill married were entirely different from those surrounding the ill-fated marriage of Luana Patten. Both marriages were elopements, but there the resemblance ends.

"First of all, I never believed in going steady just for the sake of going steady," said Jill. I always felt that if I really fell in love and was serious about a boy, then I would go exclusively with him. But going steady with a boy whom I didn't really love, just because it's convenient to have a steady boyfriend—no, thanks. (*Continued on page 80*)

# *Who is Anna Kashfi? What is the mystery of her birth . . . what is the mystery of her name?*



■ My name is Doug Brewer. I'm the European correspondent for MODERN SCREEN. I used to be a detective story writer. But when MS hired me, I thought it was goodbye mysteries, hello Ava, Sophia and the rest of you beautiful babes over here.

I was wrong.

I'd been in London and on the job exactly two weeks when I got an assignment from the home office in New York that sent me plunging into the mystery field again.

The case?

The case of Mrs. Marlon Brando. . . .

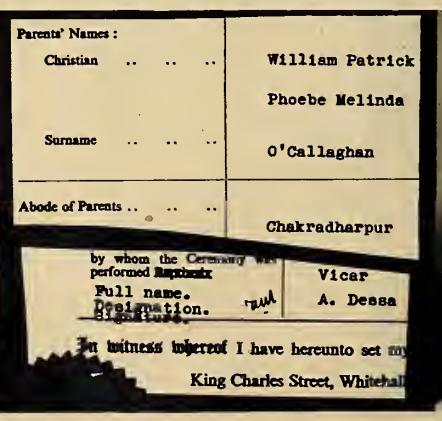
The assignment seemed routine enough at first. Marlon Brando had just married Anna Kashfi. Our Hollywood people had been unable to come up with much information on her other than that she was an actress, had made two movies, was born and bred in India and had thirty-five saris in her bedroom closet. *And* that she'd lived in London for a year before being discovered.

That's where I came in. Find out, I was told, anything you can about her when she was in London.

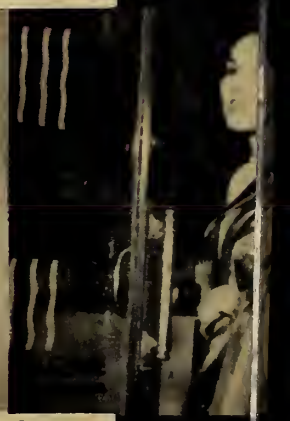
I read the studio publicity release on her for a start. It was dull as a dress without a dame in it. Anna Kashfi, it said, had been born in an Indian city named Darjeeling, was the daughter of a wealthy engineer, came to London in 1952 with the family, was spotted almost immediately by a talent scout and rushed into the movie *The Mountain.* Also, it said, she was studying hard to remove any trace of accent from her speech—and she was (*Continued on page 72*)

## Here are the documented facts.







a. b. c. d.

**A.** *The address of this house is 100 Newfoundland Road, Cardiff, Wales. In it live William and Phoebe O'Callaghan. They claim they are Anna Kashfi's parents—her true, natural parents.*
**B.** *And this is the baptismal certificate that would seem to prove they are telling the truth.*
**C.** *"Is my daughter ashamed of me?" asks Mr. O'Callaghan. "I'm a poor man; is she ashamed?"*
**D.** *Anna worked here once. The name on the door is the name Anna claims is her mother's—'Ghose.'*

# the truth about Marlon's wife



# "He'll have my eyes, and Daddy's smile..."

*by Linda Carole Post*

■ Upstairs in the yellow and white nursery of the spacious Beverly Hills home, the tiny young girl wearing tailored slacks and shirt, and the dark-haired young man, in casual corduroys, were playing with their laughing baby. When the young man lifted the baby in his arms and sang a little song to her, the baby flicked a dimple and chortled the tune with him. Debbie Reynolds broke into a contented smile; here, before her eyes, was her whole world.

When the little duet was over, she took the baby from him and held her close.

"Eddie," she said slowly, "there's going to be another."

"Another?" he said. "Another what, darling?"

Debbie's eyes twinkled. "Another Carrie —or maybe a David," she replied impishly.

Eddie was heading in the direction of the door, but he whirled around suddenly.

"Another BABY!" he said. "Do you mean it?"

Debbie's face was lit up with a soft, serene smile.

"Hooray," yelled Eddie. "Here, let me hold the baby. You're not allowed to lift, you understand. Sit down. Take it easy. Gosh, this is great."

Debbie laughed softly. "Don't worry, darling. I'm not going to have the baby tomorrow. I don't feel one bit feeble. I'm just fine."

"When did you find out?" Eddie demanded.

"I was at the doctor's this afternoon. And I have a confession to make, darling. Remember that day we were with Liz and Mike at the Villa Fiorentia—and I told you I'd rather not go on to Morocco with you? I suspected then, but I didn't want to tell you, because I was afraid you'd worry and make a big fuss about it."

Eddie remembered. He and Debbie had spent a delightful summer day visiting their good friends, Mike Todd and Liz Taylor, at their villa overlooking the Mediterranean.

Wherever he'd gone during his tour abroad—to the Palladium to perform or to some obscure village to hunt for TV talent for his new TV show, Debbie had happily (*Continued on page 79*)





# *"Wait till you see your little brother..."*



Debbie knows exactly what she wants but she doesn't like to talk about it except to Carrie Frances.





*"but I won't love you any less..."*





*hollywood changes the rules for*

# beauty etiquette

Terry Moore gives you the do's and don't's about the correct use of cosmetics in public.

■ There is big—and good—beauty news in the report that the controversial discussions and beliefs over the use of cosmetics in public have ended. The movie stars now decree that it is not only good taste to touch the tip of your nose with a dash of powder and freshen your lipstick in public—but, they also believe that the performance of these dainty little feminine touches of beauty are intriguing, alluring, and completely captivating to men! The more so now that powder and lipstick products are skillfully and artfully packaged in jewel-like compacts and lipstick cases. Previously these exquisite cases were separate items and only available at jewelry stores and counters and then, only to an envied few (*Continued on opposite page*)

*Terry's dress is by Marian Ross of Junior First*
*Terry's photo by Roger Prigent*

whose budget could stand these luxuries.

We asked movie star and socialite Terry Moore (Mrs. Gene McGrath), to give us her views on the rules for cosmetic etiquette—the do's and don'ts.

Playing the varied roles of wife, actress, student, career girl, social leader and welfare worker, Terry's expert advice on the importance of being beautiful at all times and correct in the social customs as far as they pertain to the little beauty duties that must be done in public, is a help to us all.

Terry's first bit of advice, "Of course, do all you have to do and do it well—but above all keep yourself glamorous and beautiful always."

Terry has given a lot of time to the study of what should and should not be done in public. As a career girl her many pressing duties have demanded that she perform some of her beauty chores en route to appointments, to public appearances, traveling to foreign countries.

For instance, Terry often has to add touches of make-up en route to her appointments. Sometimes she finds she must re-do her make-up at the point of her destination. This, of course, she does in the privacy of the dressing room or ladies' room.

"Whenever I am going to luncheon or dinner I always carry a lovely compact and lipstick from one of my favorite manufacturers. After I have finished eating I always touch my nose with powder and check on my lipstick for perfection," says Terry.

Terry feels that these little beauty cares accomplished in public are accepted customs today not only in Hollywood but the world over—not unbecoming or embarrassing to anyone.

On the subject of combing one's curls in public—Terry has this to say, "It is most unpleasant and most embarrassing to everyone."

Terry goes on, "If your hair becomes wind-blown in transit you should always go to the dressing room and re-arrange your hair in privacy."

"This same rule goes for putting on your eye make-up. The make-up of the eyes is very important, not alone to professional people but also to every girl. Correct eye make-up makes the eyes more outstanding and more appealing. Of course, all career girls do—or should—a pretty good and complete eye make-up job in the morning (it should not be too dramatic for business and daily wear). When evening comes and that special date, the eyes do need more accentuation and therefore, more make-up. This makes it a definite must that every girl always carry eye make-up in her bag. This eye make-up retouching job should be done in privacy. If you have to—or want to—do a completely new make-up before your evening date, the same applies—and, be sure you carry your own make-up with you. Never borrow make-up—it may not be your kind or color—and, it isn't tidy to ask for or use other girls' personal things."

Terry believes that retouching your lipstick in public is necessary and very much in order and very correct. But, she does give a word of warning, "Touching up lipstick in public means just that! It does not imply that a girl should wipe off all lipstick and proceed to create an entirely new lipline. This comes under the heading of cosmetic make-up which should, of course, be accomplished only in privacy. Never do any basic beauty chores in public."

Terry brought out another important beauty note. "Beautiful hands," says Terry, "are as important as a beautiful face. A weekly manicure is not enough. Touch-up jobs should be done throughout the week to keep your nails in perfect condition. A change of polish, not only to keep your nails always bright and shining, but to change color for various costumes—I always match my fingertips to my lips. Remember, when you are adding the dash of powder and lipstick at the table, it is your hands—and nails—that reach to your face and that they become the immediate object of attention. Keep them beautifully groomed just as you do your face and your hair. Use a hand lotion to keep them soft and smooth—don't give all attention to your nails alone."

Terry dislikes to talk about make-up or retouching of make-up without stressing the importance of basic skin care. She says, "In order to put on a lovely make-up a girl must have a lovely well cared for skin so don't forget to cleanse your face thoroughly each night and morning. There are wonderful preparations on the market that do a cleansing and softening job all at once. These preparations are not only easy to use, but they are exciting to use in that they stimulate circulation, cleanse deeply, and smell divinely."

"I like to use a night cream, too. There are those that are not sticky or greasy and that work while you sleep for extra softening and refining. Every girl no matter what age will do well to nourish her skin with a night cream."

And now for a wonderful tip and one of the sweetest closing lines for any story. Terry says, "Every girl should carry a perfume purser (they, too, now come in jewel type containers). There is nothing so breathtaking and alluring to a man as perfume. So, after a dash of powder and a touch of lipstick—always add a splash of perfume. This will be okay with the public and more than okay with the guys."

Be sure and see Terry in 20th's new film, *Peyton Place.* **END**


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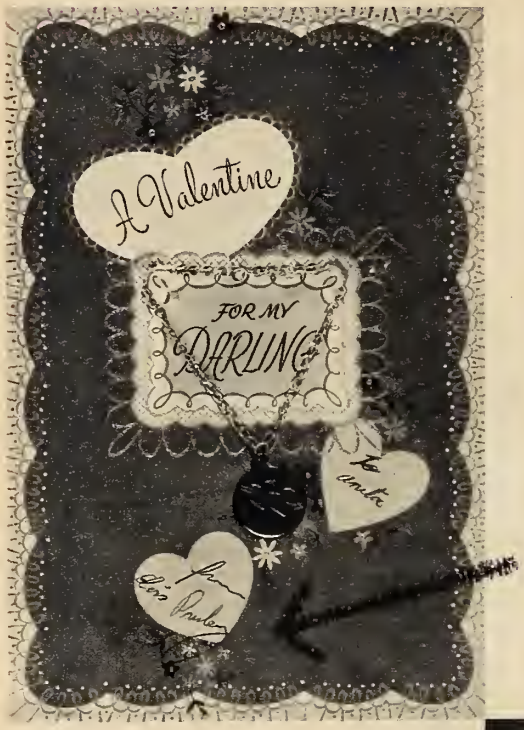
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# why ELVIS signed his last name to a Valentine Card for his Darling




■ Now this isn't just a Valentine's card to any old gal—

Because Anita Wood not only got a card from El—she's also sporting a friendship ring of eighteen sapphires around a diamond that El gave Anita way back in September.

And, asked if Anita was his No. 1 girl, Elvis answered, "She sure is! Strictly tops!"

Furthermore, they know each well enough to fight about this and that—like Anita wanting to be alone with Elvis and not surrounded by his buddies all the time . . . even though Elvis explained he needed them around for protection in case he got mobbed by fans. And they fight about how come he gets so mad if he thinks anybody is flirting with Anita—can she help it if fellows look three times when she's around? And—this was a big one—what did he mean dating that lady wrestler, Penny Banner?

So how come Elvis signs his last name to his Valentine card to her?

Who knows! Unless maybe it's to get her real familiar with the name he's planning on making her last name, too!

*See Elvis in MGM's* JAILHOUSE ROCK *now. He'll soon be in* SING, YOU SINNERS *for Paramount and* ENOUGH ROPE *for 20th Century-Fox.*



## why rock walked out

(*Continued from page 36*) eyes gleamed suddenly with tears. "Only I tell you this. While you sit here, you ask yourself something. You ask yourself why you and a nice girl couldn't get along. Why two people with everything in the world should make themselves suffer so. Why love dies out like this. Other people fight sometimes. They don't get divorced. So why you? Ask that. And if you really don't have an answer—you go home again, Roy. You hear me? You go home again."

The door shut.

"All right, Ma," Rock Hudson whispered into the empty room.

And for the hundredth time he began again the slow, painful search for an answer. Why two nice people, two people in love, couldn't make it work.

And there had been love—so very much. Alone in the room he could still remember those first weeks of dating Phyllis—the heady excitement of picking her up, being with her.

"I'm crazy about you," he told Phyl one night. "I guess you know that. But we're so different, you and me."

"That's what makes it fun," she had said then. "That's why we'll never bore each other."

He had laughed and drawn her closer. "If I believed that, I might—just possibly—ask you to marry me."

Suddenly the laughter was gone. They regarded each other with serious eyes.

---

**Whenever a producer buys a property, he announces that he's going to get Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra, Cary Grant or William Holden. The other day, a producer, who just bought a story, told Mac Benoff, "in this one I'm going to use an unknown, like Alan Ladd."**

*Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post*

---

"Ask me," Phyllis said softly. "Go ahead and ask me."

And believing that love was enough, they were married.

*Other people fight,* his mother had said. *They don't get a divorce. But do other people fight as much?* he asked himself suddenly. *The way we do. Over—over nothing. Over anything—*

**That fatal dress**

The first one had happened six weeks after they were married. There had been the honeymoon, and then Rock was back to work. Evenings he would walk into the house exhausted, ready for dinner. One night, dinner wasn't ready for him.

"We'll eat in half an hour, sweetie," Phyllis had called from the kitchen. "I'm awfully sorry—but wait till you see what I've got—"

Rock sank down in a chair in the living room. "What?"

"The most beautiful—the most heavenly—the most luscious evening gown. It's black chiffon with a train—it's the most stunning—"

"Wait a minute." Rock sat up, raised his hand. "Look. You bought an evening gown last week. Five hundred dollars worth of gauze or something. You haven't even worn it yet. And now today—"

The smile faded from Phyl's eyes. "Honey, you don't understand. Sooner or later I'll wear the one I bought last week. And there's sure to be some photographer around to take my picture in it. And you don't want them to get the same gown again the next time we go out—I mean

what would your public say?" The grin reappeared.

"I don't think that's funny," Rock said. He didn't mean it to sound so abrupt, so cold. But he was tired and hungry and he wanted his dinner. "Anyway, I've told you and told you—I don't want us to start dragging around to nightclubs and premiéres and junk all of a sudden."

**Never go out**

Phyl stared at him. She let the kitchen door swing shut behind her. "Rock, I thought we agreed we'd go out a little more. I thought you promised—"

"All right. I said we'd go out. I didn't say we were going to burn up the town, did I?" He got up from the chair. "Listen, I come home tired at night. If you think I'm going to sit back while you spend a fortune on clothes to wear to formals and then make me take you to formals so you can wear the damn clothes—"

"A fortune!" Phyl shouted. "A fortune. Oh, that's funny. That's a riot! Do you know what you're making a week? Why, if I spent twice as much a day as I spend in a month I couldn't start spending it all. I couldn't—"

"Well, you don't have to try!" Rock bellowed. "What'd this little shopping trip cost me today? Five hundred dollars—a thousand?"

Phyl drew herself up. "It cost three hundred and seventy-five—"

"Oh, my Lord," Rock moaned. "Three hundred—for a piece of nothing—for a hunk of cloth you'll never even get to wear—a—"

Suddenly Phyl's voice was very soft.

---

**Elaine Stewart, who bought a Palm Springs house, has two swimming pools—one for herself and one for her French poodle.**

*Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post*

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"No," she said. "The dress cost a hundred and fifty. I also spent twenty-five on a cashmere sweater. With the rest I got you that new snorkel outfit you saw. I got you a sweater. I got you a—" the soft voice broke. With tears streaming down her pretty face, Phyl turned and ran from the room. "B-but don't worry," her voice floated back to Rock. "I'll take it all back. I'll give you back all your precious money!"

**Who was right?**

He had sat alone for twenty minutes in the living room, listening to his wife cry upstairs. Then he got up and climbed the steps to the bedroom. With his arm around Phyl's shoulder, with her sobs muffled on his chest, he had tried to explain.

"Phyl, it isn't that I don't want you to have nice things. I do, baby, honest. But I was brought up to—to be careful with money. It goes against my grain to see you throw it out on stuff you don't need."

And Phyl had said slowly, "Rock, if you were still delivering mail, making practically nothing—why, I'd love you and marry you, and I'd scrimp and save and make my own clothes and never mind or say a word. I swear it. But we *do* have the money. It's the one thing we do have, because heaven knows we haven't got privacy or time together or—anyway—we have money. So why can't I spend it? I'm not bankrupting us, not by a long shot. And it isn't just the clothes. It's that I—I love to shop. Like you love to swim. It makes me feel good. So isn't that doing something useful with it? Isn't it?"

In her arms, Rock nodded, bewildered. But the next week, when Phyl bought a





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coat, and the week after—something else, the fights got worse and worse.

But when you're the country's biggest box-office draw, when your yearly income runs into six or even seven figures—how can you go to your mother and say: *Ma—we fought about money.*

**What's the reason?**

*You like your steak rare. She likes hers done. So you're getting a divorce,* his mother had said. A bitter joke, she thought that was. But it was more bitter than she knew. For there were so many things just as trivial—and just as dangerous—as those silly steaks.

"I've got a week off," Rock had announced one day. "There's a hold-up on the schedule and they've given me a week off!" He swept Phyllis into his arms jubilantly. "We can go away. Take a vacation. Do anything—"

Phyl crowed with delight. "Oh, honey—that's fabulous. I can get us packed in no time. There's a flight at noon tomorrow—"

"Hold on," Rock grinned. "We haven't decided where we're going yet."

Phyl's eyes opened wide. "But—we've been talking for weeks about going to New York. Seeing the shows—really doing the town. And there are people there I haven't seen in months."

Rock shrugged cheerfully. "Aw, honey, you don't want to go to New York. That was just a lot of talk—I mean, just kicking the idea around. I thought we'd take off for Hawaii or somewhere. Do some swimming—really relax—"

Phyl stepped away from him. Her voice was tight. "Rock, you know I hate the ocean."

"Yeah. Yeah, I know." He brightened. "But look, Phyl, this time will be different. I'll get you a snorkel outfit and teach you to swim. You'll be crazy about it once you get over being scared. I'll show you—"

**The smile is forced**

"That's what you said before we went on our honeymoon," Phyl said carefully. "Don't you think it's my turn to—to pick the place?"

"Phyl, you don't seem to understand. This isn't just our first time for a vacation. It's my first rest in a year. I need to relax. What—what kind of a rest would it be if we went to New York. Running around, seeing a bunch of people I don't give a hang about—"

"You'd rather look at a bunch of *fish.* You think it's fun for me, sitting on a beach waiting for you to drag yourself out of the water and remember I'm there? You think I like living in this house like a hermit, never going out, never seeing people?"

"We do see people! We have friends in—"

"*Your* friends," Phyllis wept. "Not mine."

**A case for separate vacations**

They ended up going nowhere. Angry-eyed and silent, they waited out Rock's precious seven days. When they were over, Rock went, with a feeling of sick relief, back to the studio. And Phyllis, her tremendous energy bottled up, ready to explode, thought that perhaps if they moved out of this tiny house, to some-place new, some bigger house that she could enjoy decorating and give parties in—maybe things would be better.

And so, for months, they fought over whether they needed a new house.

But you can't tell your mother: *We're getting a divorce because Phyllis doesn't like to swim and I don't like nightclubs.* She'd think you had a hole in your head.

*Ask yourself,* his mother had said, *why love dies. Ask that.* Lying on his back on the hotel-room bed, his eyes staring, unseeing, at the ceiling, Rock almost laughed. *Love—dead? Not quite, Ma,* he thought. *Not quite.*

For how many nights had there been when, after one of their stormy scenes, Phyllis had come into their room, into his arms. "Rock—oh honey, I do love you so much. What's the matter with us? What's wrong?"

And how many times had he stalked out of the house in fury, driven wildly into town—and found himself pulling over to the curb in front of a florist's window. And half an hour later Phyllis, at home, would answer the door to receive roses and a scrawled card—"Believe it or not, I love you, love you, love you—"

And for an hour, for a day or a week, they would tell themselves that love was enough, that two people who loved each other had to come out right in the end.

**Maybe this will work**

And then Rock went to Europe to make *Farewell To Arms.* In a few weeks, Phyllis was to join him. They both looked forward to it immensely. It would be a second honeymoon—better than the first. A time to relax and take stock of their lives—a time away from home to make plans for a better life.

And then, three weeks or so before Phyllis was due to leave for Europe, a letter arrived from her. "Rock, I've just rented the most lovely house in Malibu Beach for us. Once you've lived there a while, you'll love it. It's near the beach so you can be in and out of the water all day while I'm fixing it up—"

---

**There's a good line in Sweet *Smell Of Success,* the Burt Lancaster-Tony Curtis picture, when Barbara Nichols, toasting a gossip writer, says, "Well, here's mud in your column!"**

*Earl Wilson in the N.Y. Post*

---

An hour later Rock was on the trans-atlantic phone, his mouth set.

"Phyllis. It's me. Now, look, Phyl—what is this, you renting a house without even consulting me?"

"Honey, wait a minute. I would have written you and asked, only I had to take it in a hurry or not at all. Someone else wanted it too. And it's so perfect, Rock. Besides, this way it can be all painted by the time we get home, we can move right in—"

Rock's voice was grim. "I'm not moving into any house I haven't ever seen. I don't know that I want to move at all. We didn't decide definitely, Phyllis. And I have a right to be consulted. I'm the man in this family."

Phyl's voice rose, tense. "And I'm a grown woman. I'm not a child, going to her father for permission. I have a right to make decisions in this family, too. A—house is a woman's business. Everyone knows that. All I did was—"

"All you did was sneak around behind my back! All you did was try to take over my life! A house *is* my business and you've got no right—"

They hung up on each other. And a few days later Rock had word that Phyllis was in the hospital with acute hepatitus.

**Did I do this?**

On the phone again, frantic with worry, accusing himself, he spoke to her doctor. When he hung up, his face was grey with pain. A friend standing by said, "Well? Listen, you could take off from here on Saturday night, and be home Sunday night and then leave again on Monday. It's rough traveling and you'd miss a day and a half of shooting, but you could see her for an hour."

In a dead voice, Rock said, "No. I'm not going." He walked past his friend to the car, got in, started the motor. Then he said: "They tell me hepatitus is always serious. But they can lick it. But in Phyl's case—there's a complication." He turned anguished eyes on the other man. "Phyl—Phyl doesn't want to live. She isn't trying. She doesn't care." One hand gripped the steering wheel, turning the knuckles white. "She used to be so full of—energy and fight and craziness and now—" With his head bent forward, Rock Hudson wept and hardly knew it. "I did that to her," he said. "I did that to her—"

And knew for the first time, that love was not enough.

And knew, too, that when a husband could bring not comfort and healing but only more pain, more danger to the bedside of his sick wife—that marriage was over.

He planned to tell her in Hawaii. He went there directly from Italy, to work on *Twilight For the Gods.* When Phyllis was well enough, he had arranged, she would join him there, to bask in the sun and regain her strength. And he would tell her.

**The truth is out**

But as it happened, there was no need. For Phyllis had had the long weeks of illness and recovery to think. Weeks away from Rock, away from the sudden bursts of love that had given her hope before. And when she came to Hawaii, she too already knew.

They waited just long enough to go home together, settle a few things, tell a few close friends. They had no fights in those last quiet days together. They hardly spoke lest one of them slip and say suddenly—"We can't do this. I love you—" They were very careful. And on a sunny October day, Rock Hudson closed the door of his home behind him and moved into the Beverly Hills Hotel.

And now he lay on his back, staring at the ceiling, remembering his mother's words—and searching.

In the darkened room, the telephone rang. Rock reached out a long arm and picked it up. He had registered in the hotel as Roy Fitzgerald, but he knew it wouldn't work for long.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Mr. Hudson. Sorry to bother you, but I'm calling for the News. Could you tell me, sir, just very briefly—why you and Mrs. Hudson are calling it quits?"

Rock let the receiver slip down to his shoulder. Now was the time. Now was the time to say: *Because we never should have gotten married. Because it isn't enough to love somebody—there must be other things, other loves and wants and a way of life to share. Because if there are not, two people who love each other can destroy each other.* Now was the time to say that, for the reporter, for his mother, for everyone who would ask *why?*

"Hello?" the voice said. "Hello—er, Mr. Hudson? Excuse me sir. I asked why you broke up. I wanted to know—is there any chance of your getting together again?"

"No," he answered, "no, there's no chance." He took a firmer grip on the phone. "As to your last question," he said, feeling what no man expects to feel—the slow warmth of tears forming behind his eyes—"as to why we broke up—I'm sorry. I don't really know the answer to that. I just—don't know." **END**

*Rock will appear in* A Farewell To Arms *for 20th Century-Fox, and in* Twilight For The Gods *and* The Tarnished Angels *for U-I.*

## the longest night of my life

(*Continued from page 41*) and started again. "Is there any possible way you can tell about my eye . . . before tomorrow. . .?"

For a moment the doctor said nothing. Then, "No, there's no way. We'll have to wait. . . ."

He thanked the doctor, said *good bye*, and replaced the receiver, feeling like a fool. Of course, there was no way. But he was alone, he was human, he wanted reassurance. He wanted to hear someone say, "Your eye's going to be all right. You won't lose your sight." Or someone there to share the hours, to help him face, to accept, whatever might happen. He wanted Janet. . . .

And then he began to think of the things he hadn't told her, couldn't tell her. The first secret he'd ever kept from her. . . .

It was Thursday, a July Thursday, in Dinard, France, and the day had promised to be like any other day. He and Kirk had gone out to *The Viking* location for the invasion scenes. They weren't in the shots. They weren't scheduled to work until the following week. But when you got all wrapped up in a picture you wanted to watch everything that was going on.

It was the day for the storming of the castle, a 10th Century fortress on the Brittany coast. It was to be quite a scene. "How does it feel to be the producer of a spectacular spectacular?" he'd kidded Kirk.

"Talk to me when we've wrapped it up," Douglas grinned.

---

**Bob Hope knocked on wood at TOOTS SHOR'S, remembering the luck he's had flying and recalled how his late little pal, Barney Dean, always scared, got panicky on one flight, and said, "I'll settle for a concussion right now."**

*Earl Wilson in the New York Post*

---

Walking around the location, they saw soldiers standing on the walls with their bows and arrows. The Vikings stood below, ready for the attack. Then Curtis had gotten his bright idea. "Let's help them take the castle!" With the enthusiasm of a couple of kids, he and Kirk had picked up bows and arrows.

Tony was starting to reload his bow when he happened to glance up. He saw something coming. Fast.

When he came to, he was on the ground. There was a crowd around him. He'd never seen a more anxious expression than the one on Kirk's face. He heard, "Where's the doctor?"

He put his hand to his eye—his left eye, but he took it away again when someone said, "Better not touch it." The hand was wet and sticky. He saw that it was covered with blood. Blood was streaming down his face. He could taste it. He closed his right eye. The faces disappeared. There was only a dark haze. "Must be the blood," he thought. "When it stops bleeding I'll be able to see. . . ."

The company doctor arrived. Gently, he cleaned the wound. He put a cold compress on the eye. He said, "There's a good eye man at the province hospital. We'd better take him there."

The still man moved in with his rollei. "I guess I'd better get a picture," he said, almost apologetically.

"I'll do anything for publicity," Tony made a joke. But nobody laughed.

They helped him to his feet. He swayed a little. He lifted the covering from his left eye for a moment and closed his right eye again. There was only the haze.


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A car pulled up and he got in. "How far to the hospital?" Kirk asked the doctor.

"About twenty minutes."

"How does it feel, Tony?"

"Numb. . . ."

**Anything for a dare**

No one said much during the ride. "How bad is it?" he wondered dazedly. "How bad?" He thought of all the risks he'd taken, all his life. Crazy risks. Like the time when he was a kid and someone dared him to jump off the roof of a six-story building to the four-story building next door. There was a fifteen-foot alley in between. But that hadn't bothered him. Much.

He'd gone home and taken the mattress off his bed, carried it to the rooftop, to the spot where he figured he'd land. Then he'd rejoined his pals on the roof of the six-story building and calmly downed a bottle of pop. After that he'd said good bye and taken a running jump. And missed the mattress. He could have broken his neck. But when he came to, he was still in one piece. . . .

There were the stunts he'd done in pictures. Leaping around as if he were Fairbanks. The sword fights. He'd refused a double. He'd gotten by, until *Houdini*. On that one, he'd torn a ligament in his foot and hadn't been able to walk properly for eight or nine months. But that was nothing. Not when you compared it to . . . "How bad is it?" he wondered.

He put his hand to his head. The numbness was wearing off. He was getting a headache. And the eye was beginning to throb, as if someone had socked him. Hard.

He started to talk. He ought to say something. Poor Kirk and his weather and his budget. "Good thing I don't work until Thursday," he said. "If I have a black eye it won't show, what with the helmet. I won't hold up shooting."

"Never mind the shooting," Kirk said grimly.

The car rolled into the hospital driveway. "It's not like an American hospital," he thought vaguely. It was an old stucco building, drab, close to shabby. They went inside. It was dimly lit and the floors were tile. He could hear the footsteps echoing as they walked down the hall. Eerie. A good effect for a Hitchcock movie.

**Nurse in pigtails**

They reached the clinic door. A very pretty girl opened it for them. She wore a white smock and her hair was in long black braids. At home, he might have kidded her . . . dubbed her *Hiawatha*. She said, in French, that there had been a call from the set. The doctor was expecting them.

A few moments later, the doctor came. Dr. Loriel. He was a man of about forty, with a friendly competent look. He spoke a little English and his voice was soothing as he began to examine the eye.

"May I take a look?" Tony asked.

The doctor hesitated, then handed him a mirror. There was a gash where his eyebrow should be and the eyelid had been torn. The pupil was twice the normal size. Tony winced. It was an ugly mess.

The assistant brought a machine and the doctor explained that it would enable him to examine the inside of the eye. "Guess I'll have a heck of a shiner," Tony said.

"A what?"

"A black eye," Tony smiled.

"Oh," said the doctor. That was all he said.

Tony tried to read the expression on his face. He wanted an answer. He wanted it straight. But he was afraid to ask the question. He asked another one first. "Do you have any colodium?" He knew that prize fighters used colodium to close wounds. It was supposed to be good stuff.

The doctor nodded and the assistant went over to a cabinet. She returned with the medicine and the doctor applied it to the eyebrow. "Will I lose the sight of the eye, doctor?" There, he'd said it. . . . But why wasn't the doctor saying anything?

"I don't know," Dr. Loriel sad, finally. "I won't be able to tell until tomorrow."

"Is there . . . is there anything I can do?"

"You can go back to your hotel and try and get some rest. When you return in the morning. . . ." Dr. Loriel's voice trailed away as he reached for some gauze.

"Make it a small patch, will you, doctor?" He mustn't frighten Janet. "Make it as small as you can."

**Janet must be protected**

The ride back to the hotel took ten minutes. It wasn't long enough. He needed time to think. How would he break the news to Jan? How could he tell her? He wasn't sure how much more she could take. She'd had a rough enough time already. First, there'd been the job of packing for the trip. She'd insisted on doing it all, to make certain that everything was right. You couldn't just throw things into one trunk when you were going to be gone for four or five months.

Then there'd been the decision to leave Kelly in London during the Norway locationing. They'd found out that they would be living on yachts near a remote Norwegian village . . . two hours by speedboat from the nearest doctor. "Tony, we'll be so far away from her. What if something should go wrong?"

"She'll be better off in England, Jan."

They both knew it. The nurse would be with her . . . Joan, their English secretary, could stop by the hotel to check every day or so . . . their agency had a London office. "I suppose it isn't as if we were leaving her in a city full of strangers, but I'll miss her so, Tony."

In Norway, they'd gotten a call . . . on the one telephone in the village. Kelly was sick, the nurse said. She was running a temperature. Janet heard the baby crying. After that, they called Joan. They called the agency. Between scenes, they sat by the telephone, waiting to hear. Then the telephone rang. It was Joan. The doctor had been there, she told them. Kelly had the sniffles, a little fever. "Can you stay there?" Janet asked. "Can you stay with her, too?"

"We're going to have a suite full," Joan laughed. "The agency sent someone over. But I'll send him along back to the office." She added, "Don't worry."

But parents are for worrying. And what with worrying, working, and the location hardships, Janet's nerves were all but worn through, by the time they reached Dinard. Joan had brought Kelly to them there . . . a Kelly who'd become dependent on others, who had to adjust to her own family again. "The next time we have to leave her," Janet vowed, "we just won't go." And Tony remembered how close she'd been to tears.

How could he walk in and say, "Darling, I may lose an eye"? She'd taken enough. One more thing and she'd fall apart.

He glanced at Kirk. "I want to get some dark glasses before I go upstairs. I don't want Janet to know . . . not everything."

**Going Hollywood**

He bought the glasses. The largest pair he could find. When he reached the door of their suite, he stopped. It was like standing in the wings, waiting to make an entrance on stage. "You laugh it up in this scene, Curtis," he told himself. "Keep it light."

He walked in. Janet was busy brushing Kelly's hair, getting her ready to take for a walk. She glanced up and smiled. "Hi,

darling." But she didn't glance down again. She just stared at him. He held his breath. She began to laugh. "Tony . . . dark glasses! Of all places to go Hollywood . . . in Dinard, France!"

"It had to happen some time," he said modestly He sat down in the big chair.

"Oh, Tony . . . guess what Kelly learned today." Joan taught her something new each day. "Dance, Kelly. Dance for your daddy."

Kelly only looked bewildered. "Dance for daddy," Tony urged.

Kelly just stood there. "Joan," Janet wailed. "She couldn't have forgotten. She never forgets anything."

Joan appeared in the doorway. "Of course she hasn't forgotten. Dawnce, Kelly," she said with her crisp British accent.

Kelly began to smile. "Kelly dawnce," she announced, as if she'd just come from a ball at Buckingham Palace but would be delighted to have another waltz. She began to whirl around the room.

"We're going to have to acquire English accents to communicate with our daughter," Tony grinned. "Dawnce to daddy, Kelly." She did and he picked her up in his arms. "Hey, by the way, what are our plans for tonight?"

"We don't have any."

"Why don't we go someplace special? Live it up."

"You're feeling pretty good today, aren't you? Want to come walking with us . . . or meet us for lunch?"

"Sure . . . I'll meet you. Around two?"

Janet put the finishing touches on her makeup. Then she turned around and looked at him. Hard. She saw the corner of the bandage. "Tony . . . Tony, what happened to you?"

"Oh, the arrows were flying today and I forgot to duck. It's nothing. Just a scratch."

"Here I've been prattling away like an idiot and never noticed."

He took off the glasses, pulled down the bandage so that she could see the eyebrow . . . the eyebrow only. "Tony, it came so close. Think what could have happened."

"Hmmmm," he said.

"Are you sure it's all right? Should I leave you?"

"If you think you can tear yourself away," he kidded. "I'll meet you later."

### Tony didn't go

But he didn't meet her. As he lay there in the darkness, somehow the time slipped by. He didn't want to spend it thinking, but he couldn't help himself. Tomorrow. . . . Jan . . . and there were his folks. He'd call them. Manny had had two heart attacks already. If they picked up the papers and saw his name and the accident in headlines. . . . He'd call. Tell them not to worry.

He'd do the worrying. What if . . . ? Half blind. . . . Funny how you took things for granted . . . health, sight. . . . Career . . . a glass-eyed leading man. That would be different all right. Or a patch over the eye. Tony Curtis, man of distinction. . . .

He heard the door open. "Shhhh, daddy's asleep," Janet whispered.

And Kelly, "Daddy sleep . . . shhhh."

Janet was covering him with a blanket and as she tucked him in, he felt her hands on his shoulders. "Tony . . . you're shaking."

And he'd been worrying about Jan falling apart. "A July chill."

"It's shock setting in." Her voice was calm. "They say that's what happens. Did the doctor give you a sedative?"

"Some pills . . . in my coat pocket. I'd forgotten."

She got the pills, disappeared into the bathroom and came back with a glass of water. "Here now, take these. Then get into your pajamas."

"Jan . . . first we'd better call the folks. They took pictures on the set. They've sent out the story. You know how they blow things up. Mom and Manny might panic."

She brought his pajamas. "Climb into these. I'll put in the call."

His mother was on the line in record time. "Bernie, what a nice surprise!" Then . . . "Are you all right? Janet? Kelly?"

"Sure, we're fine, Mom, I just wanted to tell you, I got a scratch on the eyebrow today. An arrow hit me. Everybody made a lot of it. But it's nothing. No cause for alarm."

"Bernie . . ." his mother's voice sounded suspicious. "Let me talk to Janet."

Janet took the phone and reassured them. Tony was fine, she was fine, Kelly was fine, everybody was fine. They talked to Manny and Bobby, caught up on all the news. Then they said goodbye. "Now the pills," Janet held them out to him. But the phone rang. "Tony, it's Dr. Monnier!"

### A friend from the ship

They'd met Jean Monnier on the Ile de France coming over. He'd given them his card in case they might need a doctor, or advice on who to go to. "He just got into town," Janet was saying. "He heard about the accident and stopped by. He's in the lobby."

"Wonderful . . . have him come up."

Wonderful, but still another hurdle. He might suggest looking at the eye. And if he examined it. . . .

It was great to see Monnier again. But the dreaded question came. "Would you like me to have a look at your eye?"

"Why don't you?" said Janet.

"Jan . . . it's just a scratch. . . ." Tony said for the hundredth time. As the doctor lifted the bandage, a glance passed between him and Tony. From Tony, a pleading glance. And Monnier got the message.

After a while, their friend left. "Thank you," said Tony, as he said goodbye. "For everything."

Next morning, he awoke at ten. He dressed for the trip to the hospital. He felt better. The ache had gone away. He could see blurry images through the eye. "I'll be back in about an hour," he told Janet, and he left for the clinic.

The ten-minute ride seemed more like a month, but the wait while the doctor examined his eyes was every minute of a year. Then, finally, the doctor smiled. "You'll have your sight," he said.

"Thank God."

"And well you might," Loriel said softly. "If the arrow had come one half of one centimeter closer to the eyeball, you would have lost the eye permanently."

The doctor began to tell him about the new drug that Dr. Monnier had mentioned. "With this," he said, "it's possible that you may not even have . . . what do you call it . . . a shiner?"

Tony grinned. He was still grinning when he got back to the hotel. But he wasn't thinking very straight. He burst into the room shouting, "My eye . . . it's going to be all right!" Then he realized what he'd said. Jan's face told him.

"What do you mean it's *going* to be all right? Tony, *wasn't* it going to be . . .?" She went to him. "Tony. . . ."

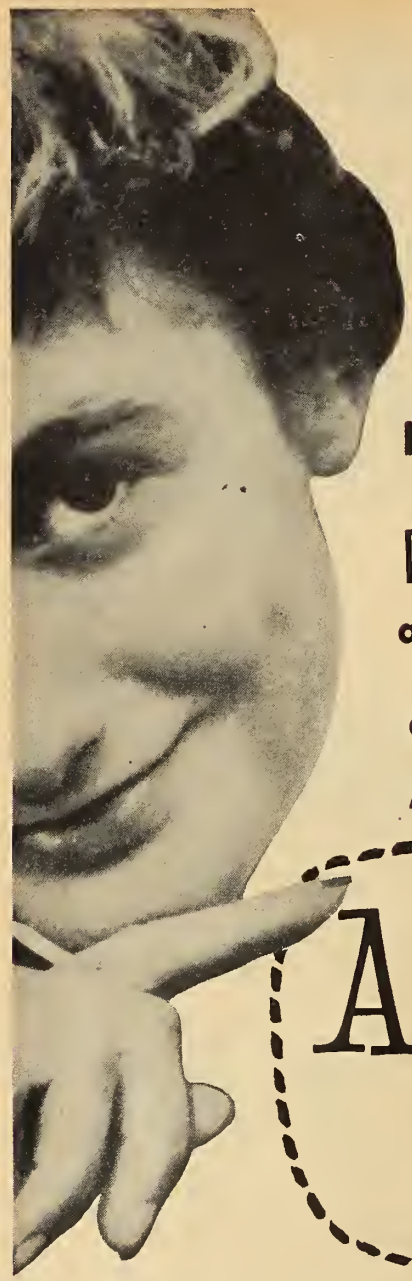
"Jan, you're shaking. . . ."

"So are you. . . . Oh, Tony. . . ."

For a long while they stood there, close, where they belonged. Two very shaky, very thankful people. **END**

*Tony will be in UA's* KINGS GO FORTH. *Tony and Janet will appear together in* THE VIKINGS *for UA and in* THE PERFECT FURLOUGH *for U-I.*



# SHE'S DONE IT AGAIN!

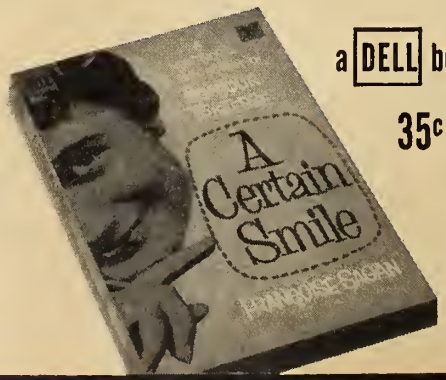
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## bedtime story for liza

(*Continued from page 32*) were purple, like certain flowers found only in a magic forest half the world from here. The Princess Liz had skin so white the sun was afraid to shine on her, lest he stain her milkiness with his red fingers.

But the Princess Liz had an enemy. A wicked sorceress. A wicked, jealous sorceress. The sorceress was jealous because her own eyes were mud-colored, and her hair was very thin on the top, and no matter what she put on, her clothes never looked just right. The sorceress was wicked, because that is the way such things go.

### The spell

One day, this ugly, mean-tempered enchantress found the infant princess alone in her cradle, and cast a spell on her. *You will be beautiful,* she muttered, *(since I cannot help that) but your heart will be a stone in your breast, a stone you will try to give away time after time, but which will always come back to you, a little drier, a little heavier to bear. You will be fawned on and flattered and paid court (since I cannot help that) but your only true friends will be dumb—the little animals to whom you will speak, but who may never answer you. Men will love you (since I cannot help that) but you will not know how to love, and you will trust and be betrayed, twice marry and be twice divorced, weep through long, grey nights. You will have the body of a woman (since I cannot help that) and the emotions of a child.*

**During the filming of *Jeanne Eagels* director George Sidney briefed Kim Novak and Jeff Chandler on a love scene. "At first," the director said, "Kim's the aggressor. She starts out by kissing your eyes, your nose, your lips—but you, Jeff, are very blasé about the whole thing. You ignore her completely. Understand?" . . .**
**"Sure," Chandler replied. "Ignore Kim Novak's advances and kisses. Wouldn't it be easier if you kill me first?"**

*Leonard Lyons*
*in The New York Post*

So spoke the wicked sorceress. The baby princess stirred, and for one moment a shaft of pity stabbed its way into the sorceress' cobweb-covered, uninhabited heart. *The spell will be broken,* she said, *when you reach the age of twenty-four, and meet a man with a cigar. That's the best I can do for you. But I warn you—don't try to have his babies; more beauty in the world is more than we witches can stand.* And she left.

And that is how it all began, dear Liza.

At eight, dear baby Liza, the little princess had become a movie star, which is a star as bright as the stars of heaven. She appeared before her public, and her public knelt and worshipped. She grew tall, and had secrets. She fulfilled the first of the sorceress' prophecies, as she walked the lonely beaches, sharing her dreams with a chipmunk she called Nibbles, riding a horse named Pi, who could only listen, but never answer her.

In that tropical land to which she had been brought, the little princess grew too fast, like a hot-house orchid forced into early bloom. *The body of a woman, the emotions of a child,* and the prophecy coming true. The princess searched for love.

The first prince to whom she plighted her troth was young, with a wildness that called out to her own wild heart. She gave him that heart, and when she took it back, she found it a little chipped around the edges.

One husband gone. One marriage over. And the spell still lingering.

Next came a mate, older, wiser, one whom the princess could trust to shield her, to give her two sons, even to father that part of the princess herself which was a child.

Golden days passed, in a great castle on a green hill, but the princess' curse lay over her; her wayward heart could not settle in that place; her spirit was restless as the rash spring rain; she separated from her second husband. She stood in her fabled living-room, among her many treasures, and wept for a past she had never understood, and a future she could not believe in.

"After this I have nothing," sobbed the princess. "After this I have nothing that counts." And the two tiny princes, confused by their mother's tears, crept silently from her side.

The princess' 24th birthday came and went. She journeyed to the legendary city of New York in search of a charm which would dry her brimming eyes. And the prophecy completed itself. The princess met a man with a cigar.

You, dear baby Liza, might not at once have recognized this man as a perfect, gentle knight. He had lived two years to each of the princess' one; some of the hair on his head was not his own, and in his family was a son older than the princess. But they looked at each other, and the spell that had bound her was broken.

One week later, the princess, who had little practice in being coy, told her subjects the news. "I love Mike," she proclaimed. "I love him passionately." And Todd, lusty smoker of countless Corona-Coronas, admitted he had foregone cigars, the better to please his lady fair. On the princess' naked, slender finger there appeared a gem of great price, thirty carats in weight, and so heavy the lady's hand hung down under its glittering burden.

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**Mario Lanza, now making *The Seven Hills Of Rome*, maintains his weight at 180 lbs. "It has always been my dream," he says, "to be known as the Sinatra of the opera."**

*Leonard Lyons*
*in the New York Post*

---

But at the height of her new happiness, illness struck the princess. She was taken to the hospital with a terrible back injury.

**The magic potion**

Then she was better. (That's what they thought.) The princess flew with her betrothed to the seaside villa in Mexico, and there they were married, and soon the princess confirmed the suspicions of her people—she was going to have a baby.

Ecstatically, the princess planned for the future; but in private, her lord worried. "You've had two Caesarians already. If anything should happen—"

A woman in control of her woman's world, she reassured him. "Nothing will happen—"

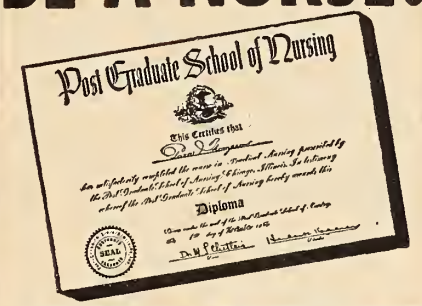
"But they said we shouldn't have this child—"

She gave him back the strength he had given her. "Only we know what we should do. We will have our daughter."

Good King Mike ordered two Rolls Royces, a black one for himself and a green one for his princess. Then they wrapped up her two little sons, and sailed for Europe.




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By the time the entourage reached London, the princess' back had begun to hurt again. Together, they broached their fears to the medical man. Was their unborn baby in danger?

The doctor said *no*. The royal couple seemed reassured, but a certain tension was building. It would be hard for you to understand, baby Liza. Yet this much is true. Even people who love each other very much can live through moments of despair. There were the fears for the impending baby; the pressure of the princess' recurrent pain. The princess and her husband, over the first fine flush of romance, had taken to quarreling in public places. She didn't like his gambling heavily (she remembered her first prince, and *his* reckless ways); he tried to soothe her irritations with more and more gifts—three paintings from the collection of the Aly Khan, another mink, a diamond ring, "but not so heavy it will hurt her hand." The husband suggested chartering a plane for Paris. "Paris bores me," said Princess Liz. "I will not go to Paris."

They chartered a plane for Nice, and made up in the privacy of its cabin. If undignified squabbles spoil your picture of a fairy princess, consider for a moment. Our princess, after all, is a human girl. Perhaps too human. And she has been spoiled by too many jewels, too many cars, too many trunks full of silken stuffs designed to adorn her loveliness. Too many men have sighed as she passed by. If she sometimes acts like a naughty child, it's because one part of her still *is* a naughty child, careless and prodigal as only royalty can be.

Prodigal. Can the word convey the splendor of that London party, given to celebrate the première of *Around the World in Eighty Days?* King Mike had taken over an entire amusement park; he had hired boats to ferry his two thousand guests across the river Thames; he had bought two thousand raincoats in case it should rain.

Early in July, Mike and Liz came home to America and met the press as they landed. "We have more fun fighting than most people do making love," said the princess, and Mike gasped. "Please, darling, there are Boy Scouts present."

A few days later, all laughter ceased. Liz was rushed to the hospital in terrible pain. There was danger of losing the baby. A distraught Mike paced the corridors.

Through his mind must have gone so much. *They told us we shouldn't have this child. They told us, they told us . . . .*

All he knew was what the royal physicians, the wizards of *this* world, had said. He did not dream of an older warning, a curse that waited to burst into awful flower.

Nine doctors stood helpless by the bed. Her hair was black against the sheets, her skin so pale, the light gone from her eyes.

The baby came, still-born, it seemed. Too tiny to fight for life. The sorceress' spirit filled the room.

But magic is not always on the side of darkness, baby Liza. The power of love is stronger than the power of death.

One of the nine doctors plucked up the infant, pressed mouth to mouth, breathed air from whole strong lungs into lungs unopened, breathed love, breathed life . . . .

Fourteen minutes until the baby sighed. Fourteen minutes, and the victory was won. Somewhere in that room, if you had listened closely, you might have heard a dark moan, a spatter of rage from the lips of a beaten sorceress.

And so Elizabeth Frances Todd came into the world, and her coming must surely be written as a wonderful miracle.




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If you were older, baby Liza, you might guess what I'm going to tell you. *You* were that tiny infant, put to bed in an incubator, gaining slowly, growing. You won't remember, but some day you will hear of the drama that surrounded your advent, the seven nurses, the two thousand wires and letters, the three private policemen guarding your mother. You were only a few days old when your father commissioned a famous French artist to paint your portrait. You weighed a respectable 6 pounds, 5 ounces, when your parents finally brought you home from the hospital where you were born, to their new estate in Connecticut.

**A prediction for Liza**

Already, you have a trust fund, baby Liza, and so many gold spoons there's talk of melting them down to make a small tiara. You weren't invited to your daddy's big party in Madison Square Garden in October, but you wouldn't have enjoyed it anyway. You're used to a quieter life.

Right now your mother and father are far from you, bound for Singapore, even as I speak. They've just left the continent of Australia. They will tour the mysterious east, publicizing *Around the World in Eighty Days.* In Sydney, at an official luncheon, your father kissed your mother while the Premier of New South Wales was talking. The newspapers had pungent words to say about this act, but we applaud it. Your mother and father are in love, and love is a charm against darkness.

Snug in your cradle, baby Liza, you don't know your parents are gone; you don't miss them. But looking at you is a little frightening, a little like gazing backward, into a magic pool. Because you have purple eyes, Liza, like certain flowers found only in a magic forest half the world from here. You have black, black hair, blacker than a witch's heart, softer than an April day. You have skin so white the sun is afraid to shine on you. But let's stop the story here. Let's say *and they all lived happily ever after.* Let's say it, and let's hope that it comes true.

*You can see Liz now in MGM's* RAINTREE COUNTY. *Watch for her soon in MGM's* CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF.

## meet ricky

(*Continued from page 43*) I couldn't have done it without them, without their help.

"After my first record came out, some people talked to me about my style. They said I was trying to imitate other singers. Boy did that make me mad! Honestly, the thing I'm *most* individual about is my singing. It bothers me when people try to tell me what songs to sing or how to stand or what I should do on stage. When I sing I'm being completely myself—I'm not trying to imitate anybody! I guess I can understand what Jimmy Dean and Marlon Brando must have gone through when they first started out and everybody tried to tell them how to live their lives and what to wear in public."

Since his success on records, people meeting Ricky expect a hip rock-and-roller, who talks in bop language. That isn't Ricky at all. He's a shy guy—until he really knows you. A quiet boy—until you've been around him for a while. Then all of a sudden he starts talking his head off, telling you jokes and making you feel like an old friend. Then you realize you've made the grade, and Ricky feels relaxed around you and he's a completely different person. He's down to earth and loads of fun to be with.

**Unspoiled**

And the more you see Ricky the more you also realize that his ability to take success in stride is almost unbelievable—in fact, it's miraculous.

A boy of seventeen who is able to remain unaffected by the constant glare of the spotlight, by the screams and cheers of admirers, by the hero worship that continually surrounds him—that's really something.

To really know him as he is today, to understand him, it's necessary to go back to the beginning . . . to see through his own eyes and through those who know him best just what it is that makes Ricky the way he is.

Ricky sums up his childhood this way: "I've been raised to act natural. My folks always told me that the most important thing was to be myself. Dad's given me a lot of advice, but the one thing that sticks out most in my mind is when he said to me, 'Always try to be polite and to please others. Enjoy yourself. Try to make living worthwhile, but enjoy life too.'"

As he talked, Ricky relaxed on a couch in the Nelson bungalow at GENERAL SERVICE STUDIOS. The four-room cottage serves as a home away from home for Ozzie, Harriet, his brother David and Ricky on the days when they're filming their TV series. Ricky was finishing his usual lunch, a hamburger and a thick chocolate malt, topped off by his major vice, cough drops—which he consumes by the boxful.

"I've never been treated as anything special. I've always gone to public school like anybody else. When Dave and I left the studio we left the *Ozzie and Harriet* show behind and we went about our business of just growing up. When we went out for sports, Dad saw to it that no publicity was allowed. When I was playing tournament tennis and Dave was playing football, people wanted to take pictures of us for magazines—but Pop said *no.* He felt that if we worked hard and made our letters in athletics it would be because of our own ability and not because of, or through, publicity.

**We couldn't get into scraps**

"In some ways, as the sons of well-known parents, we've had a greater responsibility to our folks than most kids have. We always knew that if we got into any kind of kid scrap it would bring discredit to our *folks'* name—and make headlines.

"I'm always asked about the advantages and disadvantages of being born into a well-known family. Sure there are advantages, lots of them. One good example would be with me and my records. I know it sure helped me getting started in the recording field because a lot of people knew my name from the family TV show. But there are disadvantages, too. We really haven't had too much spare time to ourselves. I'm not complaining, only just stating a fact."

Ricky—Eric Hilliard Nelson, that is—was born on May 8, 1940, in Teaneck, New Jersey. By the time he'd arrived on the scene, his parents had given up traveling around the country with the Nelson orchestra and had established roots in Hollywood. While Ricky was still in diapers, Ozzie and Harriet became regulars on the *Red Skelton Show* on radio. Three years later, when Red went into the service, Ozzie thought of the idea of doing a family-type radio program. In 1944, *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet* made its debut.

In 1949, when the child actors who appeared on the radio show outgrew their parts, Ricky and Dave were allowed to audition for the roles of themselves—and it was perfect casting! Ricky was not quite nine when he did his first program, and he was so small that he needed a specially-constructed short-legged mike!

For three years Ricky worked on radio. In 1952, the Nelsons came into TV, creating a television first which still was unmatched—they are the first and only family to be a real family on and off screen.

This brings us up to date on Ricky—until last year when he recorded *I'm Walkin'*, and found himself an overnight sensation, an idol, as teenagers all over the country decided Ricky Nelson was their new dream-boat.

That's the past of Ricky Nelson.

It wouldn't have been at all surprising if Ricky had gone off the deep end a bit. The fact is—he hasn't changed at all.

Except where one thing is concerned. Girls.

Alan Rypenski can tell you about Ricky and girls.

"Ricky and I sort of grew up together," Alan explains. "We've been around each other a lot. Ricky's Mom—I call her Aunt Harriet—and my Mom were childhood friends. In fact, when they were teenagers, they were on stage together.

"Ricky certainly *has* changed in the past few months," Alan continues. "You should have seen him before he made that hit record! My folks have a beach house and Ricky's spent a lot of time there. He used to come over and if there were a group of kids he didn't know, he'd

**In the final scene at Avila for *The Pride And The Passion*, which Stanley Kramer filmed in Spain, Cary Grant has to carry the bodies of Frank Sinatra and Sophia Loren to the center of the square and lay them at the feet of a statue of Saint Teresa. For two days Grant carried the bodies, alternating between Sophia and Frank, until the scene was finally finished. Someone, feeling that Sophia probably weighed as much as Frank, asked Grant for his opinion.**

**"Well, maybe she does," replied Grant, "but she is beautifully counter-balanced."**

**Of Sinatra, Grant quipped: "He's supposed to be a lightweight, but after a day of toting him around I figure he must weigh as much as Sophie Tucker!"**

ust shy away and stay in the house. But few week ends ago, Ricky dropped over nd one of the girls asked him if he'd ing and I thought to myself—this is where icky disappears.

**he change in Ricky**

"I was right. He went into the house, nd I was all set to explain to the kids hat Ricky was just shy—when I looked p and saw him. He'd gone in the house ll right, but just to get his guitar!

"He came back down to the beach and st started in and before long everyone as calling out requests and he was sing-g his head off. That's what I mean when say he's changed."

Alan grinned. "Since he's been making ecords, the girls have really gone wild er him—but then they always did, sort . Only now they aren't as subtle! Ricky ill gets embarrassed when girls make a ss over him, but he's a typical guy. hen he spots a cute looking girl at the beach or someplace, you can be sure he makes sure *she* notices *him!*" But if you ask Ricky about the Casanova bit, you find out something new. The kind of girl he likes. Ricky blushes, stammers and answers, "I go for older women—you know, about eighteen or nineteen!

"Right now the girl I see most is Marianna Gaba. Gee, she's cute. She's a beauty contest winner and a freshman at the UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. We're not exactly going steady, but she's . . . well . . .

"I've gone steady about four times. But that was when I was younger. Three of the four times it didn't last very long, about a week or two; but the fourth time I went steady for quite a while—almost six months!"

What's his biggest problem as a teenager? "Well, right now, I have two problems," says Ricky, "my hair and sleeping. Pop thinks my hair is too long in front and he wants me to have it cut. He also doesn't think I get enough sleep at night. But honestly, I like my hair this way and as for getting to bed early, well it's kind of hard for me. You see, I go to school on the studio lot this year. I have a teacher here in the bungalow from nine until three. During the day, if I have to leave my school work to do a scene, then I have to make up whatever time I miss in the afternoon. School, plus working every afternoon means that the only time I have to do anything is at night. We have a forty-week shooting schedule, five days a week, including holidays, which doesn't give me too much time. But I must say that Dad is very good about letting Dave and me off if we have something important to do. I don't mean we aren't in the show, but if we have to go someplace special, like when I was playing in tennis tournaments, then Dad would see to it our scenes were scheduled around our activities."

**Can't goof off with Pop**

Has he ever thought about goofing off on a show?

"Have I ever felt like goofing off? Sure! Who hasn't? But I've never done it! It's not like a job where you can call the boss and say *I don't feel so good* or *I have to visit a sick friend.* Since my Pop is the boss I can't very well tell *him* I'm going to see a sick friend! But I'll tell you something I've been thinking about, just for the fun of it. If I had one week in my life when I could forget about school, records, TV and responsibilities, you know what I'd do? Well, first I'd go steady, then I'd enter a road race, fly to Paris, drive to the French Riviera, go water skiing and relax on the beach. How's that for a week?

"I used to have a sportscar, a Porche, like Dave has. Only I was in an accident and I don't have it anymore. I was coming home from a date with a friend of mine. We'd just taken the girls home and we were headed towards my house. Although I couldn't know it, a water sprinkler had broken and the street was almost flooded. My wheels hit the water, the car skidded, we hit a pole and rolled over three times. I don't know how, but my friend and I weren't hurt very much—only the car was completely wrecked. All I can remember about the accident is waking up, lying on a curb and seeing girls around me holding my hands. I guess they'd driven by, seen the accident and stopped to help us. Boy, waking up with those girls around me, I didn't know where I was—in Heaven, or what!"

And that's just about what the girls think when they think of Ricky—they don't know where they are—in Heaven, or what!

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## her first date

(*Continued from page* 47) way she remembered seeing Bette Davis laugh on the *Late Show* one night. "That was *some* date, Sal."

Sal looked over at this sweet gal who was his sister. Ordinarily, knowing there was something on her mind, he would have teased her out of it, kidded her into 'fessing what was up. But Sal knew that tonight Sarina had gone out on her first date—even though it was really a group date, that a first date is a big thing to a young girl, that the smile on her face when she'd got dressed and left the house earlier that evening was a far cry from the hurt, disappointed look on her face right now.

He squeezed her hand, sympathetically. "I can see it's advice time," he said.

Sarina looked over at him, smiling now. "I guess so," she said, softly.

Sal didn't say anything for a moment. Because that smile of Sarina's reminded him of one she'd given him a long time ago, when he was six and she was just four, back in the days when his mother had to help his dad down at the coffin factory and Sal was placed in charge of taking care of his baby sister.

### Out of the past

It had started with a few of his pals coming over to the Mineo house one afternoon, equipped with cap pistols and bean-shooters.

"Come on out and play with us, Salvatore," they said.

"I can't," Sal told them, pointing to his sister, who was sitting on the floor at this point, playing with a chunk of Italian bread. "I've gotta take care of Sarina."

"Awwww," one of the boys said, pulling the bread out of her hand and tossing it across the room. "You always gotta take care of Sarina."

Sal was shrugging and walking across the room to retrieve the bread when, from the corner of his eye, he saw the boy lean down and take a sly poke at his sister.

Sal remembers Sarina's big brown eyes filling with tears, her little body beginning to shake with sobs.

"Hey, you jerk," he said, turning and rushing the boy and beginning to let him have it with his fists. "You leave my sister alone. . . . You leave her alone!"

The fight lasted for a few minutes, the other boy leading on points all the way. But then blood started gushing from the rough-neck's nose—and he and his pals were out of the house pronto.

Sal turned back to Sarina. She was still crying. "What're you crying about?" he asked. "Don't you see I almost got my head knocked off?"

He got on his knees and began to tickle her, under the arms and on her tummy—anything to get her to stop crying.

And then, suddenly, she did stop. But instead of laughing, the way she always laughed when Sal tickled her, she simply smiled a great big admiring smile and she said, "You my brother . . . You take care of me. . . ."

"Yep," Sal said now, eleven years later, looking at Sarina smile at him and remembering that other smile. "I can see it's advice time."

### How it happened

He asked her to tell him all about her date that night and what had gone wrong.

"Well," Sarina began—she and four of her girl friends had made a movie date with five boys from their school for that night. They were supposed to meet the boys outside the local RKO theater at seven o'clock, then all go in together. The girls got there a few minutes before seven. Of course, they didn't expect the fellows to be there *on time*. But came ten after seven, then a quarter after, then half past, then a quarter to eight—and still no boys showed. The girls, real miffed, decided the heck with the fellows and let's go in by ourselves. They weren't inside the theater three minutes when suddenly, like stampeding cattle, five young boys—their dates—came rushing down the aisle and grabbed seats behind them, alongside them, wherever they could find an empty one. "Hi," the boys cried out, in chorus, "we were held up." Sarina and the other girls nodded to one another, in silent chorus. They realized darn well now that the boys hadn't been held up at all, that they'd probably been standing on a corner near the theater, watching the girls, waiting for them to buy their own tickets and go inside, just so they wouldn't have to pay.

Well, Sarina continued, *that* wasn't bad enough. "But you know what happened next?" she asked, still indignant at the thought.

"What?" Sal asked.

"Well," Sarina continued—after the movie one of the boys said why didn't they all go for a pizza and some cream soda.

"Great," the girls said, figuring the boys were trying to make up for the trick they'd played with the tickets. So they went and had a couple of big pizzas and two cream sodas each. And when they were finished—"What do you think happened?" Sarina asked. One of the boys, the geometry champ at school, no less, had the nerve to pick up the check and divide it into ten parts—and start collecting the shares, *including* the tip, from all of them *including* the girls.

---

**Loved Zsa Zsa's crack to John Wingate—"Oh, dollink, I'm a vunderful housekeeper . . . Every time I get a divorce, I keep the house."**

*—Cholly Knickerbocker*

---

"And?" Sal asked, calmly.

"And?" Sarina asked back, as if say *wasn't that enough?*

"And do you think the boys should ha paid, Sis?" Sal asked.

"Well, yes," Sarina said. "After all, was their idea to begin with, to go out, of us together."

Sal thought for a moment. "These bo Sis," he said, "they're about your a aren't they—fifteen and sixteen?"

"Yes," Sarina said.

"And they don't work, do they?" asked.

"No," Sarina said, "not as far as I kno

"And they get allowances, probably, j like you, just the same amount as y probably?" Sal asked.

"I guess so," Sarina said. "But," added, quickly, "I save from my allo ance. Every week I. . . ."

### Everybody's broke

"You save, Sis, that's true," Sal int rupted her. "But with fellows it's differe

Sal got up and walked across the r for a pencil and paper.

"Look, Sis," he said, sitting down ag "Let's figure it out. The movie toni cost about a dollar apiece, right?"

Sarina nodded.

"And the pizza and sodas?"

"A dollar-and-a-half, including Sarina said, remembering well how m it had cost.

"So that makes two-and-a-half dol a person," Sal said, jotting down the ure. He multiplied by two. "Five

ars," he said, shoving the total in front of arina's face and tickling her nose with it. Do you have five dollars on you?"

"No," Sarina said, laughing, "I was broke fter the movie and pizza."

Sal was glad she'd got the point. "Just hink of it this way, Sis," he said, turning erious again. "The boys didn't have any noney, but they wanted to go out with ou and your friends. That was honor nough, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Sarina said, without hesitation. he grabbed his hand again. "Sal," she aid, "now that you're home, now that 're talking like in the old days, there's omething else important I'd like to ask ou."

"Shoot," Sal said.

### he question of make-up

"Well," Sarina began, "most of the girls school are beginning to use make-up d so far I've been afraid to use anyhing but a little lipstick once in a while. ow do you feel about make-up, Sal?"

"I like it," Sal said, "as long as you use intelligently."

He got up and asked Sarina to come th him, to his room. Among all the uff he'd brought with him from Calirnia was his make-up box, crammed with uipment he might have to use if he did y television stints while he was East. showed a now-ecstatic Sarina the conts of the box and then he told her to down while he made her up with all e things he could possibly put on her. The only catch was that Sarina wasn't look at herself in the mirror until he s finished.

"Okay?" he asked.

"Okay," Sarina agreed, thrilled.

He started with a base, something very hilar to pancake. Then he applied some ge. Next he applied the powder. Then the eyes, he found something that ld serve as shadow and mascara. Folving that, he darkened her eyebrows h a black 'wrinkle' pencil he happened have on hand. And from the rouge he ncocted a deep-red lipstick which he plied to Sarina's already slightly-lipked lips.

"*Finito,*" he said, when he was through.

"Can I see now?" Sarina asked, unable hide her excitement.

"Sure," Sal said, handing her a mirror.

### s is how it looks

e watched the smile on Sarina's face ppear and he turned around for a mont to keep from laughing as she groaned h, Sal, this is terrible . . . terrible!"

"Here," Sal said, reaching for a handful tissues and handing them to Sarina. hat I did was put too much on you—mistake a lot of young gals make. *you* take off whatever you think can do without. And then whatever's and you feel looks good on you . . . l, that's the amount you can keep g."

arina grabbed the tissues and began to First to go were the excess on the brows. Then some of the mascara. n some of the rouge, pancake and lipk.

e stared into the mirror again when was finished. "*I* see," she said, nod—and pleased now. "I see exactly t you mean. . . ."

ow that Sal had started on this advice-, and because Sarina was enjoying much, being with her brother again, ing to him the way they used to talk n they were kids, about everything anything under the sun, they spent next hour together talking about the g Sal knew was uppermost on his r's mind, on any fifteen-year-old's —boys and her appearance.

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**By Valda Sherman**



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From Sal himself, later, we learned about some of the things he advised Sarina on:

*Being well-groomed,* for instance—"Your hair, first of all," he said. "Be sure your hair's always well-combed and brushed. I notice you're beginning to grow a pony tail. Good. I think they're cute. But no matter how you wear your hair, be sure it's healthy and shiny-looking. Fellows like it that way. . . . As for jewelry, I notice you have a whole load of it in that box in your bedroom. I should know. I gave you some of it. But be sure, Sis, that you don't wear too much of it at one time. Some girls do, and I think it looks terrible. A guy doesn't want to go out on a date with a Christmas tree. He'll always settle for just a girl."

*Education*—"Most fellows are happy when they meet a girl who happens to be pretty and who likes him and who accepts an invitation to go out with him. But after their first half hour together, it doesn't matter so much if the girl is pretty and nice—*if she isn't smart.* I don't mean she's gotta know the plots of all the old Greek dramas and exactly how Sputnik works up there in the stratosphere. But she should know what the inside of a book looks like and she should be interested in her school work, even if she's not top girl in every class she's in. Because no guy likes a dope—either to introduce to his family or his friends, or for himself."

*Cultivating interests*—"Outside interests are important, too. Yours *and* his. I mean, if the fellow you're going out with happens to like baseball or fishing or souped-up jalopies, don't clam up and make a face every time he begins talking about these things. It doesn't hurt to show an interest in what he likes. In fact, it'll make him feel you're more interested in him as a person if you do . . . And get him interested in what you like, too. Your record collection, for instance. Your photography. You might think he'll be bored if you start to talk about these things, if you ask him to share them with you. But you'll end up being very surprised when *he* comes over to the house one night and says, 'How about us staying here and listening to So-and-so sing Such-and-such?' or 'What do you say we go down to the park tomorrow afternoon and take some pictures with your camera?'"

### Eager beaver

*Waiting for the phone to ring*—"Don't mope around the phone waiting for a fellow to call. Lots of girls waste lots of time this way. If he likes you, he'll call all right. And besides, if you do pitch tent right next to the phone, you're liable to pick it up midway through the first ring and act too excited when you start talking to him. And no guy appreciates a girl who acts too excited."

*Inviting a fellow in after a date*—"Some people think it's old-fashioned for a girl to ask a fellow into the house for a little while after the movies, say. But I happen to like it. And it pleases parents, too. Not that they have to hang around after seeing that you're home safe and after saying *hello* to your fellow. *That* I don't like. But it's a good chance for them to know your boyfriend a little better—and, after they've gone to bed or back to watch TV, there's nothing corny or old-fashioned about bringing your date into the kitchen for some cokes and cookies or some fudge or a cake you yourself might have happened to have made that day. *And,* in some cases, where the fellow has spent all of his money on a movie or bowling or something else earlier in the evening, this




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is a nice way for the two of you to still be together a little while longer and for you to repay *him* for the nice time he's shown *you.*"

*Steady dating*—"I've never gone steady in my life, Sis, so I don't know exactly what the feeling really is. I think the whole idea of going steady young stems from a need for security on the part of certain people, a need to be loved by one person, to belong to one person. I don't happen to think you're the kind of girl who needs that kind of security. Just like I don't . . . But anyway, when the time does come for you to begin feeling serious about some particular boy—maybe two years from now, maybe five years from now—you know the kind of boy I'd like him to be? Well, I'd like you both to have the same common interests, for one thing. And I'd like him to show you a lot of respect. Not necessarily the pulling-out-the-chair bit and the kind who asks 'May I?' before he does everything. But just genuine respect, the way a good boy should have for a good girl . . . . And I'd like to see, too, the type of boy who can stand on his own—a boy who can and will stick up for his own rights. And, most of all, I'd like to shake hands someday with a boy who will show you a lot of fun, nice times, a boy who will always make you happy. . . ."

### Like old times

At that moment Bongo, the Mineo's boxer, walked into the room and stared sleepy-eyed up at Sal and Sarina, as if to say *You two still up?*

For years, Sal and Sarina were used to the dog coming in at about midnight-time and breaking up their pow-wows. They looked at each other now and laughed.

"Good night, Sis," Sal said, taking the cue. He reached over and kissed Sarina on the cheek.

"Good night, Sal," Sarina said, kissing him back. "I'll see you in the morning." She held hard to his hand for a second. ". . . And thanks for everything you've told me."

Sal smiled and nodded. "Come on, Bongo," he said, signaling the dog to follow him. "The baby's got to get some sleep."

"Baby??" he heard Sarina explode indignantly as he left the room with the pooch.

He walked back to the living room and sat down on the couch again and picked up the script he'd been reading earlier that evening. He started to study it again. But not for long.

### Growing up . . .

"Well," he said, slowly, looking down at Bongo, "I guess Sarina's growing up . . . and starting to think of boys."

The dog nodded.

"The first boy she brings home, when she does," Sal went on, ". . . if you don't like him. Bongo, you sic him."

The dog growled, as if he understood.

"Hey," Sal said suddenly, as if he was afraid Bongo *really* understood. He patted the pooch's back gently with his hand. "What I mean," he said, "is . . . well, if you don't like him, you can bark a little. Okay?"

The dog blinked.

"Good," Sal said, getting back to his script. He looked away from it and back to Bongo just long enough to add, "But not too loud. After all, we've got to give the boy a chance. . . ." EN

*Sal is scheduled to do* TUBEE'S MONUMENT *for Columbia.*

## bing went the strings of my heart

(*Continued from page 29*) Yes, the story broke when I was vacationing in New York, and I made up my mind the first thing I would do when I returned home would be to call Kathy and ask her to come to see me.

Do you think becoming Mrs. Bing Crosby, the wife of "a national institution" as Joe B. Lewis terms Bing, had changed my young friend? Mrs. Bing was as easy to get on the telephone as Miss Grant had been, and when I asked her if she would come over and see me, she did.

Happy? She's just bubbling and glowing with joy. And yet—even so, Kathy retains that mature reserve and dignity that is so much a part of her personality and is such a surprise in a girl so young.

She was wearing a red cashmere skirt and sweater and a white cashmere coat so becoming to her dark beauty. Her hair was the new do she wore in her wedding pictures—slicked straight back, with a coquettish spray of bangs.

### No sad remembering

We had much to talk about and we started out like magpies—but one thing became clear very soon: there would be no sad re-hashing over what happened when Kathy and Bing dropped their romance for almost a year.

She did say this: "We quarreled—but Bing and I do not want to think or talk about it. That's over and done with and forgotten in the wonderful happiness we have found. You complimented me once for not wearing my heart on my sleeve.

"I would not say this much to anyone else—but I *do* want to say you were terribly kind to me at a time when I needed friends and consolation. I shall never forget it."

"All right, Kathy," I said patting he hand, "we won't talk about that 'tim out.'" But I had heard a very sentiment little story about how they happened make up and I wanted to ask her if it wa true.

### Sees Bing on TV

I went on, "I heard that when you sa Bing and Frank Sinatra on the Edsel show you sat and cried all through t program. Later someone told this to Bin So what did he do but march straight a telephone, call you and say 'Kathy, th is Bing. If you are free, will you ha dinner with me tonight?' True or false

She just looked at me.

"And then, without anyone knowing you two slipped out that evening and h dinner at a little restaurant where mov stars seldom dine. And you talked a talked 'til the wee small hours of t morning. After that night you both kne you'd never be apart again. As Bing lat told reporters at your wedding breakfa 'I just found out I couldn't be hap without her.' And the very next day y started making these secret plans to elo and decided on Las Vegas because t presence of movie stars there does not a tract attention. Right?"

The words almost burst from her, "C how *can* you know all this?" Then, mustn't talk about it really"—but she w smiling at me.

"I hear that you and your Aunt Ma who isn't your Aunt at all but a cl family friend with whom you make yo Hollywood home, caught an early pla to Nevada and checked into the SA HOTEL and Bing caught a later plane. A that you might have gotten away with for hours except that the marriage lice

clerk, a lady, is a movie fan and immediately recognized you!" I persisted.

Kathy was openly laughing now—but still saying neither *yes* or *no*. But it was obvious my crystal ball was working. Her vivacious face was a dead give away.

Besides, she doesn't mind talking about the marriage and what happened since; in fact, she loves it.

"Let me tell you about our honeymoon home in Palm Desert," she broke in eagerly. "You know, even Bing hadn't seen his new house until we went there together right after our marriage—so it was a big thrill to both of us.

"It's quite isolated, back up near the purple mountains, and so far off the road someone said you needed a sidewinder to guide you there," Kathy laughed. "But, oh—it's so beautiful.

"The house itself, built in wings around a big swimming pool, is modern in feeling—and yet it lends itself to the most beautiful antiques. You know, Bing had bought many lovely treasures from the San Simeon estate of your wonderful boss, Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

"There is a beautiful blue mosaic of the Madonna which Mr. Hearst had bought in Spain which has been built right into the wall of the house facing the garden."

Really warming to her subject, the brand new Mrs. Crosby continued, "A magnificent antique bed which had been in Mr. Hearst's private suite is the pièce de résistance of our personal suite—and oh, it's all so beautiful and peaceful. The world seems a million miles away," she sighed blissfully.

"Kathy," I broke in, "have you seen any of Bing's boys since your marriage?"

She replied quickly, "Oh, yes. Just last week end Lindsay brought his girl friend for Saturday and Sunday—he had a leave from camp. And when Bing made the presentation of the $100,000 check to his alma mater, GONZAGA UNIVERSITY, for their library—Phillip was there."

"Everyone in the family has been so wonderful," Kathy said. "Mrs. Crosby—Bing's mother—gave us the most beautiful Madonna for our prie-dieu and she gave me personally some very old gold plates which she treasures very much."

Well, this should end all gossip that Bing's marriage was not favored by his family.

As for Kathy's family—they are just crazy about him.

"You should have seen Bing at the reception my mother gave for us when we flew to Texas," Kathy said. "All the people in my home town, West Columbia, and from Robstown about 200 miles away—I went to High School there—came to the reception and Bing shook hands with every last one of them! Then, the next day, he went with me to all the schools in West Columbia and sang to the children without any accompaniment. Quite a fella is that husband of mine!" she beamed.

I told her that I must say I was a bit surprised that Bing is being so willing for her to continue her career as an up-and-coming actress at COLUMBIA.

"It isn't surprising when you realize Bing's philosophy that working at something that interests you and which you love is one of the great blessings of life," Kathy said. "If he wanted me to quit I would do it in a minute.

"But my husband," she added proudly, "said to me—'Kathy, you've been active for a long time. You've worked hard for what you've accomplished as an actress. It wouldn't be fair and it's not my intention to ask you to give it up. One of the hardest things in the world is to do nothing.'

"It made me feel so good for him to say this—it made me feel he was proud of me," she said quietly.

I know how really proud Bing is of her. He has such great admiration for her intelligence as well as her beauty. He once said to me when he was first dating Kathy, "Can you imagine this girl getting her college degree from the UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS at Austin during the time she was under contract first to PARAMOUNT, and then to COLUMBIA? Pretty smart, huh?"

It was soon after Kathy had signed her PARAMOUNT contract that she first met Bing—not as an actress, but as a journalist covering the Hollywood scene as a special correspondent for twenty Texas newspapers. When she first interviewed Bing, he laughed: "Oh, go on. You aren't a reporter. You're too pretty." Kathy proved it to him by bringing him the clippings of her interview as it was printed in Texas. "Not bad," judged Bing, "not bad at all."

When they started dating, at first casually, it was very obvious that the little actress-reporter was falling very much in love with Bing. He is her first great love and her only one.

Kathy became a convert to Bing's religion when she joined the Catholic Church in 1955 soon after she got her Masters degree in college. She was and is a very devout girl. I happen to know that all the time that she and Bing were separated, she never once ceased to pray for his happiness.

I said, "Kathy, you've told me what Bing thinks about your continuing your career; now how do *you* feel about it. Do you think it's possible to be a good wife and a movie star at the same time?"

She thought that over carefully for a minute. "I guess it's going to be like having a split personality," she smiled. "One half of me will be Kathryn Crosby, wife of Bing. I want to be a good wife in every sense of the word—and the other half will be Kathryn Grant, the actress."

Suddenly she laughed gaily. "I'm even doing some cooking. That is, I'm trying to learn. I'm just terrible if you want to know the truth. But Bing is so patient. He eats it—even says I'm getting okay on salad dressings!"

Kathy continued, "I also want to be free to accompany Bing when he's free of his own work. I want to be with him at Hayden Lake and at Pebble Beach or when and if he wants to vacation in Europe.

At this time, Kathy was having wardrobe fittings for her next, *Gunman's Walk* which will be made on location in Arizona. "Bing's chartering a plane to fly me over in a few days, and I'll fly back to Palm Desert to spend every week end with him," Kathy said.

As the time drew near for us to end our talk, I couldn't let this charming girl go without telling her something I feel very sincerely in my heart.

"Kathy," I said, "I have known Bing a very long time. I have known him through triumphs and through the sad times of his life. His great fame has made him at many times a very lonely man.

"But in getting you as his wife, I think he has made one of the wisest decisions of his life. I know you will bring great happiness to each other and I couldn't be happier for both of you. The difference in your ages is nothing. You are the most mature twenty-three-year-old girl I have ever known. And Bing is the youngest fifty-three."

And I mean that from the bottom of my heart, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby! **END**

*Bing can be seen in MGM's* MAN ON FIRE. *Kathy's in* OPERATION MAD BALL *and is scheduled for* THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, *both for Columbia.*


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## U. S. SAVINGS BONDS ARE DEFENSE BONDS


# marlon's wife

(*Continued from page 52*) crazy about American jazz, especially "boojeez-woojeez."

Oh boy!

I figured I'd start with where she'd lived when she and the folks first arrived. You know, look the place over, talk to some of the people who lived there and to some of the help who'd waited on them. I phoned a pal of mine who'd photographed her right after she was signed for *The Mountain* and got the address. I expected it to be a pretty swank place. Rich Indians, after all, have a way of being *very* rich. It turned out to be the kind of place I used to live in when I was working as a cub reporter in New Haven and making $29.50 a week—a dump.

The landlord, however, the oldest little guy I'd ever seen, was nice enough. Yes, he said, working up a smile, Anna Kashfi had lived there for a time, all right. "And I heard over the wireless a while back that she is married to one of your American cinema stars," he added.

I began to pump him with questions about her. But the well was as dry as it was old. "She rarely spoke," he said, "but she was a sweet young lady, very sweet."

What about friends, I asked him. Did he remember any of them?

Only one, he said. "Her best friend, I'd say, as sweet and nice as she. She was here a few times to visit Miss Kashfi."

"Indian, too?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said. "Margaret Phelps—that's her name—is from these parts. Lives in Surrey, in the town of Woking, I believe."

I jotted all this down.

### She called her Joan

And as I did the old man said the thing that first got me wondering, even though I wasn't exactly sure what I should be wondering about at the time. "Yes, very nice and sweet," he said. "And, I remember, she was the only person who ever called Miss Kashfi *Joan*. . . ."

I phoned Margaret Phelps as soon as I got back to my hotel room. The call went like this:

"I'm doing a story on Anna Kashfi and . . ."

"Oh, Joan? Isn't it nice she's married now. And to Marlon Brando!"

"Joan? What was that, a nickname you gave her?"

"Heavens no. That's her real name. Joan O'Callaghan. Anna Kashfi's something somebody dreamed up."

"Joan O'Callaghan? . . . You mean she's *Irish?*"

"Well, yes—and Welsh."

"What kind of bit is this, anyway?"

"What?"

"I mean, I wish you'd tell me a little bit more about Joan . . . Anna . . . whatever her name is."

"I knew her in Cardiff, Wales. She'd come here from India, where she was born, of Welsh parents. We first met when we went to the same school, St. Joseph's Convent. That was in 1946. We were both thirteen. We were neighbors, too. I lived around the corner from her, just about a hundred yards from her house. . . . We became the fastest of friends, even though she was a funny little thing when she first came. Always changing her name around for one thing, I remember. June, Joanne, Johanna. Johanna won out as her favorite. . . ."

"Do you know her parents?"

"Yes. William and Phoebe O'Callaghan. I know them well. I spoke to them just a few weeks ago, in fact—before the wedding. They said they hadn't heard from Joan recently, but that she was probably very busy and couldn't write. They live to hear from her. Last time they heard, in fact, Joan included a picture which appeared in one of your newspapers and in which they called her 'The Asiatic Grace Kelly.'"

"And you're sure, you're sure she's not Indian?"

"Positive."

I was up in Cardiff faster than you can say Penrhydhochlynsychtrose. That's the name—typically Welsh—of the hotel I checked into. It was the morning after my talk with Margaret Phelps. I'd taken the night train from London. I'd tried to sleep all the way up. But I couldn't. I'd been wondering about what I'd learned, about whether Anna Kashfi was really Joan O'Callaghan, about whether this girl who'd said she was from fairyland India was really just spinning fairy tales. Then, just before the train had pulled into the big gloomy Cardiff station, it had passed a crossroads. And a sign. The sign read: *St. Joseph's Convent, two miles.* I blinked and rubbed my eyes. And it wasn't because I hadn't slept.

A little while later, I parked my bags at the Penrhydhoch-etc. and took a cab to 100 Newfoundland Road. Margaret Phelps had given me a few addresses of people I could talk to, to verify the facts. This was the first on my list—and the most important. It was the home of William and Phoebe O'Callaghan.

### A gray, skinny house

It turned out to be a tiny row house, gray, skinny, two-storied, neat, poor, proud. It turned out, too, that nobody was home and—according to a neighbor—wouldn't be till suppertime.

I wandered over to the second address on my list, a butcher shop at 17 College Road. According to Margaret Phelps, Joan had worked here for a while as cashier and bookkeeper.

The present cashier called Joseph Dale, the owner, from out back for me.

"Well," he said, thinking back, "Joan O'Callaghan came to us from the Labor Exchange as bookkeeper and cashier. Striking-looking she was, too. So much so she was an attraction here, really."

I asked him if she could be Anna Kashfi, the movie star.

That he didn't know, Mr. Dale said, since he'd never seen a movie with Anna Kashfi. She left to be a model, he said. He was sorry, but that was all he was really sure about.

The next place I hit was a school. The CARDIFF COLLEGE OF ART, to be exact. According to Margaret Phelps, her best friend had attended it after graduating from the convent.

"Yes," T. C. Tarr, principal of the school told me, "we remember Miss O'Callaghan well. She entered for a college diploma in dress design. But I think Joan had the idea that she could do slick designs before learning how to sew. As a matter of


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fact, I seem to recall having to speak to Joan about her lack of interest once. And then, after her first year, she explained to me that she'd decided to leave."

**She might have been a designer**

I talked to June Tiley next. June had been one of Joan O'Callaghan's teachers. "She would have gotten through her exams all right, if she'd stayed," she told me. "She worked well. . . . I think she was one of the most naturally beautiful girls I've ever seen. Extremely reserved. Sweet in every way."

Then I talked to Elisa Maddelena, a former classmate of Joan O'Callaghan's and now a teacher at the school. "She was so quiet," Elena said, "that if she hadn't been pretty, she would never have stood out in a crowd. What exquisite coloring! Lots of Irish have that coloring, but I would have taken her for Spanish. I'd never have said that she was Indian. But I guess perhaps she was told to play up to that in Hollywood and now finds herself in an awkward position."

"You mean," I asked her, "you think she *is* Anna Kashfi?"

"I know she is," Elena said, very matter-of-factly. "When she left school she got a job at a butcher shop for a while. Then she went to London to work as a model, then as a salesgirl in a sari shop, then as an actress. . . . Just go speak to her parents if you have any doubts. . . ."

I was back on Newfoundland Road at six o'clock that night. A man answered my knock. It was Mr. O'Callaghan. He was tall, a nice-looking man; in his late forties, I'd say. He seemed to have a way of not smiling—and not asking me in.

**Go away!**

"I'm a reporter from America," I told him.

"Yes?"

"I wonder if you'd be good enough to tell me if Anna Kashfi is your daughter."

"She is."

"And her real name is Joan O'Callaghan?"

"It is."

"You know that she is married?"

"So I read."

"Are you and your wife celebrating the wedding in any way?"

"No, we're not celebrating. We were never told of any romance." Suddenly, his voice grew soft and he clenched his hands together. "Is she ashamed?" he asked, looking hard into my eyes, as if I might be able to answer him. "I'm just a poor man. I work in a factory near here. I earn a few pounds a week. Is my daughter ashamed of me for this?"

"Mr. O'Callaghan . . ." I started to ask him.

But at that moment, from a room to the left, a woman's voice came, sobbing. "Bill," she called. "Bill!"

Mr. O'Callaghan sighed. "You'll excuse me, but my wife has been in a terrible state."

Then slowly, he closed the door. . . .

When I woke up the next morning, I realized that word of the Kashfi-O'Callaghan mystery was already out. Even from my bed I could see the headlines of the *South Wales Echo* which someone had shoved under my door, courtesy of the house. The headlines read: *"Brando's Bride is a Girl from Cardiff . . . and her real name is O'Callaghan."*

I jumped out of bed and made straight for the paper. Yes, someone else had got wind of the story by this time. And, according to the guy who'd written it, that wind had gushed out over Hollywood, too, and blown up a lulu of a storm. They were sore in Hollywood. Very sore. Marlon, as usual, had nothing to say. But there were others—his relatives, his friends, his bride—who said plenty.

**What Marlon's folks believe**

"It can't be true she isn't an Indian," Oliver Lindmeyer, Marlon's uncle, had told reporters. "If she isn't, then I've never seen one. My wife and I have known her for more than two years. Not once did she mention that she came from Wales. She certainly never mentioned any O'Callaghan."

"There is nothing phoney about Anna," Mrs. Lindmeyer had said. "There's not a scrap of Irish in her. She's charming, delightful and very honest."

"My wife and I have known Anna since she came to Hollywood two years ago," Peter Barneis, Marlon's best man, had said. "She's as Indian as they come. . . . And I know for a fact that her father was an architect who died in Darjeeling, India, only two months ago and left her a sizable fortune. All this is incredible nonsense!"

"I was born," the new Mrs. Brando herself had reportedly said, "in Calcutta, India, to my Indian parents, Devi Kashfi, a civil engineer, and Selma Ghose. We moved to Darjeeling shortly afterwards.

"When I was sixteen, my mother married William Patrick O'Callaghan and I took their name and used it as my legal name. My first trip to England was in 1952. I lived there for a short time with my mother. I returned to India afterwards and then finally went back to London where I had two modeling jobs.

"Then I got my chance in films. And now I am here. . . ."

And now *I* was *there*, with that lousy feeling you get when you think you might be right back where you started.

**All right, come in**

I got dressed, had a quick breakfast and took a cab back to the O'Callaghan house. Mr. O'Callaghan opened the door again. It was obvious he'd seen the morning papers already. Because this time he asked me in and introduced me to his wife. Then he walked over to a cabinet, opened a drawer and pulled out a big brown envelope, a very old envelope. Then he reached inside and pulled out a piece of paper, parchment-type.

Without saying a word, he handed it to me. It had an official government stamp on it—and it said:

These are to certify that the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations has in his custody a register of Baptisms at St. Francis Xavier's church, Calcutta, A.D. 1934; in which Register there is an entry of which the following is a true copy:—

*When Baptized:* Year 1934—Month October—Day 7

*Said to be Born:* Year 1934—Month September—Day 30

*Child's Christian name:* Joan Mary

*Sex:* f

*Parents' names*: William Patrick O'Callaghan and Phoebe Melinda O'Callaghan

*Abode of Parents:* Chakradharpur

*Quality, Trade or Profession of father*: Station master

*Person by whom the Ceremony was performed:* Rev. Alexander Dessa.

I looked up.

Mr. O'Callaghan nodded. "She is our daughter . . . whether she likes it or not," he said, his voice almost a whisper. He picked up his cup again. His big hand, I couldn't help notice, was trembling a little. "Is she ashamed that I am her father, telling the world now that her real father was an Indian who died a few months ago?




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# JOIN THE NAVY and EAT STEAK!

## says DEAN JONES

■ "Some people join the Navy to see the world," says Dean Jones, "but I joined—and got steak.

"It all happened back in 1952 . . . I was stationed in San Diego, with Special Services. When the San Diego Fair opened just a few miles away, our C.O., Commander Hackett, sent me and several of my buddies to do benefits shows for the Fair. We were real excited, because we were going to be staying at the posh TURF CLUB on the Fairgrounds for the couple of weeks the Fair was on. Of course, this wasn't exactly suite-and-private-bath and breakfast-in-bed; our room was crammed with all the triple-decker Navy bunks it could hold. And as for breakfast in bed—well, if we wanted to take our box lunch and eat it in the bunk, that was O.K.

"The box lunch was the Navy's way of feeding us off base. First thing in the morning, a truck came from the base loaded with nice boxes of breakfast for the bunch of us. Two hardboiled eggs, a baloney sandwich, a banana, a Hershey bar and an orange!

"Well, this was kind of different from the usual breakfast, but we were hungry, so down the hatch it went.

"After *breakfast*, we went out and toured the Fairgrounds. We couldn't buy much—you know how much money sailors have—and we were real glad that the Navy was sending lunch over. Box lunch of course.

"We nearly bowled Joe, the driver, over when he came in with all those boxes. It was a long time since breakfast. We ripped them open—and found two hardboiled eggs, a baloney sandwich, a banana, a Hershey bar and an orange!

"That afternoon we gave our first performance. Singing for such a big crowd sure can make you hungry. We hurried back to our one-room suite at the TURF CLUB and waited for Joe and our dinner. And what do you think he brought? That's right. Two hardboiled eggs, a baloney sandwich, a banana, a Hershey bar and an orange!

"It was beginning to taste a little tasteless!

"And the next day, when Joe came in with the two hardboiled eggs, etc., we just thanked him and stashed them away in the corner.

"That night we went out and spent as much money as we had on the most of the cheapest food that the Fair sold.

"For the next twelve days, we lived on hotdogs and malteds . . . and piled the untouched box lunches in every available space around the room.

"But when Joe made his next trip, it was without cargo. He came in, white as a ghost and shaking. He had wrecked the truck and our dinner was scattered all over the four lanes of Route 101! . . .

" 'What a shame.' we said.

"I phoned Commander Hackett to tell him. Here we had been so enjoying the lovely box lunches the Base had been sending every day, and now we wouldn't be getting any.

" 'Well, my boy,' boomed the Commander heartily, 'the United States Navy isn't going to let our star performers down. You lads go right downstairs to the TURF CLUB dining room, and send the bill to me!"

"We did.

"And we ordered just what star performers need: filet mignon!"

 *Watch for Dean in MGM's* HANDLE WITH CARE.

Is she trying to deny the facts of her birth?"

Mrs. O'Callaghan got up from her chair now. She walked over to where her husband stood. She put her arm in his, and turned to me—"Sir . . . for your records. . . . Mr. O'Callaghan here has been my only husband. And Joan is our true daughter." Her eyes began to fill with tears. "We are both British, my Bill and I. And so is Joan. It is cruel to suggest that the daughter we love and brought up is not our own flesh and blood. . . ."

Glynn Mortimer works with a very posh modeling outfit. I asked her if she'd tell me what she knew about the Kashfi-O'Callaghan girl. This is what she said:

"My half-sister lives in Wales. And she sent Nan Jones, a designer friend, to see me. Joan wasn't supposed to come at all. She just stopped by with Nan. But when I went into the waiting room, I was struck by Joan's beauty.

"I looked over Nan's sketches and arranged for her to show them to some people. I also decided that Joan O'Callaghan simply had to be an actress, as well as a model.

### The invention

"Her name? I invented it. Dreamed it up. I told Joan that she couldn't go around looking so exotic and be listed on modeling books as Joan O'Callaghan. You hear that name and imagine an outdoor-type Irish girl. I told her it would be wiser if we found another name to suit her type. I had a very dear friend named Kashfi and Joan loved the name. We took the Anna from Johanna—a childhood favorite of hers—and she became Anna Kashfi."

And that was that.

I'd just left the agency and was walking back to my hotel—when I skidded to a stop. I looked, and then I looked again. To my right was a store. It was one of those fancy Indian places where they sell saris. It was called *The Maharani.* On the glass door, printed in small gold letters, was this information:

"Proprietor: Ghose."

*"I was born,"* the new Mrs. Brando had said in Hollywood just the day before, *"in Calcutta, India, to my Indian parents, Dev Kashfi, a civil engineer, and Selma Ghose."*

*"She worked as a model in London for a while,"* I'd also heard, *"and as a sales-girl in an Indian sari store, too."*

### The sari store

On a hunch, the merest of hunches, I went into the store. Lily Ghose, a very zoftik-looking Indian girl, asked if she could be of any help.

I asked her if she had ever known Joan O'Callaghan.

She said yes, she had.

Was she a relative, I asked.

No, I was told.

Was she Indian?

Not as far as Lily Ghose knew. "We met her at an exhibition," she said, "and that was when we offered her the job here."

On the way out of the store I looked at the printing on the door again, the name *Ghose.* And that—that and the Baptismal certificate and Glynn Mortimer's story about re-naming the young model an actress—wrapped up the mystery. At least, from this end.

But personally, say I, the girl doesn't look Welsh; she looks Indian. And if she says O'Callahan isn't her father, who is I to say he is? Maybe there's a bit more of a mystery here . . . that we'd do best to keep out of. **E**

*Anna Kashfi is scheduled to appear in Columbia's* COWBOY. *You can see Marlon in Warner Bros.'* SAYONARA *and 20th Century-Fox's* THE YOUNG LIONS.

## esther, don't!

(*Continued from page 38*) The way he'd been laughing ever since those strange stories started spreading—laughing loud and clear for all the world to hear—like there was really nothing to it, nothing at all . . .

But in that moment on the dock, when for an instant there was no one to look, when suddenly you were almost visible—almost a particular dot on a deck coming closer every second in that moment when he thought no one was watching him, the mask slipped, and Ben wasn't laughing any more.

And I knew why.

I had heard those stories, too. I had friends who had spent the summer in Rome and come back bursting with the news. "Esther Williams," they told me breathlessly—"imagine, Esther Williams, who's always been so—so *perfect*—well, she's going to leave Ben Gage. It seems there's been trouble between them for months and now she's going to get a divorce, and they do say—they do say she's going to marry Jeff Chandler! Nobody's talked about anything else since they started making *Raw Wind In Eden* over there. And you really can't blame her. My goodness, who could resist a combination like Rome and Jeff Chandler? I mean, he's just too—" and then they would stop and look at me thoughtfully. "By the way," they'd ask, "didn't you spend a day with her just before she left Hollywood?"

I would nod slowly. "Yes, I did."

"Well, my heavens, what did she *say*? I mean, did she give you a hint? Did she seem happy? What was she like?"

And while they talked, Esther, and after they left, I would sit and remember what you were like and what you had said, and I would weigh it against what I heard now —and look for the answer.

*We had sat in the den of your house in Mandeville Canyon that afternoon. It was a simple room, bright with pine furniture and sturdy colorful fabrics, made to resist being climbed over and kicked at and snuggled in by three small children. We were talking girl-talk, and I had said casually that I was beginning to believe the single life was the blessed one—that almost every marriage I had seen had turned out badly. And you said to me over coffee, "The first year of a marriage is rugged. The real honeymoon comes later —oh, I guess from the second year through the fourth. Everything just seems to be getting better and better those years. And then when you've been married five years or so, all of a sudden you wake up and say to yourself—well, things haven't been getting better enough. If he really loved me, he'd stop doing all those little things that annoy me, he'd change . . . That's a bad time. But you weather it. You kind of forget about it; you have children; you have a good life—and then, whang! It hits you again when you've been married maybe nine years, ten years. He isn't going to change. You're going to have to live with all those things that bug you for the rest of your life. I guess that's the toughest year. It's a kind of hopeless feeling."*

*I couldn't remember ever having heard a woman speak so honestly of something so difficult. I cleared my throat. "What do you do about it?" I asked. "Get a divorce?"*

*You put down your coffee cup, Esther, and smiled at me, an utterly serene smile. You said, "I'll tell you. You think back over the good things and see how much they outweight the bad. You remember that no one's perfect, including you. You remember the day you got married, how happy you were, how excited. You try to imagine yourself giving advice to a young woman really in love, and you know you'd tell her, 'If you can make the rent between you, go ahead, get married, raise a family—don't wait a day longer than you have to.' And then you know you did the right thing, that this is what you're on earth for—not to live in some kind of romantic dream, but to love this man who isn't perfect, and to bear his children and love them too. You know that when you come down to it, you're one of the luckiest women in the world . . ."*

*We were talking about your work when the door flew open and Kimmie bounced in. He was wearing a little brown bathing suit that seemed to melt into the tan of his small, erect body. He dashed past me without a glance and buried his head in your lap. Then he peered up with a seductive smile. "Mama, let's go swimming."*

*You tilted his head with a finger and smiled down. I noticed how much you two looked alike—sparkling-eyed, quick to laugh. You said, "In a while, sweetie—as soon as I can."*

*Kimmie's clear eyes clouded over. His lower lip jutted out, trembling. "I wanna go now!"*

*"Uh-uh," you said, still smiling. "This lady is here to talk business with Mama. You know I have work to do. As soon as we're through I'll come out as long as you like. OK?"*

*"Aw—" a heartbroken wail.*

*"Kimmie," you said gently, "if you don't want to go enough to wait a little, you don't really want to go at all. Right?"*

*Mouth open, Kimmie considered. Then the brown eyes cleared. The beguiling smile reappeared. "Gotcha!" said Kimmie Gage.*

*With a nod to me, he was gone. I sat back in my chair, grinning from ear to ear. "I bet you wouldn't take a million dollars for your kids."*

*You laughed. "Someone asked me that last month, and I thought a while, did some mental arithmetic, and said, 'I've paid a million dollars for them.' It's true, too. In time out for movies, in p.a. tours—in a thousand things I haven't done, in order to have them and be with them. But I wouldn't say I've 'given anything up.' That makes it sound as if there were something worth more than my children. There isn't."*

*"Still," I said, "there have been times you've been away—"*

*"Yes, there have. I don't deny it—why should I? There are times any mother is away—working or out for an afternoon playing bridge or maybe she even parks the kids with her folks and takes off on a month's vacation. Well, my kids have a grandmother, too—and a—a nurse, or a governess, whatever you want to call her—a woman I respect and trust, who's worked with me and loves my babies. I don't think it hurts them to be away from me occasionally." You grinned suddenly. "Anyway, not as much as it hurts me."*

*We laughed, and you added abruptly, "There was a time a few months ago when I had to find a new governess. I looked and I looked, but no one was just right. The studio was all set to start a picture, and I told them I couldn't come just then. I told them just what I told Kimmie five minutes ago. 'I'm sorry, but if you don't want me enough to wait, I guess you don't want me at all.' So they waited."*

*"But what about the rest," I pursued. "You know—nightclubs, premières, the glamour business—you haven't had much of that, staying home with the babies. A beautiful woman is supposed to want to get dressed up every now and then, see that old look come into her husband's eyes."*

*You folded your hands in your lap, Esther, and for a moment you weren't see-*




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*ing me at all. I don't know how, but I knew what you were seeing in your mind—a picture of a girl ten years younger, unattached, free, sparkling in the bright lights, laughing in the pleasure of being beautiful, of being the center of a roomful of admiring men—*

*"Listen," you said suddenly, "I'll tell you a secret. The best reason I know for becoming a wife and a mother. It's because that's your most beautiful role. Because you can create your own surroundings, show yourself off in your own home, in the soft colors you picked yourself, in the lights you chose—so your husband never sees you but at your best. A girl out in the world can't do that. She's surrounded by things she never made, that aren't suited to her. But me—look around you!" Your arm swept the room. "I did this room. I made it glow this way. I made sure that Ben would see me in things that are right for me. For us. That's the kind of glamour I want."*

*And then with scarcely a pause you said softly, "And as a woman gets older, she knows she wants the soft lights of home."*

**The shocking thing**

My friend leaned across the table to whisper to me. "But the really *shocking* thing," she murmured, "the one thing I can't forgive her for is—she had Susie with her the whole time. I mean, it's sort of appalling, isn't it, to have your four-year-old daughter along while you're in the process of falling in love with another man? I mean, do you suppose she left her in the hotel room at night while she went out on dates with Chandler? My goodness—"

*Oh, Es, it came back to me so clearly. Maybe it was half an hour after Kimmie flashed in and out that the door opened again and I saw a nymph standing in the hall. A play-suited, tousel-haired numph, peeking shyly in at her mother. You followed my eyes to the doorway, and your face lit up like a Christmas tree. "Come in, sweetheart," you called, and the nymph took three giant steps and a run and landed in your arms. She snuggled there, good as gold, for almost five minutes while we went on talking. Then she gave a sigh and climbed down from your lap to rove around the room. A second later I noticed that the top of her playsuit had disappeared. Startled, I looked up in time to see the bottom part land on the floor and the nymph commence to remove her panties.*

*You looked, too, and sighed in mock anguish. "She's hinting," you explained mournfully. "I guess the whole family wants to go swimming."*

*"Is that—is that the way she usually lets you know?"*

*"Are you shocked?" you asked suddenly. "Because she hasn't learned to be ashamed of her body? Oh, I don't mean that I'm bringing my children up to strip in public or join a nudist colony. But I'm not bringing them up to be ashamed, either. Already they take pride in being healthy, in being strong, in having bodies that look good and do what they want them to—swim like fish, walk without getting too tired, fall asleep with cramps and prickles. That's the way a child should be—strong enough to help a weaker one, or fight back if someone tries to be a bully. Proud, not ashamed." Your eyes glowed. "Did you know what happened to me yesterday? I got a wire from the White House—imagine! I'm going to be on the President's Council for Youth Fitness!"*

*A second later you were giving a little smack to the round behind. "OK," you said. "Get into your bathing suit. I'll be out in a few minutes."*

**The most wonderful thing**

*The door closed behind Susie and you leaned forward. "I take it back that the offer to be on the Council was the most wonderful thing. The most wonderful happened the other day. Susie asked me, 'What is God?'*

*"I thought about it—children are always making you stop and look for answers in yourself—and I said, 'God is love, darling.'*

*"And she said, 'God must be a lady.'*

*"'For heaven's sake,' I said. 'Why?'*

*"And she said, 'Because you are love, and you are a lady.'"*

That was what I took away with me that day, Esther. A sense of a home, a lady, a love. That was what I found last spring, looking over my notes and my memories, asking myself what my friends had asked me: Was there a hint? Were you unhappy?

And standing on the dock, watching Ben's face with the bravery gone, with the hope and the fear—

The gangplank had scarcely touched the dock before you were running down it, with Susie under your arm. Your feet had scarcely touched New York before Ben was holding you in his arms—but you had come back to ask for a divorce. You had come home . . . for a divorce.

**What changed?**

For the woman who spoke to me that day in the bright, sunlit room was happy and more than happy—she was content she was courageous, she had the honesty to face bad times, live them through, make them good. She was a woman who valued her home, her husband, her children, above all the glittering things life might offer in their place. Have you forgotten that happiness, Esther, just because a few business ventures that Ben handled had failed? Or because of a moonlit Roman evening? I don't know what trouble there was between you and Ben in this the eleventh year of your marriage, Es I don't know what brief spark might have been lighted in loneliness between you and Jeff. The nights in Rome are perfumed, they say, and it is possible that kiss shared under the hot lights of movie set could seem infinitely sweeter below a cool Italian moon. My friend believe there was such a moment—I do not. Which of us is right doesn't matter For this I know: the Italian nights are not perfumed with the things you love best—talcum powder on small, clean bodies the smell of dinner on the stove, the private, personal scent of a house that lived in and loved. Remember this—before you make a mistake that can mean the end of happiness for you. Now . . . it is not yet too late. There is no brief, shallow romance, no brief shallow trouble, that should part you and your husband, you and your life.

With Susie under your arm, you can home, Esther; now—*stay* home, where you belong—where your happiness is . . . ES

*Esther will appear in U-I's* RAW WIND EDEN.

---

## hold it, george

(*Continued from page 49*) members, camera equipment, etc., make filmed love scenes much more complex than real life love scenes!

**Do you kiss a girl good-night after the first date?**

That's definitely between the girl in question and me. I'm tired of reading stories about guys who kiss and tell!

**What advice would you give teenagers wanting to break into movies?**

Get as much experience in your line of work as you possibly can. It doesn't matter where it is—just keep working at what you want to do, or as close to it as possible, as often and as hard as you can. A word of warning, though—better be very sure what it is you want. Sometimes we blindly hammer away at a stone and when the dust clears away we've chiseled a statue, but one which we'd rather not look at!

**If you weren't an actor, what occupation would you select?**

I'd like to direct—and if I have my way about it, I will direct someday. If I weren't in the entertainment field, I would like to be a writer—not for the motion pictures or the theatre—probably short novels and stories.

**What do you dislike doing?**

Going to the barber shop. I don't like getting my hair cut!

**Briefly, what is your philosophy of life?**

The Golden Rule is what I try to keep in mind—you know, *Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.* Not always easy, but wouldn't everything be much better if we all could?

**Where did you go to school?**

GLENDALE HIGH SCHOOL, OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY and the PASADENA PLAYHOUSE.

**What pictures have you been in?**

*Monsoon, Memory of Love, The Carnival Story, Miss Robin Crusoe, Lady Godiva, The Second Greatest Sex, Away All Boats, Congo Crossing, The Unguarded Moment, Four Girls in Town, Joe Butterfly, Man Afraid, Floodtide,* and *The Female Animal.*

**What are your hobbies?**

Collecting records and photography.

**Who are your favorite stars?**

Greta Garbo and William Holden, amo others.

**What's your favorite menu?**

Fried pork chops, creamed corn, gre salad and milk.

**How many pets do you have?**

A cat named Susan, and two dogs nam Matt and Joey.

**What's your worst fault?**

Not answering my telephone, and r remembering when the laundry or c cleaning is ready to be picked up.

**Which movie did you enjoy filming the most?**

*Six Bridges to Cross* with Tony Cu and Julie Adams. It was a lot of v hard work under some pretty diffic conditions, but Tony and Julie were w derful to work with.

**Would you like to do a musical?**

I don't sing well, but with someone el voice dubbed in, I think doing a mus would be great. I'd like to do one.

**Do you sing in the shower?**

Sometimes. In the shower I don't so too bad.

**What has been the greatest thrill of your career?**
Being signed at UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL STUDIOS.

**Who are your favorite singers?**
Patti Page, Jo Stafford, Vic Damone and Frank Sinatra.

**What's your favorite color?**
Red.

**Favorite all-time song?**
*Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.*

**What's your favorite kind of music?**
For dancing, anything slow with a good beat. For listening—popular, classical or semi-classical—depending upon my mood.

**Favorite all-time movie?**
*Gone With the Wind.*

**Favorite All-time Books?**
The Bible, the works of Shakespeare and *Generation of Vipers* by Philip Wylie.

**What kind of car do you drive?**
A Thunderbird.

**Are you thrifty?**
**Do you drive a hard bargain?**
With the tax situation these days, everyone has to be thrifty! If I see something in a store window that appeals to me I walk in and price it. If I feel the price is right, I buy it. If not, it stays in the store. I don't really think you could call me a hard bargainer.

**Who are your closest acquaintances in the movie industry?**
Some of them are Rock Hudson, the Jerry Calhouns, the Tom Tryons and Mara Hyer.

**What are your pet peeves?**
TV and radio commercials. Any type of advertising that pressures the general public into buying something they really can't afford and don't need and don't want!

**What actress would you like to co-star with?**
There are many. Especially Loretta Young, Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis and Katharine Hepburn.

**What do you do between takes while filming?**
I watch the other members of the crew work, because I still find every phase of this movie business fascinating. Sometimes I just stand around and talk with people. I often forget to sit down and go home with sore feet!

**Do you have a secretary, or do you answer your own fan mail?**
I have two secretaries to help open and sort it. Then I read all of it and dictate answers.

**What kind of fan mail do you like to receive?**
I like honest letters. I'm open for suggestions about my work and am anxious for honest opinions about the motion picture industry. I like letters that are written so that I can read them. Some fans write so I've no idea what their name is or where to send a reply.

**Do you have a fan club?**
Yes. Readers may get full information by writing directly to my fan club president. She is Lilyan Miller, 842 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

**Do you like signing autographs and posing for pictures?**
Very much, because it's one way of meeting the public.

**What's your best virtue?**
Stick-to-it-iveness. Is that a word? Well, you know what I mean. **END**

*George is in U-I's* APPOINTMENT WITH A SHADOW.

## n't goin' steady

(*ontinued from page 30*) only one of the ys she sees.

"There's a lot to be said for variety. It the spice of life. It really is. I go out th different girls for different reasons. aybe I feel I can obtain knowledge from girl. Maybe I like a girl's personality. aybe a girl has a twinkle in her eyes t gets me. Maybe I just like a girl as erson."

Yes, the names of many girls now come Tommy's lips—like brown-haired, blued Babby Green, daughter of MGM sical director Johnny Green, for exple. Babby introduced him to classical sic.

You listen long enough and you find e good things," Tommy grins. "I en't completely won her over to hill-y music and she hasn't won me over classical. We meet half way."

And there's Chris Callas, a singer he met the *Tennessee Ernie Show.*

With Chris," Tommy's friendly brown s sparkle, "it's her blinding beauty. en you first go out with her, you flip, 's so beautiful! She knocks your eyes Chris is also very sweet and nice. She a great personality, and she's a lot fun at a party. She gets along with ple. She first attracts them with her uty, and then when you leave the ty you feel like a million dollars bese every guy in the place was bowled r by her."

Tommy will tell you of the enjoyable evening he spent with demure, blonde and blue-eyed Diane Jergens when he took her to see Victor Borge's show at the GREEK THEATRE.

**Downright sinful**

And you listen . . . and wonder. Because, there was a time not too long ago, when Tommy would have gagged on his own words if he mentioned the name of more than one girl in a single day, let alone in one conversation, or in one breath. In his boyish romanticism, he would have considered it downright sinful to harbor pleasant thoughts of more than one young lady at a time. Part of the answer is that he's growing up. . . .

His ideas have changed.

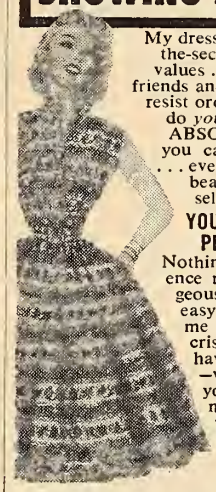
Today he says, "Going steady is sort of like eating the same food at every meal three meals a day your whole life. If you never taste other food, you never know if the food you've been having was really your favorite, whether you really liked it best.

"And another thing—if you don't spend as much time with just one particular girl, you don't get as emotionally involved, and it's not as easy to be hurt. Your social life differs from one night to the next. You just don't have the time to take any one girl seriously."

Tommy let out a long, happy sigh, and threw out his arms in a carefree gesture.

"It's just more fun to go out with a lot of girls," he summed it up. "It really is.


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It's a big kick to go out with one girl this Saturday night, and another girl next Saturday night, and to have different memories after each date. Everything isn't the same this way."

Yes, Tommy has come a long way from those days when steady dating was his only solution to loneliness.

**The hunger in him**

In the beginning, going steady had filled a hunger in him. Like many other boys who had grown up in rural farm areas, where the nearest neighbor lived miles away, he had spent much of his childhood practically alone. On that farm in Shreveport—pleasant memories though it held—there had been no other children with whom to play, and he had created a world of his own, a world of daydreams and sleepdreams.

"I used to sit alone and read," Tommy thought back. "I used to sit alone and listen to the radio. I did everything alone—because there were no other kids around to do them with."

It was out of this loneliness that Tommy's dating pattern was born, because "I wanted," says Tommy, "to belong to somebody so that that person would always be there and like me, somebody besides my family who was close to me. Somebody who was a friend, a special friend. . . .

"You had the feeling," Tommy said, as if he were trying to make you understand how come he never played the field, "of wanting someone around that you could call in the middle of the night. There have been many times I didn't feel there were many people who really knew what I was like. There would be some days when I'd have had a big day at work, and I'd drive around, and I'd get the loneliest feeling that there wasn't anyone anywhere who really cared. I used to get the crazy feeling that I was going to lose my friends, and that's when I really felt like I needed someone special to talk to outside of my own family."

It was in moments like these—during their steady dating—that Tommy, thirsting for the sound of a caring voice, would swing his car over to the curb, make for a telephone booth and dial Molly Bee's number.

**Still sentimental over Molly**

"I would have that feeling that I had to call Molly," Tommy owns up softly, a faint, sentimental smile opening up a laugh wrinkle around the corners of his mouth, "and I'd pick up the phone and talk to her, and go over. It was like an aspirin for a headache. It was so important to have someone that was always there, someone who was your friend."

Then at last—just recently, this happened—Tommy became more sure of himself, and he was no longer in the market for just safety. At last he knew that when you're truly in love, that's when you go steady—not before.

Tommy had loved and lost in earnest before he met Molly. That had been the price of steady dating. Even now, Tommy could not bring himself to joke about the heartbreak he had known in his teens. He really had cared—and loved, yes loved.

"So often," Tommy nodded knowingly, "older folks will take this lightly. They'll say you weren't really in love. It was just puppy love. What I want to know is this. Is love something that is restricted to people of a certain age? You have to be twenty-one before you can vote. Do you have to be twenty-one before you can get a permit to fall in love?"

There was that one girl in particular to whom he had lost his heart while he was still in high school, in Houston. He couldn't have been more than sixteen at the time.

"Once I met this girl," Tommy swallowed, "she meant more to me than any other girl I'd ever known. We went together for a year and a half. We were both very jealous, you know. I was gone so much of the time, and I hated to think of her sitting around. But I didn't want her to go around with other fellows, either, and she felt the same way about me and other girls. But my career was a problem. I couldn't take her out at nights because I worked as a disc jockey after school. I couldn't take her to proms and parties like other boys.

"And I always had to go away, especially on tours in the summer.

"I didn't want to be gone from her long I was supposed to be away only six weeks, but I was away from June to the first of September. All the time I kept thinking of her and writing to her, and I had no desire to go out with other girls."

**The big shock**

Finally. at summer's end, Tommy cut a record for RCA Victor, and he needed only one thing to make his happiness complete. He couldn't get back to Houston fast enough to share his happiness with his girl! He never doubted that she would be waiting for him.

**Rock and Roll**
your way through
college
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in the **march** issue
of **modern screen**
(on sale february 4)

"I came home and found this girl going with another guy. That hurt."

The romance was over, and Tommy's world just blew up. "I guess there was only one thing in my life that had hurt me more," Tommy groped for a yardstick with which to measure his misery. "When I couldn't make the high school football team because I was too skinny."

Whether she knew it or not, it was a night that Tommy's mother, Grace Sands, could have lost her son. She had come home that evening and found him stunned over his shattered love. If she had failed to sense his hurt, if she had said one wrong word, she could have driven him away. For Tommy, to have been mocked or humored in this terrible moment of loss would have been the unpardonable sin.

"My mother didn't say, 'You stupid thing,'" Tommy tells you. "She didn't start to reason with me and tell me 'These things happen. There will be another girl.' She didn't laugh at me. You know, I can see why a lot of people leave home. They have pride. If she had laughed at me that night, I would have left home."

In those young, impressionable years, Tommy had known only one way to love—heart and soul. And there was no overnight recovery for Tommy. There was a long spell of agonizing loneliness and trying to forget.

Tommy shook his head philosophically. "After we broke up," he said, now able to manage to smile over his youthful hurt, "I didn't go out for a year and a half. I'd been hurt too bad. I didn't want to go out with any other girls. Once in a while my buddies would make me go out with them, but it never worked. I went through a rough time."

Yes, Tommy has loved and lost—but never lightly.

That was in his past.

**No more heartbreak**

Now, he decided, it would be different. With Molly it would never be like that—a sudden end and agonizing heartbreak. With Molly, there would be no breaking off, only tapering off.

"Of course," Tommy remembers, "going steady with Molly happened so naturally.

"I started dating her, and it sort of continued that way—and you know you're friends. You can call when you work late. You can say, 'I haven't had a chance to go out all week. Would you like to go out tonight?'"

"There are advantages to knowing a girl real well—

"I like to be able to sit with a girl and talk about the simple things and I like to be at oneness with a girl. I like to laugh and kid around. Yet I like to be able to sit there and look at her, and not be embarrassed. You want to be yourself you want a girl to be herself."

And he still feels that. But now he knows something—*he didn't have to limit himself to one girl in order to have all these satisfactions.*

**The shy guy**

"I guess I have a funny thing," he said somewhat sheepishly. "I'm still a little embarrassed with girls. I have to know a girl before I can relax with her. I used to be a lot worse. I'd feel that I liked a girl, but I'd be afraid to let her really know me for fear she'd find something out about me that she wouldn't really like. It was a painful thing to be with someone you knew you liked and not be able to give them a chance to like you because you felt you were really not being your self."

Tommy walked to the window and looked out at the studio street, bright under the afternoon sun.

"When I was a kid," he recalled with a wistful smile, "when one of my favorite girl movie stars got married, I used to cross her off my list. If you believe in God, you can't want anyone else's wife. That's what the Bible says."

It would be a long time before Tommy gave any of his fans reason to cross him off their list. The new Tommy Sands is circulating as a handsome, vital boy his age should do. Going steady is now something that belongs to the past. It was a way of life that he won't take out of mothballs until that faraway day when he decides to marry.

"I might be ready for marriage in ten years," Tommy thinks. "If I don't date a lot now, later on I might miss not having done it, and that would be bad for any marriage. Like everyone else, I'd like to stay married to the same person forever. I don't want ten different marriages."

It's much better, Tommy reasons, to have ten—or more—different girl friends . . . much better than ten different wives.

And these carefree days, Tommy is looking at girls—lots and lots of them. With the mature thoughts of a man. Because he's old enough to know that he had been only in love with love, and that some day when he's not even looking for it, when he's not even going steady, love will find *him.*

*You can see Tommy in 20th Century-Fox's* Sing, Boy, Sing!

## wait till you see

(*Continued from page 54*) accompanied him, her bubbling vitality making the trip all the more fun.

But when he was slated to go to Morocco to perform with Bob Hope, Debbie had said, "You know, Eddie, I think 120 degrees is a little too much for me. If you don't mind, I'd rather not go. Besides, I miss little Carrie so much. Would you feel terrible if I flew back home?"

Eddie had reluctantly agreed. "To tell you the truth, honey," he'd said, "I guess I feel the same way. But I promised Bob, and I can't renege on my commitments."

Eddie had gone to Morocco, and Debbie had flown home alone, starting a barrage of rumors that were to plague them for months.

When Debbie reached home, she was so busy catching up with Carrie Frances, making up for the six weeks that they had been parted, that she put off going to see a doctor.

When she saw him, he confirmed her happy suspicions.

"I suppose," said the doctor, smiling, "that you'll want to continue to work, just as you did last time you were pregnant."

"Of course," said Debbie firmly.

"All right," said the doctor, "but don't overdo it. I know you'd be unhappy if you didn't, but rest during every lunch hour. I don't want you going through this pregnancy the way you did last time—with all the calm spirit of a driver on the Indianapolis Speedway."

**BUSINESS DEPT.: Harry Kurnitz and Howard Hawkes, who teamed on *Land Of The Pharaohs*, are working on a new film, with an African setting. Kurnitz said: "It's the story of a man who trains a tsetse fly to bite his mother-in-law. Jungle drums. Tondelayo, etc. Hawkes, a stickler for authenticity and local color, has put a ring in my nose and pays me every week in polished flat stones which he assures me are legal tender in Kenya. I wanted to be just as authentic, and offered to drum out the script, instead of typewriting it."**

*Leonard Lyons in The New York Post*

"Cross my heart," said Debbie.

A few nights later, she and Eddie were playing with Carrie as they always do before dinner. Eddie began to sing, going up and down the scale, while Carrie sang the same notes after him, in their funny little father-daughter duet.

"What shall we name the baby?" asked Debbie.

"Well," said Eddie slowly, "we had the name David picked out last time, and along came a girl. I wouldn't mind having a boy this time, would you? But let's use a little reverse psychology. If we pick a girl's name, maybe she'll turn out to be a 'he.'"

"Let's try it," laughed Debbie.

They selected a half dozen girls' names, and Eddie began to bet with his friends that the expected arrival would be a girl—hoping all the time that he'd have to pay off.

"Of course I love girls," he told friends. "I'd be happy if we had five children, all girls." Then his face grew slightly wistful. "But it would be nice to have one boy."

When Debbie and Eddie learned about the new arrival, they decided that they definitely would have to buy a new home. For some time they'd been on a house-hunting binge. Now their hunt became even more earnest than it had ever been.

"It seems to me," said Eddie, "that it's a mile from our bedroom to the nursery. I want a house that has the nursery close to everything."

"But wherever we go," Debbie grinned, "let's take this old rocker with us, shall we?"

"Of course," said Eddie. "Home wouldn't feel like home without it."

They finally found the home they considered perfect—a lovely English brick house in the exclusive Holmby Hills area, with four bedrooms and a den—and a nursery easily accessible to their own bedroom.

Almost at once, they began to re-do the house. Debbie was off on flying visits to the decorator, carrying swatches of fabrics with her. Soon the painters were all over the house, transforming it into Debbie's and Eddie's favorite colors—blue and green, highlighted with touches of white.

Neither Debbie nor Eddie like furniture that's too modern. They consider modern unsuitable for themselves. But they love American and English antiques, and Debbie loves the fact that these antiques may have nicks in them.

"That's great for family living," she says. "I wouldn't want furniture you had to cover carefully and avoid putting nicks in. I buy the kind of furniture that looks better with wear."

She tossed a hopeful eye toward Carrie Frances, apparently convinced that Carrie would, in the near future, *improve* the furniture by putting nicks in it.

While the decorating is going on, the house is a center of conviviality at all hours, morning, noon and night. The Fishers are rarely alone. Breakfast, lunch and dinner hours, the house teams with Eddie and Debbie's business associates.

A large, informal staff takes care of everybody's needs.

"Our house is a real United Nations," giggles Debbie.

There's a German housekeeper, an English nurse and an Italian houseboy. Stay in Debbie's house long enough, and your ear gets to hear and know almost every accent.

"I'm in a harem," laughs Eddie. "The house is filled with women." Since the women include Debbie, the baby, and frequently Debbie's cheery mother, he doesn't mind.

Sometimes, however, a speculative look comes into his eyes, as though he is picturing what will happen when there's another male around, his hoped-for son.

"But of course, it'll be a girl," he says, as though he's superstitious about allowing himself to hope for a boy.

Sometimes he calls Debbie "Momma," she in turn calls him "Poppa." The nicknames are well-deserved. Even while Debbie was working in *This Happy Feeling*, the nurse would come to the set with Carrie Frances, so that Debbie could play with her daughter between scenes.

And when Eddie is busy with rehearsals on his TV show, Debbie brings the baby to the studio when she can. Once, Debbie was backstage with Carrie during one of Eddie's TV shows. Suddenly, the baby started to gurgle. Sound engineers cast apprehensive eyes at their equipment, wondering how they could muffle the sound of the gurgles. P.S. they couldn't. So, if while listening to Eddie singing on TV, you were suddenly startled at the sound of a baby's gurgling, put it down to the fact that it really was Miss Carrie herself crashing her father's act.

Rumors to the contrary, happiness reigns in the Fisher household. Besides his understandable joy over the expected new baby, Eddie is thrilled over his wife's success. He's as excited over the number-





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one spot that Debbie's *Tammy* record enjoys as if it were his own triumph. In fact, he pushed for its success from the start. After he heard her recording of *Tammy* he was sure it would be a hit, and promptly wheedled the disc jockeys whom he knows so well into playing the new record. Debbie was amazed that her record clicked; but Eddie maintains that he knew it from the very beginning.

Debbie and Eddie always breakfast together, except when she has to work. Then, because she has to get up at 5 a.m., she just tiptoes gently to the breakfast room with Carrie Frances. When she's ready to leave the house, of course she plants a kiss on Eddie's lips, which he sometimes does, sometimes doesn't wake up from.

**Diamond earrings**

Recently they celebrated their second anniversary with a wonderful dinner to which they invited 150 friends. For their first anniversary, Eddie had bought Debbie a diamond pendant. This time he made up his mind he'd get her matching diamond earrings. Of course, a second anniversary doesn't call for anything that elaborate—in fact, it's just a calico anniversary. Which is why Eddie also ordered a large calico doll from Uncle Bernie's Toyshop. Dangling from the ears of the calico doll were the diamond earrings.

When Debbie saw the present, her eyes filled with tears. The rest of the evening she clutched the calico doll.

"I swear," laughed a friend, "I think Debbie was as much moved by the calico doll as she was by those earrings—which must have cost thousands."

While Debbie was working on *This Happy Feeling*, she continued working actively as head of the Thalians, an organization of young people in Hollywood which does wonderful work for the promotion of mental health.

Some of the members of the group wondered if she wanted to resign. "It's too much work for you to take charge of the arrangements for the annual ball."

"What do you think I am," said Debbie indignantly, "an invalid! Why, I'm the healthiest mother-to-be you ever saw. And the work for the Thalians is just as close to my heart as my own movie work."

Debbie continued to make arrangements for the Thalians, even going so far as to sign 1,000 letters in one afternoon. When her doctor heard about that, he almost flipped. But Debbie looked so radiant, he had to admit she thrived on work.

There was one scene in the picture that worried the studio officials. Debbie was to do a rhumba with Curt Jurgens—and this seemed a bit strenuous for a mother-to-be.

"Would you like a double?" asked the director worriedly.

"A double!" hooted Debbie. "I've never needed a double just because I was pregnant."

She rhumbaed like mad with Curt.

**In *Pal Joey*, Frank Sinatra was directed by George Sidney. In a scene where Frank watches Kim Novak do a torrid strip-tease, Sidney said, "Stay in the background, Frank. Try to be inconspicuous." Sinatra replied, "With Kim Novak doing a strip, I could be tangoing with a tiger and nobody would notice me."**

*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*

When it was over, Curt almost collapsed. So did the director. But not Debbie.

She cheerfully turned to the director and said, "Was that take all right? Or would you like to do it over? I want it to be perfect, don't you?"

He went off in a slight daze, giddily muttering to himself that pregnant women in our day and age are certainly different from what they used to be.

Debbie had just one complaint about her pregnancy. A thrifty girl at heart, she had saved all her maternity clothes with the complete intention of using them again. But nature fooled her. Her last pregnancy required summer clothes. This time she needed winter outfits. "So wasteful," she sighed briefly—then plunged with enthusiasm into the task of choosing a stunning new wardrobe.

Only once during the entire pregnancy was she really ill. Usually Debbie says firmly, "I never get queasy or sick when I'm pregnant. Just a matter of mind over matter. If you don't think you're going to feel ill, you won't."

But one night, the mind over matter didn't seem to work. She had sharp pains and sat up suddenly in bed. Eddie called the doctor immediately. The doctor smiled, gave Eddie a prescription and said to Debbie, "All you need is some of this medicine."

Shortly Eddie was conferring with the proprietor of an all-night drugstore, Debbie had her medicine, and mind and matter were on an equal footing.

When Eddie, relatives or friends worry about her, Debbie says, "Feeling sick when you're expectant is just a state of mind. I won't let myself feel any way but wonderful."

And that's the way it nearly always is, for her.

Wherever she goes, Debbie goes bubblingly, her wonderful love of life vibrating above everything. "I'm going to have another baby," she says proudly. "Isn't it wonderful? Who could ask for anything more?"

Eddie beams. "My harem," he says.

And Carrie Frances coos back. **END**

**EDITOR'S NOTE: Lately, there have been increasing rumors of trouble in the Fisher home. The editors of MODERN SCREEN however, prefer not to discuss rumors . . . we're too busy searching for facts. Moreover, we believe too strongly in the sanctimony of the home to risk causing trouble between two wonderful people. Facts, however, are facts and next month we will bring you the entire story . . . all there is to know about the rumored split-up between Debbie and Eddie.**

*Debbie will be making* THE BOY FRIEND *for MGM and* THIS HAPPY FEELING *for U-I.*

## teenage bride

(*Continued from page 51*) I'd go steady when I really *knew* it was love, for sure! So before I met Neil Dubin, I had been dating a variety of boys. And by playing the field I began to learn about men.

"The first time I met Neil was on a double date arranged by a mutual friend. We went night-clubbing and dancing. It was a glamorous evening, and the dim lights and romantic atmosphere were enough to make any girl lose her head—if she was in a head-losing mood.

"But a long time before, I'd made up my mind that I wouldn't let music and moonlight sway me where a fellow was concerned. So even though I liked Neil very much from that first night on, I continued to go out with other boy friends.

**"I felt different about Neil"**

"However, the more I saw of Neil, the more I realized that I felt differently toward him than toward any other boy I had ever known. And of course, since I'd gone out with many boys, I had a yardstick of comparison. Though I was only fifteen, I knew I was not kidding myself when I suddenly felt in a glow when I was with him. I had never experienced this deep romantic feeling with any other boy I'd ever dated.

"And there were plenty of reasons why I felt like that toward him.

"Neil was charming; he was ambitious—already he had an excellent job as an executive; he was thoughtful.

"Anyway, pretty soon it got so that every time I went out with another boy, I found myself comparing him to Neil. I would think, *how I wish it were Neil I was with instead of this boy.*

"Eventually, I stopped seeing other boys and dated only Neil. This was the first time I ever went steady with a boy. But it was the real thing—not just a social convenience.

"I feel sorry for girls who go steady because it's the thing to do in their crowd. I am disappointed in any girl who goes steady for any reason except the one that drove Neil and myself into each other's arms—a true and glorious love.

"Neil and I were completely in love with each other, and we told our parents that we were, and that we intended to get married.

" 'Neil is a wonderful boy,' said my mother. 'I couldn't be happier over the two of you finding each other. But sixteen is too young to marry. Wait till you're eighteen.'

"So we agreed to wait."

How to explain the impulses of love? One night last May Jill and Neil were driving to call on another couple with whom they planned to spend the evening.

Suddenly Neil stopped the car as they reached a hill overlooking the beautiful lush valley below them. As he put his arms around her, Jill felt a great surge of love and her lips responded to his.

One thought flashed through both their minds: why wait? Why *not* get married?

It was Neil who put it into words. "Darling," he said, "we know we love each other and I want to take care of you. Why wait? Why can't we go to Arizona tonight and get married?"

**Would it be right?**

Jill's heart was pounding. She knew that she wanted nothing more in the world than to be Neil's wife. In spite of the excitement of the moment, she tried to collect her thoughts.

"Would we be doing the right thing in getting married tonight?" she asked herself. And the answer came from some place deep inside herself. "Why not? We plan to marry some day. I told my parents I would wait—but they don't understand how sure we are of our own feelings. The next two years will prove nothing that we don't know now. It would be senseless to wait."

Looking up at him with shining eyes she said, "Yes, darling."

They picked up their friends, who agreed to accompany them to Yuma. So that night they drove to the desert town and held hands confidently as they told the justice of the peace that they wanted to be married. In a firm, clear voice, Jill said, "I do," and turned to kiss her new young husband.

"I knew from the moment we stood before the justice of the peace—as I know now

—that it was right for me to marry at sixteen," said Jill.

When the marriage ceremony was over, Jill phoned her parents and joyfully told them the news.

For a moment she briefly descended from Cloud 9 at the sound of her mother's shocked voice, "Oh, no. You couldn't have done that. You're such a baby."

"I cried all the way home," admits Jill. "Not because I regretted our elopement, but because I was sorry I had hurt my parents. Still, for fear that our parents might try to annul our marriage, we drove on to Las Vegas and had another marriage ceremony there. We figured that if we were married in two states it would be twice as hard to have our marriage annulled.

**The third ceremony**

"When my parents and Neil's realized how much we meant to each other, they talked it over and agreed among themselves that we must have known what we were doing. They arranged a beautiful religious ceremony, and Neil and I stood before a flower bedecked altar, our families around us, and exchanged solemn marriage vows—for the third time.

"And for us—it was right. I wasn't too young. Sure, I was just sixteen, but some girls are very young at sixteen, while others are not. I've always been mature for my age. If a girl who had just gotten out of the playing-with-dolls stage were to marry at that age, I'd be just as shocked as anyone else. Because for her, marriage at sixteen could only lead to misery.

"But why go by calendar age? It is the age of your heart and mind that matter. By going with many kinds of young men and refusing to let myself be swept off my feet, I had matured. I knew as much about boys as most girls of eighteen and older do.

"My reasons for getting married were not frivolous ones. I knew teenaged girls who married for silly reasons, and their marriages are already breaking up. One girl I knew wanted to be the first in her class to wear a wedding ring, so she married her steady date, though she wasn't really ready to settle down. When she found marriage was not a ball, she sued for divorce. Another girl I knew ran off and got married because she wanted to get away from home. Of course she chose the worst possible way to do it; her marriage, too, hasn't lasted.

"I didn't drift into marriage, either, because it was expected of me. Some kids who go steady find themselves standing before the preacher because they've always gone steady—to the point where no one else wants to date them. Neil and I married each other because we wanted to.

"Luckily, we didn't have to make any great sacrifices to marry each other. Sometimes it's an ill omen for teenage marriages when the boy has to sacrifice his life's ambition to get married. One boy I knew always wanted to be an engineer, but had to quit college in order to get married. Now he's making a living selling shoes. No wonder he's frustrated, resents his wife, rebels at marriage.

"I think if marrying young means that the husband or the wife has to give up an important goal in life, they should put off marriage. The young husband or wife who's been cheated out of a life's goal may throw it up to the other later by saying, 'If I hadn't married you, I could have finished college—or taken that job out of town—and become somebody!

"Neither Neil nor I had to give up any great dreams to get married. Neil was already doing well in his father's business. I had a contract with UNIVERSAL, and Neil told me before our marriage took place that I could continue with my career after our marriage. We both knew that I would never let my career take first place in my life or in my heart.

"I married young—but my marriage will last forever." **END**

*Watch for Jill in U-I's* SUMMER LOVE.

**Ernie Kovacs was phoned about the *Redbook* article which says he smokes $400 worth of cigars a month. He said it's a goldurn lie—it's $1,000 worth.**

*Earl Wilson*
*in the New York Post*

## bergman talks

(*Continued from page 44*) She looked absolutely radiant! Happy, smiling, sparkling . . . as if for the first time in a long while—she was really enjoying life!

And it was no act, put on just for me. I'd hardly had time to catch my breath enough to say *hello* when I realized why. It's because Ingrid has started her new life. She's happy, relaxed. All bitterness is at an end. She's putting the past behind her. Marriage-wise, the Rossellinis will remain legally separated for the time being. The separation, which came as a surprise to the world after Ingrid's and Roberto's reunion in Paris, is described by Ingrid as—"A first step. Whatever happens afterwards will depend upon what circumstances come up in one way or another. The only difference in being married and legally separated is that a couple lives separately."

The children are uppermost in the minds of both Ingrid and Roberto. They have not been told of their parents' decision. "When they are bigger, I'll explain it," says Ingrid. "Just now, they are too young to understand. Actually, things won't change much for them. Roberto and I have been separated by our work for over a year, so the children are used to it.

"The important thing is, they know that when we go away, we won't be gone for long . . . and we will always come back. Roberto will be with them before he returns to India. And I will fly to Rome for Christmas and bring them back to London. There are no hard feelings between Roberto and me at all, thank heavens. It's always such a strain when the parents are fighting, as it was after my first divorce."

**A school for Robertino**

Ingrid's first chore in London was searching for an Italian school. "I wanted to find a school and then look for an apartment nearby," she says. "Then I discovered that there is no Italian school here.

"There's a French school, and Robertino speaks French. But as yet he cannot read or write in French. And I don't know whether his little head can hold education in English, Italian and French at the same time. So in the beginning I shall find a governess for him.

"He's in the second grade now. And so good in school that it's unbelievable. If you walk into the room and he's busy, he says, 'Please, I'm doing my homework and can't work if you're going to talk!'

"And he's so orderly. That must be the Swede in him. I don't know how long that's going to last," she smiles.


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When away from home, Ingrid calls frequently. "They're so anxious to come to London," she says. "The other day, Robertino told me, 'I'll learn English. I'll learn English in no time.' "

The twins will start school next year. "They're very different," says Ingrid. "Little Ingrid loves animals, like a little boy. She always plays with her brother. And she's the quiet one.

"Isobella will look at both her sister and brother and say, 'I have to look after them, don't I?' She's so sensitive to other people's feelings. Whenever I scold one of them, Isobella starts to cry . . . 'Please, I can't stand to see you angry.' Ingrid couldn't care less!

"It's Isobella who wants to be an actress," says Ingrid. "Her uncle Renzo has written an opera and has included a tiny part just for her. When he told her about it, she spoke up, 'Oh, do I really sing?'

**"It's a wonderful life"**

"Renzo told her that he was afraid not . . . that she just had a few words to say. She was quite disappointed. I'm sure she'll be quite calm when she makes her debut," says Ingrid. "As for her being an actress, I don't mind it at all. These children that grow up with parents that are actors and actresses and don't want their children in the business . . . I don't understand. It's a wonderful life.

"I know I was five when I first realized that I wanted to act. I always entertained my father's guests. I was always acting. At first my father wanted me to go into opera. He loved it so. He saw that I had singing lessons and took me to the opera, but I was so bored.

"Then when I was twelve, he took me to the theatre. 'You see,' I told him. 'That's what I mean. Those people aren't singing.'

"My father laughed and said he was sorry about the mistake he'd made and that I could forget about opera. I was thirteen when he died. My mother had died when I was two. They never knew what road I actually took."

Ingrid's life as a child was a lonely life. "When my father died, I moved in with relatives. My father had been very artistic and very gay. The family I lived with was completely the opposite and my acting ambitions horrified them."

It was in Italy that Ingrid learned the true meaning and value of close family life. And it's a lesson she'll never forget. "It's a wonderful thing," she says. "Italian families are so . . . well, so together. The children feel so protected.

"In Sweden, the idea of showing emotion is frowned upon. If the emotions are anger and hate, that's very good. But they don't always show love either. Perhaps that's why Swedes are called cold.

"Italian families have no inhibitions about showing love for the members of the family. And they consider children the most important of all. Children receive love and protection not only from their parents but from their aunts, uncles, cousins, everyone.

"In so many other countries, when a girl marries, she moves away from her family. Many times that's why she marries. Perhaps she comes home for Christmas to see her family. But in Italy, the father is apt to buy an apartment next door, so both families can get together and see each other every day.

**Mother is most important**

"In Italy, the mother is something sacred. She sits at the head of the table and everybody listens to her. Most of the songs are always about mother.

"At first, it was all very strange to me. But now I like it. And having so many children, I'm delighted," smiles Ingrid. "I want to keep it up.

"Yes, I learned a lot about family relationships in Italy. And I'm going to remember it. The separation when I came to London was because of Robertino's schooling. I didn't want to interrupt in the middle of a term. We have a wonderful nurse, and his aunt, my sister-in-law, and my mother-in-law were all there. Otherwise, I would never have left them."

It was at that moment that Ingrid was called back to the set. Smiling *goodbye*, she shook my hand with a firm grip and walked away.

Her step was as light as if she were floating on air.

And I wondered about that.

No, I thought as I rode back to my London apartment, it isn't an act.

She really is happy.

And I knew it wasn't that she didn't love Roberto . . .

Then suddenly it hit me.

**The reason . . .**

The radiance on Ingrid Bergman's face was there because at last the burden had been lifted, the burden of guilt she had carried all these years . . . since the day she had left Pia, and thrown away her good name, in order to marry the man she loved.

But life with Roberto was a happiness that Ingrid never felt entitled to. . . .

Now—now that she had paid for her transgressions, now that she had atoned for her sin—now, at last, she could *really* be happy. . . .

And that was the way I left her. **END**

*Besides Warners'* INDISCREET, *Ingrid is scheduled to make* I THANK A FOOL *for MGM and* THE INN OF THE EIGHTH HAPPINESS *for 20th Century-Fox.*

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## you can make it

(*Continued from page 34*) taken care of hundreds of little tasks to make life easier for her daughter, pleasant and unpleasant tasks. From sending your clothes to the cleaners, to making alibis to the studio. Like the noon you were having lunch with Bob at ROMANOFF'S—and were supposed to be at the studio for a wardrobe fitting. When the assistant director called your home to find out why you were late, your mother quickly assured him you'd be there immediately—just as soon as you finished an emergency session at the dentist. Then she called you—remember, Nat?—she called you at ROMANOFF'S and told you to rush to WARNER'S.

This palsy-walsy stuff was a great advantage to you, Nat—as long as you were single. But—as Mrs. Robert Wagner, it could be a real handicap. Remember, sometimes a man leans too—and your husband has to know he's got a woman to lean on!

***. . . And you can make it, baby, if you're willing to keep house . . .***

Up to now, Natalie, your most complicated adventure in the kitchen was opening a package of bread, taking out a slice, and smearing peanut butter on one half and jelly on the other. You made slight progress when you and Bob were still in the courting stage, and you fixed a few simple meals on board his yacht. But, admit it, Nat—they were cold cuts! That's okay when a guy is courtin'—but if you're going to be a wife, you'll have to learn and learn quickly, to please Bob's appetite. And that goes for whether you're actually doing the cooking or just supervising the menu and shopping.

***. . . And you'll have to learn to budget, now . . .***

Up to now money has just been pieces of paper to you, printed to spend.

One day, for instance, you passed the Cadillac agency on Ventura Boulevard, walked in, bought a car on the spur of the moment, then found out the next day you couldn't afford it—and had to cancel the deal!

You bought a beautiful modern house in the San Fernando Valley far beyond the means of your salary. You seldom knew how much money you had in your checking account, and you seemed to care less. It was not unusual for you to walk into a dress shop and buy half a dozen garments—only to have the owner anxiously inquire when you'd pay your *last* bill—a fact you had completely forgotten. With this kind of attitude, it's frightening to think what you might, as a married woman in charge of a household's finances, do to a budget!

At least though, you're trying to improve. A few months ago—on Bob's insistence—you hired a business manager to help you keep your accounts straight and start saving for a rainy day.

But . . . how closely you listen to him depends on your moods!

***. . . And settle down and fly right . . .***

Chances are Bob will never have the relaxed, settled-down feeling which most men want in marriage. And that's okay, up to a point, because *you'll always seem more like a girl friend than a wife to him*—fresh, different, exciting and unpredictable. When he takes you out for dinner or to a party, it'll be like making a date with you all over, because he'll never be sure that you'll get to the party—and not end up dressed to kill in a bowling alley instead! And he'll never know if his eight o'clock date with you will find you ready before 9:30.

Like that first time he ever picked you up at home . . . he had the nicest, *longest* talk with your mother! When she ran out of breath and you still weren't ready, your younger sister Lana pitched in and kept Bob entertained till Papa Gurdin took over the third round. And if Bob grew anxious and maybe a little annoyed at being left waiting so long, the moment you showed up—radiantly beautiful—he forgot all about it.

But a husband may care a little less about *why* he has to wait. And a husband may not care how dressy you look; he may just get pretty annoyed at how *long* it takes you—*all* the time!

Most of the time, a guy needs to know he can *depend* on his wife, in little things as well as big things.

But Nat, baby, you can make it, this being a good wife—if you want to . . .

You can grow up and be a woman to the man you love, instead of the little girl you've been up to now. You can learn to keep house, if you really want to—keep house like all girls just do when they're all grown up enough to want to get married.

And just like Bob will change some to please you, you can put some reins on the parts of you that you know he doesn't like—because you know there's so much in you that he loves: your soul, your heart, your beauty. . . .

As they say, where there's a will there's a way—and you can find it.

Because most of all, for the first time in your life, you're in love. . . . **END**

*Natalie's in Warner Bros.'* MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR. *Bob's in* STOPOVER TOKYO

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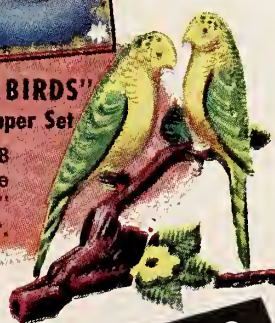
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# modern screen

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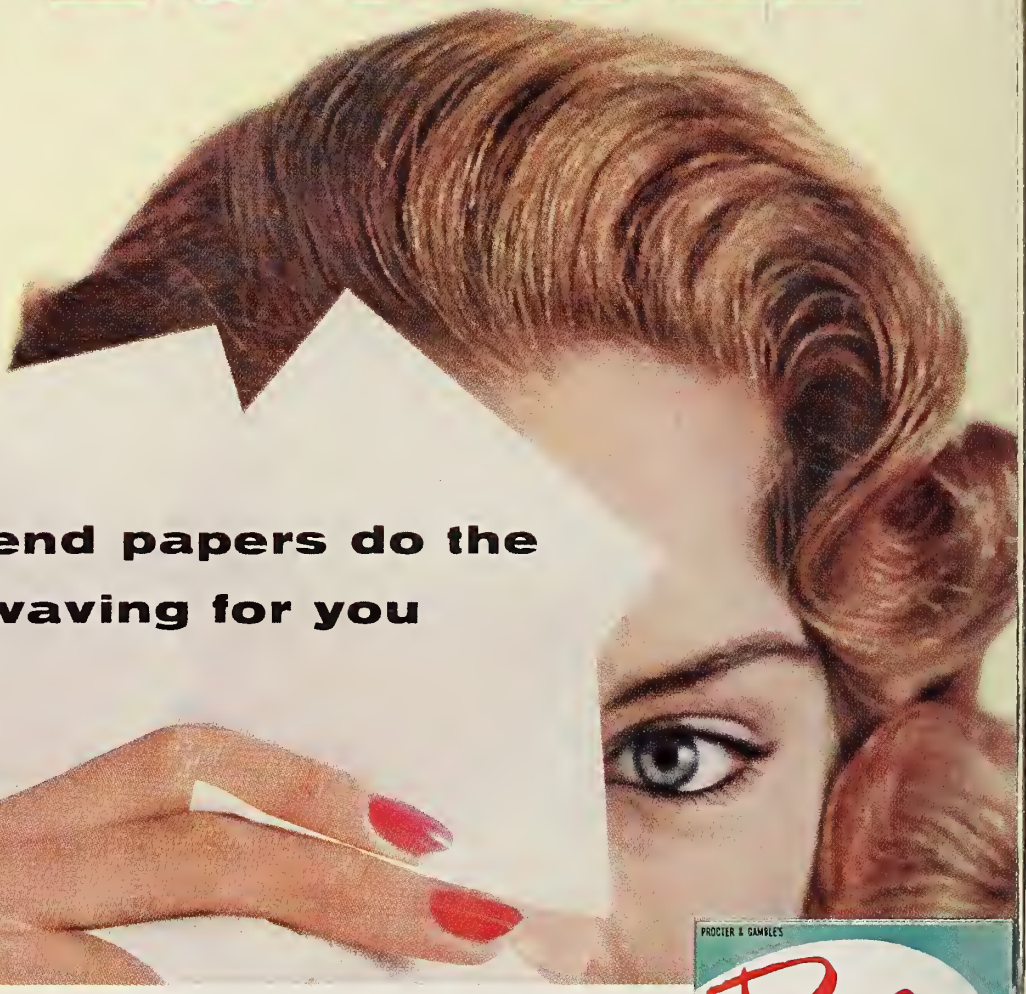


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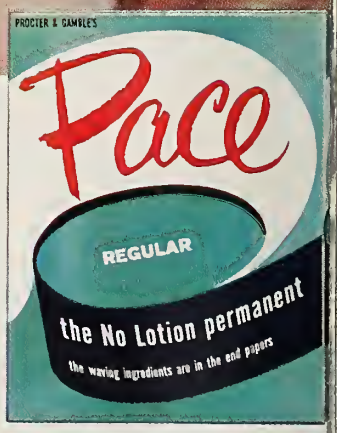
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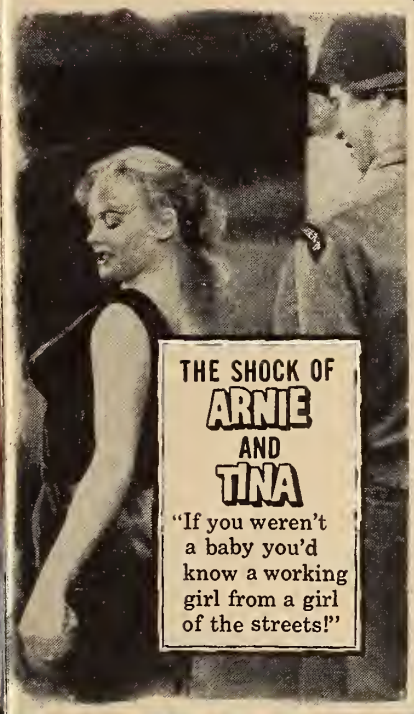
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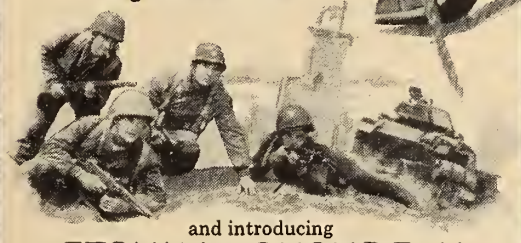
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THE GAMBLE OF **HANK** AND **WENDY**
"Even if there's another girl, she can't love you the way I do!"

ALSO STARRING JACK WARDEN AND AN EXCITING CAST OF NEW YOUNG PLAYERS— EDWARD BYRNES · VENETIA STEVENSON · PETER BROWN JOAN ELAN · TORIN THATCHER · WRITTEN BY GUY TROSPER MUSIC BY MAX STEINER PRODUCED BY MARTIN RACKIN Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

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# modern screen

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Modern Screen is published monthly with the exception of the January issue. All subscriptions expiring after the December 1957 issue will be extended one month for each January issue due but not published. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form No. 3579 to 111 Eighth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN; Vol. 52, No. 2, March, 1958. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions, and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years; $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Reentered as second class matter March 25, 1957, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1958 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596,800

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# THE INSIDE STORY

**Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.**

**Q** Will **Esther Williams** and **Jeff Chandler** get married?
—E.L., N.Y.C.
**A** *It is not beyond the realm of probability.*

**Q** Is it true that a few years ago COLUMBIA PICTURES wanted to fire **Kim Novak** because she couldn't act?
—J.T., CHICAGO, ILL.
**A** *Yes.*

**Q** Did **Cary Grant** once paint men's ties by hand?
—T.R., MIAMI, FLA.
**A** *Yes, in the old days with Orry Kelly.*

**Q** Is **Burt Lancaster** a millionaire?
—R.E., SAN FRANCISCO
**A** *Several times.*

**Q** Do people in Hollywood think the **Liz Taylor-Mike Todd** marriage will last "until death do us part?"
—R.R., NEW CANAAN, CONN.
**A** *No.*

**Q** Who are the two most promising young actresses in motion pictures?
—L.R., MEMPHIS, TENN.
**A** ***Joanne Woodward, Diane Varsi.***

**Q** How much money does Natalie Wood earn per week?
—T.R., MOLINE, ILL.
**A** *$750 per week at this writing.*

**Q** Does **Marlon Brando** insist upon having his own dialogue director in movies? Does he also re-write scripts?
—H.F., LOUISVILLE, KY.
**A** *True.*

**Q** Have **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis** cut down on the young lovers publicity? If so, why?
—D.F., DENVER, COL.
**A** *They've cut way down; felt they were overdoing it.*

**Q** How come **Eddie Fisher** and **George Gobel** have been so sad on television this season?
—K.T., COLUMBUS, OHIO
**A** *Poor material.*

**Q** Is it true that **Elvis Presley** plans to buy the BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL because it costs him so much to stay there? How much does Elvis pay, anyway?
—V.T., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
**A** *Reputedly $135 a day, but he's not buying!*

**Q** How did **Red Buttons** get such a great part in the motion picture *Sayonara?*
—T.H., ELLENVILLE, N.Y.
**A** **Jose Ferrer** *suggested to director Josh Logan that he test Buttons for the part of a GI.*

**Q** Who is considered the most difficult actress to work with in Hollywood, especially by directors?
—D.G., LOS ANGELES, CAL.
**A** ***Ava Gardner*** *would rank somewhere near the top of the list.*

**Q** Is **Frank Sinatra** money-mad? Is that why he's making so many movies, so many TV films, so many guest appearances?
—S.L., NEWARK, N.J.
**A** *Sinatra believes in making it while he can. Despite his gigantic income, he only recently finished paying the Government his back taxes.*

**Q** Is there a feud between **Bing** and **Bob Crosby?**
—A.C., SPOKANE, WASH.
**A** *No feud; just an understanding that each is to go his own way.*

**Q** **Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Barbara Nichols,** and **Mamie Van Doren** along with **Marie Wilson** have been typed as 'dumb blondes.' Which of these girls is the smartest and which has the most talent?
—N.E., DALLAS, TEXAS
**A** *Probably Nichols.*

**Q** What's the real story on the Rock Hudson marriage breakup? Will Rock's wife ever tell the truth?
—C.H., SEATTLE, WASH.
**A** *Phyllis isn't talking—and neither is Rock.*

**Q** Why does **Ginger Rogers** like young men?
—F.T., RENO, NEV.
**A** *They make her feel younger.*

**Q** Any chance of **Jerry Lewis** and **Dean Martin** getting together again?
—G.D., BALTIMORE, MD.
**A** *Probably later in the year on TV.*

**Q** How much does **Frank Sinatra** pay his press agent?
—A.N., LOS ANGELES, CAL.
**A** *$250 a week plus $25,000 for handling one film.*

**Q** Can you tell me how old **Errol Flynn's** son, Sean, is?
—B.T., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
**A** *Sixteen.*

## ARTHUR





## and THE BUTCHER SHOP GIRL

■ One evening several years ago, actor Arthur O'Connell walked into his neighborhood butcher shop on Manhattan's East Side. Anthony, the shopkeeper, was in the middle of a lively conversation with a very beautiful, tall and slender girl. In true Italian fashion, the two were waving arms, shrugging shoulders and talking a mile a minute.

Arthur caught the end of her lengthy explanation, half in English, half in Italian: "*. . . veal . . . veal parmegiana, per favore.*"

"Si, Signorina!" Anthony answered cheerfully, weighing some veal for her.

As they noticed Arthur approaching, Anthony exclaimed, "Ah, Signore! Just in time!"

Arthur smiled at the girl, who was a little unkempt but one of the most gorgeous he'd seen in ages. She wore a bandana of every color in the rainbow, a bright peasant skirt and blouse, and was barefoot. Wisps of dark brown hair fell just short of the greenest green eyes Arthur had ever seen, and she was sexy all right.

Anthony, warm and sincere, explained to the girl, "Meester O'Connell big actore," he told her. "He make movies in Hollywood." The girl's eyes opened wide.

Anthony, as interpreter, told Arthur that his friend had just arrived from Italy and lived above his shop with her mother. More than anything else, she wanted to be an actress. Anthony continued, "Maybe you tella her how to be actress, eh, Meester O'Connell?" Arthur explained that one just wasn't *told* how to act. It required years of study and long hours of lessons and practice. It took a very determined person to stick to all this, he said. The girl kept nodding fast and furiously as Anthony translated Arthur's words. She was still nodding and shouting happily "*Gracie,* Signore! *Gracie!*" as she waved good-bye over her shoulder and ran up the stairs, thinking Arthur was giving her the key to success—rather than trying to discourage her.

Arthur turned back to Anthony, placed his own order and left. "*You two see each other again!*" Arthur heard Anthony chuckle as the shop door closed behind him.

And little did Arthur know at the time that the butcher was *so right!*

Three years later, in Hollywood, Arthur was lunching with his agent and a director. The three were discussing business when suddenly Arthur heard, a few tables away, a feminine voice with the trace of an Italian accent order "Veal parmegiana, please." The voice had a vaguely familiar ring and it puzzled Arthur like the devil.

Turning around, he spotted an exquisite looking brunette. *What a knockout,* he thought. Then his mind started racing—*where have I seen her before?* Arthur stole more than a few peeks, hardly listening to a word his friends spoke. Finally, his agent snapped, "Look, if you want an introduction, all you have to do is ask! You're gaping like a school kid!" After all, Arthur was a sophisticated actor around Hollywood.

"I can't get over it," Arthur explained, "I know I've seen her or met her and I'm racking my brains trying to figure out where." She looked Italian. Perhaps they'd met in Rome or Capri. And then it came to him. *The butcher shop girl!* But now, instead of the fly-away Italian-boy haircut, she wore a chic coiffure. In place of her peasant outfit was a Dior sheath. She spoke English easily and confidently.

His agent interrupted Arthur's thoughts. "Yup, she's the biggest thing in Hollywood now. Lucky the studio that gets *her* to make a film!"

"*Who is she?*" begged Arthur.

"*Why that's Gia Scala, who else?*"

And when they were introduced, Gia smiled at Arthur and said, "I thank *you* for telling me to study. I found the years went fast, once you warned me it would take years!"

*Arthur O'Connell can soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's* APRIL LOVE *and Columbia's* OPERATION MAD BALL, *and U-I's* THE VIOLATORS. *Gia will soon be seen in U-I's* A CROOKED TRAIL.


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**WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH**

**FOR DRAMA**
*The Bridge On The River Kwai*
*The Missouri Traveler*
*Wild Is The Wind*

**FOR COMEDY**
*No Time For Sergeants*

**FOR TEARS**
*The Gift Of Love*

**FOR LOVE**
*A Farewell To Arms*
*Bonjour Tristesse*

**FOR SPECTACLE**
*Raintree County*

# NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



## THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI

**Alec Guinness**
**William Holden**
**Jack Hawkins**
**Geoffrey Horne**
**Sessue Hayakawa**

*prison camp drama*

▪ This is probably the best movie of the year. The plot is gripping and strong; the stars give magnificent performances. The scene is a Japanese prison camp run by Sessue Hayakawa, who is steeped in the rigid tradition of saving face and not sparing the enemy. The enemy is Alec Guinness, a British officer who comes marching into prison camp at the head of his bruised but whistling battalion. An American prisoner, sailor William Holden, watches them from his bed in sick bay—he'd bribed the officer in charge of grave-digging for a day off. Holden is a man who is bent on survival at any cost, and he is appalled when Guinness courts danger by insisting on his rights as an officer: by the terms of the Geneva Convention, officers don't do manual labor. Hayakawa is using the prisoners to build a bridge across the river Kwai, and to him prisoners—including officers—are slaves. Hayakawa orders Guinness shoved into a tin coffin which is lying in the sun. There he remains while his men work all day on the bridge and sabotage it at the day's end. Hayakawa is becoming frantic. If he doesn't finish the bridge on time, he'll be shamed as an officer. And Guinness, released from the tin coffin, is disturbed by the decreased morale and slovenly appearance of his men. As a form of group therapy, Guinness offers to supervise building the bridge. In fact, he plans to make it faster and better than any Japanese workers could have. Shortly before the bridge is completed, Holden makes an incredible escape to the mainland. There he finds commando Jack Hawkins with orders to blow up the bridge, and Holden—practically blackmailed—finds himself returning to the island prison. By this time, of course, the bridge is finished. Hayakawa is so humiliated by Guinness' success that he's planning to commit hara-kiri. And Guinness is so obsessed by this monument to British fortitude that he almost forgets which side of the war he's on. Go see *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. It's an adventure story in the grand manner.—CINEMASCOPE, COLUMBIA.

## NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS

**Myron McCormick**
**Andy Griffith**
**Nick Adams**
**Murray Hamilton**
**Robert Sherwood**

*hilarious G.I. comedy*

▪ When he appeared in it on Broadway, this play made Andy Griffith a star. And no wonder. He is hilarious as a naïve hillbilly who is finally drafted into service over the protests of his Pappy, who's been burning all communications from the government. Andy has the strength of an elephant, the unconscious humor that goes with purity of heart and the instincts of a boy scout pushing for Eagle rating. He finds himself in the air force with a buddy named Nick Adams. Nick is a little bespectacled, earnest Southerner who's dying to be transferred into the infantry and who has a conviction that the firing squad is around every corner. Their sergeant just wants peace at any price. As a disciplinary measure, he orders Andy to clean up the latrine. Andy thinks it's an honor, loves the work, and does a magnificent job! The Sergeant is perfectly willing to make him permanent latrine orderly, and keep him around forever. But a Major finds out about it and orders the Sergeant to get Andy classified like he was supposed to—which involves Andy's taking a series of tests for which he's hilariously unprepared. Andy shortly finds himself on the crew of a broken-down airplane that is being shipped to Denver—to make radio contact Andy kicks the battery into action and spits into the mike. Due to everyone's incompetence, the plane blows up over an atomic testing area. Andy grabs Nick and parachutes to safety. This is very embarrassing to their Commander, since they turn up at the base on the very day he is giving them a hero's funeral! Andy's maddening charm is that he's crazy like a fox. Seemingly a good-natured buffoon, he manages to show everyone up and to manipulate them into doing exactly what he pleases. As I said, it's hilarious.—WARNERS.

## BONJOUR TRISTESSE

**Deborah Kerr**
**David Niven**
**Jean Seberg**
**Mylene Demongeot**
**Geoffrey Horne**

*the loved and the lost*

▪ This best seller by Françoise Sagan—France's young wonder writer—is the story of a teen-age Parisienne (Jean Seberg) and her playboy father (David Niven) who have drunk deep from the cup of life (champagne) and found it jaded. They are lost, charming souls devoted to each other. Now they wander together, lost—in the best nightclubs, the raciest company, the most fashionable resorts. One summer it was different. Jean and David were on the Riviera then, with another one of Pop's fun-loving girl friends (Mylene Demongeot). But this time, light romance gave way to Deborah Kerr, a chic, successful fashion designer in love with David for years. Deborah had always disapproved of his life, and its influence on Jean. And by summer's end David disapproves of it himself and persuades Deborah to become his wife. Jealous and fearful of change, Jean destroys the romance—and Deborah. And only then, when it is too late, does she realize she has gotten rid of happiness—and made way for sorrow. Told in the first person by Jean, scenes in the present are in somber black and white—while the happy memories of that summer are in vibrant color. It is melodramatic . . . a sensitive, skillful and touching story of love.—COLUMBIA.





## WILD IS THE WIND

**Anna Magnani**
**Anthony Quinn**
**Anthony Franciosa**
**Dolores Hart**
**Lili Valenty**

*passion on a sheep farm*

▪ And wild is Anna Magnani when she realizes that her groom (Anthony Quinn) is obsessed with the memory of his first wife, Rossana. Quinn owns a big sheep farm in Nevada on which live his brother (Joseph Calleia), brother's sharp-tongued wife (Lili Valenty) and Anthony Franciosa, Quinn's grateful assistant who was reared as his own son. Quinn hopes that Franciosa will marry his daughter (Dolores Hart) as soon as she gets her college degree. Magnani, fresh from Italy and anxious to run her own home and life, meets continual frustration at the hands of her sister-in-law and Quinn. He either calls her Rosanna or ignores her. Turns out he's suffering from guilt. The doctor had warned him that his first wife was too frail to have children, but Quinn stubbornly insisted on having a son. The attempt killed her. Lonely Anna finally turns to Anthony Franciosa, whose ready response nearly scares him out of his wits (that Anna is a passionate girl!). Quinn has a lot to learn before he can make his marriage work.—PARAMOUNT.

## THE GIFT OF LOVE

**Lauren Bacall**
**Robert Stack**
**Evelyn Rudie**
**Lorne Greene**
**Edward Platt**

*one woman's immortality*

▪ This one is guaranteed to keep you misty-eyed from start to finish. There is a beautiful woman (Lauren Bacall) who knows her heart is going to stop pumping any day. She is married to a brilliant, handsome, emotionally-dependent scientist (Robert Stack) who lives in innocence of the threat hanging over his happiness. Lauren and Robert are deeply in love, even after five years of marriage. She doesn't want to worry him; she wants him to go on making brilliant discoveries that may lead to the conquest of outer space. If she can give him a child, she decides, he will always have love in his life. Unable to have a child of her own, she plans to adopt an adorable little girl (Evelyn Rudie). But the child has had bitter experiences in foster homes. It seems she never "works out," mainly because she is too imaginative. Evelyn and Lauren get along fine, but Evelyn and Bob do not. One of the reasons is that in her attempt to please him, Evelyn erases all the formulas it took months of research to chalk up on his study blackboards. Besides, he thinks, he isn't really interested in children—particularly not in girl children, who would rather be pretty than scientifically precocious. But little Evelyn has a great need for the gift of love, and a great ability to give it. Although your heart is wrung in the process, the gift works beautifully.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

## A FAREWELL TO ARMS

**Rock Hudson**
**Jennifer Jones**
**Vittorio de Sica**
**Elaine Stritch**
**Oscar Homolka**

*love and war*

▪ Here is Ernest Hemingway's magnificent novel of the first World War. It is a love story, a tragic love story. The lovers are Rock Hudson, an American whose thirst for adventure prompts him to become an ambulance driver for the Italian army, and Jennifer Jones, a British nurse stationed in Milan. She is there out of a feeling of passion and regret for a fiance who's been killed. When she meets Rock she lets herself go; she lives for love and, except for occasional tremors of doubt—brought on by a bizarre fear of rain—she finds fulfillment in it. Hudson wants to marry her, but she refuses, knowing that wives are not allowed at the front. They are together when a leg wound hospitalizes him, apart when he returns to the battle, together again after a retreat before the Germans when Rock is forced to desert or face a firing squad on the same hysterical charges brought against de Sica—a sick and exhausted army surgeon who is, ironically, shot as a traitor. Jennifer and Rock escape to Switzerland, by rowing twenty miles in a boat, at night. And they are happy—until the birth of her child ends their truly idyllic romance.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

## RAINTREE COUNTY

**Montgomery Clift**
**Elizabeth Taylor**
**Eva Marie Saint**
**Nigel Patrick**
**Lee Marvin**

*Civil War saga*

▪ This is the story of a war, a young man's search for the unattainable and of two lovely women (Liz Taylor, Eva Marie Saint) in love with the same man—Montgomery Clift. Clift grows up in Indiana where a spellbinder of a teacher (Nigel Patrick) influences him to search for the raintree—a legendary growth in the swamps, the finding of which will insure peace, happiness and the secret of life itself. Clift, whose ambition is to be a writer, never finds the tree. But his journey of discovery leads him into marriage with Liz, a volatile Southern belle with a collection of dolls, slaves, mansions and nightmarish memories of the deaths by fire of her mother, father and a mysterious woman named Henrietta The marriage is a blow to Clift's childhood sweetheart, Eva. This triangular affair is set against an historical background covering the abolition movement, Lincoln's election and the entire Civil War. Finally, when life gets too much for Liz, she grabs her little son and runs to Georgia. To find her, Clift joins the Union army. He stops fighting only long enough to trace them to a desolate mansion. There he finds his son; Liz he finds in an insane asylum. Tender, hysterical, sad scenes of love; gory scenes of war, and pastoral scenes of life in Indiana are crammed onto this canvas in the bright image of MGM's new technique—Camera 65.





## THE MISSOURI TRAVELER

**Brandon de Wilde**
**Lee Marvin**
**Gary Merrill**
**Mary Hosford**
**Paul Ford**

*a boy and a town*

▪ Brandon de Wilde is planning to go to Florida. That's a long walk from an orphanage in Missouri. Lee Marvin finds him on the road, lonely but determined, and gives him a buggy ride into town. It's a quiet town, but a man can make a life in it. Farmer Lee Marvin made himself the richest, if loneliest, man in it; Gary Merrill turns out a newspaper; Paul Ford runs the one saloon; Mary Hosford is the pretty, but spinsterish, conscience of it. Brandon's just fifteen, but he wants to be a farmer. Gary takes him under his wing, helps set him up in a previously abandoned house. Marvin teaches him how to plow, hinting he'll lend him the equipment later to plow his own patch. But after Brandon works like a horse on Marvin's land, Marvin welches on the deal. The town gets behind Brandon. They bet all their money that he'll win against Marvin in the Fourth of July sulky race—it's Gary's horse; Mary made the gift of cart and harness. If Brandon wins, Marvin will give him the deed to the house the boy has been living in illegally. Brandon loses the race, but he gains a whole townful of friends. It's a warm and unusual movie.—TECHNICOLOR, BUENA VISTA.

## RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW SHOWING

**PEYTON PLACE** (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): An excellent film made from the best-selling novel about life, love and lust in a small New England town. The big cast includes Lana Turner, widow and successful business woman who kept herself aloof until Lee Philips came into her life; her teenage daughter, Diane Varsi; Diane's insecure boy friend, Russ Tamblyn; her mistreated girl friend, Hope Lange—and many others in this frank exposé.

**WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION** (United Artists): We won't reveal the outcome of this suspenseful story of a murder trial, but the victim was a rich widow Tyrone Power used to visit now and then, and this gets him accused of the crime. Charles Laughton is England's foremost criminal lawyer, but he didn't reckon with Marlene Dietrich, Ty's wife, who seems bent on complicating the case.

**THE LADY TAKES A FLYER** (CinemaScope, U-I): Lana Turner again, this time married to ferry pilot Jeff Chandler. She's a pilot too. Then comes baby daughter, and Lana wants to stay home and be a wife and mother, and wants Jeff to stay home and be a good father. But this does not seem so exciting to Jeff as flying around the world—cocktails in Shanghai, coffee in Paris. Lana almost dies before the ending, but all ends well.

**APRIL LOVE** (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): Pat Boone is sent to live out his parole on his uncle's farm. He isn't really bad, just got mixed up with the wrong crowd in Chicago. The farm next door is the home of sisters Shirley Jones and Dolores Michaels. Pat's uncle wasn't too cordial when he arrived, but Pat learns to tame a fierce stallion, and he wins a sulky race—and a lot of admiration too, eventually.



*You're always the fair lady*

**It isn't just** the way you dress, the way you wear your hair, the way you talk . . . and listen. There's a special *look* about you, a look of confidence, a kind of serenity that people sense . . . and like. It's always yours, wherever you go, whatever you do. Even on those few days each month, it never leaves you—because you rely on Tampax.

**With Tampax®** internal sanitary protection, you hardly know there's a difference in days of the month. You move about more easily, with no binding belts and bulging pads to spoil your freedom. You feel marvelously comfortable, dainty. Why, once Tampax is in place, you don't even feel its presence. You're easier in your mind, too . . . without any odor worries or disposal difficulties. You particularly like Tampax because it's so unobtrusive to carry. A whole month's supply tucks daintily into your purse!

**No wonder** you've won so many friends over to Tampax! It's the nicer way, the better way, the modern way. Within its three absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) there's a just-right protection to suit individual needs. Convenient to buy wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



## LOUIS JOURDAN —HERO

■ Somewhere in England there is a woman who owes her life to a film star, yet probably knows nothing about the identity of her rescuer.

It happened this summer to a young girl on holiday in Cornwall, England. While she was down there a British film unit was shooting location scenes for their big-budget film *Dangerous Exile*, starring handsome French star Louis Jourdan.

On this particular day Louis had been making violent love to Belinda all morning, but Louis' mind was not at all on the job at hand.

It was a beautiful day.

The sun was shining overhead.

The sea along the rugged Cornish coastline was most inviting.

And all Louis could think of was how nice it would be to go for a swim.

When the last shot for the morning was in the can, Louis was half way to his dressing room to collect a pair of trunks and a towel. Without wasting another minute he was heading as fast as he could go toward the water. Finding a group of rocks he hid behind them and changed.

He had hardly finished before he heard screams a little way out in the water, and he was on the run again. But now it was toward a boat he saw moored on the beach. He ran toward it and pushed it out into the water, and started rowing furiously toward the cries for help.

He had not rowed very far before he sighted a head bobbing up and down in the water. With great regularity it seemed to go under for seconds before it appeared again. Louis began praying that he would not be too late to prevent the woman from drowning.

When he got near the drowning woman he saw what was happening.

Two monster jellyfish were unmercifully attacking their victim!

With an upward lift of his oar, and without overbalancing the boat, Louis hit out at the jellyfish.

Then he pulled the woman's by-now unconscious body into the boat.

A crowd had gathered on the seashore when he started to row back. From their buzz of conversation it was obvious that some had guessed already that there had been an accident of some kind. And they could tell that it was a real-life accident and not one that had been staged for a film. One of them had run back toward the town and telephoned for an ambulance and the police. So, by the time Louis reached them, there was help waiting for him.

As he stepped ashore, the bystanders applauded him—in their way giving him a welcome they would give to any hero.

In Saint Mawes, the little fishing village where all this happened, the local people still mention the incident with great pride.

And a little pity for Louis.

Because after all this—the French star had to report back to his director . . . without getting the swim he had gone down for!

*Louis will soon be on screen in MGM's* GIGI.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

# LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

**IN THIS ISSUE:**

- ★ Parties, Parties, Parties
- ★ And Romances with Happy Endings
- ★ But—Here and There—
  Tragedy Burdens a Saddened Heart

**Diane Varsi, David Nelson and Terry Moore go to see themselves in *Peyton Place*.**



**LOUELLA PARSONS**
**in hollywood**



# louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

## Parties, Parties, PARTIES!



*That's Rupert Allen listening to Mitzi Gaynor's newest joke, while husband Jack Bean just waits for the punch-line; he's heard this one. But he does love the way his Mitzi tells it!*

*Frankie took Lauren Bacall to the* Sayonara *opening, and no one was even a mite surprised. Marriage may be in the books for these two—but I don't think so. In my opinion, it is a friendship—a very warm, wonderful friendship. . . .*





*Gary Cooper came out with just the right answer to a very foolish question. That's Mrs. Cooper with him, and their lovely daughter Maria . . . looking a little lonesome for Tony Perkins, 'way out in NYC.*



*Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis stop to chat a minute on their way in to see* Sayonara. *What did they talk about? Why, that adorable little Kelly Lee, of course!*



*Audrey Hepburn looks as regal off-screen as she does on—with her statuesque beauty topped off by that diamond tiara. And husband Mel Ferrer obviously think so, too.*



*Barry Coe is the latest to fall under Venetia Stevenson's spell. Here they are sharing a roll at* Romanoff's *after the* Peyton Place *première.*

*Joan Collins isn't sportin' an engagement ring from Arthur Loew, Jr. yet—but those in the know figure it shouldn't be long now! They've been a steady two-some.*



**A GAY ROUND OF PARTIES,** in homes and cafés and most of us Californians not even minding the rainy spell too much because it made things seem more like holidays, with the open fireplaces crackling cheerily.

Marion and Joe Fields—he's the author of such Broadway hits as *Anniversary Waltz* and *Tunnel of Love*—moved back into the home they had rented to the Josh Logans, and before that to **Debbie** and **Eddie Fisher,** in time to host a holiday housewarming.

Newly decorated in white and green with ebony wood tables, the decor was a perfect background for the red, green, white, and gold cocktail dresses the girls wore.

Got a kick out of Evie Johnson looking around saying she must have misplaced **Van!** "He was here a minute ago," she laughed. "Now where could that redhead have got to?" He turned up not missing but looking at the Sunday TV shows in the upstairs sitting room. Ever since Van clicked in *Pied Piper of Hamlin* he's an ardent TV viewer.

I hadn't seen **Don Ameche** in a long, long time. He's been busy in musicals on Broadway and it was his first visit back to Hollywood and his old friends in years. Don hasn't changed an iota—looks even younger than when he was a movie star.

**Doris Day** made one of her rare social appearances minus Marty Melcher, who was away on a business trip. "I had a new dress, and I love the Fields—so I came anyway," she told me. Doris sat on the piano bench coaching the piano player to play her favorite tunes, but she wouldn't sing.

**Gracie Allen** looked like a big doll in a golden-brown cocktail dress, and **George Burns** was making **Richard Basehart** hold his sides with his many jokes.

Producer Charles Brackett and his wife were there looking as fresh and rested as though they themselves had not hosted a party for two hundred and fifty at the Beverly Hills Hotel just the evening before.

**WHAT A CHARMING AFFAIR** the Bracketts' party was, too, with the large dancing room of the hotel done entirely in pink—even to the table linen, the flowers and the spotlights that played on the dancing couples.

**THE MOST UNUSUAL PREMIÈRE** ever held in our town was dreamed up by Jack Warner for *Sayonara*. It marked the first time a swanky first night had been staged at a studio with the picture being shown in eleven different projection rooms right on the Warner Brothers lot in Burbank.

Although the night turned out to be colder than billy-be-darned, the lot was ablaze with beautiful Japanese lanterns, almond and peach blossoms—artificial, of course—and eleven charming Japanese girls dressed in native costume to welcome the guests.

**Miiko Taka**—who has the lead in this delightful picture which I really love, opposite **Marlon Brando** (he wasn't present, naturally)—wore the most gorgeous Japanese robes and looked like a Japanese print come to life. Her mother and father were with her, and maybe you think they weren't proud.

**Eddie Fisher,** who was catching a bad cold, came with Mrs. Dean Martin—but don't get excited. **Debbie** was in Palm Springs and



A



B

**Dean Martin** was appearing in Las Vegas.

**Natalie Wood's** tiara created a lot of comment and **Bob Wagner** said over TV, "Makes her look like a brunette Princess **Grace Kelly,** doesn't it?"

**Gary Cooper** got a TV laugh after a master of ceremonies stopped him, as he and Rocky and Maria entered, to ask him inanely how he liked the picture. "Well," drawled Coop, "I don't know yet. I'm just goin' in—not coming out."

I noticed that many of the girls wore their hair piled high on their heads with bangs over the forehead, among them **Audrey Hepburn** and **Janet Leigh. Lauren Bacall**—with **Frankie,** of course—had hers scooped back but worn shoulder length.

Later, most of us were guests at Jack Warner's party at the MOCAMBO and he and director Josh Logan were delighted over the praise they heard.

**GAY AND STAR-STUDDED** was the *Peyton Place* première, with everyone done to the teeth for the showing and for the big party hosted by Buddy Adler later at ROMANOFF'S.

I got such a kick talking with Cheryl Crane —**Lana Turner's** tall, pretty daughter—after the movie. Lana was in London making a picture and couldn't be present.

"Isn't Mother wonderful?" Cheryl enthused, pressing my arm in her pride and excitement. "I'm so proud of her—she's so beautiful, and a wonderful actress."

Cheryl, who was with her father, Steve Crane, looked sort of beautiful herself in a red lace dress so becoming to her dark beauty.

As usual, **Jerry Lewis** stole all the thunder with the sidewalk crowd and those seated in temporary bleachers. Jerry always puts on a private show for the folks outside no matter how dressed up he is. He cracked jokes and went into a comic dance routine "just like it was a première of one of my own pictures," he cracked. Wife Patti just smiles indulgently at his nonsense.

**Hope Lange**—so good in the picture, as is **Diane Varsi**—looked lovely in her pastel gown and soft blond coloring on the arm of her tall, dark and handsome husband **Don Murray.**

**Terry Moore's** husband, Eugene McGrath, couldn't come up from Panama and her father was ill, so her *date* for the evening was columnist **Walter Winchell.**

It was a big night in a series of big nights as Hollywood proudly kicks off its biggest season of really fine pictures.



C

**A** *Time to light up, with Yul Brynner supplying the match for Anthony Quinn's cigarette. Yul's smoking cheroots these days . . . to go with his new mustache?*

**B** *You don't have to guess about whether Charlton Heston and his missus enjoyed the picture . . . they sure did, even though Charlton wasn't in it!*

**C** *Hope Lange just loves being whirled around the dance floor—especially when it's handsome husband Don Murray who's doing the whirling with her.*

**D** *Guess Tommy Sands wasn't kidding when he said he "Ain't Goin' Steady No More"—because that's Barbara Wilson, not Molly Bee, at première with him!*

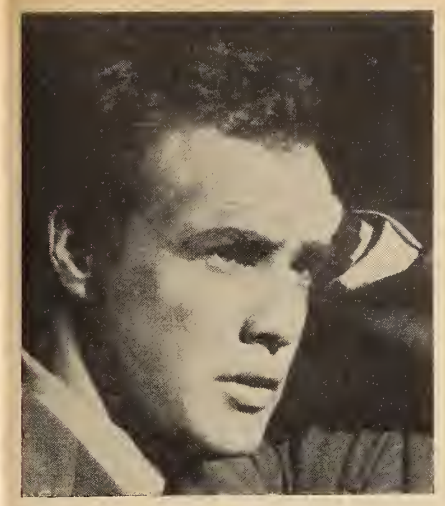
**E** *Patti is trying, but she hasn't yet spotted the old friend Jerry Lewis is pointing to. Two seconds later it didn't matter: Jerry's yell brought him over!*



D



E



## DON'T BE A DOPE, MARLON!

I can't believe that **Marlon Brando** is fool enough—and I repeat the word fool—to endanger his marriage to **Anna Kashfi,** a gentle and lovely girl, because of his unconcealed hatred for the press.

The talk comes so straight that I can't ignore it: he flew into a perfect rage at Anna, who is expecting a baby in July, because she "dared" to talk to me on the telephone to deny that she and Marlon were having trouble in their marriage and that he had walked out.

Well, whether he intended it to be permanent or not, he *did* walk out for at least a few days and nights—which he spent between a bachelor friend's apartment and his studio dressing room at PARAMOUNT!

What I can't understand is why Brando, admittedly a great actor, persists in being his own worst enemy.

He knows, as does everyone who knows the Brandos, that Anna is deeply in love with him.

He insists, and his few intimates back him up in this, that he is just as much in love with her. So what gives?

There is much talk that Marlon has great problems on his mind. I'm no psychiatrist, but maybe he could help solve some of them by concentrating on his many blessings. I mean his fine and distinctive talent. His good health. His freedom from financial worries. His brilliant success in his chosen field. His good marriage—if he will permit it to be—and a baby coming in July.

If you ask me, these great problems usually add up to being just plain spoiled. Spoiled like a naughty child when it doesn't get its way in all things.

Every last one of us have problems of a sort to face. It would be a pretty dull life if we didn't. We can't appreciate the sunshine unless we have some shadows.

Marlon—and a few others like him; not too many, thank heavens—want to take all the good things and give nothing in return. Well, the rules aren't written that way.

I happen to know that Marlon can be very sweet when the mood's on him. He once wrote me a charming letter of appreciation for something nice I had said about him.

But he can also be unbearably rude. And frankly, I don't see why any of us should be expected to bear with him unless he sets out to correct this condition immediately.

He can start at home!

## NATALIE GAVE ME THE SCOOP!

My young friends—I mean **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner**—kept their promise and called me first about their engagement and marriage plans. They will be Mr. and Mrs. by the time you read this.

Natalie was as excited as I've ever heard her. "You should see my ring! It's so different, and it's B.J.'s own original design. It's a large, fresh-water pearl surrounded by diamonds and with a row of diamonds arched over the pearl."

The wedding band has been designed to fit the engagement ring so they can be worn together—the band being gold set with a row of pearls.

She also told me, "I'm tired after making two strenuous movies in a row, *Marjorie Morningstar* and *Kings Go Forth*. I want enough time off for a real, honest-to-goodness honeymoon. Part of it we'll spend on Bob's new boat, which he's completely redecorated in my favorite colors. And maybe we'll go to Mexico . . . a cruise to Acapulco."

Both Natalie and Bob are young to marry—but they're starting off under the most favorable circumstances. Both sets of parents heartily approve of their chicks' choices; the families really enjoy being together. There will be no financial problems and their careers are about on a par in success.

Oh, yes—I almost forgot that all-important thing—they're really in love, Natalie and Bob. Certainly the fates should smile on this union.

**A VERY CUTE SHOWER,** by the way, was given by Mary Anita (Mrs. Richard) Sale honoring bride-to-be Natalie. Because Natalie doesn't like to be separated from Bob for even one evening—and a shower at that—the men were invited to *oh* and *ah* over the pretty gifts as well as the gals.

It was a miscellaneous shower, with Natalie getting everything from pressure cookers to frilly nightgowns.

Their diary of love starts on Page 19.

**Even if Nat hadn't already told me—I just know I would have guessed about their engagement as soon as I saw their sparkling faces!**



## TRAGIC ACCIDENT MARS AVA'S BEAUTY

**Ava Gardner** has long had the reputation of appearing in public only when she is looking her most glamorous best. So it came as a surprise to New Yorkers when she came to see **Milton Berle's** show with her face badly scarred and bruised black and blue from being kicked by a horse.

**Frank Sinatra** held up production on *Kings Go Forth* to fly East and give Ava moral courage to face an operation—but she was so frightened she backed out.

Someone who was present when Ava, her sister Bea and an escort—not **Walter Chiari**—came in to see Berle, wrote me: *Ava's face was so swollen and misshappen few people recognized her. She seemed very subdued. Do you recall an interview in which she was quoted: "If I lose my looks I have nothing?"*

*I don't mean to imply that she has lost her looks. But it must have been an awful ordeal for her to be in this condition.*

Ava was kicked in the face by a horse while she was in Madrid. She became alarmed when she lost all sense of feeling in her lower lip and cheek, and hurried back to the good old USA for medical attention. The whole, tragic story is told on Page 40.

(continued on page 81)



*Lovely as a bride—with knees buckling!—Natalie arrives at church, escorted by her father.*



*Here comes the groom!—with his best man, Robert Wagner, Sr. They got to church early.*



*"I now pronounce you man and wife . . ." the Reverend Frank Knaus said, and Bob took his bride in his arms—to have and to hold, to love and to cherish till death do them part. . . .*



*The new Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wagner—moments after their I Do's—with Natalie's sister, Lana Lisa; her best friend and maid of honor, actress Barbara Gould; Natalie's Dad, Nicolas Gurdin; and Bob's Dad, Robert Wagner, Sr.*



*Here they come! Nat and R.J. are going to try to make a dash for it—through the small crowd of waiting fans and into the white limousine.*



*Natalie's Mother and sister, and Nat's close friend and once-upon-a-time beau Nicky Adams, watch Nat and Bob drive off—back to the* Valley Ho *for the reception. The faces of their fans crowding round them are reflected in the car's windows . . . and like any two people in love, Bob and Natalie Wagner see only each other. . . .*



# THANKS, NAT, FOR THE FIRST PICTURES OF YOUR WEDDING



■ Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue; laughter and tears, and buckling knees, champagne toasts and last minute blessings—and Natalie and Bob became husband and wife. . . .

This is how it happened. . . .

It is Thursday afternoon, December 26, two days before the wedding. About five o'clock, a black Cadillac convertible pulls up in front of Natalie Wood's valley home, and Bob Wagner, trying to appear very casual, rings the doorbell. Natalie is dressed and waiting, the suitcases are packed, her parents on hand to help Bob load the luggage into his car trunk.

*Thursday 6 PM*—Bob and Natalie join the rest of the wedding party for dinner at the *Brown Derby*.

*Thursday, 8:30 PM*—They all catch the train to Phoenix. Bob, who shared a compartment with Nick Adams—got at least two hours sleep that night. Natalie, who roomed with Barbara Gould, her maid of honor, was so nervous that she didn't close her eyes for a moment. When the train arrived at the Arizona desert resort, she felt sick. "It's the jitters. You'll get over it," Barbara assured her.

*Friday, 6 AM*—They are whisked to the fabulous VALLEY-HO HOTEL, their headquarters for the next thirty-six hours.

After a big ranch breakfast, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone except the prospective bride and groom—now *both* were getting too jittery to think of food, although the wedding was still a day away!—they headed to their respective rooms to make up for the sleep they didn't get the night before.

*Friday, 1 PM*—Bob and Natalie head for the City Hall in downtown Phoenix to pick up their marriage license.

*Friday, 2:15 PM*—On to Scottsdale—about fifteen miles away—for the wedding rehearsal at the METHODIST CHURCH.

*Friday, 3:30 PM*—Back at the VALLEY-HO and around the pool till it was time to dress for the big dinner party at the LULU BELLE RESTAURANT.

*Friday, 8 PM*—The wedding party—Natalie, Bob, Nicky, Barbara Gould, Richard and Mary Sale, Andy and Prudence Maree settle down at the T-shaped table in the dining room—joined by Nat's family and the Wagner Seniors, who had arrived during the afternoon.

Bob stood up, raised his champagne glass toward their parents, and toasted, "To the producers."

Nicky Adams had followed with a second toast as he waved his glass at Bob and Natalie. "To the future producers!"

Natalie nibbled on the hors d'oeuvres, poked around the shrimp cocktail, and barely twenty minutes after she had sat down—and before the main course was served—announced that she had to get back to the hotel, "To fix my hair."

Actually she was so sick from nervousness she knew she'd be better off at her suite with only Barbara Gould and her hairdresser, Connie Nichols.

But if she felt bad when she left the LULU BELLE, she felt worse when she got back to the hotel. The beautiful wedding gown which Howard Shoup had designed especially for the occasion had not arrived!

(*continued on next page*) 



**LEFT** *Groom-to-be R.J. watched Natalie sign her maiden name for the last time—on their wedding license. The next day, she'd be Mrs. R.J.!*

**BELOW** *Even in the little town of Scottsdale, word got around . . . and a group of fans and cowboys waited outside church to wish them well.*

**RIGHT** *And so they were married! It seemed as if all their lives they had waited for this moment, when they were joined before God. . . .*





"It'll be here before you go to sleep," Barbara assured her.

"Well, I can tell you one thing: I won't go to sleep if it doesn't get here!"

*Friday, Midnight*—Natalie was bawling her eyes out! No gown yet!

In desperation, Barbara woke up Mrs. Gurdin who woke up her husband who went to Mr. Wagner who finally knocked at the door of Steve Brooks, amiable head of the WARNER BROTHERS' magazine department.

The first postal delivery, Steve found out a few minutes later from the assistant manager, was at eleven o'clock in the morning. That wouldn't save Natalie from a sleepless, worrisome night. There was just one other way. . . .

The head of the Phoenix post office was more than a little surprised when he was awakened in the middle of the night with Steve's request to meet him at the main branch, and go through all the packages till they found the right one. Love triumphed over sleep—and they brought the wedding dress to Natalie.

*Saturday, 7 AM*—The hotel telephone operator awakened Bob.

"How do you feel?" Nicky asked him when he got up.

"Fine," Bob said nonchalantly, like this was just another day.

*Saturday, 7:45 AM*—Bob is crawling around the room on his hands and knees searching for his shoes. "Doggone it, I know they're here. Help me find them, will you, Nicky?"

Nicky burst out laughing. "Look at your feet!" *Bob had his shoes on!*

*Saturday, 12 Noon*—Nicky brought Natalie the bridal and maid of honor bouquets—and Bob's wedding present for her: a platinum necklace with a pearl-shaped diamond attached to it.

She took one look at it and let out a scream. "It's the same design I made up for R.J.," she gasped, as she handed Nicky her present to take back to Bob: a tie clip—with a pearl-shaped diamond!

Unknown to each other, Bob and Natalie had both gone to the same jeweler—who worked out his own little surprise for them. . . .

With his present Bob had sent a note to Natalie: "I love you. What are you doing around 1 PM?"

To which Natalie replied in the note pinned to the tie clip, "I love you, love you, love you. P.S. How about getting married at 1 PM?"

*Saturday, 12:55*—In a white pearl-and-rhinestone-studded lace and chiffon gown, with something old (her grandmother's bracelet), something new (a handkerchief given to her by Barbara), something blue (her garters), and something borrowed (Lana's lipstick)—beautiful, serene, and for the first time in forty-eight hours completely calm and composed—Natalie walked down the aisle toward the man she loved. . . . They exchanged vows, and wedding rings, and became husband and wife.

*Saturday, 1:50 PM*—Back at the VALLEY-HO, there was champagne and hors d'oeuvres and the usual jokes about "*May all your blessings be little ones,*" and relaxed laughter and giggling and toasts and the bride threw her bouquet and it was caught by Barbara and the bride changed into her going-away outfit.

*Saturday, 5:05 PM*—Somebody at the Beverly Hills travel agency goofed, and their "5:30" train was pulling out!

Again it was Mr. Wagner, Senior who came up with an idea. "Maybe you can get to the next stop by car before the train leaves. . . ."

"With my driving, there's no doubt," Nicky yelled, sprinting to the car. They pulled into the next station—just as the train pulled out.

"Bob," Natalie wailed, "the reservations . . . we'll miss the connecting train in Chicago, and the yacht standing by in Florida for our honeymoon cruise!" Nicky raced on in pursuit of the train.

Nicky caught up with it, and they barrelled alongside it at eighty miles an hour, until the conductor noticed them, waved back, and stopped the train for them to get on at the next intersection!

And that's how it happened when Bob and Natalie became husband and wife. . . .

Thanks, Nat, for these wedding pictures. . . .

And along with our prayers for your happiness—you'll find on turning the page, our wedding present—Your Diary of Love. . . . Remember? . . .



## ROBERT SHERWOOD's Trade To Fall Back On—

■ Insecurity can be a terrible problem.

And Robert Sherwood knows all about insecurity—but it is making him a terrific actor.

It all started back when he was fourteen and ran away from the Bronx to become an actor. And he succeeded, too. He succeeded in *Three Guys Named Mike*, *The Great Caruso* and *It's A Big Country*, for instance.

His success rated him the title of the Eighth Most Popular Leading Man.

Then, suddenly, by one of those unexplained whims of fate there was no more demand for his type.

The shy boyish personality was no longer in style.

But this shy boyish personality was now a grown man, with a wife and a child to support. The only work he knew how to do was closed to him. Then a good friend came through with a set of carpenter's tools and a chance to learn the trade. But the success he'd known as an actor didn't come so readily as a carpenter. It took him twelve jobs—and being fired from them all—to get the hang of wielding a hammer and saw.

But the day finally came when at last he was a first-class journeyman carpenter, and putting up a home, a store, or even a factory presented no problem.

And there was security in the Robert Sherwood household . . .

Then he met Mervyn LeRoy—and got the part of the lieutenant communications officer in *No Time For Sergeants*. And the predictions are that he's really going places in this second attempt at his first-choice career. Now—with this new break—does this mean real security for Robert Sherwood?

He isn't taking chances this time around. The day after *Sergeants* was completed, when the rest of the cast and crew were sleeping late or out celebrating, where was Robert Sherwood?

—Up bright and early, carpentering for the COAST CONSTRUCTION COMPANY—a job he never left! This boy's taking no chances with insecurity!

*See him in Warners'* NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.





Creamiest...Clingiest...Always Clear and True
Turn to Cutex for the Red That's Perfect for You!

**New miracle blending** of Sheer Lanolin with precious beauty creams combines greatest smoothness with lasting color!

**Ordinary "dye" type lipsticks dry moisture** from your lips, dry the color out too. Lips look faded, feel dry.

**Now . . . with Cutex** . . . you have the lasting color you want, the creaminess lips need. Cutex Lipstick HOLDS the true color, HOLDS the creaminess. The best at any price!

**Red's the Rage!** Cutex has them all! 35¢ to 79¢ . . . matching Cutex Nail Polish, 35¢.



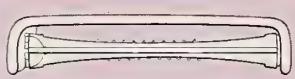
CUTEX

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# First and only permanent with pin curl ease, rod curl strength



PIN CURLS FOR THE CROWN. "Top hair" needs this softer wave... and Lotion plus new Liquifix give longer lasting quality to these pin curls.



ROD CURLERS FOR SIDES, back, top front give added curl-strength to harder-working areas... now doubly reinforced by Lotion and new Liquifix.



**Wonderful new soft waves that last and last! A wonderful new method, wonderful new Liquifix**

It's here! The first, the only all-over permanent with the ease and the lasting quality you've asked for... yet it's so unbelievably soft and natural. That's because new PIN-IT gives the right kind of waves for the different areas of your hair... then locks in your permanent with special lotion and new Liquifix neutralizer. Best of all, this new Twice-a-Year PIN-IT keeps your hair just the way you like it, from the first day to months later.

## new twice-a-year






Pin-it

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Apply Lotion and Liquifix with New Target-Point Squeeze Bottle

# A Diary of Love





Dear Natalie and Bob—

From all of us at Modern Screen—to you. To gaze fondly at in years to come. To show your children. To help you re-live the most important days of your romance.

THE EDITORS



**July 20, 1956:** You met R.J. at a fashion show—and he invited you to the première of *The Mountain.* You accepted because tonight was your birthday and you had no place to go. Only you spent the entire evening flirting with Tony Perkins—and when R.J. said *good night* he didn't ask for another date—and you really couldn't blame him very much!

**Dec. 6, 1956:** It wasn't until today that R.J. called to ask you out again. You went dancing and to dinner—and had a wonderful time. When the evening ended, he murmured to you, softly, "Shall we make it soon again?"



Dates and dancing,
premieres and parades,
these were the hours for...

"Getting to know



**March 14, 1957:** Tonight, at the *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* première, you and R.J. shared a special secret: the bracelet he presented to you with the little gold heart—inscribed "Wow, Charlie"—the meaning of which only the two of you know....



**March 27:** R.J. was furious after you told him you had accepted Lance Reventlow's invitation to the Academy Awards. Later you were stunned, but certainly *not* furious, when R.J. breezed into ROMANOFF'S hoping he would find you. And he sure did!



**April 1:** Will you ever be able to forget this heavenly week end? You and R.J. were Queen and King of the Palm Springs Annual Circus Day Celebration and it was mad fun. You judged the Kangeroo Court and went horse-back riding through the streets of the city. You lived it up—and laughed it up—for after all, that was what you adored so much about R.J.: his sense of humor, which matched yours—laugh for laugh, gag for gag. Then suddenly you realized you felt more, much more—especially when you noticed R.J. gazing at you in a different way, touching your cheek with a tenderness such as you had never known. And when he did, you felt so strange—and asked yourself what it all meant....



you"



**May 2:** The last month was—tennis with R.J., swimming with R.J., sailing with R.J. on his cruiser. The first time he took you out you nearly rammed the boat. And today—just when you thought you had learned all the ropes, it was "*Natalie overboard*" as you tried to fasten a line to the mooring. R.J. tried to pull you into the boat—so you pulled him out, instead!

**May 13:** This was the saddest—and happiest week. Happiest because you got *Marjorie Morningstar*. Sad because R.J. left for Tokyo. You promised to write each other every day. But no letters were exchanged. Only phone calls—which will break you both! You refused to remove your bracelet—now that a new charm had been added to it . . . a charm which says, simply, "Love you, Little Bug. Be Good."



continued



**July 4:** R.J. returned home two days ago—but this was your first chance to be alone. You told R.J. "Right now I have everything I want. When you were away I discovered I hated big parties with people talking about nothing. How rare and precious privacy is! But we're going to have so little of it...." He kissed you gently and told you, "We'll find a way." Because you want to....

**Sept. 5:** R.J. flew up to the *Morningstar* location at Schroon Manor—and was happy just hanging around and watching you work. What a ribbing he took from the cast and crew! They decorated the dining room with signs—WAGNER GO HOME! and the one that said STOP WOOING WOOD. But you were together every free minute; that was the only thing that counted.



Hours alone, and
meeting the folks...
now was the time for...

# "Getting to love you"



**Sept. 19:** And you trained back to Hollywood, just you two—so you would have a quiet time to talk about the future . . . and win $500 at gin rummy from Bob! The black mist mink stole, however, was a prize for—just being you.



**Nov. 27:** This dinner with R.J.'s folks was a very special one. It was the night R.J. told them, "I never found a girl like Nat before. I don't intend to lose her." It was the night Mr. and Mrs. Wagner accepted you as their daughter in the same way that your family have accepted R.J. as their brand-new son....



**December 7, 1957:** You and R.J. became officially engaged today—what a beautiful, beautiful day in your life!
And this happiness gave you just a glimmer of the joys to come.
As Mrs. Robert J. Wagner, your diary of love is to be continued. . . .

*by Barbara Ribakove*

■ "In the nineteenth century, however," the Professor said, "we find that—"

He broke off in mid-sentence. In the back of the classroom a door creaked open. Every head turned. Some two hundred, interested eyes focused on a young man attempting to sneak into class fifteen minutes late without being noticed—and failing miserably. The young man in question turned slightly purple with embarrassment. His scuffed white buckskins tiptoed across the floor and stopped in front of the last seat in the room. His brown attaché case clattered to the floor beside it. And finally, Pat Boone sank into a seat, got out his notebook, and sighed gratefully as the heads turned away and the lecture began again.

He was busily taking notes when he felt someone nudging him. His head jerked up. The fellow next to him leaned over. "Uh—you got bread crumbs all over your face."

"Bread crumbs?" Pat reached for his handkerchief supplied daily by Shirley and wiped his mouth. "Thanks. That better?"

The boy peered at him. "Well—there's a couple on your nose—" His eyes were slightly puzzled. "If I'm not being too curious—how did you get bread crumbs on your nose?"

"Oh," Pat said, "nothing to it. Comes from eating lunch in a taxi cab." (*Continued on page 71*)





*ABOVE Every once in a while, Pat takes time out from rushing—rushing through rehearsals, rushing to class, and through every hour of his busy day —to get some relaxation.*

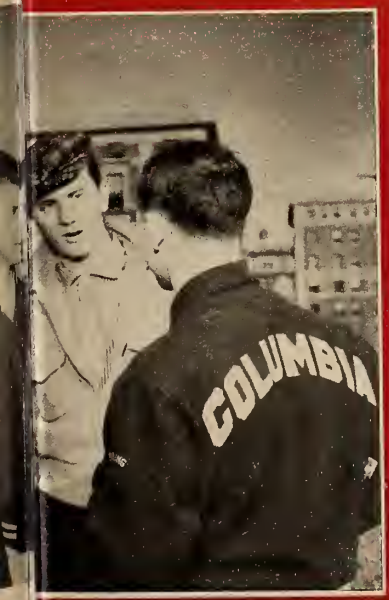
*LEFT His literature professor told Pat once not to worry—loads of fellows are working their way through school. But Pat's white buckskins stop moving only during note-taking time.*

*RIGHT On Columbia's campus Pat gets a chance to feel like just about any other young guy going to school—with just now and then an autograph to sign for somebody's kid sister.*



Pat
and his
buckskins

# ROCK 'N ROLL through college!






*by Andre Brievold*

■ There comes a time in the life of every young couple when the chips are down, when all the twisting trails of their life together merge into two main roads, a crossroads . . . and they must choose a path leading to happiness and love, or eternal heartbreak. Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher stand at that dangerous crossroads right at this moment, and what brought them to it is the most shameful burden ever borne by two young lovers, barely out of their teens.

The finger of blame cannot be pointed at any one individual in this matter. It must be pointed at everyone involved—at the spreaders of false rumors in newspapers and magazines; at the business people who have been manipulating Debbie's and Eddie's careers; and at Debbie and Eddie themselves. The only innocent in this story is a little girl too young to know anything but love, hunger and fatigue; her name is Carrie Frances Fisher.

It is in her name, and the name of her unborn brother or sister, that we tell our story—with regret . . . but with hope that it is not too late.

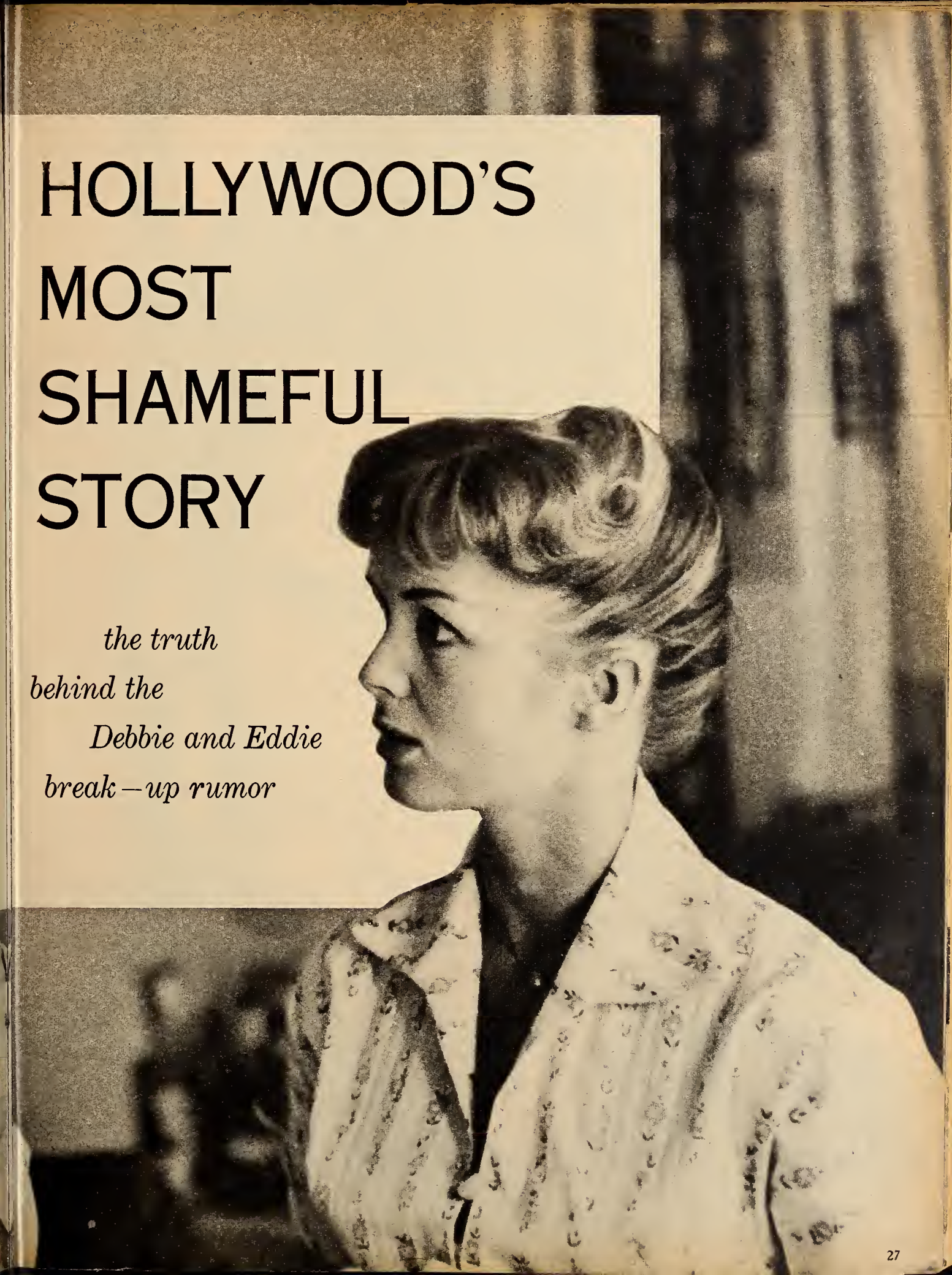
What makes people unhappy is often the same thing that makes them happy. And that is the case with Eddie and Debbie. Sound funny? Well, take a guy who loves to play baseball. It makes him happy. Then he strikes out. It's his love for the game that makes him unhappy at the failure, however brief. Eddie loves to sing, and he's intense about his career. That should be all to the good. After all he has a wife and child to (*Continued on page 76*)

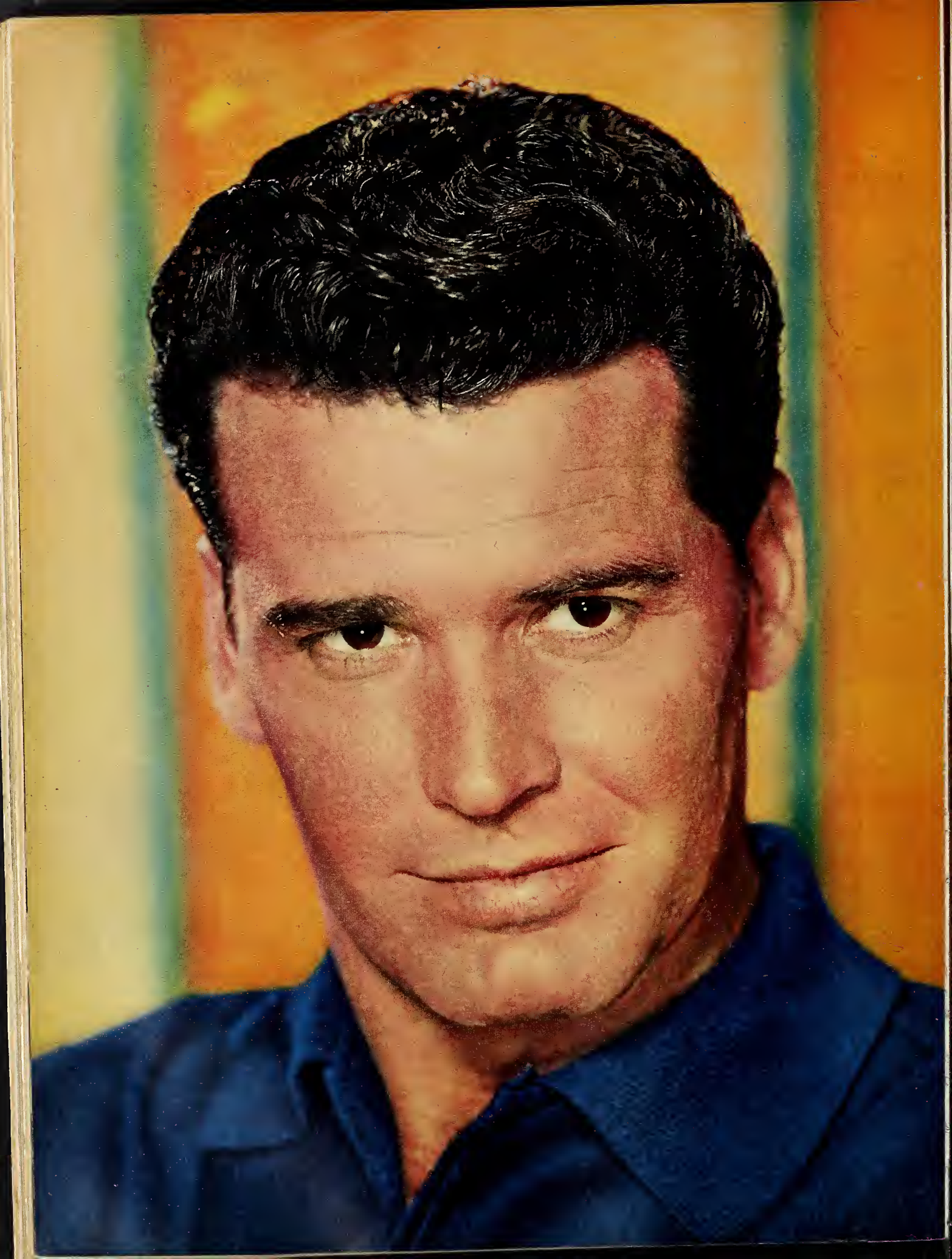


*"There was always a bunch of men around... business advisers, song pluggers, TV people ...and when she objected, well, Eddie wasn't as understanding as he used to be...."*

# HOLLYWOOD'S MOST SHAMEFUL STORY

*the truth behind the Debbie and Eddie break–up rumor*





Nothing lasts, he thought—

Nothing in life is permanent—

Then he met Lois

and knew he was wrong...

# JIM GARNER EX-DRIFTER

*by Beverly Linet and Barbara Mayer*

■ The party was over and the guests had gone home. Jim Garner and his wife Lois sat on the sofa and looked at their livingroom—potato chips on the rug . . . ashtrays spilling over . . . glasses on the floor . . . a vase of flowers standing neatly in the middle of the carpet. It was a perfect mess.

And yet, Jim and Lois sat beaming at the chaos as if they'd just had the house redecorated and were admiring it for the first time.

Through the picture window they could see the sun just coming up over the horizon.

"Time to go to sleep," Jim said.

Neither of them moved.

Jim reached out a long arm. Lois snuggled down into it. "Nice party," she murmured.

"The greatest." The arm tightened. "And not as much as a squawl from the rear bedroom."

"Well, I told you Kimberly would be fine if she came out for a few minutes to say *hello* to everyone. She was so excited it knocked her right out."

"She's her mother's daughter, all right," Jim grinned.

"Hey!" Lois struggled upright. "I think I did marvelously for a woman (*Continued on page 67*)




*Jim Garner had never known the wonder of a lasting love. Then Lois came into his life . . .*





**Bill Kappelhoff, Doris Day's Dad:** *"You should see my girl tend bar. She can draw a beer with the best of them—even if she does get too much foam sometimes!"*



**Doris' Mom:** *"I remember when Deedee was five, I found her lying out on the sidewalk, on her tummy, watching the ladies in their high heels."*



**Jerry Doherty, Doris' first dancing partner:** *"When Doris broke her legs, she told me she'd never get up and amount to anything."*

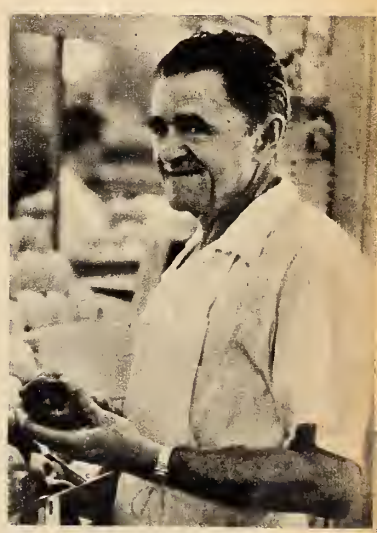
# Tattling on Doris!

## *(here's what the folks back home in Cincinnati are saying)*

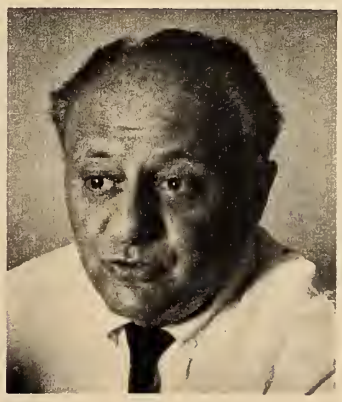
by Ed DeBlasio

■ The other day, in Cincinnati, we talked to Doris' folks, and to some of her old friends. We asked them about Doris, about her as a young girl and a teenager and a young woman—about the hundred and one little things they love and know about her and remember about her best. Doris' Mother—who was divorced from Doris' Dad years ago, and has adopted the name Day—was in Cincinnati to visit a relative. Doris' Dad, Bill Kappelhoff—Kappelhoff is Doris' real name—was busy in his tavern. We talked to them both, Mrs. Day in the morning, Mr. Kappelhoff in the afternoon, and this is what they told us . . .

"Doris always wanted to be a grown-up lady," her Mom recalled. "She was always getting her little feet lost in my high-heeled shoes, all the time, right after she learned how to walk. And I remember the time, she was about five then, when I found her out on the sidewalk, lying flat on her tummy. I asked her, 'Deedee'—that's what we always called her—'Deedee, what are you doing out here like that?' And she said to me, 'I'm just waiting for the ladies to walk by, Mama, so I can see their high heels.' Her Mama's clothes, too. She was always ransacking my closet to try on my *(Continued on page 63)*



**Larry Wise, Doris' childhood grocer:** *"I used to give her apples, and I think she's eaten one for every freckle on her face."*



**Barey Rapp, Doris' first booking agent:** *"When I changed her name to* Day, *it broke her heart."*

# Shoe



*Suzy Parker last seen in 20th's*
KISS THEM FOR ME

# Cue from Hollywood

■ Whether you are tall and willowy like new sensation Suzy Parker or as petite and provocative as Debbie Reynolds Fisher—and, no matter if size eight or sixteen—the low-down on footwear fashion news is the record-breaking trend for flats to glamorize you and your casual wardrobe. Buy them—wear them and get a unanimous "yea" from all the boys! Suzy Parker sits right in on the makings of some of the season's top styles—likes the leathers, the workmanship, the important back buckles—then poses in them exclusively for you and only for you. On the color page: A short tongue handsewn "moc" in the new accessory color, antique red. See the close-up insert for construction detail. About $7. Also in town brown or black. Left below, top: Black and white saddle with Ivy League back strap and buckle. About $7. Also white with grey. Left below, bottom: The Continental, long tongue "moc." About $8. Available in neutral or white sand, twilight grey, soft black or dark neutral called desert tan. All of the shoes shown are Jills made by Bristol of Monett, Mo. They all come in sizes up to 10 in very narrow to wide widths. Get your feet into these new style shoes—your clothes will look smarter, you will feel great and—you will surely make tracks!

*More fashions on page 52*







*Coat—Brittany*
*Gloves—Launderleather, Lamm*
*Handbag—Rolfs*
*Hosiery—Kayser*
*On the table, right: Smoke 'n Tote—leather cigarette pouch with lighter—Rolfs*
*Photos—Roger Prigent*



**JEAN SEBERG,**

**a shy child**

**in wonderland,**

**says wistfully:**

# I live in a dream...

■ It was early evening, in a little French town named Le Lavandeau, and at a small table in a cafe sat the tall, thin, very intense young man and the young American actress.

His name was François Moreuil. Hers—Jean Seberg.

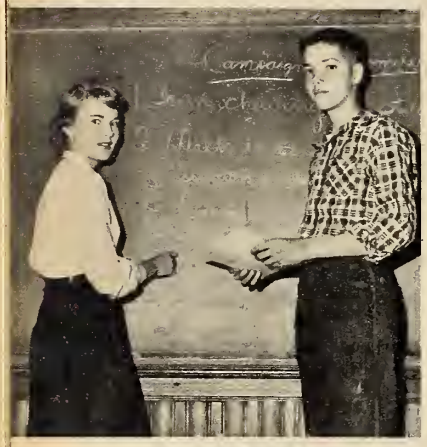
François—an up-and-coming attorney and member of one of France's oldest and most aristocratic families—leaned across the table and said to Jean, "Look—if this picture should fail, what will you do, then? Who will you be? Jean Seberg, of Marshalltown, Iowa or—nobody? Nothing? Jean Seberg, the actress, will be gone, *and the girl you once were will be gone, too.* Don't you see?"

It was quiet in the little cafe, still early. Earnestly, François continued. "Each night you go up to your room. You order dinner. You eat it alone. You study your *Bonjour Tristesse* script. You bathe. You turn out the light and go to bed. Is this a normal way of life for an

**continued**

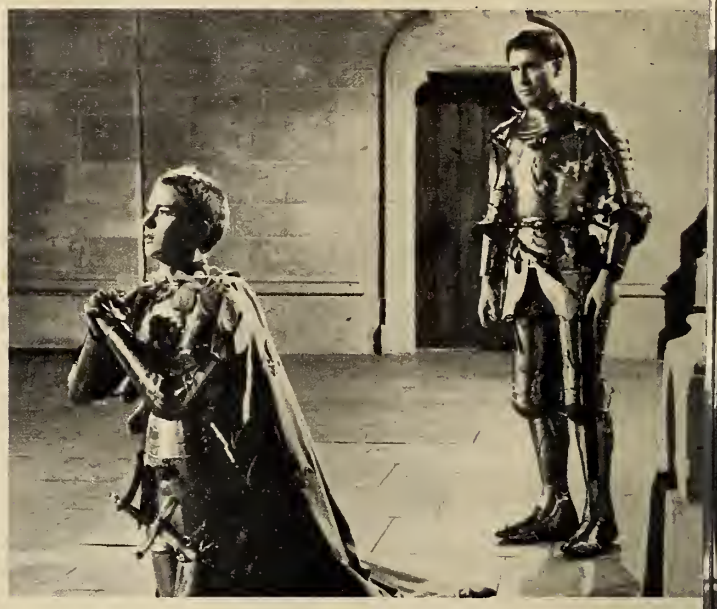


*More applause was to come from acting in school plays and summer stock, and already Jean was learning to forego the things other kids took for granted —drinking cokes with the gang, juke box dancing, bull sessions. And then, before she was ready for dreams-come-true,* St. Joan *made her a star.*





*What greater dream of glory can come true in high school than to run for Class President . . . and win? Unless it's hearing applause thundering over the footlights.*



# My wishes came true overnight, now—

# thoughts of love disturb my dreams...

eighteen-year-old girl? Is it life? Of course not! It's—it's like being in a nunnery. And for *what*?"

Across the room, someone said in one of those sibilant, carrying whispers, "Hasn't she got the most beautiful eyes you've ever seen?"

Those beautiful eyes—that seem so startlingly blue—were dreaming off into the distance. *What did she see there?* François wondered. *What voices did she hear? Those inner voices, which seemed to be driving her on and on, alone, always alone?*

François broke the silence abruptly, "It's as if you were lost in a dream, Jean.

"You're lost in a dream which may or may not come true. And if it doesn't," he said quietly, "then, my dear, you are really lost."

Her eyes came back to his earnest, intense young face. It was so full of caring. *How nice it would be to have someone like that in love with me, really in love, and to be in love with him. Life would be so simple. Life* COULD *be so simple, if only—* she must stop that train of thought.

"You mustn't feel sorry for me, François," she said. "It's not so bad, being (*Continued on page 55*)



*The creator and his creation. Producer Otto Preminger found her, and molded her into a new Jean Seberg she scarcely knows. A fearsome responsibility, this role. . . .*

*Maybe it would be fun, Jean thinks, to fall in love with someone like François Moreuil, her young French lawyer friend; but love will have to wait . . . for success and for growing up.*





*Jean's admiration for Françoise Sagan verges on envy of the young writer's sophistication and indifference. "Be yourself" everyone says, but that's easier said than done.*




*It feels a little frightening to pick up a magazine and find that someone has gotten inside your soul, and it's going to be read by strangers and, even worse, by people you love.*



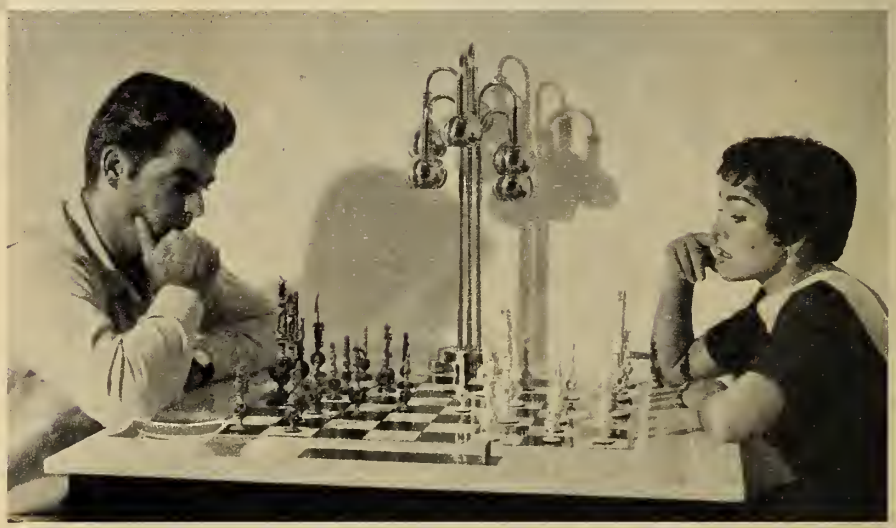
*The trouble with Rory is—my handsome hunk of man doesn't know his own strength! But then, he says it shows how much he loves me.*

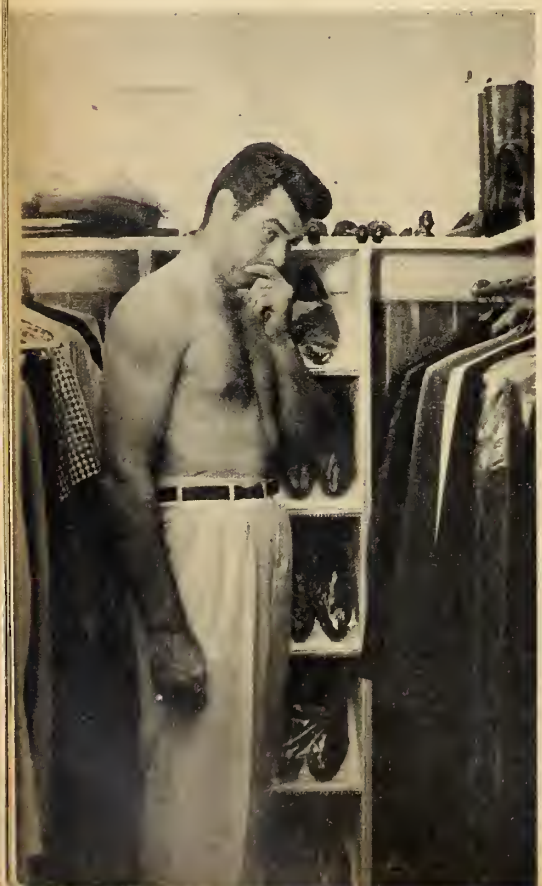


*About the only time my darling gets irritable and demanding is when he's convalescing from a bad cold and then only one thing will satisfy him—and that's chicken soup with rice. And Rory won't accept any substitutes—no matter how good I think they are.*

*I love to see how happy Rory is with Cindy. She's our little miracle—the baby we wanted and waited for—through nine years of disappointment. Rory is such a good father. And even before our daughter was born, he put up with all my problems—real or imaginary.*







**Above** *Rory thinks he can beat me playing chess. The thing is, he can concentrate and my mind wanders . . . so guess which one of us will win!*

**Left** *Rory tries hard to set a good example of a place for everything and everything in its place. He wants to teach me some neatness and order.*

**Right** *Friend husband thinks he knows his way around the kitchen better than I do. But sometimes I really think the smarty may be right!*



# I love my husband, but...



## *an intimate revelation* by Mrs. Rory Calhoun

■ Well let's face it. No husband is perfect, but . . .

Now that I think about it, there are quite a few habits that could stand improvement. Nothing serious, mind you. Well, at least he doesn't think it is. Like a little argument we had just a couple of weeks ago. Not so little, really . . .

It all started because Rory hates to be wrong. I guess most men are like that. Only my husband is even more so when someone else is around!

It happened shortly after we moved into our new home, just off Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills. It's a huge Spanish house which we completely redecorated. In fact, it's so big that I had a buzzer system installed so that if Rory wanted to call me, all he had to do was lift up one of the many phone receivers, and press a signal button.

He'd forgotten all about the system, though, that hot afternoon he came home from work, so the moment he walked into the house, he called me.

Only I didn't hear him. I was upstairs with our baby, Cindy. As far as sound-carrying was concerned, I might as well have been in Alaska or Hawaii.

Rory tried again. "Lita!"

No answer.

"LITA!"

It was merely by chance that I happened to come downstairs a few minutes later, or Rory would have had laryngitis.

He was slightly purple. (*Continued on page 50*)



# AVA'S



*There was no stopping her—the lovely Senorita had to fight the bull. Nothing else would satisfy her. She practiced hard to learn the art, and then one day announced that she was ready. . . .*

## Modern Screen's world scoop brings you the truth that Ava tried so courageously to hide!

by Ed Graham

■ At first the men laughed when Ava screamed. After all, she'd been screaming her head off ever since early that morning when she'd decided she could handle the bulls by herself. Before that, for the last couple of weeks, she'd been coming to RANCHO EL ROCIO, the great Spanish bull farm just outside Seville, to play with *los toros*—but always with the famous teacher Angel Peralta at her side. Now, early on this day, October 31, 1957, she'd driven up to the ranch with current boyfriend Walter Chiari and announced to Peralta and the dozen or so hands assigned to the training arena that she was ready to go it alone.

*"Pero . . ."* Peralta and the others started to say. "But . . . ."

Ava smiled a no-buts-about-it smile and went to change into her riding clothes.

The others, meanwhile, were worried. "I talked to Señor Chiari and told him it would be dangerous for La Bella," one of the men has said, referring to Ava by the nickname the admiring Spaniards have given her, The Beauty. "But he told me there was no holding this lovely woman back when she wanted to do something. I tried to explain that she was not yet ready to be a *rejoneadora*, to ride the horse and try to lance the bull, that this is the art of a man and that even a man must practice from when he is a boy to master this art. But Señor Chiari indicated he was helpless to change La Bella's mind. Then, a few minutes later, she came out—wearing her leather pants and white shirt and *novillera's* hat, and wearing the expression I have seen here on the ranch many times before on the faces of the young boys who are about to take their first (*Continued on page 42*)

# FACE SCARRED!



try on the horse alone, brave and flushed with excitement, the skin almost burning for adventure. I knew Señor Chiari was right, that there would be no changing her mind."

"I am not superstitious, like are many Spaniards," another of the men present, a young *torero* from Granada, told us. "But I must admit that when Señorita Ava entered the arena a chill wind, as if it came out of nowhere, came suddenly and brought with it much dust and cast a strange gloom over the ranch and where we were standing. One of the old *peones,* the ranch hands, who was standing near Señorita Ava tapped her on the shoulder and pointed around him. 'That is not a good sign,' he told her, apologetically for interfering in the plans of so great a lady, but firmly just the same. But Señorita Ava, who is always so nice to everybody, I have noticed during the time I have known her, especially to the poor people and the old people, like this man was, put her hand on his arm and began to smile and talk to him like a mother who is about to go away on a long trip and who is telling her little son that there is nothing to worry about. She did not tell him what I think was in her mind—that she is a woman who is very bored with life as she has lived it, bored with all the men she has known and who have fallen at her feet, with all the fine champagne she has been bathed in ever since she became a famous actress, with all the false people around her all the time telling her how *meravillosa* she is just so they may bask in her glory. She did not tell him that to make up for these cold riches in her life she had come to live in a warm and poor and stark country such as is Spain, that she had tried to forget her past and her identity here by trying to make herself Spanish, by buying a very Spanish house called *La Bruja*—The Witch—and learning to sing all our Spanish songs and to dance our wild Spanish dance, the *flamenco*—and that now she would try to forget her past and her identity with something even more wild, more exciting. So instead she told the old man who had pointed out the chill wind and the dust to her that she had seen many omens in her lifetime and that they had ceased to worry her any more. And that, besides, this was not all as reckless and as silly as it might (*Continued on page 58*)



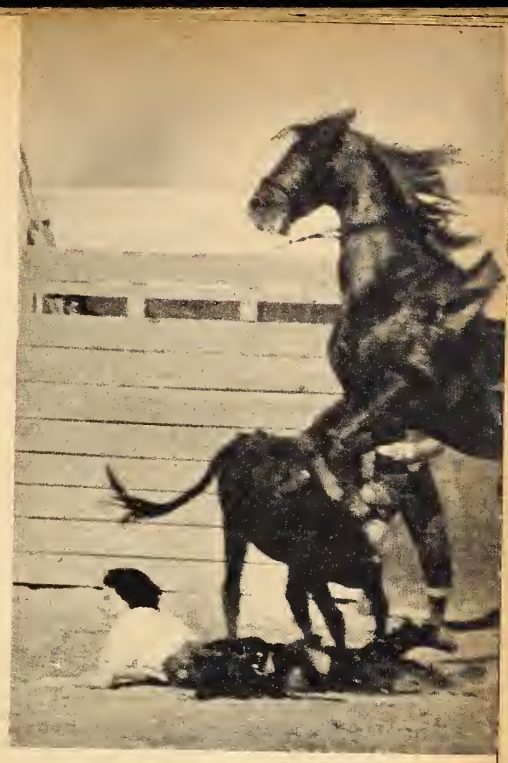




*Suddenly a horse kicked out... and her beauty was the price Ava Gardner paid for the excitement of the bull ring...*









# my first kiss



## That was no girl . . . that was my goat

**SAL MINEO** owes his first kiss to show business.

"I played one of the village boys in the stage production of *The Rose Tattoo*. All I had to do was lead a goat onstage to establish atmosphere.

"I was in the seventh grade at the time, and they loaded us with homework. One night I was so tired that I found an unused spot backstage and fell asleep, knowing the stage manager would wake me up in plenty of time for my cue.

"But I woke up even sooner and realized I was being kissed. It felt wonderful for a moment, but then the illusion shattered when I realized my ardent girl friend was that darned goat!"



## On a dream boat, with a phantom lover

**JANET LEIGH** says that the only *first kiss* which counts with her was her first kiss from Tony Curtis. Anything that went before has been forgotten!

They met at a cocktail party one of the movie studios gave at a big Hollywood restaurant. And there was a big Hollywood crowd present.

Then a certain person—Tony, of course—joined Janet's group, and suddenly the party was fun.

Tony made a tentative date to "call her sometime" when he said *good-bye.*

But it was only five or six hours later that Janet was being kissed by him!

. . . It was on board a ship. The night was cool, but the moon above seemed very warm.

Not nearly as warm as Tony's arms, though, when he embraced her—

Yes, there was the touch of a dream the first time Janet's lips met Tony's, for it was a kiss she *dreamed!* That night, just five or six hours after she had been at the cocktail party.

A few nights later, though, that lovely dream changed to even lovelier reality!

## Two thousand witnesses

**TONY FRANCIOSA** thinks James Naismith was the greatest inventor in the world: he was the man who invented basketball as a game, away back in 1891.

What's that got to do with his first kiss?

Well, in his junior year, BEN FRANKLIN HIGH played EVANDER CHILDS for the city championship. It was the most exciting game ever as far as the crowd was concerned.

Down to the last minute, it was nip and tuck. And as far as one of the beautiful blonde cheerleaders was concerned—Tony was the most exciting basketball player ever!

A quick look at the sweephand clock showed two seconds left as Tony took aim from twenty feet out—and hit the rim of the basket. The game-ending whistle blew just as the ball stopped its crazy saucering and dropped *in* for the winning two points!

Even before the roar of the crowd filled the auditorium, the pretty cheerleader rushed to the court, threw her arms around the astonished Tony, and gave him a victory kiss.

No lover's lane for Tony—he got his first kiss as 2,000 spectators cheered!



## I reminded him of someone else



**SOPHIA LOREN** remembers that sunny afternoon in October, 1943—it was Liberation Day for Naples. As the Allied trucks rolled over the cobblestone streets a young girl joined the crowds scrambling for the chocolate bars the soldiers tossed to them. She was tall and skinny, and her playmates called her *The Stick.* One of the GI's noticed *Little Stick* . . .

In his Bronx-accented Italian he asked her what her name was . . . how old she was . . . if she went to school at all—a score of questions that showed the special interest he had taken. Soon she was telling him how hard she had prayed that the Allies would reach Naples by her ninth birthday, which had been on September 20th. But no matter if they were two weeks late. It was still a wonderful birthday present!

"Well, here's a birthday present from me," the GI said, giving her his last few bars of chocolate. She whispered her thanks.

"Nothing compared with what you've given me, *Little Stick,*" the GI answered. "You see, I have a little girl who's also nine years old. She's a lot like you—tall, a little thin. Talking to you brought her very close."

And the lonely GI kissed her quickly and tenderly on the cheek.

It was her first kiss—one that will always be remembered by Sophia Loren.



## She kissed me black and blue

**GEORGE NADER** had a king-size run of childhood illnesses—he claims he had every one in the medical books!—and the result was that he was the skinniest boy in the seventh grade when Cupid's first arrow scored a direct hit.

It was a case of opposites attracting each other, because the object of George's affection was red-haired Geraldine, the best darned athlete in Pasadena!

"She out-weighed me by fifteen or twenty pounds," George remembers, "and it was all muscle. The first time she kissed me—that's what I said: *she* kissed *me*—brother, I *stayed* kissed for a month!

"It took just about a month for the black and blue marks around my ribs to disappear!"

Now six-foot-one, hundred-and-eighty-five-pound George would like to meet her again—and get even.

## He was a Romeo, in a girls' dorm

**JOAN COLLINS'** Mom and Dad believed in educating her at private schools . . . and none of that coeducational nonsense, if you please.

But private schools can be very boring . . . and fourteen-year-old boys very enchanting to a fourteen-year-old girl who hardly ever had the chance to meet and talk with boys.

And so one evening, at the brink of dusk, she stood at the third floor window of her dormitory room and beckoned to a young boy as he came along the half-deserted street.

He vaulted the low school wall and stood beneath her window. They talked briefly about each other, and then the boy showed he had the true touch of Romeo within him. He began climbing the thick British ivy, to the room above!

A minute later he was leaning across the window ledge. "Say, you're beautiful," he exclaimed. "I'll get the very devil if they catch me doing this, so how about a reward? Will you give me a quick kiss?" And she did!





*LEFT Trying their skill at pitching pennies is a favorite sport with David and Ricky—especially when Diane Jurgens and Mary Ann Gaba are around to applaud.*

*BELOW LEFT "It's strictly career stuff," Ricky and David say: Rosemarie Ace and Barbara Wilson appear frequently on their Ozzie and Harriet TV series. Sure . . .*

*BELOW Barbara looks like she's getting the short end of the Coke on this deal with the boys. But her eyes show she thinks it'd be worth it—for this ideal date for '58!*





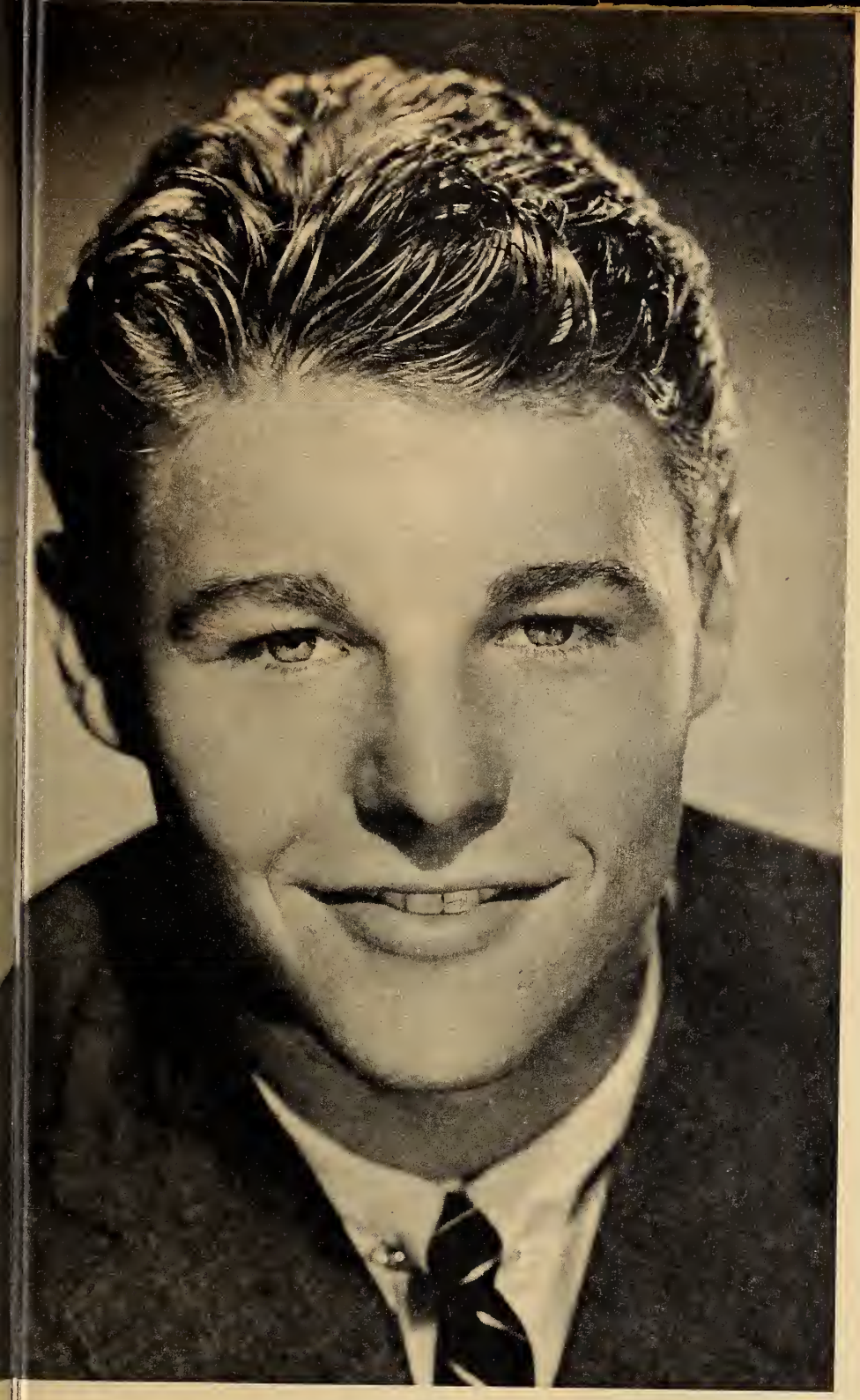
# MEET DAVE NELSON

*Ricky's big brother*

*is strictly Class A*

*date material and...*

# He's *available*



# for Saturday night

*by Marcia Borie*

■ David Nelson is the kind of boy every mother would like to see calling on her daughter, and he's certainly a girl's dream of a steady beau—and he's available!

No wife, no fiancée, no steady girl.

From Momma's point of view, he has a lot of talent, drive, ambition—and all the qualities to make him successful on screen.

In real life, he has a tremendous amount of warmth and charm.

In fact, a poll among teenagers rates David as *strictly* Class A date material. A fraction under six feet, with sandy brown hair, blue eyes, an almost perpetual smile and the rugged build of a top-notch athlete certainly leave nothing much to be desired. In sport clothes or a tux, Dave is definitely the dreamy type, although you'd never get him to admit that he has the ability to make females flutter.

What *does* David have to say about all that?

"Since we're on the subject of girls," says David, "I can tell you that when I knew I was going to be making *Peyton Place*, the first thing I thought of, aside from acting, was *oh, boy, what an opportunity to meet some girls! A whole studio full of glamorous women!* Or so I thought. Sure, I've met quite a few beautiful girls here . . . but they're all married!

"Right now, my typical dates are pretty unexciting. The evening usually starts with me being worn out. Mostly we go to shows, then have a bite to eat at a drive-in and then I wind up taking my date home fairly early. I say good (*Continued on page 74*)

# the STRAIGHT DOPE on Rita's marriage facts

1 Ed Judson treated her like a child



2 Orson Welles sneereed at her "intellectual limitations"





3 Prince Aly Khan wouldn't keep his eye from roving



4 Dick Haymes used her as a punching bag



5 James Hill vows "They'll never push Rita around again"



# FIFTH

from Modern Screen's private files



H

**11/16/57**—Hayworth, Hill friends say real reason he held off asking Rita to marry him was that he knew she had not recovered from Aly Khan. (Repeat: Not Dick Haymes, but Aly Khan!)

H

**11/18/57** — During Hill-Hayworth 'friendship' period, Jim would often remark in Rita's presence (but he'd be looking at her with a little smile), "Rita and I are going to have something special, but it can't start until the redhead here forgets once and for all that she's a princess.' He meant, of course, until she forgot Aly.

(See back file . . .)

H

**5/16/56**—Aly Khan, wearing his most contrite face, came on his knees to Rita H, begging for another chance and finally she faltered and came back to visit him in Paris with Yasmin. Aly put on a big show when Rita and Yasmin got there—and even found the European maid Rita lost when she divorced Aly. AND paid a fortune to the maid (she had married) to work for R for a couple weeks.

H

**10/29/56**—Aly Khan still hasn't forgotten Rita H. He chased all over Paris looking for a gift of jewelry for her birthday—but he sent it in the name of their dtr.

*(Continued on page 79)*

## I love my husband, but

(*Continued from page 39*) "How many times must I call you till you answer?"

"But darling, I didn't hear you . . . all you had to do was use the buzzer. . . ."

"*What* buzzer?"

Now *I* got mad. Unfortunately the maid just happened to walk in when I reminded Rory that we had been through this half a dozen times.

Suddenly he turned quiet, bit his lips, clasped his fists. He was really angry! The moment the maid left, he snapped, "Don't you ever tell me off in front of anyone again, do you understand?"

He didn't talk to me for the rest of the day and left the next morning without breakfast. When he didn't get home by six, I grew worried. Usually when he worked late, he let me know. And so I called him.

"Are you working late tonight, Rory?"

"Yes!"

"Are you still mad at me. . . ."

Silence.

"I'm sorry for what happened, dear. Honestly I am. Won't you forgive me?"

"No."

But he did, when he got home. In fact, he was so sweet, I wouldn't mind his boyish temper every second day, just so we could make up!

The nice side of this boyishness more than makes up for his occasional loss of temper. It gives Rory the kind of charm handsome men have to have, or they seem conceited.

I remember the first time I paid him a compliment about his appearance. He looked as awkward as a fourteen-year-old boy asking a girl to dance. I'll have to admit I complimented him a number of times just to get this reaction—which has never changed.

One of the traits I like best about my husband is his generosity, like making loans to people he knows will never pay him back; sending members of my family through college; setting up in business an ex-character actor who might have had a hard time making a living if it hadn't been for Rory; giving our guest ranch to the Boy Scouts of America.

### A soft touch

What amazes me most is his steadfast belief in people's goodness even if they disappoint him from time to time. Like our Philippine houseboy who always borrowed money from Rory ahead of his pay day.

One Christmas Rory had already given him two weeks' pay in advance and a bonus of $150. but the boy asked for another advance.

"For presents," the boy explained.

In spite of my uneasy feeling, I didn't say anything when Rory pulled out his wallet and handed him another big bill.

The boy left right after supper and never showed up again.

I was convinced my husband would be bitter after that experience. He wasn't. On New Year's Day an old friend who had borrowed money from him half a dozen times without making the slightest attempt to pay back anything, was at the door again. Rory obliged for the seventh time.

I'm not exactly unhappy about this characteristic when I'm the beneficiary, of course! Though I must admit, I wouldn't mind too much if he changed the *manner* in which he gives me presents. . . .

I'll never forget our second wedding anniversary, when we were living at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

### The beast in the bathtub

Ever since we were married Rory had promised me a fur stole. For the first two years, he couldn't afford it. Nor did I think he was ready for it the day I walked into our hotel room and found him on the couch, pretending to have a terrible headache.

"I'll call the doctor," I assured him anxiously when I found him cringing in pain, or so I thought.

"No, dear," he whispered. "Just go into the bathroom and get me an aspirin. Better make it a couple. . . ."

I rushed into the bathroom, opened the medicine cabinet, and took the tiny bottle of pills. When I closed the cabinet and turned around, I noticed something furry in the bathtub, let out a scream, dropped the bottle, and ran back into the bedroom. "Rory, RORY. . . ."

There was something about the way he grinned that made me realize the joke was on me. And what a joke! When I sneaked back and peeked into the tub, I found the most beautiful mink stole.

And that's how he gave me all my furs —except the last one.

A few days before my last birthday—August 11th—he said, "You can have anything you want except a fur—you have enough of them. . . ."

I agreed, although the one I had wanted most, a white mink stole, I never got. But Rory had been so generous, I couldn't get myself to ask him for it. . . .

On the morning of the eleventh, he gave me three exquisitely beautiful presents. And in the afternoon I caught the dickens.

"You're too extravagant," he shouted when he walked into the house and flung what looked like a c.o.d. package into my arms.

I was a little hurt. After all, this was my birthday. "I haven't gone out all day," I protested.

"Well I just hope you're not exchanging things again," he said belligerently as he watched me open the package.

I tore off the paper, flipped open the cardboard box—and stopped breathing when I saw the white mink. Looking up and choking a little, I saw that familiar smile. "This is positively the last one!" he announced when I flew into his arms and hugged him.

What I didn't realize till later was that he had sketched the stole from memory according to some remarks I had made years before, then had it secretly made up according to his specifications. It was perfect.

### Open house

However, there is one kind of generosity that flips me in Rory. A few weeks ago, for instance, the telephone rang just as we were getting ready for dinner. I couldn't help overhearing what he said: "Are you doing anything tonight?—No?—

**Dick Wilson is director and co-author of *Raw Wind of Eden*, a movie filmed in Rome with Esther Williams and Jeff Chandler. Wilson had to reassure Miss Williams that there'd be no scene showing her swimming, because she now insists on drama roles only. "No water, please," Esther Williams warned him. "I won't be filmed even drinking a glass of the stuff."**

*Leonard Lyons in the N. Y. Post*

## THE LAUTREC IN CHARLTON HESTON'S LIFE

■ When Charlton Heston was a student at Northwestern University, back in 1941, he made two overwhelming discoveries:

1) He became interested in the work of Toulouse-Lautrec, the French artist, whose life was dramatized in the movie, *Moulin Rouge.*

2) He fell in love with dark-eyed Lydia Clarke.



For years, Charlton has yearned to own an original Lautrec, just as he yearned for the love of Lydia. And, as fate would have it, he won the girl before he got the painting.

The romance end of it got going when Lydia asked him for help in reading the breathless line, *My frog is dead,* in a school play. Charlton suggested, with heart thumping, that they discuss this problem over a cup of coffee.

Three years later, while he was a GI, they married. A couple of years after that, Chuck was out of the army and they were starving in a thirty-dollar-a-month tenement flat in a run-down section just off Broadway's theatre beat.

The very grim beginning of their fight for fame had Lydia back modeling, mostly for $3.95 dresses, and Chuck making the dreary rounds of the casting agents.

In the back of his head was still the sharp urge to own a Lautrec. But he didn't dare say a word, since many a time they had barely enough money to buy dinner.

But with the first hundred-dollar check for a TV job, Chuck told his manager, "If you come across a reasonable Lautrec, let me know."

And before long he had one. He hung it carefully near the window, which was the sitting part of their long, narrow one-room apartment. It was crazy, having a valuable original Lautrec in a tenement—where burglaries were commonplace.

In time, Chuck became a movie star and Lydia got bigger roles in stage plays. Now they maintain three apartments, each completely furnished, in three different American cities, so that they have a home and not a hotel room when they travel.

And in each apartment the walls are heavy with paintings, originals that the Hestons can now afford.

Most prominent in their modern penthouse apartment in Hollywood is that first Lautrec. "Somehow," says Chuck, "it seems to grow more beautiful each year."

*Charlton is making* Touch Of Evil *for U-I,* The Buccaneer *for Paramount and* The Big Country *for United Artists.*

Well come on over for dinner—That's all right, bring them, too—How many friends? —Nine?—Sure we have enough to eat!"

And that's the rule, not the exception. Some days I think I'm running a boarding house instead of a private home, but then —it's fun and I enjoy it.

On the other hand, my husband's considerateness and understanding was never more evident than in the months before Cindy was born. He catered to me in every possible way—from serving me breakfast in bed and massaging my back when I grew tired, to patiently listening to my troubles, imaginary or otherwise.

**The strong silent type**

At the same time, one of my strongest beefs is his own reluctance to discuss his problems when something is bothering him.

The only way I can tell is by the circles under his eyes and the sudden vagueness in his answers.

I know why Rory does it. He told me so himself one morning when I could tell he had slept little that night, if at all. "What's wrong, Rory?"

"Nothing," he insisted.

"I know there is. Why don't you tell me?"

He hesitated for a moment. "No use both of us worrying about it," he said with finality.

---

**Elvis Presley joins the club. After listening to director Richard Thorpe explain to him how he wanted a scene for *Jailhouse Rock* played, Elvis said, "You're right. I just don't agree with you."**

*Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post*

---

One of Rory's biggest *plusses* is his neatness. Some of it has even rubbed off on me!

When I lived with my parents—and later, when I was on my own and had a maid—I was always used to having someone pick up after me. I'd leave the house a mess in the morning, come back and find everything neatly put away.

The first time I left the house in a mess after I became Mrs. Calhoun—we couldn't afford servants then—I found it in exactly the same condition when I got home. I didn't mind. Rory did. But he didn't complain because we had guests for dinner, and he never reprimanded me for anything—except kiddingly—in front of others. But when we were alone, he rather pointedly remarked how much he liked "a clean house."

I knew what he meant.

For instance, his side of the medicine cabinet always looks like a showcase in a department store, with comb, brushes, etc. militarily neatly lined up. Once, just for the fun of it, I sneaked in after him and moved the comb half an inch from its original place. When I went back a few minutes later, it was right back where it had been! Well, maybe I am exaggerating, a little.

This orderliness really pays off in the kitchen. Rory loves to cook, usually bouillabaisse, which takes a dozen kinds of fish plus huge amounts of seasonings and other extras. Invariably he only uses one pot, and always cleans up afterwards so that no one could ever tell he had cooked anything.

For that matter, Rory is very easy to please as far as meals are concerned, and what I like about him too. Except for a few insides like brains, tripe, and heart—which I can't stand—I can fix anything as long as there's enough of it. And if I try out something new, and spoil it, he'll laugh good naturedly and take me out.

**The exception**

However—there is one time when he's always difficult to please: when he's sick.

About once a year he comes down with a bad cold. As long as his temperature is high, Rory is quite bearable. He sleeps most of the time.

My problem starts the moment he feels better, as indicated by his demand for the one and only dish he wants: chicken soup with rice.

Usually the cook and I are well prepared and have stocked up quite a number of cans for these emergencies. But last time his convalescence took so long, it caught us off guard.

On the fourth day, the cook came into the living room, trembling. "Mrs. Calhoun," she cried out, "we are out of chicken soup and rice. . . ."

I began to feel uneasy as well. "Do you have any suggestions?"

"We have chicken noodle soup. . . ."

I was sure the crisis was solved. "Go ahead and serve it. . . ."

A few minutes later I heard an outburst from our bedroom. *"Where's the chicken-rice soup?"*

I rushed upstairs to find Rory pointing at the bowl of soup in front of him. "Why can't I have what I want?"

"Because we are out of it," I explained.

"Then why don't you order enough?"

"But Rory, you've had it three days in a row, three times a day—for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. That's why we are out of it!"

"I want chicken and rice. . . ."

Luckily we had a chicken in the freezer. I boiled it, threw some rice into the pot, and served that. He stopped his complaining, and I guess it was worth the trouble!

While Rory can be so bossy when he's sick, he can be so gentle and understanding the rest of the time.

But that does *not* include when he was teaching me to drive!

I'll never forget the first time I stripped the gears; he cringed. "Let's try again," he suggested after I'd brought the car to a halt.

If anything, it sounded worse.

"The clutch!" he cried out.

"Well, what about the clutch?"

"Push it down before you shift!"

I had done pretty well with automatic transmission, but Rory's hand-operated gearshift gave me no end of trouble.

With Rory growing more fidgety each time I tried it, I finally threw in the towel, stopped the car, got out, and took a cab. Fortunately we soon got a car with hydromatic, or we may have had to weather a major marriage crisis.

The only other criticism I have about my husband should really belong in the category of *likes and compliments.* His enthusiastic greetings coupled with a complete disregard for his own strength.

When he's in a happy mood—which is most of the time—he'll come through the door like a tornado, lift me up till our eyes meet on the same level—and that's a long way up—and squeeze me like a ripe banana. And that can hurt! But then, how can I be annoyed at an expression of love? Come to think of it, there are a *lot* more things about my husband that I like than things I don't!

Guess that's why I love my husband—and no *buts!* **END**

*Rory's in MGM's* THE HIRED GUN *and United Artists'* RIDE OUT FOR REVENGE. *He'll be doing* PAPAGO WELLS *for Columbia and* THE SAGA OF HEMP BROWN *for U-I.*


# Gives even string-straight hair (permanents, too) that born-curly look

***Not a permanent! No nightly pin-ups! Does what no hair spray made can do!***




Unretouched Photograph



**NOT A PERMANENT:** Nu-Curl 70 impregnates straight or permanented hair with nature's curl-activator...multiplies curl life; lusterizes dull hair; dispels dryness, frizziness.

**NOT A SPRAY:** Sprays can't create waves. Nu-Curl 70 feeds want-to-wave tendencies to even string-straight hair; *gives you that born-curly look.*

**NO NIGHTLY PIN-UPS:** You set hair just once, condition when necessary; yet get glorious curls that last beautifully till your next shampoo.

Six months' supply only **$1.50** + tax, sold everywhere. Nu-Curl Cream Shampoo, $1.00.

Non-alkaline, amazing Nu-Curl 70 is so gentle that it is completely safe for even fragile-fine infant's hair.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping




**NU-CURL 70** THE MODERN CURL CONDITIONING DISCOVERY by *Robert Curley*

***SPECIAL!*** Hair Styling Kit contains Nu-Curl 70, $1.50—Nu-Curl Shampoo, $1.00—Hair Styler, $3.50—Hair Styling Guide, $1.00—a $7.00 Value for only $5.00, + 13c tax.

# new wonder for you



2

■ The very new, very smart clothes for Spring will be all the more flattering to you if you start your wardrobe with undergarments that will give your figure the season's new, new look! 1. News is made by the new black Mold 'n Hold Playtex girdle of Latex. This sleek zippered sheath, without a seam or bone—fits like a second skin. Also white or pink. About $11. 2. For that glamorous figure, a Glamour bra. Striped satin undercups with sheer nylon top, foam lined and under-wired for firm control. New slide hook closing in front with Lastex back for snug fit. By Lovable. White only. About $2.50. 3. To wear under your new clothes—a pantie girdle that smooths and controls in the nicest way. Light-weight power net with reinforced power net tummy control. By Nemo. White only. About $4. 4. Exciting bandeau bra of plain and embroidered cotton with two new features—self-fitting dual Magic Insets adjust to correct size. Also, new Neveride band that holds you securely and prevents slipping. By Perma.lift. White only.

1



3





4



6

About $2.50. 5. For the new look this Magic Oval pantie girdle of nylon power net with embroidered satin Lastex front panel and dainty blue stitching. A high waistband is featured for extra support. Girdle also available (*not shown*). By Perma.lift. White only. About $6.50. 6. Big news in color undies. Formfit joins hands with Kayser in a gay promotion of bras, girdles, slips, petticoats and nities in a high pink shade called "Kiss Me Pink." This group was inspired by Elizabeth Arden's "My Love" perfume sequence. 7. Susan Strasberg poses with a new tub-less portable washing machine (14" high, 9 lbs.) that tenderly washes and rinses your finest pretties. Made by AMI. Susan is washing the famous Gossard Answer girdle, Gossard bra, Formfit "Kiss Me Pink" bra, and a lacy Laros petticoat. Susan's outfit is by Jr. Sophisticates. Her nylon shortie gloves are by Kayser. See Susan in RKO's *Stage Struck* with Henry Fonda.

*Photos by Roger Prigent*

5



7



# "LONG HAIR IS IN... and the boys like it"

*says teen-age Natalie Trundy and—home perms are a must of course!*



*Photo by Roger Prigent*

■ From Hollywood to Paris the news has spread—cropped coiffures are just not smart. But there is more to the demise of short hair than a new 1958 hair style trend. The boys don't think that short hair is feminine. According to Hollywood stars girls just adopted short hair because they thought it was easier to take care of, required less grooming and was just generally smart, young and piquant. Hollywood stars, of course, have always known that long hair was more feminine, more alluring and more beau-catching. Also, they have always known that without loads of grooming the hair is never bright and shining and a crowning glory. Natalie Trundy wears her hair (*Continued on page* 62)

*Natalie does her own hair, hates the precious time that the beauty parlors take—and money! The golden and pseudo aquamarine jewelry, Capri.*
*See Natalie in the United Artists film,* The Careless Years.

# I live in a dream

(*Continued from page 35*) alone. All my life, really, I've liked to be alone. I've never had friends my own age. I've never had a real boy friend. When I was a little girl, I would come down and join my parents and their friends in the evening while my older sister went out on dates. I just never wanted to—"

"No," he corrected her, "you were afraid to."

The cafe was filling up. Françoise Sagan—who wrote *Bonjour Tristesse* when she was just the age Jean is now, eighteen—stopped to say *hello* to Jean, then wandered on to her own table followed by her admirers. Going her own way, tolerating her admirers, liking no one, really, not caring what anyone thought so long as their thoughts did not intrude on her freedom— "No wonder the French teenagers selected her to be their idol," Jean sighed. "I think she's wonderful, too. She's not at all the way people say she is—wild and unconventional and all. In fact, she's just the way I'd like to be—"

### The "glamorous" life

Now it was Jean's companion who sighed. "Another dream," François said, "You live so many lives, my dear. But never your own, and that's the only one you have to live, really."

"Let's go," Jean answered, "it's late."

For Jean, it *was* late, even though the clock hadn't struck ten yet. She wouldn't have been there at all if it weren't a Saturday night, with no six-thirty call the next morning. Even so, it had been a long day. Every scene had had to be done over and over, and one had been a swimming scene from which she had finally emerged blue and shivering with cold. She'd just recovered from an attack of Asian flu that had held up production for almost a week. She had no right to risk catching cold again, causing more delays.

They left the cafe, walked a block or two. For a minute, they stood looking out at the Mediterranean. Up and down the narrow, cobbled streets, the bright neon lights were glowing, the music was playing, and young people were laughing, dancing, falling in love. . . .

### Only with someone's permission

It was still so early, really. Not even ten o'clock. And yet she would soon be in bed. And, in time, sleep would shut out the disturbing thoughts, the ghosts, which François' voice had raised tonight.

Until then, though, they were with her. They walked beside her as she slowly undressed, as she slid into the blue silk pajamas and the blue robe with its blue satin lapels. She pulled the belt tight, pleased with how thin she was. Mr. Preminger—Otto Preminger, the producer, —had even said to her today, "You are too thin. Now, you may eat chocolates again."

*Imagine*, she thought, *living a life so carefully regulated that you daren't eat chocolates unless you receive someone's permission.* She remembered reading somewhere that one of the things Ingrid Bergman and her first husband, Doctor Lindstrom, used to quarrel about was the fact that he would sometimes find her nibbling on chocolates, which he had forbidden her.

It had seemed so silly at the time she had read about it, maybe ten years ago. She had probably read it in a fan magazine, sitting in the big chair of her room back in Marshalltown, Iowa—nibbling chocolates!

*But you want to be a star, don't you? An actress? A really great actress?* she asked her reflection in the mirror. *And it isn't as though you're beautiful, because you're not, you know. Oh, you're pretty—very pretty—and you have good bone structure so that you photograph even prettier than you are, but you must never fool yourself, Jean Seberg. Fool others, if you must, but never fool yourself.*

And yet, she was fooling herself now, a little. She had been fooling herself tonight, when she had said, "Being alone isn't so bad. I've always liked it." François had been right when he had said, "No, you are afraid."

*Afraid of what?* she asked herself, opening the French doors that opened onto a wide balcony overlooking a tiny beach and the broad sweep of the Mediterranean that went out to join the sea. Actually, she had a lot of courage, hadn't she? It had taken courage to enter that contest for *St. Joan* as one of eighteen thousand girls. A kid from the middle-west, with hayseeds in her hair and stardust in her eyes, and only a few weeks of summer stock behind her. And she had been honest, too, when Otto Preminger had said to her, with that strange smile of his, "You know, Miss Seberg, you are the only girl who does not come in here wearing a chain with a gold cross on it. Why?" Quite honestly, she had answered, "Because I didn't have one, and couldn't afford one. And," she finished as those eyes that knew so much about human nature kept watching her, "because I thought that probably every other girl *would* wear one, so I'd be different."

Otto Preminger had nodded. "That is good. I like that. It proves you use your head a little, eh?"

*Yes*, thought the Jean Seberg who had come so far along the road to fame in less than a year. *I have had courage when I have had to have it. I'm not trying to duck life, really. It's not that I'm afraid to live; it's . . . it's what? It's that I never really liked the person I was—the ugly duckling on whom no clothes looked really right while Sis could look terrific in anything she put on. And I was too shy.*

So she was lonely, with lots of time to day-dream—and lots of time to work hard and try to make the dreams come true. . . .

And Jean started on a long journey of remembrances . . . back, and back. . . .

Just ten years ago she'd been a tow-headed, bright-eyed fourth grader in a small midwestern school in Marshalltown, Iowa, given to making up stage names she might someday use, and telling her parents, "Wait until you see my name in lights."

That was when she'd written that playlet titled *Be Kind to Animals*—and it won a puppy for her. She remembered how she'd refused to collect her prize because she didn't want to hurt Rusty's feelings, Rusty being the dog she already owned.

Jean remembered how excited she'd felt when her mother told her that her high school English teacher, Miss Grace Cooper, had telephoned to tell Mrs. Seberg that Jean had a definite talent for writing.

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**He was doing a bit in a movie as a Marine. For a close-up he was told to get a butch haircut. "I have thin hair. It wouldn't stand up straight. Kind of flopped over in bangs. They laughed, but the casting office remembered me. You could say I went over with a bang"—said Earl Holliman.**

*Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post*

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She'd felt so pleased that a couple of months later, when Jean was confirmed in the Trinity Lutheran Church, she'd written a little prayer . . .

*Dear Father in heaven, hear this prayer*
*From Thy people everywhere,*
*Make us pure, clean from sin,*
*Let the reign of love begin.*
*Make us think of one another*
*As a loving, friendly brother;*
*Teach us how to pray to Thee.*
*Make our souls and hearts be free.*

But even more satisfying to her than writing was performing on stage, singing duets in church with her older sister, Mary Ann, now a twenty-year-old University of Iowa junior; learning to play the piano, and then the tap, ballet and




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# JAZZY KIM

■ It figures that the license plates on Kim Novak's snazzy new white Corvette read: JZK 333. "Perfect!" chortles Kim. "If you pronounce it right, it comes out 'Jazzy Kim.'"

Nobody will argue with that, but what engrosses Kim is the succession of threes. "It's got to be lucky," she says, "and look—no accident yet. All four fenders right there. I think I've turned out a pretty good driver."

Of course, it's no secret that Kim was born at 3:13 a.m. on February 13. And her mother was in room 313 of the hospital, at the time. "So, of course," she says, "that's my dressing room number at the studio, too."

There's no doubt that any multiple of three is Kim's lucky number, and that at this point she feels pretty lucky to have been born. Take the Corvette, for instance. A year ago she didn't even know how to drive. Nor how to dance, either—professionally, that is. So right now, she's Jazzy Kim in a snazzy Corvette—and taking daily dancing lessons.

That's for the picture *Pal Joey*, which she did after *Jeanne Eagels*. She explains that "I didn't have time to learn between the two pictures, so I took care of the dancing before. And I never knew it could be so good for me! Why, it makes me feel so good I just tingle from my head to my toes. I guess the dancing gets my blood circulating."

Of course, Kim ties all this wonderful feeling in with the fact that she's twenty-three this year—there's that number again, so what else could she expect but the best of luck?

On the other hand, she managed to get through twenty-two pretty well—though with dire forebodings. "All my life," she claims, "I dreaded being twenty-two." It wasn't her age that frightened her: it's just that two was her *un*lucky number. So what happened? So she made *Picnic* and *The Eddie Duchin Story*. And that was really some bad luck for Kim!

But she still isn't trusting completely to luck. Despite all the hocus-pocus with numerology, Kim is a gal who likes to know what's going on. Instead of having a business manager, like most stars, she handles all her money herself. Kim's explanation? She feels that "you don't really appreciate what you've got unless you take care of it yourself." Then she adds, "Anyway, I don't really have too much to worry about.

"By the time I've sent money home and taken care of all my expenses—and they're getting worse all the time!—there isn't any left. So what could I have to worry about?"

There's another piece of luck ahead that might prove the most interesting of all: her re-teaming with Frank Sinatra for *Pal Joey*. They've been very close since doing *The Man With The Golden Arm* together, so what'll happen when they get together again? And we do mean in the romance department. "Oh," says Kim, "we're just good friends. But I can say one thing about him: hard work seems to be made for him. Busy as he's been, I've never seen him look so rested and handsome!"

Well, whatever happens, it has to be lucky; Kim's still in her *three* cycle. And whatever happened to *two*? "Oh," giggles Kim throatily, "I'm not superstitious about *that* number any more!"

*Kim Novak can be seen in Columbia's* PAL JOEY *and* JEANNE EAGELS. *Watch for her in* BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE, *another Columbia production, and in Paramount's* VERTIGO.

toe dancing lessons she took for six years.

But she *had* been lonely . . . had she just been keeping herself busy, so she wouldn't feel it so much?

Maybe that was what Mrs. McMahon had meant—Mrs. C. H. McMahon, Marshalltown YWCA general secretary—when she had said to Jean's Mother, "She was a guiding force. Other girls looked to her for leadership, but still . . . were sometimes a little jealous of her. I guess you could say she was more respected than loved, but was able to live *within* herself."

Yes, Jean was used to being alone.

### With her whole heart and soul

"Whatever you did, you did wholeheartedly," her Mother said to her once.

At one time in her adolescent years, Jean decided she wanted to be a brain surgeon. "And even at that age," Mom had said, "you read every medical book you could lay your hands on, even borrowing some from the family doctor!"

Her interests at other times ran to such extremes as bullfighting and writing, but most frequently Jean dreamed of being an actress—"starting when I was still going to kindergarten," she said once—"But I come by it naturally," she remembered telling that reporter, telling about her Grandmother Frances (Fanny) Benson wanting to be a circus bareback rider when she was a young girl. She never was. And about how her Mother, a teacher before she married, used to tell and read stories for a children's hour over the Marshalltown radio station in the early 1930's, earning the name *Twilight Sweetheart*.

Sitting in the hotel room in that little French town, Jean remembered other things about a lonely childhood and youth—the honors she had captured because loneliness gave her lots of time for practice. . . . She had won AMERICAN LEGION, JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE and IOWA HIGH SCHOOL SPEECH ASSOCIATION-sponsored oratorical contests, and been named state teenage leader for Iowa's 1956 *Teens Against Polio* drive. She had attended HAWKEYE GIRLS STATE and been elected lieutenant governor and earned the honor of attending Girl's Nation in Washington, D.C. She had taken part in Gov. Leo Hoegh's *Conference on Youth*.

**Commenting on Hollywood cocktail parties, Tony Perkins said the guests stood around in clusters like sheep in a blizzard.**

*Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post*

And the *Outstanding Player* awards she had won at the UNIVERSITY OF IOWA and DRAKE UNIVERSITY play festivals.

Jean remembered the applause—and the hours and hours of work that had brought her the applause . . . the hours when the other kids were down drinking cokes together and dancing to a juke box, while she learned her lines. . . .

And summer stock . . . and then *St. Joan*.

### All because she was too shy

*All because I was too shy as a kid?* Jean wondered. *And because I was too scared to go after the boys I liked?*

She thought of the romance she and François had felt looking out at the blue Mediterranean just a little while before, and wondered. . . .

She didn't really want François, or any man, to fall in love with her because she didn't want to hurt anyone and she wasn't ready for love. Yet, she thought it must be exciting to be a femme fatale like Juliette Greco, for instance—Juliette sings the theme song in *Bonjour Tristesse*,

and her personal life is always making romantic headlines.

"I am sad," La Greco had said when Jean had met her in Paris, "when men fall in love with me. Because with me, love does not last. Two years, perhaps, at the very most. Then I must hurt them and I do not wish to hurt them so I tell them, in the beginning, 'Please do not love me' but always—they refuse to listen."

Jean Seberg, standing on a moonlit balcony above the Mediterranean, smiled as she remembered that brief encounter with the dark-haired, white-faced woman whom men found so irresistible. So far, Jean had not found that she had any shattering effect on men. Her mother had said to her once, "You will find someone. Just give yourself time. And," she had added, "give *him* time to find you, Jean. Let him *really* find you—not the person you're dreaming of being. The person you are is very lovely. You mustn't try so hard to be someone else."

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**Here's Prince Rainier's first conversation with his bride-to-be. "You work for MGM?" he said to the star when they met for the first time at his palace. "Isn't that the company with the lion? That's an old lion. Let me take you to the zoo and I'll show you some young lions." After she left Monaco, Grace wrote a thank-you letter to the Prince—and said to let her know if he ever should visit America. The note is a collector's item, for it may become the bread-and-butter letter of the century.**

*Leonard Lyons in The New York Post*

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Everywhere she turned it seemed she heard the same words. Deborah Kerr had said them, too, the other day. "My dear, try to remember that it isn't necessary to—well—try quite so hard. I mean, all you have to bring to your job is *you* and say, 'Well, here I am. This is the person I am and I hope I turn out to be the person you want.' You see?"

That had been after an interviewer had asked Jean who her favorite authors were, and later Jean had asked Deborah and David Niven who *their* favorite authors were, just to be sure she hadn't said the wrong thing.

And the time she was rehearsing for the hangover scene and she asked everyone how it felt to have a hangover, and David Niven had laughed and said, "My dear child, it is one of the few experiences in life to which I would apply the word 'indescribable.' You simply cannot know until you've had one!"

Once she had overheard one of the girls on the set say, "There are some things for which there is no substitute, and living is one of them. How can anyone act what she's never felt? Jean is too—" and the girl had moved away, the voice trailing off.

### New poise

"Too what?" Jean had wanted to run after her and ask. But she hadn't, of course. It was part of what some people had said was her *New poise!* "You certainly have changed a lot since I saw you in New York a year ago," one reporter had remarked. "Then you were just a scared kid at her first press conference. Now you handle yourself like a veteran."

She didn't, of course. Not inside. It was another of the parts she played—the poised, casual young star, sure of herself and of her world.

Who was she, really? And what did she want from life? Was she the lonely kid who could never fit into anything and of whom her Mother used to say, "There she is, off in a dream world again. I swear, I can't even get her to make her bed or help with the dishes any more. It isn't that she doesn't want to. She doesn't even hear me calling her."




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### The successful young woman?

Or was she the successful young woman dressed in her Paris clothes, returning to Marshalltown last year to get her first taste of disillusionment? When she had found herself surrounded by people who wouldn't give her the time of day before she'd been successful, whereas the close friends had stayed away for fear she'd think they just wanted to see her because she was a star. There were four girls with whom she'd gone to school and with whom she still exchanged letters, but she knew that, in time, their faces would blur and grow more distant. She would go home less often. Those girls would marry and have children. The last threads of the childhood friendship that bound them together would snap and the isolation she was beginning to feel more and more would be heightened.

### "I've got to make good"

And if this picture were a failure? Then what? "It can't be," she had said to that tall, thin reporter with the big, horn-rimmed glasses, who probed her thoughts as though they were an open wound, his pen the scalpel. "It can't fail. And even if it does, I got good notices in *Joan of Arc*, though the picture didn't. I can get notices in this, too. And I will. Because I've got to make good. I've *got* to."

"But why?" he had asked, and she had felt, somehow, that he was laughing at her, though she didn't know why. "*Why* do you have to make good? Who says so?"

"Why, I do, of course. I broke away from everything I had, everything I was, so naturally I have to make good at—at—"

"Go on. At what?"

"At everything I'm going to be."

Somewhere, in the still night, in some distant village, a clock chimed out the hour and then fell still again. The wind began to rise and she remembered that this was the time of year when the wind storms which the French call *The Mistrial* began.

### Production delays . . .

The storms would shriek across the sea and rattle the windows and tear furiously at the palm trees and everyone would be glum and moody because they wouldn't be able to make any of the water shots until the sea grew calm again, perhaps in a day—perhaps not for a week. Mr. Preminger would lose his temper and he would say, "Jean, look, you do not walk so fast, please—" And photographers would be snapping her picture and people would be asking questions and some of them would go away to say nice things about her and some would say bad things and someone else would say, "Well, so what? It doesn't matter whether it's good publicity or bad, honey; don't read it, just weigh it."

Below her, young Gefforey Horne, who played the part of her young lover, Philip, in the movie, strolled by with his best girl. They were holding hands and talking in low, soft voices. *It must be nice,* she thought again, *to be in love, and not be so alone, and yet . . . and yet. . . .*

### Everything a girl could want

She turned back into the room and shut the doors, remembering to lock them as she heard the wind rise again. She switched off the light—and smiled at the little blue silk mouse on her dressing table A good luck gift from her Grandmother. Then she slid between the cool, crisp sheets. Everything she had ever wanted, she had—or was on her way to having. Tomorrow morning, she would be served breakfast in bed. A car would take her to the set. She had money in the bank. When this picture was finished, she would take a holiday, perhaps in Nice. Other girls, in hundreds of little towns like Marshalltown, Iowa, would read about her in magazines and in newspaper stories, and envy her.

Beside her, the little leather-encased traveling clock ticked away. *Yes,* she



## a nervous policeman stops BOB TAYLOR

■ There was one time that Bob Taylor remembers being scared of a policeman—but what Bob didn't know at the time was that the officer was even more nervous than Bob!

It started when Bob went up into the hills—just for a drive and a walk, since the hunting season was over. He had parked his car and had just walked a couple of yards when he heard the kind of sound that tells a hunter someone's shot has missed its mark—but not completely: the kind of sound you hear from a wounded animal in great pain. A deer was lying there, a deer with a gaping wound in its side and pain in its eyes, and there was nothing you could do for it but shoot it and put it out of its misery.

Quickly Bob walked back to his car, got his gun and did the only thing that anyone could have done for the animal.

He felt a quick surge of anger at whoever it was who didn't care much about shooting animals out of season—and didn't have the decency to track down what he had wounded.

But as he got back into his car, another thought struck Bob. The animal was dead, in season or out. And Bob loved venison meat. And the law wouldn't be served any by leaving the deer there.

So he got the deer into the trunk of his car—instead of draping it proudly over his front fender as a hunter would ordinarily do, *in season*—and started driving home.

He was probably about halfway down the winding path when he suddenly saw the reflection of a motorcycle officer in his rear-view mirror. And panic hit him. The officer would never believe his story. . . .

There'd be a fine, and he'd lose his hunting license—and what the *press* would say!

"Look, Officer," he began as the blue-uniformed man stalked over to him.

But the officer's cold voice interrupted him with "Open the trunk, please!" He wasn't interested in explanations *no-how!*

"But, Officer, you see—"

"Just open that trunk!"

Bob got out of the car, seeing the look that would come on his friends' faces as they contemptuously stared at him—and wouldn't believe that he *did* have a respect for the law that was working to keep animals from being shot to extinction. . . .

"*Get that trunk open!*" the officer's voice barked at him.

Bob opened the trunk—and then stared in amazement as the officer took off his cap, wiped the perspiration from his forehead and laughed nervously, as he said—a little shakily:

"I've been following a trail of blood for the last two miles, till I caught up with it dripping from your car trunk. I thought you had a *body* in there—a *murder* victim!

"Drive on," he smiled at Bob, too relieved to even think of asking how come there was a deer in his automobile trunk out of season.

*Bob Taylor can soon be seen in MGM's* SADDLE THE WIND, THE LAW AND JAKE WADE, *and* THE PARTY GIRL.



thought, *I'm like that. I have a clock or a machine or something ticking away inside of me, making me dream and making me go on fighting until the dreams come true. I want them. I want them to come true. They've got to come true, do you hear? Because if they don't, then where will I go, then what will I do?*

She hadn't realized she was crying until she felt the wetness on her cheeks. She brushed the tears away. How silly to let herself get into such a state. She was, after all, just eighteen. She would be successful, and then, someday, she would fall in love.

She closed her eyes and let herself drop off to sleep against the tick-tick, tick-tick, of the clock. . . .

When she woke up, the room was golden with sunlight. A maid stood there with her breakfast tray. She sat up, rubbed her eyes. "I'm sorry," she apologized. "I must have overslept." "Mademoiselle must have had a pretty dream," the maid smiled. "But I never believe in dreams," Jean answered, suddenly quite serious, "except the good ones. And those, I *make* come true."

And it was easy to believe, in the bright warm sunlight, with the lonely night and François' words forgotten.

Yes, they were still day dreams, but they were coming true.

And there was all the time in the world for making dreams come true—and for love, too . . . when she was ready for it. . . .

**END**

*You can see Jean in Columbia's* BONJOUR TRISTESSE.

## ava's face scarred

(*Continued from page 43*) have seemed. 'You know,' I heard her tell him, 'how much I love and admire the great woman bullfighter, Conchita Cintron? Well, soon I hope to make a movie of her life and I must try to learn something about the bulls if I am to do her justice. Is that not reason enough to submit myself to a little danger?' The old man nodded weakly, Señorita Ava patted his arm again, and then she entered the arena."

For the first hour and a half everything went fine and Ava had herself a ball. To watch her, sitting on her horse, chasing a frisky young bull round and round the arena, was like watching a kid on a fast ride at Coney Island—her hair flying all over the place because the *novillera's* hat had blown off her head a few minutes after she'd mounted her horse; her face a constant and breathless smile; her voice singing out with deep *ole's*, straight from the core of her new-found Spanish soul, and shrill *git on there's*, straight from the Carolina hills where she was born . . . but mostly with plain female shrieks of delight which would fill the arena every time she touched the scampering bull with the rubber-tipped lance she gripped in her right hand.

And then, just as Señor Peralta looked at his watch and turned to Chiari and said he thought she'd had enough, it happened.

### Almost like a movie

At first it looked funny to some of the men standing around. The little bull Ava and the horse had been chasing, feeling *he'd* had enough by this time, made a lunge towards the horse's rump. He rammed the horse, hard—and as he did, Ava let out a cry and leaned forward in the saddle, letting her lance fall to the dirt and her arms dangle at her side.

"See," one of the men called out, laughing, "how La Bella indicates that it is get-

ting a little more excitement than she expected and how she wishes now to get down to earth, like Cantinflas in that moving picture when he was a frightened fighter of the bulls!"

But when Ava let out the second scream moments later, nobody thought it was so funny anymore. Because now the bull had shown his displeasure again by letting the horse have it for a second time. And this time he'd hit so hard that Ava was knocked from her saddle and thrown.

And the horse, his eyes suddenly bloodshot, his nostrils quivering in fear of the bull, began to kick, to the left and to the right and down in the direction of the woman who lay helpless and crying below him.

One of the kicks caught a *peon* in the arm.

The next two caught Ava—in the face.

"*Apresuradamente,*" Peralta shouted, throwing his weight against the wild horse and trying to push him back. "Quickly—get her away. Get her away!"

Four of the *peones* raced forward to lift Ava from the dirt.

"Do not cry," one of them said as they rushed her to a far side of the arena. "Do not. . . ."

And then he stopped short, noticing for the first time the blood on the right side of her face, blood mixing with her tears and flowing from a deep gash on her left cheek.

The ranch doctor spent a perspiring fifteen minutes stopping the blood and bandaging the cheek. Then he had a talk with Chiari.

"She is in a state of shock right now," he said, "and perhaps she should not be moved. But the gash is not good and I think she should have the treatment of an expert—immediately."

Chiari asked him what he advised.

"Take her to Madrid," the doctor said, "to the surgical hospital there."

**Bob Hope says the two most imposing structures he saw in Paris were the Eiffel Tower and Anita Ekberg.**

*Earl Wilson*
*in The New York Post*

**The burning question**

"Yes," Chiari said, "yes." Then he asked the question that had been on his mind from the moment he'd first seen the blood and the long, raw gash. "Doctor," he said, "will there be any disfigurement?"

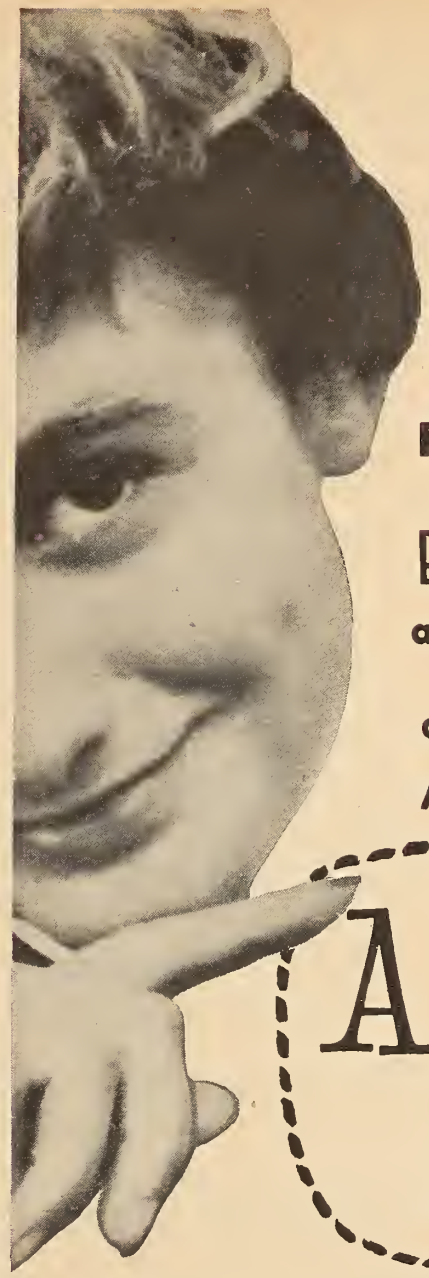
The doctor sighed and shrugged. "I am only a ranch doctor," he said. "I know how to stop the blood. Too much beyond that—the surgery, the possibility of disfigurement—I do not know. . . ."

Obviously, the surgeons at the hospital in Madrid were not too sure about what to do in Ava's case either. Because shortly after arriving in the Spanish capital, Chiari reserved two seats on a plane to London, careful to use assumed names and to do everything possible to go along with Ava's wish:

"Please don't let anyone know about this—please. . . ."

It's amazing that news of the accident was kept so quiet and that Ava got her wish. What would normally have been a front-page story for practically every newspaper in the world didn't leak out till weeks later. Before that, however, shortly after the accident, some word did get through a tight, private grapevine and travel across an ocean and a continent and reach Hollywood, and the ears of the man who till recently had been Ava's husband—Frank Sinatra.

"Frank was over at the ABC offices in conference with some television people

SHE'S DONE IT AGAIN!

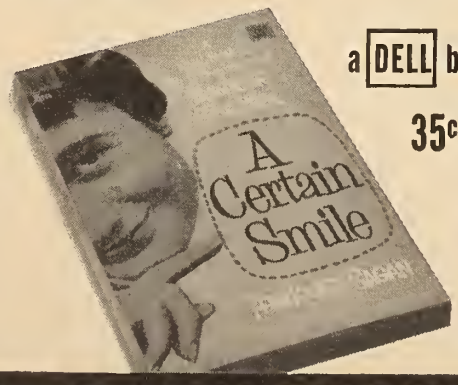
At 18—
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Fill in the farm below as saan as you've read oll the staries in this issue. Then mail it ta us right owoy because each af the following reoders will get $10—the one wha sends us the first questiannaire we apen; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Mail your ballat to: **MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, N.Y. 16, N.Y.**

Please check the space left of the ane phrase which best answers each questian:

**1. I LIKE RDBERT WAGNER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**2. I LIKE PAT BOONE:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**3. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**4. I LIKE JIM GARNER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**5. I LIKE DORIS DAY:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**6. I LIKE JEAN SEBERG:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**7. I LIKE RORY CALHOUN:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**8. I LIKE AVA GARDNER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**9. I LIKE DAVID NELSON:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**10. I LIKE RITA HAYWORTH:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**11. I READ:**
☐ all of **MY FIRST KISS** ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**12. I READ:**
☐ all of **LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD** ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

**AGE** ..... **NAME** .....

**ADDRESS** ..... STREET

..... CITY & STATE

Here are the pall prize winners far November: Helen Field, Chicago, Illinais; Larraine Albert, Keorny, New Jersey; Rasalie Jaseph, Chicaga, Illinais; Martha Jesseph, Albuquerque, New Mexico; Sandra Kardek, Plainville, Conn.; Jaan Devalt, Strotfard, Conn.; Winifred Langhom, Leavenworth, Kansas; Christy Tovener, Flint, Mich.; Mary Keane, Braoklyn, New Yark; Judy Caaper, Rochester, New Yark.

when I got word of this," one of his closest friends told us. "I jotted the basic information down on a memo paper, drove over, went into the conference room and handed it to him. I've seen Frank's face turn bright red when something is wrong or bothering him. But this was the first time I'd ever seen it turn pale, ash pale. Without saying a word to anyone he got up from his chair and walked out of the room. I found out later that he'd walked out of the building altogether and gone home and phoned London. . . . The next I saw of him was that night, at his house. I had to drop something off there. I knew Frank had a date and I figured he'd be out by the time I got there. But he'd obviously called off the date and was home, alone, in his bathrobe and slippers, sitting in his big living room, just a lamp on and a radio turned low to some symphonic music, sitting there alone and thinking. I asked him if he'd talked to Ava. He shook his head. *Was she in bad shape,* I asked. *He didn't know,* he said. He'd got through to a doctor in London and the doctor had told him that there was a possibility she might come to New York for further medical consultation—that for now her face was still heavily bandaged and that she couldn't talk not for a few days at least. He'd asked the doctor not to disturb her by telling her about his call, not to disturb her with anything unnecessary. And then he said he'd asked the doctor to let him know when and if she was coming to New York. . . ."

### A well-kept secret

Ava didn't know anything about the call the doctor made to Frank the Friday afternoon a little over a month later when she, Chiari and a nurse drove out to London Airport. Word of the accident—in fact, of Ava's presence in London and the four continuous weeks of consultations with a dozen of the finest doctors in England—was still a well-kept secret. And so there was no one at the airport that afternoon who paid any special attention to the tall, well-dressed, serious-faced woman with the heavy bandage on her left cheek as she said good-bye to the tall, nice-looking Latin gentleman who'd accompanied her this far.

According to a stewardess on the plane she—the stewardess—was the only one to recognize Ava during the entire flight. She'd recognized her almost immediately and just as immediately Ava had asked her, as a special favor, not to say anything to anyone else. The stewardess said *of course,* and then went on with her chores. But, being human, she couldn't help keeping her eyes on the big-name movie star from time to time, and she has since told one of our writers that Ava was very quiet, very depressed, during the entire trip. Occasionally, said the stewardess, she would say something to her nurse or pick up an English humor magazine she'd carried aboard with her and flip through its pages. But she never seemed to smile as she looked down at the funny cartoons scattered throughout the magazine and as she read through the first few lines of the funny stories—and, the stewardess said, most of the time, even after it got dark outside and most of the other passengers turned off their little over-head lights and went to sleep, Ava sat there staring out of the tiny window alongside her seat, looking down at the black ocean below, sometimes bringing her hand up to the bandage on her cheek and rubbing it gently, sometimes rubbing her finger against a small bruise on her lower lip, but always staring worriedly down at the big black ocean below and remaining awake long into the night. . . .

**Frank's like this**

It was sometime during that same night when, at an airport thousands of miles away, Frank Sinatra boarded a California-New York superliner. He'd cancelled a recording session for the next day and a dinner appointment with some good friends for the day after that and, quietly, he headed for a visit with his ex-wife.

**The importance of Ava's beauty . . .**

"He sounded very worried when he talked to me," one of the friends with whom he was to have had dinner that Sunday has said. "I don't know if Frank is still in love with Ava, as lots of pople say he is. But he certainly sounded worried about her that night we spoke on the phone. It seems that he'd heard that the gash on her face was bad enough to involve some possible plastic surgery in New York. And the thought of this upset him terribly. . . . My guess is that Ava, whom I've met only a few times, and years back, was probably going through the tortures of hell over this and Frank, better than anybody, realized it. After all, her beauty was at stake—and what was she living on these last few years if not her beauty? Her beauty made her money for her. Her beauty made her good times—her flings with her toreador friends in Spain and her writer friends in Italy and her assorted other friends in her assorted other hangouts all over Europe. Her beauty took the place of a lot of the good homely things in life—things like a husband, a family, a firm friendship—which, I hear, she basically wanted but could never manage to hold onto. So now suddenly there was the possibility that this beauty of hers might turn into something

**Red Buttons' new song is *Miami Moon What Are You Doing Over Moscow?***

*Robert Sylvester in the Daily News*

pretty hideous. And it was eating at her insides. *And*, from the way Frank sounded the night he phoned, he realized this and it began to eat at him, too. So bad, in fact, that he had to fly three thousand miles to see Ava, to see the girl the divorce courts had said he was no longer responsible for—in any shape, matter or form, to see exactly what was wrong with her and, more important, how she was taking it. . . ."

Very little is actually known about those next two days in New York—Saturday, December 7, and Sunday, December 8.

What *is* known, however, is this:

Ava's plane arrived at Idlewild Airport at exactly 10:32 a.m., Saturday. She and the nurse were met there by a male friend and his wife who whisked them off to their Manhattan town house, somewhere in the swank East Sixties-just-off-Park.

**Frank and Ava's date**

Frank's plane arrived at Idlewild about two hours later—at 12:45 p.m. He was met by a long-time buddy who drove him to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, where a room had been reserved for him under an assumed name.

Sometime between 1:15—his time of arrival at the Waldorf—and two o'clock, he got in touch with Ava by phone and surprised her with the news that he was in town, just to see her.

At 2:05, after having a sandwich and a cup of coffee in his room, he left the hotel, walked to a flower shop across Park Avenue, bought two dozen yellow and purple chrysanthemums, got into a cab and rode up the six or seven blocks to the house where Ava was staying.

Frank spent the hours between 2:30 and about midnight with Ava and her two friends. According to a maid, they all spent the afternoon talking, then had a quiet dinner, then sat and talked again, pausing only to watch some television—the Perry Como show and a little of a show that came on afterwards. According to a friend of Frank's, Ava's face was still heavily bandaged and she told Frank that while a majority of the doctors in London had said she wouldn't need plastic surgery, that the wound would heal by itself, she had come to New York anyway for the final word from one of the three greatest plastic surgeons in the world. She wouldn't be able to see him till ten o'clock Monday morning, she told him. Meanwhile, she could only wait.

Frank, who had to be back in California Monday morning, spent the entire next day, Sunday, with Ava. It was, reports have it, a wonderful day, a day that dispelled a lot of Ava's nervousness—with a walk through Central Park in the late morning, a car ride to a little Italian restaurant in New Jersey for Sunday dinner—things like that.

Late that night, Frank flew back to Hollywood.

We know, too, these two additional facts:

**Hi, Beautiful!**

The first is that at the airport, just before his plane took off, Frank made a phone call to a friend and then walked over to a Western Union desk. Obviously, he wanted to send Ava a quick good-bye note. Because, according to the girl at the desk that night, Frank—whom she recognized right off—addressed a blank to Ava and began his message with the words "Hi, Beautiful." "Then," the Western Union girl says, "he just stood there looking down at the paper, as if he didn't know what else to write. I kidded with him and asked if he wanted one of our regular form messages. But he was obviously thinking too hard about something to answer. Instead, he just stood there a few more minutes and then they announced his plane over the loudspeaker and he tore the page he'd been writing on off the pad and squashed it and dumped it into an ashtray on the counter."

The other fact we know concerning this last phase of what, till now, has been Ava's very mysterious accident, is that Frank was back in Hollywood and at home early the next evening when he got a call from a friend in New York.

The friend told him that, as per his instructions of the night before, he'd just phoned the doctor Ava was to see that day. The doctor, he said, had examined Ava's face for more than an hour and told her that the gash on her cheek seemed to be coming along fine, that it might heal without leaving any marks, that she might not need any surgery.

"If you want me to call her, Frank . . ." the friend started to say.

"No," Frank said, sighing in relief. "She's probably too pooped after that medical. I'll call her myself tomorrow. Now I'll send her a wire telling her I'm glad the news wasn't . . . all bad. . . ."

Then Frank hung up, picked up the phone again and asked for Western Union.

"I'd like to send a telegram to New York," he said.

Frank gave the party's name, address.

"And the message?" the operator wanted to know.

Frank smiled and said, "Begin it—'Hi, Beautiful. . . .'" **END**

*Ava's next picture is* Goya *for United Artists. Frankie's in Columbia's* Pal Joey *and U.A.'s* Kings Go Forth.





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# GARBO Cleans!

■ Not so long ago, the magnificent Garbo was down on her hands and knees picking up crumbs by hand, crumb by crumb—that had fallen on her rug when a cookie plate slipped off an end table. Sure she had a vacuum cleaner. Of course she knows where her cleaning woman keeps one. But she'd rather die than try to use it.

Because she tried using her vacuum—not once, but *three* times. And she's not trying *that* again. . . .

It seems that one week-end, Garbo's maid was ill. She'd been ill for a couple of weeks and she was going to be ill for a couple more, and this was during the war when domestic help was hard to get. Particularly, temporary domestic help.

Well, decided Garbo, so what? Or words to that effect. She'd clean up herself. She'd done it before, years and years ago before she had become one of Hollywood's top stars. And in this emergency, she could do it again. Now it should be really easy, what with all the marvelous American inventions.

So she pulled out the dust cloths and got the dusting over with. And pulled out the vacuum cleaner—and couldn't get it to start. *It must be broken*, thought Garbo—or words to that effect, and called the vacuum cleaner repairman.

"My wacuum does not wurrk."

"Did you pull this," asked the repairman over the phone, "and push that and turn the knob and etc., etc.?"

"I did."

"Okay, lady, be right over."

The little man came in, pulled this, pushed that and turned the knob and etc., and etc.—and the machine whirred happily away.

"Fantastic," said Garbo, and happily vacuumed away.

So the next week, Garbo pulled and pushed and turned—and again, nothing. Again she got on the phone.

"My wacuum does not wurrk."

"Did you. . ."

"I did."

"Okay, lady, be right over."

Again the little man pushed, pulled and turned. And again, the vacuum whirred happily away.

"Fantastic," muttered Garbo.

The third week, the man didn't even bother asking the questions. He just came over, pulled, pushed, turned and handed the now-whirring machine over to the beautiful Garbo.

But before she could get out one *Fantastic*, he turned to her, looked her over with a nice friendly leer and said:

"Look, lady. You like me? Okay. I like you, too. We don't have to use the vacuum cleaner as an excuse—"

And that's why, today, if Garbo ever sees some crumbs on her rug—down she'll get on hands and knees, rather than try operating that vacuum cleaner!



## long hair is in

(*Continued from page 54*) long because she thinks it is particularly becoming to her which she feels is a very good reason for adopting any style of hair-do or clothes. Of course, Natalie also knows that the boys like long hair. Which makes long hair not only a new trend but also a very important style.

Long hair is strikingly feminine, and if you don't have it now you will want to start at once to get aboard with this new and appealing hair style. Long hair cannot look its best without regular home perms (unless, of course, you are one of the very few to be endowed with naturally curly hair). If your hair is very straight you will have to give your hair a home perm very regularly, for there should be no period in which your hair style is not beautifully groomed and cannot be so unless you do keep up regularity with your home perm. If your hair is slightly curly but very fine you will find it wise to give yourself a home perm to give it added body. Long hair does not look well if it is long and stringy. It must have a fullness to it if you wish to style it in an appealing manner. Natalie feels that a home perm is just the answer to a girl's precious hours of leisure as well as to her budget.

It is hard to believe that there is any girl who does not try to give herself a home perm but if you have never given yourself a home perm, try at once. Each product has a special little direction booklet in the package. You will find these instructions simple and very easy to follow.

It is Natalie's suggestion that you get a friend to help you with your first home perm if you have never given one to yourself. You will share in their experience and know-how. When it comes to shampooing your hair be sure to use a specially prepared shampoo. For many girls have worn cropped hair for so long they have become very careless and they use the bath soap in the shower. This is not a good policy unless you happen to use a soap that is designed for shampooing as well as for bathing. As specially prepared shampoos do so much more for your hair. They help to condition it and to make it more manageable, soft and lustrous. Natalie suggests you use a rinse after your shampoo—it will further condition your hair. Then a reminder to be sure to use one of the wonderful sprays to capture and hold each smooth hair in place so that your hair will always look as though you had just stepped from the most chic beauty salon.

Natalie feels that long hair is very correct and flattering to your clothes as well as to you. She thinks it has a casual abandon with sports clothes, that it gives a feminine note to more severe town clothes and it is ultra-glamorous for date clothes. Lots of people feel that long hair is untidy looking and not smart but this is not the case if it is well groomed.

If you have short hair don't despair over this new long hair style trend just start to let it grow and before you know it you will have long tresses. Believe Natalie—long hair is worth anticipating and waiting for. It will make you more glamorous and the boys more intrigued.

One caution, warns Natalie—if your hair is short and you must let it grow, don't neglect it in the growing process. Groom it just as perfectly as if the new desired length was already accomplished, keep up your home perms—they are just as important in the growing stage as when your hair is lovely and long. END



## 'you've got to be hungry!"

### says SUSAN OLIVER

When Susan Oliver received her first screen kiss—in *Tender Fury*—what was her reaction?

She turned to Director Mike Curtiz and said, "You're right. You've got to be hungry!"

Ever since the first screen kiss was recorded way back in the dear dead days beyond recall, there have been lengthy debates on what makes a kiss most effective. For movie-making, that is—private kisses are another matter!

Here's what Susan found out: a kiss in the morning is at least twice as good as a kiss at any other time. For picture purposes, she means.

"I was astonished to find out that a heavy lunch ruins afternoon love scenes. Even a light noon snack takes some of the pep out of make-believe love for the rest of the day," Susan says.

"Lunch eaters, I learned, are seldom any good for romantic scenes—after eating! This is one of the most important lessons in acting I have learned. It's helped me a lot."

As Curtiz put it to Susan, "To play at love a woman must look hungry. And it is better if she is *really* hungry as well. The hunger light in the eye is the same as the love-light."

Which is why nearly all directors film their love scenes in the morning—or late in the afternoon, after the effects of lunch have worn off, and the stars are thinking about dinner.

Which is why Susan, a curvaceous blonde-haired, green-eyed doll with a cameo complexion, summed up her first screen kiss by saying—"You've got to be hungry!"

*Susan will soon be in Warner Bros.'* THE GREEN-EYED BLONDE.

## tattling on doris

(*Continued from page 31*) clothes. That wasn't so bad. But once she decided to play store with some of her friends. She asked me if she could use a dress of mine. I said all right. I thought she just wanted to wear an old dress while she played. I didn't think she meant she was going to end up selling a couple of my newer ones, as it so happened she did . . .

"And came time for Doris to put on one of her shows and having to dress up all the other girls in the cast, and you could always count on a few things from my closet being gone all the time from the first rehearsal to the last performance. How Doris liked to put on shows! She'd get a few of the girls from her class together and she'd direct and produce and write and star and get so involved in those shows. The school Doris went to at that time was St. Mark's. She was born a Catholic and went all through Catholic schools. Then, after she started singing, it seems, she lapsed from this religion. I'm still a Catholic, but I don't care. To me, all roads lead to the same God. When Doris told me a few years ago she wanted to marry her Marty, a Jewish boy, I said that was fine with me. I know some people who are very strict about this; you've got to marry within your own religion. I can't see that. I think each man is entitled to whatever he wants. Anyway, Doris and I never discuss religion. I believe. She believes. And that's all that's really important. . . .

"High heels. Shows. My dresses. So many things I remember about those early years! And, oh yes, her favorite pastime at one period was to ask if she could go shopping for me down at YOUNGHAN'S FOOD MARKET. I never realized why she was so anxious to do this chore—until Larry Wise, who is still a clerk there, told me one day: 'Such a healthy daughter you have there. And the way she likes her apples. I give her one every time she comes by—and I think she's eaten one for every freckle on her face by this time.'

**Deedee, the scalper**

"And then playing barber with her best friend, Jean Geers. Jean's married now—she's Mrs. Neal O'Leary of Tenafly, New Jersey. I wonder if she remembers this incident. *I* do. They were both in my house when I walked in on them that day, Doris holding a big scissors and cutting off Jean's hair, mostly in the front. It was an awful sight to see, so awful I almost fainted. Doris smiled, I remember, and she said, 'Mama, see how pretty Jean looks.' 'Pretty indeed,' I said. I shook my head and then I took the scissors from Doris and handed them to Jean and said, 'Okay, now you take this and give Deedee a haircut.' She did. Doris didn't end up looking so good, either. And it was the last time she ever got any of her friends to play barber with her, that's for sure.

"Of course, she had other wild activities to keep her busy. I guess the only one we really couldn't do anything about was her liking to play football with the boys come every autumn. The first frost would come and there would be Doris, sure as anything, pestering her brother, Paul, to please let her play football with him and his friends. Paul would try to get out of it. 'Doke,' he would say—he always called her Doke, Paul did—'football's not for girls.' But Doris would pester him so much he'd finally have to say *yes*. We could never figure out exactly why Doris liked to play football so much. I think it's because she liked one of the fellows on the team and wanted to be near him, whatever he did, wherever he went. Anyway,


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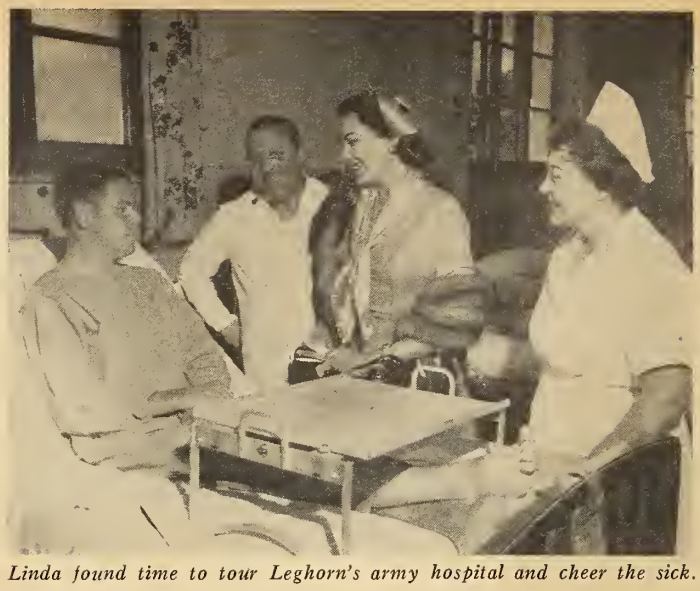
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*Linda found time to tour Leghorn's army hospital and cheer the sick.*

# "I JUST HAPPENED TO BE THERE"— says LINDA DARNELL

■ Asked in a recent interview why she had given so much of her heart, time and energy to a foreign charity—Italy's first *Girl's Town*, which she helped to found—Linda Darnell quietly replied, "I happened *to be there* when the need was great and I *had* to help."

Quietly, and without fanfare, beautiful and gracious Linda Darnell for years has been flying thousands of miles to work tirelessly for many charitable causes. In Rome, she is known as *Lady Bountiful*. Back home, as the gracious lady of the warm heart.

Linda was making a picture in Rome when the plight of a kindly, elderly Frenchwoman who had been caring for a group of homeless girls, was brought to her attention. Their little *House of Hope*, shabby as it was, was to be taken from them. Linda was at that time engaged to Philip Liebmann, wealthy American brewer. Instead of the expensive wedding present he offered her, she requested in its place a new, modern home for these young girls. Later, through the kindly auspices of M. Patrick Carroll-Abbing, who founded Italy's eight *Boys' Towns*—patterned after our *Boys' Town* in Nebraska—the new *Girls' Town* was taken into the fold.

Sister Dominic Ramaciotti, dean of NOTRE DAME COLLEGE in Maryland, became its supervisor, with Mlle. de Colmar remaining on to be with her girls.

Since then, Linda Darnell has made guest appearances in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, Portland and San Francisco for the *Boys' Towns* of Italy.

But that's just one of her charities!

As a very young movie star during the war, Linda joined the Hollywood contingent in entertaining the troops and visiting hospitals. This is still a *must* with her. When she was in Italy, enjoying a much needed rest, she was asked by the Army's Support Command at Leghorn to fly there to be the guest of honor at three military balls, on Armed Forces Day, as a good-will gesture between the American and Italian forces. Between balls, however, Linda quietly slipped off to tour the army hospital at Leghorn and to chat with and cheer the sick.

It would take much time to name all of the wonderful things this gracious lady has done for sweet charity's sake. She flew to New York from Florida to be one of the guests at the circus benefit for New York's PAL. She flew from New York to Washington, when an urgent phone call reached her, to take part in the district's *United Givers' Fund.*

During a brief stay in New York, on the *Strike It Rich* show, she participated in the party benefitting Yeshiva Synagogue and Community Service, whose ceiling had collapsed during Passover Services. When she returned to Hollywood, she quietly made her own contribution to their building fund through Yeshiva's Rabbi.

Sometimes, incidentally, charity drives can be just plain fun too. Recently, Linda and her bridegroom Robbie Robertson, American Airlines captain, appeared as King and Queen at Riverside, California—where they were married—at the Sheriff's Annual Rodeo for Youth Relief.

Linda's nine-year-old daughter Lola has learned much from her mother about making little sacrifices to aid others—and finding it fun. Last year she gave up the Hammond organ she wanted for Christmas, so it could be sent to her friends at *Girls' Town*. And to everyone's amusement at a pre-Christmas party held at her mother's Bel Air home, Lola, without being rehearsed, collected several dollars on her own to send to the Red Cross.

*Linda's in Paramount's* ZERO HOUR.

Doris got to be pretty good at the game and once when somebody told me she might get a sports scholarship to some college if she kept it up, I took it seriously —for a couple of minutes."

Doris' Dad remembered her tomboy actions, too. "I didn't mind her playing," he said, "except she used to fight too much with the boys. She would play the game with all her heart. And if she got mad at somebody in the middle of a game, she'd crack them in the nose—boys a couple of years older than herself, too. I was an organist and music teacher at the time. And it used to be nothing, I remember, for me to be giving a music lesson and for the doorbell to ring and for Doris to come puffing in, all covered with mud and sometimes with blood, too, and say, 'Daddy, I was playing with so-and-so and he got mean and so I hit him.' 'Did he hit you back?' I'd ask her. Doris would never say *yes*. But that occasional black eye she'd show up with would take care of that question-and-answer session pretty well. . . .

"She was always so full of antics, always a smile on her face, always the center of attraction. There was the time at St. Mark's when the nuns were giving a play. I was playing the organ as accompanist and one day during a rehearsal all the kids were acting up a little more than usual and a nun got up on the stage and said, 'Quiet, please!' Well, everybody calmed down—everybody but Doris, that is. The nun looked at her and said, 'Doris Kapplehoff, will you please be *quiet!*' And Doris turned around and stopped jumping and dancing only long enough to say, 'Oh, I don't have to keep quiet, Sister. My Daddy's playing for this show!' Of course, I had to take her aside and tell her a thing or two. And Doris was always the kind of girl who got the message, as they say. Except that twinkle in her eye made you wonder."

### The turning point

Both of Doris' folks remember the years after this period, their daughter's early teens, when football and clowning around were pushed aside to make room for her first great love—dancing. And they remember the accident that quashed this love. And the lovely voice it helped create.

It happened in Trenton, Ohio. Doris had gone there with her Mom to visit some friends for the week end. While they were there a young fellow named Jerry Doherty with whom Doris had been dancing professionally for the last year or so, and Jerry's date and his brother, Lawrence dropped by to pay them a visit. After sitting around for a while, Doris and the others decided to drive downtown for a coke. They got into the car. They headed for High Street, down near the railroad tracks. There were no signals there at the time. There was nothing to warn them what was going to happen in a few seconds—the car beginning to cross the tracks the train swooping down on them, the last-moment whistle, the crash, the screaming the blacking-out. Doris was hurt more than the others. Her legs were broken. That's what the doctor told her point-blank when they got her to the hospital. And then he broke her heart and told her point-blank that she'd have to give up her dancing.

Her Mom remembers how glum and nervous she was at first, lying there in bed for fourteen long months. Her Dad remembers visiting her, trying to cheer her up, breaking the monotony of the sickroom by clowning with the new crutches she'd be using soon. Jerry Doherty remembers how, visiting Doris on one of her gloomy days, she told him, "Sometimes I get the feeling I'm going to lie here the rest of my life and never get up and do anything

## MARCH BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in March, your birthstone is a bloodstone and your flower is a jonquil. And here are some of the stars you share your birthday with:

*March 1*—**Harry Belafonte**
**David Niven**

*March 2*—**Desi Arnaz**
**Jennifer Jones**

*March 3*—**Bobby Driscoll**

*March 5*—**Craig Hill**

*March 6*—**Jay C. Flippen**
**John Smith**

*March 8*—**Cyd Charisse**
**Sean McClory**

*March 12*—**Gordon MacRae**

*March 15*—**MacDonald Carey**
**Jerry Lewis**

*March 17*—**Michael O'Shea**

*March 19*—**Louis Hayward**

*March 20*—**Wendell Corey**

*March 22*—**Karl Malden**
**Gene Nelson**

*March 26*—**Sterling Hayden**

*March 29*—**Dennis O'Keefe**

*March 31*—**Shirley Jones**
**Richard Kiley**



**Claire Trevor**
*March 8*



**Barry Fitzgerald**
*March 10*



**Cornell Borchers**
*March 16*



**Joan Crawford**
*March 23*



**Richard Conte**
*March 24*



**Frank Lovejoy**
*March 28*

and I'll never amount to anything either."

And they all remember then how, slowly Doris began to look like her old self again, that sparkle back in her eyes, that smile back on her lips; how she began to hum along with the radio that was always on at the side of her bed; how, later, she began to sing along with it; how people who dropped by to visit told her how nice she sang, that she should do something about training her voice. And they both remember the day Doris kissed the blues goodbye, got out of bed, propped herself up on her crutches, began dancing around the room and suddenly shouted out, "I'm going to be a singer. If I can't dance anymore, I'm going to be a singer!"

"Everything happened for the best," her Dad recalled, "because before we knew it Doris' legs were mended well enough for her to walk and she *was* a singer."

It started the day Barney Rapp, the booking agent who had a band then, put out a call for a girl singer. About a hundred and fifty girls showed up, Barney'll tell you, but of all of them only one really stood out—and that was Doris. She was a great hit. And before anybody knew it, the band was signed up for a network radio show. That's when Barney decided her name should be changed.

Barney himself told us this story.

"I had a talk with her and said, 'Doris, I'm kind of concerned about your name. It sounds funny.' 'What's funny about it?' Doris asked me. 'Well, Doris Kappelhoff is hard to say,' I told her, 'and it might be a little hard to remember. And look at *me*, Doris, I changed my name from Rappaport to Rapp—because it's easier to remember.' Doris began to cry. 'I don't know,' she said, 'I don't know if I want my name changed.' I assured her it would be a nice change. I spent all that night with my wife, Ruby, thinking of something nice. At one point Ruby and I thought of the songs Doris sang best at that time. They were *Night and Day* and *Day by Day*. Doris Day, we decided. Doris would like that, we thought. So we called her up and told her. But she cried so hard we had to call her back.

**The family bands**

"It was wonderful fun when Doris was working with the bands, Barney Rapp's and then Les Brown's," her Mom said. "They were real family bands. Of course, I traveled around with Doris no matter where she went, she was so young. But the boys were nice, very nice. Doris always liked to have parties—at home if we were in Cincinnati, or in our hotel room if we were on the road—instead of hanging around night clubs and stuff. 'Mother,' she would say, 'is it all right if I bring some of the fellows from the band back with me tonight?' I'd say *sure*, and they'd all come over and have a wonderful time. The boys always ended up calling me *Mom* and I'd spend a lot of time with them. Doris and I taught them how to cook and iron their shirts and save a little money this way. And we'd help them out by discussing some of their girl-friend problems with them. It was like having a lot of brothers and sons around for us. It helped soothe how much we missed Paul, who couldn't be along with us at the time."

Doris' folks remember what happened next, their girl being whisked off to Hollywood and becoming a movie star. Naturally, they both saw her first movie, *Romance On The High Seas*. Mr. Kappelhoff saw it at the PALACE THEATER in Cincinnati. It was a musical comedy, but he wept throughout. Mrs. Day saw it at a première in Santa Barbara, California. She was to appear on the stage with Doris just before the picture started. She bought a new dress for the occasion, the most expensive dress she'd ever owned. She waited backstage with Doris. Doris was the first to be


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## When it rained, it poured!

■ There was a week and a day to make that ship leaving New York for Europe, and Gloria Swanson and her friends figured they had *more* than enough time for the drive cross-country from Hollywood—even a few extra days in New York for having fun and seeing a couple of shows.

They were wrong.

"We left in a fine California drizzle," remembers the elegant *Sunset Boulevard* Swanson.

"A day later," Gloria continued, "the sky became darker and we were driving through a continuous, pelting rain. And even that was o-n-l-y the beginning!

"The following day the rain was sleet. Our spirits were becoming a little damp.

"We didn't think things could get much worse . . . until our little car got caught in a snowstorm! By now we were *only* two days behind schedule, on what should have been a five-day trip. With the best yet to come.

"Twelve hours later, we were hitting sandstorms! We didn't dare get out of the car for fear we'd be blown away. Well, at last, we thought, things will *have* to be better from here on in. We were wrong.

"Huddling in the car, sitting out the sandstorm, we got the news. 'We interrupt this program,' an announcer's voice broke into the music we were listening to, 'to announce a special bulletin. This area is in direct line of the tornado. All precautions are advised. President Eisenhower has declared Texas and the Southwest major disaster areas. We repeat, tornado precautions imperative!'

"Europe? I could see the *next* fashion story—GLORIA SWANSON FASHIONS, THE LINE THAT'S ITALIAN IN FLAVOR, SCOTTISH IN THRIFT—AND BLACK FOR MOURNING.

"So, sandstorm or no sandstorm, we started driving to try to beat the storm. It looked as if we were going to do it too!

"Then suddenly—BOOM! In the same split instant, the luggage rack on top of the car broke, crashing our suitcases to the ground—and the tornado hit. Shoes, stockings, passport strewed the highway.

"It was dark as night. Lightning flashed all around us, the trees were bent double, and the sound of the wind didn't seem real. I don't mind admitting I was scared. We watched a dress from one of the broken suitcases fly over the trees out of sight.

"Then almost miraculously, minutes after the violent tornado opened up the skies, it was over and a calm fell across the West." The star smiled as she remembered scurrying around, picking up what was left of the luggage, stopping a few cars to gather up a blouse here—clinging to a branch—or a shoe there.

"Yes, we made the boat," Gloria smiles. In fact they got to New York the night before the sailing, and that evening Gloria was première guest on the Mike Wallace TV show. "Knowing Mike's reputation for hitting hard in his interviews—you know, pulling the rug out from under you with those surprising questions he asks—I didn't know if I'd come out alive."

But Gloria had just been through a tornado, so no mere human being could faze her—*and Wallace didn't!*

---

introduced. But when they called out Mrs. Day's name, she turned and walked the other way. "I was too shy and nervous," she recalled, "and anyway it was Doris' night and what did they want me out there for, anyway?"

The next ten years were packed with stardom for their daughter—ten years of good pictures, good money, good times, marred only by the operation Doris had undergone to remove what had appeared to be a malignant tumor but that, fortunately, had turned out to be nothing serious at all. And then came the day recently when Doris and her family—her Mom; Doris' husband, Marty; and fifteen-year-old Terry, her son by a former marriage—returned to Cincinnati for the première of one of her latest pictures. It was a bang-up day for her home town—and for her Dad, especially, who recalled:

"It was the first time I would be seeing Doris in seven years and I was very excited. The night she came in I left the saloon early and rushed down to the railroad station. There was quite a big crowd there. I knew Doris was coming in on a train called *The Riley* and I went up to one of the porters and asked him which track it was coming in on. The porter recognized me. He'd been to my saloon a couple of times. 'Mr. Kappelhoff,' he said, 'what are you doin' here?' I told him I was Doris Day's father. You would have thought I was the king of some country the way he looked at me. 'You come right with me,' he said, taking me by the arm and leading me through the crowd. 'The train's already in,' he said. 'It was seven minutes early. But I'll show you where to go.' We walked down the long platform and when we got to one of the Pullman cars he said, 'Now it's 'round here someplace.' I started looking in the windows and all of a sudden I saw her, my girl, inside. When Doris recognized me, she came running out of the train yelling, 'That's my Dad.'"

### Floop, Flop and Turkey

Those few days in Cincinnati were wonderful for both of Doris' folks. Her Mom had lots of fun visiting old friends and relatives, showing off her grandson, explaining to people who overheard Doris, Marty and Terry talk to one another in nickname-talk that Floop was what Marty always called Doris, Flop was what Doris always called Marty, and Turkey was what they both always called Terry. She got a big bang, too, the afternoon Marty accompanied Doris to the radio studio where she used to sing, grabbed a dummy microphone and began shouting, "Where's Alvin? Where's Alvin Hock?" Mrs. Day explained to those who didn't know that Alvin Hock had been Doris' boy friend at age twelve, that she—Mrs. Day—had told Marty about him once and that he hadn't stopped teasing Doris since.

Mr. Kappelhoff had a grand time, too. The morning after Doris arrived, he had breakfast with her, her husband and her son. "And let me tell you," he said, "that Marty is a wonderful fellow. First thing he did when we met was take me aside and say, 'Can I call you Bill?' Then he said, 'You know, Bill, I was married once and divorced and I know you were, too, and that's all water under the dam as far as anyone's concerned and I'd like us to be friends.' Then we just sat and talked and it was a beautiful thing to see how well he got along with my grandson. I'd heard from Doris that Terry worships him, that he's always having man-to-man talks with Marty, that the boy looks up to him like he was a god. I could see it when I saw them together. It was nice. . . . It was nice, too, that same afternoon when Doris and Marty surprised me at my saloon. I saw this big white Chrysler pull up and I thought, 'That looks just like Marty's car.' And sure enough, he and Doris stepped out and walked into my place and within five minutes word had got around the neighborhood that Doris Day was visiting her Pop at his place and the saloon was so crowded you could have thrown a block party. Doris really enjoyed herself that afternoon. She was all around the place. One minute, I remember, I was talking to her; and the next minute I couldn't find her. When I finally asked Marty where she was, he pointed to the bar. And there she was, behind the bar. Every once in a while she'd pour one with a little too much foam and she'd wink at me and I'd wink back at her and it was good having my little girl there, real good."

Then, both of Doris' folks remember there was the big party her home town threw for her the night before she left. And, as one of the home-town boys who helped throw the party remembers, "This Doris. What a girl. I had a talk with her about the party that afternoon and showed her the guest list we'd drawn up. She said it was fine, that there were lots of people on it she hadn't seen in a long time and couldn't wait to see. But, she said, there seemed to be just one name missing. A Lavinia Smith, she said. Long ago, she said, when she first started singing, she played this nightclub here in Cincinnati. There was a girl who worked in the powder room, a girl named Lavinia. 'She was so nice to me,' Doris said. 'Between shows we'd get together and she'd help me with my clothes and we'd sit and talk and, gee, I'd really like to see her again.' It took us a couple of hours to track down Lavinia Smith. When we finally got her number, we gave it to Doris."

"I was there when she called and invited her," Doris' Mom remembers. "It was like two old girl friends from school saying *hello* and reminiscing about the old days. It showed the kind of person Doris really is," she added, smiling.

And that's what we remember most about the hours we talked to Doris' folks about the Doris only they know . . . the smiles, the thankful, happy smiles. . . .

EN

*Doris will do* TUNNEL OF LOVE *for MGM and* TEACHER'S PET *for Paramount.*



## THE SHOW GOES ON . . .

■ Things looked good for Shirley Booth. After twenty years of hard knocks, her career was finally going. She had the leading role in *Come Back, Little Sheba* on Broadway and a year later she received the *Academy Award* as the *Best Actress of 1952* for the film version.

But even better, she had met the man of her dreams—investment broker William H. Baker, Jr. Shirley and Bill Baker were married and Shirley felt that she had everything she had ever wanted in this solid guy.

Together they shopped for a small farm in Bucks County, close enough to New York so that Bill could commute to Wall Street and Shirley could go into town every evening for her performance in *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn.*

"Love," she sang gaily on stage, "is the reason for it all!"

One Sunday morning they were lounging in the living room when the phone rang. Shirley went into the next room to answer it. Friends were calling to invite them to dinner.

"Hold on," Shirley answered, "while I ask Bill." Then she came back.

"Bill's gone," she said. Her voice sounded strange.

"Gone where?"

"No—you don't understand," she repeated, stunned. "He's *gone.*"

The producers of *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn* wanted to cancel the show when they learned of Bill's death.

"No," Shirley insisted. "Bill wouldn't have liked that. He'd want me to go on."

And the next night she disappeared into her dressing room until curtain time. Then she walked to the stage through the throng of actors, many of them broken up. One girl was crying. Shirley walked over and put her arms around her. "You keep on going," Shirley said softly. "You keep on going."

And a few moments later, her voice—raucous, light-hearted and gay—filled the theatre with a happy song. . . .

*Shirley will be in Paramount's* HOT SPELL *and* THE MATCHMAKER.

## jim garner—ex-drifter

(*Continued from page 29*) a few days out of the hospital. I think only I—"

Jim drew her back to him. His face was suddenly serious. "Marvelous isn't the word. I want you to know that. Do you realize you've given me two children this year? A ready-made nine-year-old daughter, and now—" he paused, looking for words "—now the baby. Marvelous isn't the word."

He watched the sunrise for a long moment. Then softly, "Honey—you know what's the greatest feeling in the world? When you've opened your home to your friends, and they've come to see you and had a good time and then—then they go home, and the door shuts behind them and it's quiet. When you're alone with your wife and your family in your own house. Well, that's it. And when it's New Year's Eve besides, and you have the most wonderful year of your life to look back on and remember—it's, it's indescribable."

Lois leaned back. She nodded her head slowly, and Jim felt her hair, soft and warm, against his cheek. "The most wonderful year of all. . . ."

### He never dreamed of fame

And it *had* been the most wonderful year. Not because it made Jim Garner famous. Fame was incidental. Not a thing he'd dreamed about as a kid, longed for or worked for as a man. The wonderful thing, the glorious thing about being the fair-haired boy of TV, the miracle worker who topped Ed Sullivan with a Western show named *Maverick,* was that for the first time in his life James Garner knew who and what he was: an actor; a success. The reason he had been known to sit for minutes at a time, staring almost reverently at his contract from WARNERS—the contract that told him *Sayonara* was just the first of the top movies he would make—was not that the contract guaranteed him work for weeks and months and years ahead. It meant that there would be no more heartbreaking drifting from job to job, no more wondering where the next paycheck—of whatever size—would come from, or if it would come at all. And—more than any other miracle—this year had given him a wife, had brought to him what his life had never known—the love of a woman. Because James Garner had lost his mother when he was five years old—and lost with her the feeling of belonging, of having a goal and a direction.

Sitting with his wife on the sofa looking slowly around him at the cozy, pleasant room, he could see another room in another year—and a little boy, who had been himself, staring dry-eyed at his Father one dark day. . . .

His Father put his arms around him. Against his cheeks, Jim felt his Father's tears.

"Poor Jimmy. Poor baby. Your Mother is dead. . . ."

At five a child knows very little of death. Jimmy Garner knew only that the soft voice that had sung him to sleep was gone, the arms that had cradled him from hurt held him no more. That was enough.

### Curious but shy

That same year he started school. He was bright; he had a curious mind. But there was no one to show his crayon drawings to when he got home from kindergarten, no one to *ooh* and *ah* proudly as he stumbled through his first reader. His Father was busy running a store to earn a living, and trying to run a house at the same time. His older brothers were themselves learning to live without a mother.




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# WHATEVER HAPPENED TO DENNIS MORGAN?

■ Today, hundreds of inquiring letters still pour into WARNERS' where Dennis Morgan rose to film fame. Some express deep regret that Hollywood bypassed Dennis, while others snort with righteous indignation. Dennis reads these letters and he's grateful for all their concern. The whole truth is—he's also secretly amused. For the record, Hollywood didn't bypass Dennis. It was the other way 'round!

Just a few short years ago, Dennis received a phone call that turned out to be the turning point in his life. It came from Morgan Maree, astute business manager for such famous stars as Gregory Peck, June Allyson and Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Cesar Romero, the Humphrey Bogarts, Robert Wagner, Lana Turner and Dennis Morgan—to name a few. New oil country had been discovered and along with other Maree clients, Dennis was induced to invest in black gold. Tax-wise, the government makes special concessions for oil investments. So what was there to lose?

Dennis knew he was a solid sender on the screen. His future was assured, so who wanted to get rich overnight? Dennis did—and *did!* Two gushers later he was in that enviable and highly profitable position of living his life in his forties, as he had hoped to live in his sixties! The Morgans have always loved the outdoors. They loved Hollywood but they also loved to get away from it. As long as they had a choice to take it or leave it, they preferred to *leave* it!

They kept the part of their property that held the guest ranch in La Canada, a suburb of Los Angeles, but they sold their big house and bought a ranch in Ahawnee, near Yosemite Park. This is home base for the Dennis Morgans, but in the meantime Lillian redecorated the guest house in La Canada, which they use on their infrequent visits back to Hollywood. Like for those days when Dennis comes in to see his dentist!

As for his family . . . Son Stan, now twenty-two, is married and finishing his course at Occidental College in Los Angeles. Kirsten who carried out her threat of becoming a beauty, goes to school in Wisconsin where her youthful-looking father learned his three R's. Young Jim, named after James Cagney, goes to school in Ahawnee. Dennis' adored mom still lives in La Canada with sister Grace and her husband. One sad note, his dad who took such an active interest in his famous son's career, moved on to another world.

There are many reasons why Dennis loves Ahawnee. Two of them are hunting and fishing. Dennis owns 150 head of Hereford cattle and occasionally when he gets that old feeling to put-ter around on the green, he makes a hurried trip to the Lakeside Country Club in Burbank where he still keeps his membership.

Mostly for kicks, he played a sergeant in a recent TV series. He also made a Western for Columbia. Matter of fact, scripts arrive at Ahawnee fairly often.

"You read it and tell me if it's any good," muses Dennis, as he tosses a script in Lillian's lap. Then he goes out and baits a hook!

Although he misses his movie star pals, the Hollywood scene has changed and today they're spread out all over this country and Europe. So Dennis rarely sees anyone to talk shop. On the other hand, no trip to Hollywood would be complete without a visit with his old friends, Dr. Charles Hirt and his wife, Lucy. He is the director of choirs at the Hollywood Presbyterian Church where Dennis often used to sing. Being a sentimental gentleman, this is one memory that will always remain in his heart.

Gradually, Jim withdrew into himself. His teachers complained of him. Not that he was a troublemaker—if anything, he was too shy. Kept to himself too much. But he had no interest in his school-work.

When he was eight, a woman's arms came into his life again. His father remarried and brought home a smiling, sweet-faced lady with wavy hair to mother his sons. With joy Jimmy accepted her, called her *Mother*. She gave him affection. And with her to run home to, Jim's grades improved and his shyness lessened.

But the marriage didn't last. When he said *good-bye* to a mother for the second time, it seemed to Jim Garner that the years brought more sorrow than happiness—that the only thing one could be sure of was that nothing would last. . . .

By the time he was sixteen, he had done many things—for a little while. He had plucked chickens; he had janitored a college; he had worked in his Father's store. His brothers were well on their way to their life's work—Charles as a teacher, Jack as a baseball player. But Jim was getting nowhere fast. At sixteen he quit school and joined the Merchant Marine. At seventeen he was a civilian again and back in high school, this time in Los Angeles, where his Father had moved to go into the carpet-laying business. In his spare time he helped his Dad, got bored with it, worked in a gas station, decided he didn't like California, went back to Oklahoma where he'd grown up, and finally got his diploma. When he was eighteen, his Father married again.

### Too late now

Jim met the new Mrs. Garner, liked her—but for him, it was too late. He was too old to be cradled by a mother's love. He joined the Oklahoma National Guard, and when it went to Korea he was with them. Four months later, a Chinese offensive caught him and some other GI's eight miles behind the enemy lines. It was one o'clock in the morning when American planes zoomed over them, strafing the Chinese lines, not knowing there were Oklahoma infantrymen back there. One of their shots hit Jim. He talks about it without the slightest trace of bitterness today; he's still awed and grateful for the bravery of his friends who got him through the Chinese lines back to the American front and a hospital. And he's immensely proud of the Purple Heart he wears. But in a strange way—again—it seemed no one knew who he was; he had been shot for an enemy soldier.

He came home after two years in the service, more lost than ever. For a while he worked with his father in L. A. But the carpet-laying business wasn't for him; his Dad told him so, his friends told him so. One of them came up with an odd idea: "Jim, face it, you're a good-looking guy. Why don't you take a crack at acting?"

A very odd idea for a boy who had been as shy as Jim Garner. Maybe that was why he decided he'd give it a try—for a year. What did he have to lose?

A friend of his—who had once soda-jerked with Jim—had turned producer, a guy named Paul Gregory. Jim went to see him, found him casting a show called *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial.* He listened to Jim stumble through a scene, and to Jim's amazement didn't throw him out on his ear. He gave him a job cueing Lloyd Nolan and told him that when the show opened Jim would be one of the panel of six judges. A great part: on stage from beginning to end, and not a word to say—not a movement to make. A snap. Yet night after night, Jim felt his knees turn to butter before he walked on stage



## BLIND DATE ON A SUNDAY MORNING

■ Loretta Young beat an impatient tattoo on the table top with the tips of her long, slender fingers. Then she toyed absently with the phone dial and shifted the receiver which she had been holding to her ear.

It's certainly taking that producer a long time to get to the phone, she thought.

Finally the deep, pleasant voice of a man she had never seen came over the wire. "Hello, Miss Young. This is Tom Lewis. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Lewis, as producer for the Screen Director's Guild Program, are you in the habit of calling rehearsals for radio shows at 9 a.m. Sunday mornings?"

"No, Miss Young, I am not. But I want to see that our stars get the benefit of as much rehearsal time as possible."

Loretta's expression softened slightly. This man, she thought, *sounds* nice.

"Oh—I didn't mean to complain, Mr. Lewis," she said. "But I'll be out late Saturday evening and couldn't possibly get to Sunday rehearsal before 1 p. m. And I always go to noon Mass on Sundays. However, if it is important to you, I will go to eleven o'clock Mass this Sunday and get to rehearsal as soon as possible."

"Miss Young," said Lewis, "I expect to be out late Saturday night myself, and I intend to be present at the *eight o'clock* Mass. I don't mean to be *too* direct, but if I can do it, you can."

Loretta stiffened at the unexpected sternness in his voice. Just who, she thought, *does he think he is?*

"Mr. Lewis, I have been an actress too long to believe that a producer who stays out late on a Saturday night would ever attend an eight o'clock Mass."

"I am sorry that you don't believe me, Miss Young," said Lewis, "but I assure you I have been attending eight o'clock Mass on Sunday for years."

Then Loretta had an idea. She smiled. I'll fix him, she thought.

"All right, Mr. Lewis, if attending eight o'clock Mass is such a strong habit with you, then of course you won't mind calling for me Sunday morning. We'll go together."

Let him try to talk himself out of that, Loretta thought, triumphantly.

But Tom Lewis' answer was rather surprising—"Miss Young, I'd be delighted!"

That Sunday morning Loretta Young and Tom Lewis attended church together.

One year later, to the day, they were married—in the same church. And, yep, you guessed it, at eight a.m.!

he sat through the show in an agony of stage fright.

**Together for a while**

The show took them to New York. He didn't know a soul in New York, but at first it wasn't too bad. He shared an apartment at the MEURICE HOTEL with three other guys. It was a little like being back in the Army—men around, smoking, joking, living it up together. They had fun, they belonged. Then, as the show settled down to a long run, one by one the men brought their wives from the south and the midwest and moved out to apartments of their own. Finally there was no one left but Jim, staring at the empty rooms and looking at the rent bill which was bigger than his monthly salary. He moved out too, to a room he could afford in a little hotel three blocks from the theatre.

He spent one night there alone and he thought he'd go crazy.

It was small and gloomy, and if he sat still for ten minutes he could feel the walls closing in on him. The next night he couldn't bear to go home after the show was over. Instead he went to a bar and nursed a glass of beer for an hour, hoping someone would talk to him but too shy to start a conversation himself. When the bartender began to give him dirty looks, he moved on to another bar, another untouched glass of beer. He did that four or five hours a night, five or six nights a week.

**A pick-up**

One night he had a success. A girl wandered in, talked to him. It turned out she had been born in Oklahoma! That was the beginning and end of her acquaintance with Jim's home state, though —it was just that her mother was passing through on her way to the Coast when she decided to get born. But he welcomed her like a long-lost sweetheart, and in a burst of extravagance asked her to dinner. He took her to DOWNEY'S—an Eighth Avenue bar and restaurant frequented by stagehands and chorus kids—and almost fainted when she ordered a steak. He was just about to limit his own dinner to a ham sandwich and pray he had enough money, when a second glance at the menu told him a steak was only $1.35. From that moment on, DOWNEY'S was his love and his home. The girl he never saw again, but every friend Jim had in show business got dragged in to DOWNEY'S for dinner sooner or later.

Today his picture hangs over the bar there, but Jim remembers that "Downey used to let me sign the check. He'd feed me on the cuff till payday—I can't get over how wonderful he was to me."

Other people were good to him too, and liked him. But he was too afraid of intruding on other people's lives. He didn't know that he need never have been lonely. . . .

When *Caine Mutiny* went on the road, John Hodiak dropped out of the role of Maryk, and the plum part was offered to Jim by Gregory and Charles Laughton, who directed the show.

He was scared stiff!

He'd make a fool of himself. . . .

Yet, pacing the floor, he knew if he turned this down, he might just as well leave show business. He'd be drifting again, going nowhere, being no one. . . .

**Now or never**

He took the part. It cost him more in sweat and fear than anyone ever knew, but he won rave reviews.

Before the year was out, he'd had bit roles in TV's *Cheyenne,* and better parts in two movies—*Toward The Unknown,* and *The Girl He Left Behind.*




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# MARA CORDAY— too shy to act

■ Mara Corday became an actress because she was shy—too shy and frightened to become one!

The sultry beauty, who at one time was known as the *most photographed girl in the world*, had had a secret desire to become an actress as far back as high school. But Mara was always too shy to even try out for high school dramatics.

Then one day she decided that the only way to beat this fear was to become a chorus girl!

"I figured that as long as I had no lines to speak to an audience and I was in a group of other girls, I wouldn't have too much to worry about," Mara smiles.

She decided the thing to do was join Earl Carroll's *Vanities*—at the age of fifteen.

"Of course, I told the dance director who was interviewing me that I was eighteen," Mara says. "And just like that I got a job in the chorus. I was lucky to get in."

After two years in Carroll's show, Mara joined George White's *Scandals*, was seen in nightclubs across the country, and eventually wound up at the Greek Theatre in Los Angeles in the road company of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

"By this time I thought I had cured my fear of audiences and speaking lines," Mara explains. "So I took myself out to Universal-International on an interview and managed to get a one-line bit in *Son Of Ali Baba*, starring Tony Curtis.

"Was I surprised! Can you imagine? It took six takes for me to finally sputter one line out!

"When the picture was released I discovered that they had cut my scene out!"

The studio might have cut out Mara's debut, but it didn't forget the talented Miss Corday. A few months later she was signed to a long-term contract by U-I. That was 9 pictures ago for the girl who became an actress because she didn't like being shy!

*Mara Corday will soon be seen in U-I's* Take Five From Five.

---

He had found himself at last.

He knew who he was: Jim Garner, the actor.

When *Sayonara* came along, he became Jim Garner, the future star. Life was better than it had ever been for him. But loneliness, the singleness—that, he still had.

And then one day, beside a swimming pool, loneliness ended forever.

The girl's name was Lois, and from his first look at her, he knew. It took her a little longer—maybe an hour, watching the big, good-looking guy with the Oklahoma drawl play with their host's kids in the pool, splashing and being ducked, laughing, tireless. It was important to Lois—because she had a daughter of her own, born during a teenage marriage which was long since over. By the end of that afternoon they knew they wanted to see much, much more of each other.

"People ask me," Jim says now, "what Lois and I have in common. I don't know how to answer that question. Sometimes I don't think we have anything in common. We're complete opposites. All I know is that I feel good with her."

*I feel good with her. . . .*

**Give it time**

When he'd known her a week, he wanted to ask her to marry him. He was almost sure she wanted him to. But every time he came close to it, somehow she changed the subject, usually to talk about her daughter Kim, to show him a picture of the child—a miniature, with longer hair, of Lois herself. She would give him reports on Kim's progress—for the eight-year-old had just gone through a bout with polio and was recovering at her father's house, where she could have the all-day care that Lois, a receptionist, couldn't give her. She would talk about how long the time seemed with Kim not in the house. And all the time, she watched Jim with worried eyes. Finally she asked him to meet her daughter, and Jim suddenly realized the importance of this meeting.

When the visit was over he asked Lois to marry him.

In his arms she whispered, "I wanted you to meet Kim before you asked me. So that you'd see how nice she is—and you wouldn't mind too much being a—a stepfather."

For a moment Jim Garner stared at her. Then he said softly, "There's nothing—nothing you could give me that could make me happier—than a child to love. I had a stepmother, Lois. If I can be to Kim what she was to me—"

They were married two weeks later. Life had no greater gift.

Then he tested for *Maverick* and won the part. That was great. But when *Maverick* began making television history, when it toppled over the ratings of Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan and Jack Benny, when it made Jim Garner one of the most in-demand actors in Hollywood and upped his salary to $1500 a week—then it was unbelievable.

**A baby of his own**

And when Lois presented Jim with the new baby just in time for Christmas—he had no words for his joy. And with these blessings—came change.

"I think," Jim says of himself, "it's just that I'm not scared any more."

Oh, there are still some traces left of the old Jim Garner. He still finds it terrifying to do a live TV show. At the end of the Jerry Lewis *Telethon*, when for hours he helped collect money for muscular dystrophy, he staggered off stage, clutched a stage hand by the shoulder and begged, "Please—what did I say out there? My mind's gone blank!"

In other ways, too, there are traces left of the lonely, insecure child who decided there was nothing you could count on—not forever.

For instance, there isn't a stick of furniture in the Garner home that is bought on credit. If the money isn't in his pocket, Jim doesn't buy. They'll go on living in their apartment for a long, long time instead of buying the house they want, because Jim doesn't have near enough in the bank to buy a house outright. Most business people will tell you that no one in the world pays cash for a house—that it isn't a good idea even if you can do it. But it's no use telling that to Jim Garner. He contracts no debts to be paid off tomorrow. In his world, tomorrow might never come. And Lois, with deep understanding, waits patiently for this too to pass away, as other fears have gone. For these are very small things. . . .

**Life is wonderful**

. . . Jim Garner opened his eyes. It was New Year's Day, 1958. The frightened little boy was gone; the lonely young man was fast disappearing. He looked around him, and the attractive room was filled with things that were his. His books, his furniture, his wife—who had made them all so precious . . . who had given him two children to love.

He cleared his throat. "Lois—I've got to tell you—how much all this means to me. How much you—I mean—I never had anything like this before—" He stopped. The words wouldn't come out right.

Lois touched his mouth with her fingertips. "Ssshh," she whispered, "you don't have to tell me anything. I know. . . ."

**END**

*Jim is in* Darby's Rangers *for Warners'*

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## "THE LAST $50 IS THE HARDEST!"

■ Ask Bing Crosby about that little item and he'll just laugh and say that the easiest part of the whole thing was the last $50.

The *item* is the $750,000 Bing donated to his alma mater, GONZAGA UNIVERSITY, for a new school library. The last $50—well, this is how the story goes.

ACT I

*Scene:* A private airport.

*Cast:* Del Webb, co-owner of the New York Yankees.
Pilot of Del's private plane.

*Time:* Early morning, just before pilot is about to take off.

DEL: How would you like to make a fast $100?

PILOT: Would I!

DEL: Get Crosby into the plane.

PILOT: But—I thought Mr. Crosby won't get into a plane?

DEL: That's why it's worth an extra $100 to me—if you can do it . . .

FADE-OUT

ACT II

*Scene:* Bing Crosby's ranch.

*Cast:* Der Bingle.
The pilot.

*Time:* About a half hour after the plane landed.

PILOT: . . . and that's the whole story, Mr. Crosby. I could sure use that extra dough.

BING: Hmmm. $100 if you get me into the plane, huh? Okay!

(CROSBY STEPS INTO PLANE. . . . THEN IMMEDIATELY HOPS OUT AGAIN!)

BING: There! I got into the plane! Let's split the hundred!

Of course, knowing Bing, it's hard to be sure he really took half the hundred bucks. But, says Bing Crosby—shrugging away any questions about his gift of the most modern library for the education of the future leaders of America that any college can boast—"Getting the last fifty was the easiest part of the whole deal."

## rock and roll

(*Continued from page 24*) He bent over his notes again. He knew what the guy was thinking. Pat Boone ought to be eating lunch at the STORK CLUB. What the heck was he doing smearing his face with bread and butter in a taxi? Pat shrugged cheerfully. *If he only knew. . . .*

The bell rang. All over the room, kids were piling books into brief cases, chattering, heading for the door. Pat heaved himself out of the chair and headed for the teacher's desk.

"Excuse me," he started, "about this afternoon. I—"

The Professor put down his pencil. "Mr. Boone," he said gently, "the semester is now fourteen weeks old. Every week, for fourteen weeks, you have gotten to class late. And every week, at the end of every class, you've come up to apologize. Mr. Boone, it's all right. Really it is. I understand."

Pat wiped his forehead with his hand. "Well—well, thanks. Thanks a lot. I mean—it's so ridiculous, my getting here late like this every time—but—just can't seem to make it. I come straight from rehearsal to here, and if it isn't something that went wrong, it's a photographer shouting, 'Just one more pose'—or something, and—"

"Mr. Boone," the Professor said, "I'd stop worrying about it if I were you. You're not the only man working your way through COLUMBIA, you know. You may be making a little more money than the rest, but they've all got the same problems. I assure you, we're all used to it." He smiled, friendly. "I should like to add—you have exactly three minutes to get to your next class. Also—" as Pat started for the door—"Also, Mr. Boone—you seem to have—ah—could it be mayonnaise on your chin?"

But Pat Boone was already out the door and down the hall.

A minute later, he was outside, racing across campus, late as usual. Everyone was always telling him he might have a sense of rhythm, but he sure had no sense of time. Coming late to class like this. Disgraceful. He never did it in the old days when he was going to school in Texas. Or anyway, not so much. He ought to be ashamed. He ought to learn to move faster. He ought to—

### It's hard to be famous

Suddenly he slowed down, grinning a little. He could feel the tiny ripple of talk that followed him. At first when he started at COLUMBIA it embarrassed him something awful, sensing the way he did that kids would stop talking suddenly when he went by and then start up again, in that low buzz. At the beginning he was worried that they'd turn into a crowd of autograph hunters, dogging his steps, making it miserable for him to get from class to class—he even had nightmares of the Dean calling him into his study to say, "Er—Mr. Boone, you're creating a traffic hazard on campus. Now, if something can't be done about this, I'm afraid we'll have to ask you to leave." He shuddered at the thought. It wasn't that he was conceited—just that he did get mobbed everywhere else.

But by the end of the first week he knew he didn't have a thing to worry about. These were New York kids, blasé, sophisticated, accustomed to having celebrities in their backyards. Except for one or two who approached him timidly, red-faced, to say their kid sisters would kill them if they didn't get his signature. For them he had torn a sheet of notepaper out of his loose-leaf and scribbled his name, and that was the end of that. But still—





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## the actress and the statesman



■ The man was a rising young political figure in England who was destined, one day, to hold the fate of nations in his hands. The girl was a young actress.

But, way back then, they were just a young boy and a young girl who suddenly found they were in love and wanted to share the rest of their lives only with each other.

So, one lovely spring evening, he held her in his arms and asked her to marry him and she whispered an ecstatic *yes.*

He told his family, and they decided it was all right to have an actress gracing their ancestral halls—after all, she *did* come from one of the most aristocratic of the stage families!—but, they asked the boy, would *she* be happy? Happy as the wife of a political figure whose life, whose *social* life as well as his nine-to-five life, would completely revolve around the dry functions and the dry talk that shape a country.

He loved her. Enough to want her to be happy with him, not just have her for his happiness. And so he thought of a way to find out if the life he would live could bring her happiness. Not a test; no, not a test of her. A proof, *for* her . . .

And a few days later he invited her to a party at his home. A small dinner party, he explained, without mentioning who the other guests would be.

The other guests were three of England's most prominent statesmen: Chamberlain, Lord George and Lord Roseberry. And of course, as is inevitable when four political figures get together, the talk was mostly about the current bills before the House and the latest decision of the King and how to out-maneuver that young upstart who was trying to pass a bill they didn't like at all. Oh, every once in a while, the men would suddenly remember the beautiful young girl with them, and try to keep on a subject that might interest *her.* But—well, you know how it is when four guys from the same company get together for an evening: the talk always leads back to what happened at the office!

By the end of the evening, both the lovely actress and the young man knew that their love would turn bitter—as he worried about her boredom and her restlessness, while she worried about whether or not some other woman might have *helped* his career, because some other woman would have been the *right* wife for him. They said good-bye. . . .

But you know their last moments together are still remembered—and the love they felt then—any time you happen to be around Ethel Barrymore when the subject of Winston Churchill happens to come up. And a kind of glow surrounds her, as she's suddenly carried back to the days of her first young love. . . .

*Ethel Barrymore is in Warner's* JOHNNY TROUBLE.

there was that little buzz that ran behind him. He stopped suddenly and turned around. Two girls, standing, staring, a couple of feet away turned scarlet and walked off fast. Pat's grin got broader. Funny that he got a kick out of it now. Maybe just because it proved they were all so nice—leaving him his privacy, not wanting to intrude.

He flopped into his seat in study hall just as the bell rang, and he settled down to a familiar dilemma. He had a whole fifty minutes to study—what? On the one hand, he had a quiz coming up in two days. On the other, they'd just rewritten half of Friday's script and he'd hardly even looked at it. Which was worth more—his A average and a good chance for a *Phi Beta Kappa* key when he graduated, or being sure he wouldn't fluff on Friday night? He remembered suddenly the nicest compliment he'd ever had: a Professor who told him outright, "Pat, I don't know how you make the grades you do, with the amount of work you have outside of school. I couldn't do it myself." *All right,* he told himself. *Let's see you live up to it.* He opened the attaché case and took out two text books and his script. He'd spend half an hour on studying and half an hour on the script. Five minutes later, he dug into his pocket and took out a candy bar, unwrapped it without taking his eyes off his book, and started eating. A minute after that a fellow from one of his classes moved into the seat next to him and asked what Thursday's lecture had been about. Pat hunted in his case, found his looseleaf book and passed his notes to the guy. He took pretty fair notes; not everything, but the high points—enough to make him remember the rest. A few seconds later a girl came in late and slid into a chair in front of Pat. He reached out a hand to help her with her coat, and then, since he'd lost his place anyhow, he got out his pipe and his tobacco pouch and smoked for a few minutes. When the bell rang he'd gotten halfway through the material for the exam and hadn't even touched the script. Well, he'd study tonight. He'd simply have to study tonight.

### A firm resolve

No matter what little Cherry wanted to do, he'd have to study, that was all there was to it. And he probably could, too, now that he'd moved the doorknob on the study door up too high for his daughter's eager fingers. He was fine as long as she didn't get into the room. He could resist anyone *outside* a door. But once she got in—

Anyway, she couldn't reach the knob now. He'd study tonight.

He felt fine, getting to his next class two minutes before it began. Almost as soon as the instructor walked in, Pat's hand was in the air. There was a point from last week's lecture that he hadn't been sure about. He asked his question clearly, and as usual, no one even glanced at him in surprise. The kids were used to hearing the Boone voice asking things in class by now, roaring at a joke, answering a question. No shrinking violet, that Pat Boone. When he had something to say, he said it.

It was almost five when class broke up. There was a crowd at the elevator, so Pat didn't wait. He took the stairs down to the main floor two at a time. This was the night—*the* night—he had an hour and a half to get home to New Jersey, kiss his wife, eat dinner—and get back to school for two more classes. He found his car in a hurry—one of the guys from the TV studio brought it up to COLUMBIA and parked it for him—and he tossed his case in the back and took off for home.

Dinner was waiting for him. So was Shirley, with a kiss and a quick hug.

For twenty minutes he talked to Shirley, grinned at the kids, ate dinner, and unwound. Then suddenly dessert was over and Shirley was packing him back into his coat. He was kissing Cherry and Linda and the baby good-night—they'd be asleep when he got home—and he was off again to COLUMBIA, to classes and note taking, arriving breathless a minute late.

It was well after ten when he put his key into the lock again and opened the door. He hung up his coat while Shirley's sleepy voice called down the stairs, "Honey? I'm up here. You coming to bed?"

"Got to study a while, Sweetheart," he called back. "Don't wait up for me."

He went into the study, shut the door. The door sure did look peculiar now, with the knob up so high—but it would be a tremendous help to a guy who wanted to keep his A average. He sat down at the desk. The house was quiet. Perfect for studying. A little lonely, maybe—but he'd really get some work done.

He opened his book, bent over it, read carefully, turned the page. Suddenly his head went up. Were those by any chance footsteps, coming down the stairs? Pat waited. A second later the steps stopped—in front of the study door. He heard a tiny, startled: "Oh!" He heard a sound very much as if a puzzled little girl was standing on tiptoe, reaching for a moved doorknob and bumping down on her heels. Finally a whisper:

---

**The play Career with Cliff Robertson opened at the Ivar Theater, and in the audience were Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Eva Marie Saint, Jeffrey Hayden, Biff Elliott, Jack Lemmon. All of these players, including Cliff Robertson, met and became friends while looking for acting jobs on Broadway; which is what the play is about.**

*Sidney Skolsky*
*in the New York Post*

---

"Daddy? Daddy?"

He resisted the urge to get up. "Cherry," he called softly, "I'm studying. Go back to bed, Honey."

"Daddy—" A little louder. A little rapping at the door. "Daddy—"

"Cherry, it's way past your bedtime. Now, go to bed."

A wail. A banging. "Daddy, I want in. I want in, Daddy. Daddy—"

Pat stood up. Sternly, he marched to the door. Briskly, he opened it. "Cherry, I told you—" and, as always, his heart melted. He stooped down suddenly and gathered the sleeper-clad little girl into his arms. He warmed her bare feet in his hand. "Come on, Baby, I'll take you back to bed."

### He can't win

Cherry nestled down. "Will you sing to me?"

"Honey, I've got to study."

"Will you throw me in the air?"

He glanced back at his desk and gave up. "If you'll be very quiet so we don't wake up Mommy."

"Like a mouse," Cherry agreed. With the little bundle in his arms, Pat started up the stairs. It would be half an hour before he got back to his books, and he had to get to sleep *some* time. And a fat lot of good moving that doorknob was, he could see that, all right. Oh, well. Maybe tomorrow—

He grinned, going up the stairs. He knew perfectly well what tomorrow would be like.



## the "GRINGO" with Guts

■ In the Mexican town of Ojinaga a small group of aspiring matadors were making their first try-outs in the ring.

Up in the stands, an old Mexican—a veteran of countless fights—remarked to a friend, "See that blond fellow over there? The gringo? He's got guts."

The *gringo with guts* he was talking about was James Dean.

Jimmy had seen several bullfights in Tijuana and Mexicali and the excitement of the sport was in his blood.

That's why he had taken lessons with one of Mexico's best masters, and why he was so thrilled on this Sunday, the afternoon of his first formal fight.

Still, the professionals had some misgivings. "Are you sure you want to?"

"Heck, yes," replied Jimmy. "After all, I've seen bulls before, back on the farm."

"But these are fighting bulls."

"I'll risk it," was all that Jimmy said.

There was a breath-taking instant when the bull's horns were only a few inches away from Jimmy's chest; yet as the beast lunged, Jimmy made a *gaonera*, one of the most spectacular and difficult feats of capework even for a professional matador. The spectators shouted "*¡Olé!*" and that's top praise.

When the bullfight was over, the old Mexican gave Jimmy a word of advice. "Take it easy, boy. Don't fight in so close. Maybe later, but not now. There are plenty of Sundays to come."

But Jimmy continued to fight in close —for the next two Sundays.

On the third Sunday, though, Jimmy didn't show up for his practice.

That was the Sunday of September 30th.

That was the Sunday he was killed.

When the old Mexican heard that the gringo Jimmy was dead, he said, "I warned him to be careful with the bulls."

Of course, the Mexican didn't know that it hadn't been the bulls, but his Porsche racing car, that had killed James Dean. . . .

It would start early. Too early, when he'd had maybe—with luck—five and a half hours of sleep. Shirley, in housecoat and apron would lean over him and say, "Time to get up, honey. Pat—Pat? Time to get up—"

Sometimes she would get a view of one disbelieving eye, opened and closed again in short order by her husband. More often, he'd be very good about waking up—get himself all the way into a sitting position before falling asleep again. By breakfast he'd feel better—there'd be that blessed little calm moment of Cherry's Grace—and then there'd be Shirley, handing him his case with his notebooks and textbooks and music and scripts in it, kissing him good-bye at the door, and if her eyes were wistful, counting the few precious moments they had spent together yesterday, would spend together today, comparing them to the hours of talking and holding hands and just being together they used to have when Pat was making $44.50 a week—well, her smile would be cheerful and her good-bye wouldn't have a note of reproach in it. After all, they had decided a long time ago—and it was her idea, too—that no matter what else they had to give up, Pat would finish school. Maybe not get the M.A. and the Ph.D. he had wanted—but he'd get his bachelor's degree. For so many reasons. Because if this singing bit ever gave out, he would still be prepared to teach or preach, and earn a living.

### The executive

So, on the way to knowledge, the car would clip over the George Washington Bridge and end up in a parking lot in Manhattan. Pat Boone, president of COOGA MOOGA PRODUCTIONS—that's the name of the company he formed to handle all the business concerning himself—dressed in white bucks, grey slacks, open shirt and sweater, would climb out and head for his office. The minute he walked in, a babble of voices would hit him.

"You're ten minutes late!"

"We're rewriting the intro. Look. It goes like this—"

"Hey, there's gonna be a reporter here in fifteen minutes to ask you—"

The president of COOGA MOOGA would dump his books and get to work. He'd sing his songs, read the script, talk to the guest star—and somewhere along the line, he'd disappear. Two minutes later the shout would go up:

"Where's Pat? Hey—"

"Somebody find Pat—"

They'd flush him out of his office. "Pat, gotta show you this new song. Come on—" Pat would sigh and put down his book. "Listen, fellas, I've got an exam this afternoon. Elementary Music—"

A burst of laughter. "Elementary Music? What're you taking *music* for? Of all the things you already know about—"

"Listen, that isn't so. You realize I can hardly even read music? You know I just found out in class last week what a fugue really is? You know what Bach said—"

"You know what the director's going to say if you don't get those lyrics memorized?"

A minute later, Elementary Music would be forgotten. And half an hour later, Pat would still be working on the song when the door opened.

**When Joe E. Lewis entered Beth Israel Hospital for a jaw operation, he gave as his permanent address, "Belmont Park" . . .**

*Earl Wilson*
*in the New York Post*


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# "you don't sing so good!"

■ The way he tells it, singin' cowboy Gene Autry got on a horse—then flew head over heels. And all because of a kitten!

Gene was driving his family to New York—he was on his way to star in the rodeo. They were making one stop-over at the Chicago home of Leslie Atlas, a friend of Gene's.

When the Autry wagon pulled up to his friend's home, half the town was out to welcome them. Fans—mostly the little ones—had on their Sunday-best cowboy suits or Indian outfits—and soon the shouts started. "C'mon, Gene, give us some tricks!" "Whoop it up, Gene!" "Go, Gene, Go!"

The Atlas household included a stable and a horse was brought around. In the excitement no one remembered a saddle or bridle though. So, Gene figured he'd ride bareback and give out with a *real* show.

He roped; he rode; he jumped; he bucked. He tricked it up, he whooped it up. The kids were *so* impressed, you could've heard a pin drop.

Then along came kitty. Nothing special about her. Just a little old cat meandering along for a constitutional. Oh, maybe looking for a little grub, but in no special hurry about it. Just meandering along.

The grass looked greener on the other side of the dusty road, so kitty decided to go have a look-see. The great Gene Autry was making his horse stand on its *front* legs, a particularly tough trick, but this little old cat didn't know from nothing, pardner. She gave a lazy yawn and set out across the road . . . two feet in front of the horse.

Being in the middle of his trick, Gene didn't see pussy. But Gene's horse sure did and this was one horse that didn't want no truck with no underfoot cat, no siree. The horse bucked. Gene went flying out like any green dude getting the heave-ho and landed a good fifteen feet away—landed hard, on the seat of his pants.

The crowd remained quiet, the shocked quiet of seeing the impossible. *Gene Autry thrown by a horse?*

But one small cowboy didn't mind letting this world know about it. His hopes and dreams had crashed with Gene Autry. He darted out and stood looking down at the grounded Gene, his hero, his hero who had let him down, in front of everybody. His big eyes were loaded with tears.

"Gee, Gene," he sobbed, "how could you let a plain ol' horse throw you? Just a plain horse?" Completely rejecting his former hero, he pointed an accusing finger at Gene. "*Ya know what?*" he shouted. "*You don't sing so good, neither!*"

"Hey, Pat—it's one-twenty-five."

Pat's jaw would drop, his eyes get a dazed look. "It can't be. I've got a class at one-twenty! And I haven't even had any lunch!"

A hand would reach out with a brown paper bag in it. "Here's your lunch. Swiss and ham on rye, milk, coffee. You can eat it in the cab."

Pat, grabbing frantically for coat and books: "In the—?"

"Len's outside getting the cab. Just grab this and get in. Someone'll bring your car up to COLUMBIA this afternoon. You going home for dinner tonight?"

"No—no—can't—I'll grab a candy bar at school."

### Looking after Pat

"Never mind the candy bar. You go into CHOCK FULL O' NUTS and eat a good supper like Shirley told you to, hear? Don't let yourself get run down. It shows in your voice when you're tired."

"Yeah," Pat would say, already buzzing frantically for the elevator. "Sure. 'Bye, now."

Twenty minutes later, the cab would pull up in front of COLUMBIA on Broadway and 116th Street, stopping with a jerk, spilling the remains of a container of milk on Pat's bucks. He'd shove the end of his sandwich and the piece of wax paper he used as a tablecloth into the bag as he had done so often, and dig into his pockets for a couple of bills for the driver. "Here," he'd say hastily. "Keep the change. And listen—would you throw this away for me the next time you pass a wastebasket? Thanks. And—hey—there's a whole container of coffee back here—I didn't touch it. It's hot—have it."

The cab driver would blink. "Finish it, buddy. I'm in no hurry. Sit down and—"

"I can't. Here—drink it while it's hot."

The cab driver would sit, holding the hot coffee, thinking, *I wonder if I shoulda mentioned he's got bread crumbs on his face. . . .*

And another school day would begin for Pat Boone. **END**

*You can see Pat in 20th Century-Fox's* APRIL LOVE.

# he's available

(*Continued from page 47*) night, apologize for being a killjoy but explain that I have to get up early the next morning. I know that I'm the delight of all the mothers, but I'm not so sure the girls like it!"

At this point we are forced to interrupt David's narrative to tell all of you females who may not already be aware of the fact: David Nelson is being extremely modest when it comes to his estimation of his impact on the opposite sex!

### No time for romance

"I'll let you in on a secret," David continues. "Off screen my love life isn't exactly what I'd call exciting. The main reason is that at the moment I'm working pretty steadily and I don't have too much time for romance. But it doesn't worry me—I'm never too busy to look—I always appreciate a pretty girl! When I started college at USC and joined a fraternity I attended the usual campus parties and dated some sorority girls, but there was nothing steady about it. In fact, I really don't believe in steady dating, although I did go steady twice, when I was in high school. But I feel that going with one girl ties you down too much. I think it's okay to see one girl more than others provided you have an understanding that if either of you meet someone you'd like to date, there are no strings attached. If you have a relationship like this it actually makes for less problems. Usually if you know you're free to date other girls you don't want to. I think that seeing one girl and being made to feel guilty if you even look at another female is just not right. There's time enough for that once you get married. Right now I am dating one girl more than any others. Her name is Nancy and she goes to Junior College.

"But we aren't going steady."

What kind of boy is this David Nelson? What is he really like—and how did he get that way?

David talks about himself honestly, pokes fun at himself and discusses the past twenty-one years without the slightest trace of self-importance.

"I was born in New York on October 24, 1936. I guess you could say I was born in a trunk. That's such a corny phrase these days, but I do qualify. At the time of my arrival, Mom and Pop were playing an engagement at the LEXINGTON HOTEL in New York and doing a radio show from there. By the time I was three, I'd traveled in every state in the union with Pop's band, when they were doing vaudeville and one nighters.

"By the time I was five, we were living in a house in Hollywood and my folks were busy starring on radio. Nothing much unusual happened to me as a kid. I never felt I was anything special. My folks came home every night and we were together as much as any kids and parents are.

"When I was nine, Pop and Mom went on the air with the *Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*. I used to listen to the show every week; at first I thought it was kind of hokey. The boy who played Ricky was really funny. He was supposed to be four, but he had a deep bass voice! When I was twelve, and Rick was still real small, we stepped in and took over the roles of ourselves. It was fun, but nothing unusual.

### Owes everything to Pop

"Today people say I'm real natural on the screen. If that's so, I can tell you that everything I am as an actor I owe to my Father. He never let us get actorish. We were always expected to be ourselves, to be natural. The folks never stood for any foolishness from us.

"Pop's got very definite ideas about certain things. One of them is that he can't stand people in show business who act real affected—especially kids. When we made our full length film *Here Come the Nelsons*, Dad did the casting. We had to have a group of little boys for the picture, so Dad had a mass audition on the set. A whole bunch of kids came to try out. Dad took one look and shuddered. Most of them had real long hair and some of them even had phony accents. Dad just very patiently explained that he wasn't looking for any juvenile Barrymores; then he practically set up a barber shop right on the sound stage. He announced that any boy who wanted to be in the picture had to have his hair cut. You never saw so many curls on one floor in your life!

**In a recent Esquire, Ava Gardner described one of her honeymoons: "MGM sent a press agent along on the honeymoon. When you came down to breakfast, he was there. When you had your dinner, he was there. When you went to sleep, he was darn near there."**

*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*



## RICHARD EGAN and the Jesuit Priest

■ Today Richard Egan sees his name in lights on theatre marquees, and fans run after him and crowd around him.

In moments like these, when success seems so intoxicating, Richard smiles quietly and thinks of a man who is far from the shouts of the crowds; a strong, quiet man in black robes who seeks only the glory of God, but who helped make all of Richard's worldly glory possible when they sat on a hilltop one sunny afternoon five years ago.

The two men sat on a green hilltop outside of San Francisco, looking down at the THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE in the town below. They were both husky and handsome, with penetrating blue eyes and rugged faces, but then the resemblance ended. The younger man, Richard Egan, wore slacks and sweater; the other wore the black cassock of the priest.

The younger man was saying, "Ever since I've gotten out of the Army I've wanted to be an actor. I don't know why—no one in the family's ever acted. But I have a chance to get an appointment as a teacher, with steady pay and no struggles. The job's waiting for me. Am I crazy to try to be an actor? Everybody says I haven't a chance. And I guess that they're right. . . .

"I don't know what to do," he continued. "What do you say? Do you think I'm crazy to give up the teaching job—and beat my brains out to become an actor? Tell me what to do."

The priest looked straight ahead thoughtfully. then turned to Richard.

"I think," said the young priest, "that you should try to become an actor. I received the call to do what I am doing. There are other kinds of calls besides the one that came to me. Surely, God puts in our minds and hearts the desires we should have, to fulfill our lives.

"I was grateful when I got the call. You have received your call, too. Follow it up."

The priest made an appointment that day for the young man to confer with the dramatic instructor at the State College, and then sent him off to Hollywood with his blessings to try to break into motion pictures.

He became Richard Egan, movie star; the person who guided him along the worldly road to stardom was his brother, a Jesuit priest, Father Willis.

*Watch for Richard Egan in U-I's* VOICE IN THE MIRROR.

"Since I've always gone to public school, I'm usually asked if I was treated differently than the other kids. Not really. One of the main reasons, I suppose, is that when I went to HOLLYWOOD HIGH there were some other professional kids going there at the same time, so I wasn't too much of a novelty.

"But since my folks were well-known and since I was on the show, some kids on campus did have an automatic chip on their shoulders. They just assumed I'd be a snob. I really tried extra hard to be nice, so they'd see I wasn't snobby. Any rough times I had came mostly because of athletics. Not at my own school, but when I was pitcher of the baseball team and we'd go to other schools to play games. Sometimes I'd get a bit of razzing from the stands.

"Getting along with people hasn't been one of my major problems, mainly because I've always been taught to just be myself around others. Some of the best advice my Pop ever gave me was a long time ago. He told me to always say *yes, sir* and *yes, ma'am* to people. I think it was good advice. A lot of kids don't have enough respect for their elders.

"You know, to change the subject from me—to me, I still can't get over what's happened since I was bitten by the acting bug. It's opened up a whole new world. A couple of summers ago it just hit me, all of a sudden. First I thought I'd like to do westerns, mostly because they're shot outdoors and usually away on location; the idea of leaving town to make a picture appealed to me. Besides, I visualized myself playing a tough gunfighter—the complete opposite from anything I've ever done. Dad and I read a few scripts, but nothing seemed right. Incidentally, I rely on Dad heavily for his opinion on things like this. He's pretty uncanny when it comes to judging a script. When Fox sent us *Peyton Place* Pop was as excited as I was. Don't ask me to describe my role though, because I'd have to say that I'm playing a sort of David Nelson character! More or less the same type of thing I've been doing on TV, with a big exception: I get to kiss the girl!

"On TV I never get to kiss anybody!

### First day on the set

"My first day on set, I really was scared. I'd never met Hope Lange. I knew she was married to Don Murray and everything, but I felt funny just kissing her without any time out for preliminaries. Besides, it was not only my first day, but my first big love scene and my first screen kiss. I didn't get introduced to Hope until twenty minutes before we started rehearsing the kiss. But it didn't really turn out to be too difficult—I just played it *naturally*!

"The day we finally shot the scene, a buddy of mine was visiting on set. Boy, did I get the business from him. We've been friends for a long time; in fact, when we were in the sixth grade we were rivals for the same pig-tailed girl. He reminded me that my technique has changed since then.

"It must have, because instead of fighting over our grammar school sweetheart, we decided to give up women and take up sandlot baseball.

"But I was a very young boy at the time!

"You know," David explains, as if its something that he's done a lot of thinking about, "I'm always being told that I'm lucky; that I've probably never had any worries and that it must be nice to breeze through life without any problems. I don't bother arguing about it. But, frankly, who doesn't have problems? I had a big one a while ago. I wanted to quit school. I didn't see how going to college





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## DINAH SHORE: HOW TO KEEP YOUR HUSBAND HAPPY

■ What makes for the happiness of a husband? Making him know that he comes *first*, says Dinah Shore.

Take the little matter of early rising. Dinah used to like nothing better than to sleep late and allow herself the luxury of breakfast in bed. But when she fell in love with George, who was a rancher used to getting up at the crack of dawn, she knew there would have to be some changes made. So, she schooled herself to get up at 7:30—and found that watching the sun rise with the man of your dreams can be very wonderful.

"I remember the time when, as a new bride most anxious to please George and impress his ranch-hands, I got up at dawn to cook a steak breakfast for them all," Dinah laughs. "I'm a pretty good cook, but George's wood-burning stove was something else again! The steaks burned to leather. George laughed and was so sweet that I'll never forget it if I live to be a little old lady of a hundred.

"When you make some small sacrifice to show the guy you love how important he is to you, you usually get repaid tenfold. These things make a marriage strong."

To keep their marriage bright and beautiful, Dinah often runs off with George and the children to their home at Palm Springs to enjoy sun and fun and each other. George doesn't like crowds or cities for very long. He's happiest in the wide open spaces and Dinah's happiness lies in being with *him*.

And at home, when her TV show is over, Dinah becomes Mrs. George Montgomery as soon as she walks through the door. No career worries will she let into her life as wife and mother.

Incidentally, it was Dinah who encouraged her actor-husband to go into a second career—furniture manufacturing. "It was self-protection," she laughs. "He used to build beautiful furniture for our home. I couldn't stand those wide empty spaces every time one of our friends talked us into parting with something else because *George can make another*."

Does Dinah offer George her feminine intuition and wifely counsel in his work? Yes, when they are needed and sought. But in her own career, she seeks his opinion and criticism in everything she does. She tells him and the world, "I'm impulsive and lose sight of the whole. But George sees things in their right perspective; his advice is so valuable."

Dinah works at her marriage—because her husband is the most important thing in her life. "And he *knows* it!"

*George is in Warners'* BLACK PATCH *and U.A.'s* STREET OF SINNERS. *He'll be finishing* TOUGHEST GUN IN TOMBSTONE *for U.A. soon.*

---

was helping me. I wanted to be an actor and I felt I needed more time to concentrate on acting without the outside work of going to school.

"I discussed it with Pop, but he didn't see things my way! So I cut all my classes and I flunked out. My family was not pleased!

"When I woke up and realized what I'd done, I tried to make up for it. I went to night school and continued making up my grades by going to school over the summer. The following semester at junior college I made a B-plus average and was able to get back into USC.

**My real luck**

"As I said, people just keep telling Ricky and me how lucky we are and they couldn't be more right.

"But our luck is the kind of parents we have, and not the fact that they're well-known!

"Even when it came to our decision to get into show business, the folks never pushed us one way or the other. They neither encouraged nor discouraged us. They just let us make up our own minds. The folks have never allowed the show to interfere with the outside interests that Rick and I had. Even when it came to my playing football. Pop never said, 'Don't go out for sports, they're too time consuming and besides you might get roughed up and bruises don't photograph well.' Nope. But am I glad, now, that nothing ever happened that might have kept me from being in *Peyton Place*!"

Watching David on the set, it's easy to understand why he feels that way.

Terry Moore, Russ Tamblyn and Barry Coe are among the younger set that worked in the picture with David. Between takes there were plenty of laughs, plenty of fun.

An entire town had been constructed on the lot. It was 92° in the shade, but on the set the town of Peyton Place was a winter wonderland. The streets were icy, the trees brown and bare, and the entire company was dressed in heavy woolen overcoats and mufflers.

When the scene was over and the director called "*Cut!*"—in a matter of minutes, the girls in the company shed their coats and revealed nothing but bathing suits underneath, and the men stripped to the waist and tanned themselves in the sun. Snowballs flew all around, landing outside of the camera's range on brilliant green grass.

Then there was the day Russ gave Barry a hot foot and told him that Terry had done it. Barry, seeking revenge, put a gob of ice down Terry's coat and she in turn thought it was David and tried to think of a way to get even. "And she did, too," David laughed. "The day after the ice episode I had to do some off-camera lines. Just before I had to say my lines, Terry came up to me and put a big spoonful of chocolate ice cream in my mouth. I broke up completely and when the director, Mr. Robson, called "*Action!*" all I could do was laugh. He was not pleased!

**Fun . . . and work**

"Really though," this serious young guy adds, "I hope I'm not giving the impression that we do nothing but cut up on the set. On the contrary, everyone is so busy learning their lines, rehearsing and worrying about their own scenes that there just isn't too much time for any fooling around. It's just every once in a while we let down a bit, and ease the tensions enough so you can go on working at high pitch."

"*David Nelson*," a voice boomed through a megaphone, "*you're in this next shot.*"

And off he walked, back to work . . . a boy well on the way toward becoming one of Hollywood's brightest stars.

A boy with the manners of a gentleman, which he is—and the virility of an all-around athlete, which he is.

A boy whom any girl would be glad to vote the *ideal date for '58*—because first and foremost, regardless of any personal triumphs that may come his way in the future, David Nelson has already scored one major success. He has learned to live his life with the understanding—and respect for others—that makes for a fine human being.

. . . And he's available! END

*David is appearing in* PEYTON PLACE *for 20th Century-Fox.*

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## hollywood's shameful story

(*Continued from page 26*) support and another little one on the way. Debbie has stated time and again, with characteristic spunk, "There's no reason for me to give up my acting career. I've worked too long and too hard for it." And from these two simple facts—a guy wanting to do well at his job and a girl wanting to keep the success she's struggled for—sprang the terrible rumors that have plagued Eddie and that have wounded Debbie. And that have hurt the many people who love them. Rumors that cannot be completely silenced, *because they're at least partly true*.

A whisper at a studio commissary: "Eddie hasn't had a hit record in two years and suddenly Debbie blossoms out with *Tammy* . . . Number one on the hit parade. I hear Eddie's burning."

An off-hand remark backstage at the George Gobel show: "Can you figure those record fans of Eddie's? Everybody *predicted* that his marriage to Debby would put a distance between him and his fans. And it happened! Since his marriage they've been staying away in droves. No wonder that marriage is heading for the Hollywood rocks."

And a helpful item in a Hollywood column: DEBBY AND EDDIE FISHER ARE TAKING A NEW HOUSE IN BEVERLY HILLS. THAT MAKES THE THIRD. THIS YOUNG COUPLE CAN'T SEEM TO AGREE ON A HOUSE TO LIVE IN . . . OR ON ANYTHING ELSE, FOR THAT MATTER.

In the MGM make-up department: "She can't stand his friends. . . . I hear she won't even let Eddie have a poker game at home with his buddies."

This is the shameful climate in which the sensitive plant of their young marriage has had to grow. And, unless something is done to change that climate—and fast—



# "DON'T" said PAUL NEWMAN

■ Paul Newman picked up the phone, dialed a number, and said just one word. "Don't!"

That started the wheels rolling. A few days later, it was over. But to start from the beginning . . .

The beginning was the first day that Paul Newman and Ann Blyth started working on *Both Ends Of The Candle.* Day after day and week after week, Paul and Ann lost themselves more and more in the tragic story of the fabulously talented singer Helen Morgan, whose addiction to alcohol sank her to the deepest despair and unhappiness. Week after week, Paul watched Ann enact another life. Paul watched Ann *live* another life. And Paul lived the role of the man who loved her so very much.

And then it was just two days before the end of the film, and Paul knew what he wanted to do—what he had to do . . . but *how* to do it? That was what Paul could not figure out; that was what he kept trying to think of—just the right way, just the right word. Until suddenly, like that unexpected flash, it came to him. . . . So he picked up the phone, dialed the number of the gift shop and said to the manager— "You know those sterling silver 'shot' glasses I ordered? Engrave them with just the word *Don't!*"

That would be a cute gag for his last-day-of-shooting gift to his leading lady!

*Paul can soon be seen in MGM's* UNTIL THEY SAIL. *Watch for him in Warner Bros.'* THE LEFT HANDED GUN *and in 20th's* THE LONG HOT SUMMER.

the plant may die. In the past six months there has been scene after scene that show how far apart two young people in love can be driven.

### Too many jokers

One day recently, during a rehearsal of the TV show which Eddie does every second week, alternating with George Gobel, Debby stopped by to visit. Eddie greeted her with a kiss and then turned back to the arranger to finish a discussion they'd been having. From somewhere in the studio a voice sang out: "Ta—mmy . . . Ta—mmy," followed by snickers.

And later, over a private cup of coffee with a friend, Eddie confided, "Every time I hear that song, it's as if someone poured salt into an open wound."

The friend nodded sympathetically. "I know how it is, Eddie."

"No you don't," Eddie said. "Everybody's wrong. They think I'm upset because Debby has a hit record. It isn't that at all. What bothers me is that she makes records *at all.*"

This kind of remark from Eddie would have been unthinkable a couple of years ago, just after their marriage, when his career was riding high. He had just married the girl of his dreams, and the present and future looked like one long path of roses.

This is a sad sample of what the pressures of being a 'property'—the show business term for a money-making per-

**When Tony Curtis appeared in St. Louis a teenage girl tried to enter the room where he was being interviewed on radio. She explained that she'd walked twelve miles just to see Curtis and ask him a question. Curtis' press agent heard her story and got her in to see the movie star. She told the radio audience how she'd walked twelve miles just for this meeting. "Go ahead now," Curtis said to her, "ask me the question you were so anxious to ask" . . . The girl asked the question: "Do you know Tab Hunter?"**

*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*

former—and being married to a 'property,' can do to people. Of course some friends have read other meanings into a remark like that. They say that Eddie has asked Debbie, time and again, to give up her career; to be his wife and the mother of his children, exclusively. To devote herself to making a home for him.

Although deep inside Debby knows that her real achievement as a woman lies in her children, and her love for her husband, she doesn't express this. What her close friends hear is her resentment at missing out on the plum assignment of the daughter to Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall, in *The Reluctant Debutante.*

Why didn't she get the part? Simply because she's pregnant.

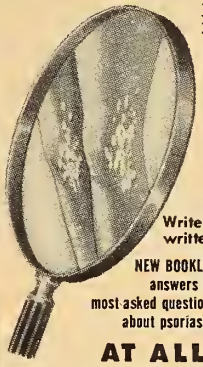
### Eddie at home

All America looked up to them as a shining example, and career problems like this are bringing them to the brink of tragedy.

Eddie has shown signs of being happier away from his home than in it with his family. And here, the shame and responsibility belongs on the shoulders of the men around Eddie . . . the men who handle his professional life . . . who are used to making him laugh when he feels low . . . tell him he's done well when he's worried about a song going over. . . .

But these are the jobs a wife takes on when she marries a man she loves. And just after they married the rumor ran the


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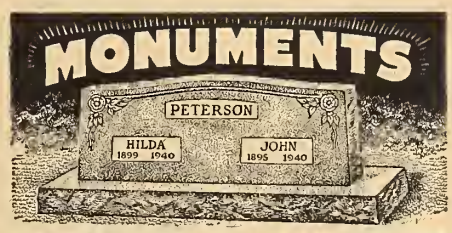
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## VALENTINE FOR CLARK—FROM KAY

■ It was like any other day February 14th on the *Band of Angels* set at WARNERS. Until Clark Gable was called off the set between takes. That's when it became Valentine's Day.

Because waiting for him in his dressing room was his own, special valentine.

It was a keg. Beautifully varnished, about five-gallon size, little red felt hearts all over it and a white thumb tack pinning a large, lacey valentine to the center of the keg.

"It's from Kay," grinned Gable, "she made it. Look—" It was filled to the top with golden yellow popcorn!

Asked what the valentine said, Clark handed it around: *Hamish, I love you, darling. Mrs. G.*

Hamish is the name of the character Gable plays in *Band Of Angels.* But Kay had written it this way: Ham-ish! The tag on the gag is that Kay always makes popcorn for the cast of a Gable picture. And by the time Gable got around to his keg, the whole five gallons had disappeared. As somebody remarked, "You can drink an awful lot of beer with that much popcorn."

Clark Gable doesn't drink beer. But he didn't need that keg of popcorn anyway. Hamish, Ham-ish, it was the same difference. The valentine was in his heart, and he looked like a mighty happy king.

*Clark is appearing in Warners'* BAND OF ANGELS, *and will soon be seen in Paramount's* TEACHER'S PET *and U.A.'s* RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP.

---

rounds that Debbie was 'cleaning house.' Taking all the hangers-on that any successful singer gathers in the course of his career, and putting them in their place . . . which is, Debbie feels, in the office or studio; not in her home.

And from Eddie: rebellion!

One night, not long ago, Eddie had a bunch of his buddies over to the house for a poker game. By two in the morning the house was full of smoke, the clank of poker chips and the clutter of sandwiches and coke bottles.

Suddenly Debbie appeared, wearing a robe, her hair rumpled from sleep. She stood there for a full minute, obviously deciding just how angry to be. Then, mustering her famous sense of humor she grinned and said, "Our baby says that since you won't let her sleep . . . can she deal?"

The laughter broke the tension and the game resumed. It broke the tension for everyone except Eddie, that is. He stared moodily at his cards without a smile. The following week, after a serious quarrel, Eddie took off swiftly for 'a series of appearances.'

### That time in Vegas

On the night plane to Las Vegas, flying towards the gray-black horizon, Eddie felt the sudden stirrings of pain in his chest and stomach. The old stomach trouble which had plagued him wasn't licked, apparently. It was no wonder, the way things had been going lately. Eddie lit a cigarette, and puffed gloomily, wondering *. . . where does it go wrong . . . how does a bright, sunlit road suddenly grow so dark you can hardly see your way . . . how does that wonderful oneness made up of Debbie, Carrie and me, suddenly become a lonely threeness . . .*

The plane's loudspeaker announced, "Las Vegas . . . Las Vegas in ten minutes . . . we are now passing over . . ." but Eddie didn't hear the pilot's droning voice. He was thinking how grateful he was that there would be no stories in the papers about his sudden flight from home, no resulting gossip. The arrangement one of his friends had suggested was a good one. When one of their more-and-more-frequent quarrels erupted, his manager called a night club and booked Eddie for a previously-unscheduled appearance . . . to start immediately . . . and nobody knew.

He hated to leave her when she was pregnant, but sometimes . . . *I wonder if she's all right,* he thought . . . *and the baby.* . . . Eddie melted when he thought about Carrie. Only the other day, the day before their quarrel, Debbie had spent hours picking just the right shade of hair ribbon for Carrie. *She was really a marviously-unscheduled appearance . . . to way.* Eddie settled back in his chair, and tried to get some sleep, thinking: *We're really lucky in so many ways . . . We ought to be ashamed of not remembering that always . . . we ought to be ashamed . . . I'll call her as soon as we land . . . just to see how she is. . . .*

Debbie lay sleepless in her bed, smelling the jasmine that becomes so fragrant at night in Beverly Hills. . . .

### What we were once

*How people change,* she was thinking. She remembered herself before marriage . . . the bright young laugh-and-dance girl who liked nothing better than a gay party or a big dinner gathering at some charming restaurant. . . . And Eddie. . . . She remembered him as he'd been when she first met him . . . kind of shy . . . sitting for hours over a cup of coffee, just the two of them . . . talking about everything under the sun . . . especially of the home they'd have someday. . . .

But people change. She herself had changed. Maybe it was loving Eddie. Or maybe the baby coming. But suddenly parties were a lot less important than a nice house in which to live, and turning in early was fun when your husband and your child were near you. . . .

But Eddie changed too. Suddenly just the two of them being together seemed impossible. There was always a bunch of men around. Business advisors, song pluggers. TV people. And when she objected, well, Eddie wasn't as understanding as he used to be. He was tense about the way his career was going. He began to spend more and more time away from home. . . .

It was natural, Debbie thought defensively, that she should begin to regret the pictures she'd missed out on. If a home wasn't really going to be a home, then why bother. *Yes,* Debbie thought, *we've both changed . . . but I wonder if we can ever change back. . . .*

The phone shrilled. Debbie reached for it, wondering who could be calling at that hour.

* * *

Thus, the wasteful story of two young people allowing a bright dream to be darkened. In Hollywood, a place where shame has eaten into the lives of so many people, the history of Debbie and Eddie gambling with their lives and the happiness of their children, is the most shameful story of all.

### Perhaps this year . . .

As the new year gets under way; as the birth of Carrie Frances' little brother or sister approaches, a silent plea is rising from the hearts of all those who have loved Debbie and Eddie: a plea for them to forget the brightly colored bubble of careers; to realize that they are not *'properties'* manufactured to make millions of dollars for themselves and those around them—but two young human beings for whom love was once the answer to everything. Young people who should be themselves, not celluloid images of success and money.

All over America there are youngsters who have been married a couple of years or so; who have a kid or one on the way or both. In their daily lives the husband may have job troubles; the wife may have misunderstandings. But most of them have learned something Debbie and Eddie must learn: that trouble can push people apart or it can bring them closer together than ever before.

Hollywood is full of successful singers living in big houses in Beverly Hills . . . *alone.* Visiting their children on Sundays. And it's full of successful actresses sitting by the pool alone, wondering why the day seems so long and afraid that the night will seem even longer. . . .

According to all the signs, it's now or never, for Debbie and Eddie. Unless that change we're praying for happens deep inside them, they are dangerously close to a final break. We hope they have not passed the point of no return.

Because we believe, as most people do, that there is no shame that cannot be wiped out by love. We believe that the story of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fisher can have a happy ending. . . .

If they'll try!

EN

*Debbie is scheduled to make* THE BOY FRIEND *for MGM and* THIS HAPPY FEELING *for U-I.*



## HEDY LAMARR goes back to school

■ It was rather a delicate moment. But, agreed the director and the producer and in all probability the writer and the studio head and a few other people, Hedy Lamarr just had to be told.

The next big question was—who was going to tell her?

Then came some more conferences. In fact, if such big and important people hadn't been involved, you might have called them passing-the-buck conferences.

And finally it was decided that, naturally, the one with the most tact should do it, should tell Hedy.

So in a quiet moment, she was approached.

And there were the long explanations about what an important picture it was. And how nobody was worried—not at all worried!—about what kind of a performance Hedy would turn in.

But there was one minor matter. . . .

And that was her accent—

"Accent!" Hedy screamed in her quiet, well-modulated, husky, sexy voice. "Accent! There isn't a trace of my Viennese accent!" exclaimed the Austrian beauty.

And then the bombshell came.

"Not your *Austrian* accent," she was told. "But that Texas accent!"

Seems in her five years of living deep in the heart of Texas with Texan husband Howard Lee—Hedy had acquired such a broad Texas brogue that the studio wanted her to take *speech* lessons!

*Hedy will soon be on screen in U-I's* THE FEMALE ANIMAL.

## hayworth-hill romance

(*Continued from page 49*) But let's go back to how they met.

Our Private-File cards read:

Bob Schiffer—he's not the usual press agent, but a public relations counsel for Hecht-Hill-Lancaster—asked Jim how he'd like to have dinner with Rita Hayworth. The Schiffers are old friends of Hill *and* Rita.

Hill said that he wouldn't mind, but warned Schiffer—who had been trying to get Jim married for the last six years—"If you think you're going to get me to be a party to some match-making scheme you have up your sleeve, you're mistaken."

"When I hung up," Bob said, "I chuckled to myself a little because it was exactly what I *was* planning.

"Mrs. Schiffer and I drove over to Jim's house, picked him up and went to Rita's home. There we had a couple of drinks and talked a while. Rita wasn't too interested in Jim, although she was a very gracious hostess. Jim, perhaps a little wary of whatever plan I might have, didn't go over-board for Rita. About an hour later we went to my place for dinner.

"Well, as we were drinking coffee Jim said to me, 'We're having trouble with a couple of scenes in the script and it's going to take a lot of work to straighten them out.' Jim was referring to a story HECHT-HILL-LANCASTER wanted to buy.

"For the first time that evening, Rita perked up with a real expression of interest and said, 'You mean the scene where the wife tries to show the husband that he doesn't understand her as a woman?'

**Don't feel sorry for yourself if you didn't get invited to Mike Todd's party. Think of the guy who has to do the dishes.** *Robert Sylvester in the Daily News*

"Now it was Jim's turn to look surprised. He gave Rita that long intense gaze he has for people who interest him and said, almost smiling, 'That's exactly what we're worrying about. But I didn't think actresses ever worried about the quality of stories.'

"Rita said, 'Actresses play the parts. It's their responsibility to try to understand people.'

"Rita and Jim sat with their heads together for the next two hours discussing the pros and cons not only of the scene that started them off, but on others.

"Before the evening was over they were acting like two long-lost buddies who had just found each other.

"One morning, four days later, Jim came into the office and said, 'I had dinner with your favorite girl last night. She's not only beautiful, she's smart.'"

That's how it all started.

* * *

On dates Jim and Rita studiously avoid night clubs, large parties, etc. Prefer small dinner parties with a few friends.

"This is a time in our lives," said Jim, "that is pretty important to both of us. It's nice knowing that people are hoping for our happiness, but people, however good their intentions, can interfere. To put it bluntly, I have been courting the woman I love with the serious intention of asking her to become my wife. Show me a man who wants people around him at a time like that."

* * *

Hill was born in Jeffersonville, Indiana, the son of a lawyer. As a boy he was strictly the athletic type and although he


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was known in the neighborhood as "that wild Hill kid," his behavior would be more aptly described as dashing. He excelled in baseball, basketball and track.

**Jayne Mansfield told me as she wafted off to Europe that the Las Vegas Tropicana wants to build a show around her build in November. "They'll produce the show, and I'll just produce me," she gasped breathlessly.** *Earl Wilson in the New York Post*

In high school, despite the fact that he was still regarded as an athlete, and "a student who just wouldn't calm down," a serious facet of his personality began to develop. When Jim left high school he went to the UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON. He took a two year pre-med course, wanted to be a doctor. It was there that "for some reason which I cannot explain," Jim borrowed a fellow student's typewriter and wrote a short story for the university magazine.

Hill's story won the $25 prize, and he left college, went to New York and became a page boy at NBC.

He used to borrow radio scripts from the network files and study them at night. Six months later he turned in his first script, a *who-dun-it* for a detective series and was so pleased with the check he received that he decided to write as a freelancer for radio. In 1950 he collaborated on a script for Burt Lancaster called *His Majesty O'Keefe.*

Lancaster, impressed with Jim, told him, "If I ever get a production company of my own you're the guy who will pick my stories and supervise scripts."

Hill's drive and ambition paid off. Last year he was made a full partner in the production company now known as HECHT-HILL-LANCASTER PRODUCTIONS.

Jim's first big production was *Trapeze.*

*Separate Tables,* one of last year's most successful plays, is currently Hill's production baby.

* * *

At first meeting Hill reminds you of a movie star.

He's six foot, blue eyes, sandy ("not blonde, but not brown") hair, 175 pounds, well distributed. Women say he's handsome. He has a dimple in his left cheek.

Asked what impressed her about Hill the most, Rita replied, "He's got a wonderful recklessness about him that holds all day and all evening. No matter how good I feel before I meet him, I feel better when I'm with him. I love him and I'm so glad he loves me."

In March of '57, Hollywood buzzed for a while with romance rumors that circulated about Rita and Jim.

At that time, when asked if there were any romantic possibilities in the future, Rita replied:

"He is a wonderful man and I confess I enjoy his company. But right now I don't have time for love. I just want to work hard and have everybody pleased with me."

* * *

One thing that had been bothering Rita has never been discussed before. When she came back to Hollywood early in '57 to make *Pal Joey* for Harry Cohn at COLUMBIA it was no secret that it would be her last for the Great Man.

As the completion of *Pal Joey* drew near, a kind of brooding attitude came over Rita. Although in recent years she had rejected or objected to almost every suggestion Cohn had made regarding her movie career, Rita knew in her heart that her stature as a movie star, regardless of her displeasure with the studio, had been founded and maintained by COLUMBIA for fifteen years. She began to feel fearful about her future as an actress. She had no idea what she was going to do when she left COLUMBIA and for a while seriously considered re-enlisting.

What finally convinced her that it was useless for her to hang around COLUMBIA was the preoccupation everyone at the studio seemed to have for Kim Novak. Rita held out for top billing over Kim in *Pal Joey* and got it. But, as she remarked rather sadly, "It's the first time I ever lost a man—in the movies, that is."

The last year her personal life has undergone a radical change. Hill is, admittedly, the reason. He has actually changed her way of life.

For instance, Hill is a real golf fan. Less than two months after he met Rita he had her putting on the greens. A few weeks later she was playing nine holes.

"Once she caught on to the true spirit of golf," Jim said, "—relaxation, a sensible exposure to the outdoors and a sense of accomplishment, because in golf you have to unlearn everything you ever knew about athletics—Rita became the best golfing partner I've ever had."

Nowadays Rita's friends are startled to hear her speak of "the terrible sand-traps and that awful cross-water drive" at Pebble Beach.

**Jimmy Durante gave me some wonderful advice. Several years ago I was considering dropping the piano from my act and becoming a "straight" comedian-emcee. "Don't do it, Victor," Jimmy warned. "You can always make a living as a pianist in show business. And, besides that, when you walk onstage to start a new date and you sit down at the piano, just feel under the piano and you'll find a whole week's supply of second-hand chewing gum . . . FREE!"** *Victor Borge*

Rita's ex-secretary, on learning that Miss Hayworth now knew the difference between a two-iron and a putter, remarked with some surprise, "The Rita Hayworth I knew wouldn't be caught within a mile of a golf course. If she's playing eighteen holes now, she must love Jim Hill madly."

Jim has also introduced Rita to boating. Up until this summer, Rita's knowledge of boats was limited to a stateroom on the *Queen Mary,* or an Aly Khan-type yacht. Yet, all last summer, Rita spent every spare day she could get away from *Pal Joey* to be with Jim on the HECHT-HILL-LANCASTER boat, *Majorca.*

By the end of the summer, Sailor Rita was referring to the floor as the "deck," the wall as the "bulkhead," the doorway as the "hatch" and the kitchen as the "galley."

Hill loves to kid Rita by telling the story of the time Rita drove into a gas station after they had spent hours on a small boat in the Pacific Ocean. Rita told the attendant to be sure and check a tire which she thought was a little low on air.

"Which one, ma'am?" the attendant asked.

"Port aft," replied Rita.

The puzzled look on the face of the attendant sent Rita and Jim into gales of laughter. "I mean left rear," Rita explained after she finally got her breath.

Rita has always been scared stiff of flying. In the past she avoided any kind of sky travel whenever possible.

Hill helped her conquer that, too. He's a great aviation enthusiast; flies his own plane. Though it was weeks before he could coax Rita to go up with him, today Rita will fly anywhere. And enjoys it! She's quick to point out that Jim is responsible.

"I guess," said Jim, "that Rita knew I was in love with her. Once on the golf course I was tempted to ask her to marry me. And I came darn near proposing to her on the Pacific Ocean one afternoon, in the late summer. But again I decided to wait. I was still afraid of being refused.

"Then one morning we were flying down to Palm Springs, and without even thinking about it I asked Rita to be my wife. She had been looking out the window at the ground below. When she heard my question she didn't turn around right away. After a moment she looked at me and I saw that she was crying a little. Then she broke into a big smile and put her head on my shoulder. I got so damned excited we almost couldn't land the plane at Palm Springs."

* * *

The situation on when they will marry is this:

Bob Schiffer told me that there is little chance they will wed before the end of January. Both Rita and Jim are up to their ears in work, which really shouldn't mean much. But Rita wants desperately to do a good job in *Separate Tables.* Jim of course, bearing the entire production responsibility, is determined to make the movie one of 1958's best.

So the chances of their being married before the end of January are small.

"However," says Schiffer, "there *is* the possibility that four or five smooth days may loom up ahead of Jim and Rita. That is, a period where they can be sure production will move along without their assistance. If that happens, it's just possible they'll take off, get married and have—at least—a three-day honeymoon."

Hill says that a wedding before *Separate Tables* is finished is pretty remote. "But you know we can both feel differently about it next week," he adds.

Rita: "I have every intention of being perfectly happy with Jim for the rest of my life."

Jim: "Rita has been pushed around all her life by a lot of people who had no rights whatsoever. I'm not going to make a lot of promises. Learning to love Rita came easy. Earning her love didn't. It's not easy for a man to tell people how much he loves a woman. I can tell Rita I can't tell you. One thing I can tell you. They'll never push her around again." END

*Rita is now playing in Columbia's* PAL JOEY *and soon can be seen in United Artists'* SEPARATE TABLES.

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## I'M ON MY SOAP BOX . . .

**Frankie,** you may not think so, but one of the best things that ever happened to you and to your career are some of those blasting criticisms you received on your TV shows—the early ones.

There isn't much doubt about your being just about *Mr. Tops* in show business today. There isn't anything you can't do—sing, dance, act—and you've even got an Oscar to prove how expertly you do the latter.

But even the most talented star can't live on praise, praise, praise alone. It isn't good for the game. It breeds complacency and indifference and a very human tendency to coast a bit on one's laurels.

It must have come as a big shock when the TV critics wrote such things about your TV appearances as:

*Even the great Sinatra can't just walk on and walk off a show.*

*He hasn't given his programs enough attention; they are careless and too casual and his attitude is condescending toward* TV.

*His ratings tell the story—way down low where they belong—and this for a man who is way up high in every other entertainment medium.*

Pretty bitter pills to swallow when you're used to nothing but the highest praise, weren't they, Frankie? But to your credit, let it be said that you didn't sneer them off. You set about correcting your show immediately, and you went to work hard readying the programs that are to follow the original thirteen already filmed and which you couldn't do much about.

I know you'll come back on top—you always do. And even though those blasts hurt at the time, I think they've helped you as a person. You're proving you can take it. And that you can learn, even when the going is rough.

## JOHNNY SAXON, MAYOR:

Popular **John Saxon** had been Mayor of Universal City only a short time when the studio closed down for a few months. "Who ever heard of a city closing down on a Mayor?" cracked John.

And then he learned that even with the company idle, he was not going to be let off any of his duties. As the officially elected Mayor, he will have to keep up quite a bit of his work . . . such as seeing that the grounds are kept up, that the lot is properly policed and the whole place kept in good order.

"It's going to be mighty lonesome around here," brooded Hizzoner Saxon.



## I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM

. . . **Dolores Michaels**—a really compelling young actress who gets off to a flying dramatic start in *Time Limit* and *Fraulein*.

A product of Kansas City, Missouri, she has that wheat-blown type of wholesome good looks which marks **Doris Day**—but out at 20TH they think they have a junior **Bette Davis** on their hands.

There is nothing actressy or affected about her. Asked in what period she and her interior decorator husband, Maurice Martine, are furnishing their new house in Laguna Beach, she laughed, "So far we have a bed, ice box and stove. I suppose you might call it the when-we-get-more-money period."

She says it's a coincidence that her first hit was scored in a picture titled *Time Limit* because she's the first struggling young actress who ever put a time limit on getting someplace in pictures—or else she was going to forget the whole idea.

"My husband and I agreed that there were many girls trying to crash Hollywood and getting nowhere. He suggested that I give myself six months to try to make a dent. If nothing happened in that time, I was to throw in the towel and alternate between being a housewife and appearing in Laguna Beach amateur theatricals, where I got my training."

For five long and discouraging months—Dolores got exactly nowhere. It got to be five months and three weeks. "Then—out of the blue—I received a call to test at 20TH as part of their *new faces* program of signing people up on training contracts. I simply couldn't believe it when I was one of the five girls selected."

It was even more of a surprise when she was immediately given a good part in *Wayward Bus*, and then the lead in *Time Limit*.

"How can a girl be so lucky?"

Easy—just be talented like Dolores.

## PERSONAL OPINIONS:

You can get bets either way about **Esther Williams** and **Jeff Chandler** getting married when both are free. My money says that Esther may think long and hard before she plunges into matrimony again. Always a careful girl with a dollar, her divorce settlement with Ben Gage—California's community property laws give him half of everything she earned during eleven years of marriage—was a whopper! . . .

And Marg Chandler asked for $5,000 monthly alimony from Jeff, *plus* $750 a month for child support and the family home, from what she claims is Jeff's $300,000 annual income. . . .

A young man who is *not* thinking of getting married is **Tommy Sands.** He was very definite when he told me, **"Molly Bee** and I are still good friends and we'll continue to date—but we're both too young and have too far to go in our careers to think of getting married." While vacationing in Mexico, Tommy found a new heartbeat, pretty Monica Gomez Mira, deb daughter of a prominent Mexican doctor. . . .

*Frankie proved what a really fine artist he is when the brick-bats from the critics started hitting him. . . . It would have been so easy for Frank to just sound off; instead, he did something about his programs!*

# MY OSCAR PREDICTIONS

In my many years of covering Hollywood, I have made it a point not to advance my own personal preferences about which actor or actress or which picture should win the *Academy Awards*. I do not think this is fair. The vote should come from the Academy members as they see the contestants and not be influenced by other "pollsters," including newspaper writers.

When MODERN SCREEN editor David Myers asked me to give my opinion on possible Oscar winners, I explained my policy to him and said I did not want to change it.

"All right," he laughed, "let's compromise and give me your *guess* about who you think will be in the running." So on those terms, here goes—

Among the male stars, there are so many great performances in so many fine pictures it is difficult to limit the list to five outstanding portrayals. But I feel reasonably sure these will be among the nominees:

**Alec Guinness** in *Bridge On The River Kwai;* **Marlon Brando** in *Sayonara;* **Rock Hudson** in *A Farewell To Arms;* **Charles Laughton** in *Witness For the Prosecution;* and I hope, hope, hope **Robert Mitchum** is not overlooked in *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison,* even though it was released early in the year. **Kirk Douglas** could well be in the running for *Paths of Glory,* as well as **Anthony Quinn** in *Wild Is The Wind* and **Frank Sinatra** in *Pal Joey.*

The women stars did not seem to have as much opportunity to shine as did the men, principally I feel because so many of the films had strong war backgrounds. However, we may look to such performers as:

**Elizabeth Taylor** in *Raintree County;* **Deborah Kerr** in *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison;* **Anna Magnani** in *Wild Is The Wind;* **Lana Turner** in *Peyton Place,* in a different type characterization; and a dark horse in the race, **Jean Simmons,** in *Until They Sail.* I do not include **Jennifer Jones** in *A Farewell To Arms* because I do not consider it one of her top portrayals.



ROCK HUDSON

Among supporting players, men and women: **Red Buttons** is sure to be recognized for his dramatic work in *Sayonara.* Young **Geoffrey Horne** is a stand-out in *Bridge On the River Kwai,* as is old-timer **Sessue Hayakawa. Mickey Shaugnessy** is a comedy riot in *Don't Go Near The Water.* **Diane Varsi,** in her first important role, all but stole the thunder from the stars of *Peyton Place.* And I loved little **Sandra Dee** in *Until They Sail.*



JEAN SIMMONS
(in a scene with Paul Newman)



KIRK DOUGLAS

The pictures I enjoyed most and think will be front-runners are:

*Bridge On The River Kwai, Sayonara, Witness For The Prosecution, Legend Of The Lost, Don't Go Near The Water, Peyton Place, Wild Is The Wind, No Time For Sergeants* and *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison.*

May the best man and woman and the best picture win!

# THE LETTER BOX:

Lots of mail from foreign fans this month, which speaks well for the circulation of MODERN SCREEN. One of the most interesting letters comes from Greg Zaide, Jr., Manila, Philippines:

*"First, what you print about Hollywood is accepted as gospel here.* (Thanks.) *Now maybe you will be interested in the results of certain polls we've had.*

*"Of the movies we have seen this year* HATFUL OF RAIN *and* NO DOWN PAYMENT *are the most popular with the exception of* HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON. ***Deborah Kerr*** *and* ***Robert Mitchum*** *are great in the latter.*

*"* ***Tony Perkins*** *is the new young actor we like best and he showed the most talent in* FEAR STRIKES OUT. ***Joanne Woodward*** *is our favorite new girl. Our favorite male singer is* ***Pat Boone*** *and* ***Julie London*** *the favorite femme canary."* Wish I could print more of your letter, Greg, it's all very interesting. . . .

*"I am disgusted at all the snide innuendos and cracks taken at* ***Debbie Reynolds*** *and* ***Eddie Fisher*** *hinting that these two are having trouble in their marriage over Eddie's jealousy of Debbie's hit* TAMMY," writes Lonnie Steinberg, Sherman Oaks, Calif. You're right—there isn't any jealousy on Eddie's part. He's proud of his girl. . . .

A postcard from Six GI's, Frankfort, Germany, says: *"We were shown* HATFUL OF RAIN *the other night and all we can say is—Boy, what an actor that* ***Tony Franciosa*** *is. He gets our vote for the* BEST." I thank you for Tony, boys. . . .

From Maria Quartero, Monterrey, N. L. Mexico, comes the complaint: "You and MODERN SCREEN *are guilty of not being more enthusiastic about* ***Leslie Caron,*** *the screen's most shining talent. Next to our own* ***Cantinflas*** *we love the little French ballerina best."* Oops, we'll have to get you some news on Leslie —and soon. . . .

*"* ***Jerry Lewis*** *has more sex appeal than any man on the screen, including* ***Yul Brynner.*** *I've heard many women say so,"* is the startling communiqué from Ralph Paige, Gainesville, Florida. I love Jerry, but aren't the girls kidding you about that sex appeal? Anyway, Ralph would like to make some pertinent predictions for 1958: *"I foresee the marriage of* ***Frank Sinatra*** *and* ***Lauren Bacall.***" (I don't!) *"Also,* ***Pat Boone*** *will sell more records than* ***Elvis.*** *Betcha."* It's your bet, boy. . . .

Mrs. R. Blaike, Menlo Park, postcards: *"Thanks so much for the news about* ***Jean Arthur.*** *She always was and always will be my favorite screen actress. No one on the screen today approaches her talent".* . . .

*"Louella, I read your interviews and you* KNOW *in your heart that those actors you quote don't talk as intelligently as you make them out,"* blasts Evie Keller, San Francisco. *"I live close enough to Hollywood to have talked personally to some of these stars and most of them have a vocabulary that goes no farther than 'huh?' or 'yeah.'"* I've never put quotes in a star's mouth yet, Evie, despite your cynicism. . . .

Ronald Hegdahl, an airman stationed in Puerto Rico, writes: *"I saw* THE VINTAGE, *a very fine picture. How did Hollywood ever let* ***Michele Morgan*** *go back to France—she's just great".* . . .

*"I hope all those sourpusses who are predicting the fall of* ***Elvis Presley*** *take a gander at the box office receipts of* JAILHOUSE ROCK," chortles Bob Busel, Allentown, Penn. *"Elvis is here to stay a long, long time."* Looks like you're right . . . even though he just got his draft notice!

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

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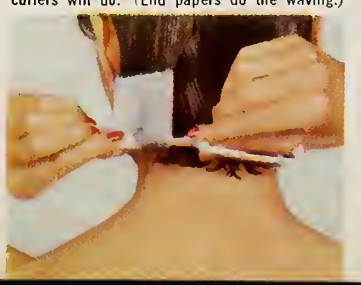
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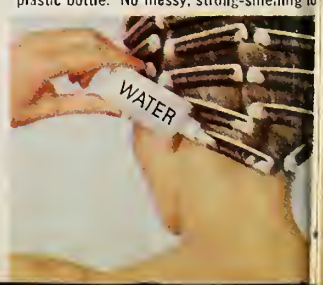
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Color portrait of newlyweds Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner on the cover by Jack Albin. Watch for Natalie in Warner Brothers' MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR and United Artists' KINGS GO FORTH. You can see Bob in 20th Century-Fox's STOPOVER TOKYO. Other photographers' credits on page 73.

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Modern Screen is published monthly with the exception of the January issue. All subscriptions expiring after the December 1957 issue will be extended one month for each January issue due but not published. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on form No. 3579 to 111 Eighth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 52, No. 3, April, 1958. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions, and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years; $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Reentered as second class matter March 25, 1957, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1958 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596,800.



**MARVELOUS...** as he goes to town in cap and gown on "The Pipes Of Pan"!



**MIRTHFUL...** on the high wire or swinging to "Everything Is Tickety Boo"!



**MAGICAL...** as he juggles and jiggles through "The Square Of The Hypotenuse"!



**MADCAP...** as he alley-oops with a chimp or whoops it up with "Chin Up, Stout Fella"!



**MATCHLESS...** as he gets on the ball with "You Can't Always Have What You Want"!



**MASTERFUL...** as he makes the rafters ring with his role as "Merry Andrew"!




**Singing! Dancing!
Romancing! Clowning!
It's the Big Top-per
to everything that
Danny Kaye has ever done!**

**IT'S THE MERRIEST!**

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A SOL C. SIEGEL PRODUCTION
co-starring
PIER ANGELI
BACCALONI • NOEL PURCELL
ROBERT COOTE
with PATRICIA CUTTS

Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART and I. A. L. DIAMOND • Based on a Story by Paul Gallico • Music by SAUL CHAPLIN
Lyrics by JOHNNY MERCER • Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD • In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR • Associate Producer SAUL CHAPLIN • Directed by MICHAEL KIDD

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Now, with a touch, you roll your deodorant on. Immediately, you're dry underarm; all day long you're free from perspiration worries. And always, delicately scented with a lingering, romantic fragrance. Why not treat yourself *today*—be lovelier *tonight!*

*Evening in Paris*

CREATED IN FRANCE BY BOURJOIS. MADE IN U. S. A.



# THE INSIDE STORY

**Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 321 West 44th Street, New York 36. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.**

Q Hasn't **Kim Novak** had secret friendships with Aly Khan and **Jimmy Stewart** and **Yul Brynner?**
—L.Y., Chicago, Ill.
A *Not so secret.*

Q Why is it that **Frank Sinatra, Jimmy Stewart, Bob Hope** and **Bing Crosby** are buying up radio and TV stations like mad?
—G.T., San Francisco, Calif.
A *Such investments are enormously profitable.*

Q Can you tell me how much 20th Century-Fox Studios earns from oil wells on studio property and whether the actors get their share?
—F.T., Louisville, Ky.
A *20th gets $325,000 per year in oil royalties; the actors get nothing from this.*

Q Have **Liberace** and his brother split? If so, why?
—H.T., Los Angeles, Calif.
A *Yes; George got tired of traveling.*

Q Is it true that **Audie Murphy** has decided not to give interviews any more?
—L.W., Pottstown, Pa.
A *Audie isn't as accessible as he once was.*

Q How come **Anthony Franciosa** was given ten days in jail for striking a photographer? Isn't that a tough sentence for a minor offense?
—V.H., Huntington, W. Va.
A *Franciosa had a previous record under the name Tony Papaleo.*

Q How come **John Saxon, Bob Wagner, Rock Hudson, Rory Calhoun** and **Tab Hunter** were discovered by the same agent, Henry Willson?
—D.B., Los Angeles, Calif.
A *Willson has an eye for talented young actors.*

Q Which of the motion picture actresses draw the most at the box office these days?
—G.T., Hempstead, N.Y.
A. ***Ingrid Bergman, Kim Novak, Liz Taylor, Natalie Wood*** *are among the top.*

Q Didn't **Gary Cooper** make a play for **Diane Varsi** while they were working together in *Ten North Frederick?*
—E.R., Ely, Nev.
A *Mercy, no. Coop is almost three times Diane's age.*

Q Is it true that a brave studio plans to put **Mario Lanza, Judy Garland,** and **Maria Callas** in a film to be entitled, *Hold Everything?*
—H.T., Minneapolis, Minn.
A *No.*

Q **Liz Taylor's** first husband was Catholic, her second Protestant, her third Jewish. What is her religious affiliation?
—R.I., Rochester, N.Y.
A *Liz has been interested in Christian Science for some time.*

Q Is it true that **Desi Arnaz** has become the richest and most powerful actor in Hollywood?
—K.T., San Diego, Calif.
A *Not the richest, but he and Lucille Ball now control thirty-five sound stages.*

Q Do **Bing Crosby** and his wife **Kathy Grant** want children?
—R.Y., Spokane, Wash.
A *Yes.*

Q Is it true that **Guy Madison** still keeps paying **Gail Russell's** medical bills?
—K.T., St. Louis, Mo.
A *True.*

Q Isn't **Jean Seberg** secretly married to director **Otto Preminger?**
—C.L., Ames, Iowa
A *Not yet.*

Q What is the lowdown on **Judy Garland** and Las Vegas?
—E.L., Reno, Nev.
A *On New Year's Eve Judy tried to quiet noisy ringsiders. Unable to do so, she started to scream at them, then stalked off-stage and back to Hollywood.*

Q How many children does **Dean Martin** have? Do any of them have his original nose? I mean before his was remodeled.
—Y.R., Akron, Ohio
A *Martin has seven children; three have his nose.*

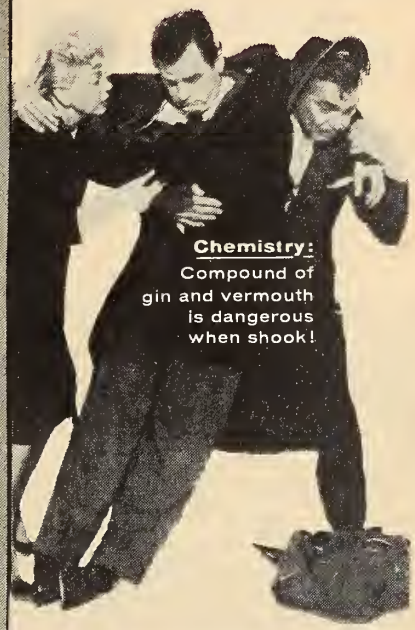
Q Can you tell me when the movie *South Pacific* will open?
—B.R., New York, N.Y.
A *April 7th, 1958.*

Q Isn't **Debbie Reynolds** furious with **Eddie Fisher** because he spends all his spare time with **Mike Todd?**
—J.Y., Dallas, Tex.
A *But Eddie doesn't.*

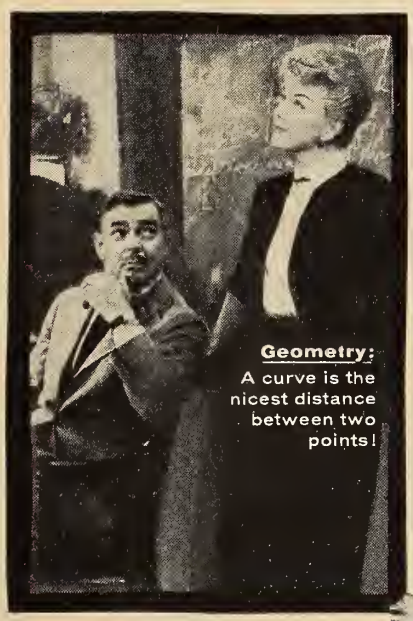
# School's out- it's Gable Day -a holiday in hilarity!



**Physics:** No two people can occupy the same space at the same time (but they can try!)



**Chemistry:** Compound of gin and vermouth is dangerous when shook!



**Geometry:** A curve is the nicest distance between two points!

Paramount presents

# Clark Gable · Doris Day

VISTAVISION®

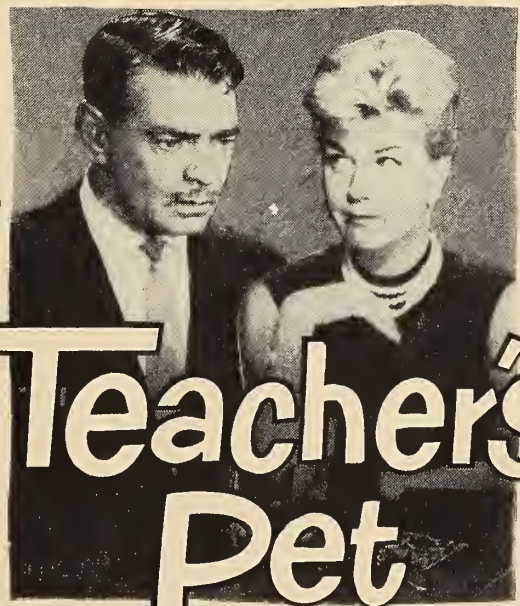
**SONGS:**
"TEACHER'S PET"
"TEACHER'S PET MAMBO"
"THE GIRL WHO INVENTED ROCK AND ROLL"



**Music:** Latin rhythms have strange effects on blondes!

She calls herself "Little Instant Me!"

in THE PERLBERG-SEATON PRODUCTION OF



# Teacher's Pet

co-starring

Gig Young · Mamie Van Doren

-ten years from today you'll still be talking about 58's Very Forward Look in Comedy!

Produced by William Perlberg • Directed by George Seaton

Written by Fay and Michael Kanin • A Paramount Release

**WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH**

**FOR LAUGHS**
*Teacher's Pet*

**FOR ADVENTURE**
*Cowboy*

**FOR DRAMA**
*The Quiet American*
*"I Accuse!"*
*The Mark Of The Hawk*

**FOR SUSPENSE**
*Chase A Crooked Shadow*
*Beautiful But Dangerous*

**FOR MUSIC**
*Sing, Boy, Sing!*

**FOR THRILLS**
*Count Five And Die*

# NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



*Gig Young and Clark Gable have a battle of wits—bottled wits—over pretty teacher Doris Day.*

## TEACHER'S PET

**Clark Gable**
**Doris Day**
**Gig Young**
**Mamie Van Doren**
**Nick Adams**

*Gable's back again!*

▪ Here is a delightful film in grand romantic comedy style. It's about a big newspaper editor (Clark Gable) and an egghead (Doris Day), who teaches college journalism. Gable learned journalism the hard way, and he's proud that he never got through high school. And he *hates* journalism teachers. When he's asked to deliver a guest lecture, he blows up and writes a bitingly sarcastic letter of refusal. However, his boss insists he make an appearance and Gable is astonished to find that the lovely Doris is the teacher. He is mortified when, unaware of his identity, she reads his letter to the class—tearing it and him to shreds. Gable decides to hang around under an assumed name. In no time he's teacher's pet. He turns in such lovely copy she begs him to give up the wallpaper business and think seriously of a newspaper career. He is thinking more seriously of his rival —psychology professor Gig Young. One night Gable is sitting with flashy, dopey Mamie Van Doren in the night club where she sings when Doris and Gig walk in. There follows a battle of wits between Gable and Gig—and Gig wins. Unfortunately, Gig doesn't stop when he's ahead; he keels over in an alcoholic stupor which leads to a hilarious hang-over scene. The moment of truth—when Doris learns Gable's identity—is only a little painful. Mostly it's great fun.—PARAMOUNT.

## COWBOY

**Glenn Ford**
**Jack Lemmon**
**Anna Kashfi**
**Brian Donlevy**
**Richard Jaeckel**

*memories of the West*

▪ If you think that all you need to be a cowboy is a gunbelt and a jigger of whiskey, you're so wrong. Here's a very good film that tells the whole truth about the rugged West. Rugged is putting it mildly. It opens in Chicago, about eighty years ago, in a fancy hotel. Jack Lemmon's a desk clerk there, and he's in love with guest Anna Kashfi, the daughter of a Mexican rancher. Her father ends that romance fast by packing up and going home. Meanwhile, cattleman Glenn Ford and his fun-loving cowboys check in after a hard but profitable cattle drive. Lemmon wants to drive back to Mexico with them to see Anna, but Ford warns him that he wouldn't wish the life of a cowboy on anyone. For two months you're on your horse on a dusty trail with hardly any sleep, terrible food, danger from the Comanches and the weather, no entertainment, no parties and no slouching. *I'll come,* says Jack. At first, he's a terrible cowboy; he can hardly ride a horse. And he's appalled by the apparent inhumanity of the men. One of them dies from snake bite as the result of a practical joke, but nobody sheds any tears. Another gets himself into trouble in a cafe, but no one tries to help him. By the time they get to Mexico though, Jack's toughened up. When he discovers that Anna's been married off, he gets mean. On the drive back he takes over when Ford is shot in the leg by a Comanche, and works the men mercilessly. He thinks he's a real cowboy, but he hasn't learned yet; Glenn teaches him the last lesson. You'll like this movie, which has vivid and fascinating scenes of the real life in those wide open spaces. —CINEMASCOPE, COLUMBIA.

## THE QUIET AMERICAN

**Audie Murphy**
**Giorgia Moll**
**Michael Redgrave**
**Claude Dauphin**
**Kerima**

*love and politics*

▪ The novel by Graham Greene has been turned into a fascinating movie whose elements of suspense are heightened by excellent character studies. The scene is Saigon in 1952. Back then, Saigon belonged to France which, with the Emperor and with aid from the U.S.A., was fighting against the Communists. Michael Redgrave plays an English journalist covering the war. He is an empty man whose values depend on their immediacy. At present he is separated from his wife and living with a beautiful native girl (Giorgia Moll) whom he supposedly loves. The American is Audie Murphy, who arrives in Saigon with great enthusiasm for creating a Third Force in Indo-China. Not colonialism, not Communism, but self-determination. His idealism irritates Redgrave. Not only that, Audie declares himself in love with Giorgia and informs Redgrave that he can give her marriage and security and is about to start a campaign to win her. Another kind of campaign begins in mysterious quarters. Little by little suspicion is created in Redgrave's mind about Murphy's political motives; he's led to believe that Murphy is a Communist agitator and is instrumental in having Audie murdered. Under the relentless inquiries of police inspector Claude Dauphin, Redgrave realizes that insane jealousy made a fool and a dupe of him. A wire from his wife agreeing to a divorce is his last hope. He pleads with Giorgia to marry him, but—having known real love with Audie—she refuses to go back to Redgrave. It is a beautifully acted, powerful film.—UNITED ARTISTS.

## "I ACCUSE!"

**Jose Ferrer**
**Viveca Lindfors**
**Leo Genn**
**David Farrar**
**Emlyn Williams**

*historic trial*

▪ The false arrest and long imprisonment of Captain Alfred Dreyfus before the Franco-Prussian war went down as one of the larger scandals in French history. Here the characters and incidents are beautifully re-created with Jose Ferrer as Dreyfus. He was a man proud of his military career and his promotion to captain. It was an unusual achievement since, until then, there had been no Jewish officers in the French army. Although Dreyfus was a devoted husband to Viveca Lindfors, he had a stiffness and reserve that put off people. He was respected, but not very popular among his fellow officers. When it became known that someone was spying for the Austrians and that a letter signed only with the intial *'D'* was intercepted, suspicion easily fell on Dreyfus. His court martial came at a time when the army needed good publicity. Completely innocent, Dreyfus was publicly dishonored and sent into solitary confinement on Devil's Island. His former superior officer (Leo Genn) is the first to discover that the real spy is a Hungarian major (Anton Walbrook), and for his pains Genn is sent to the front in Tunisia. It takes years before another trial is ordered. Even then Dreyfus is not exonerated, merely pardoned. Finding this injustice completely unendur- (*Continued on page 8*)

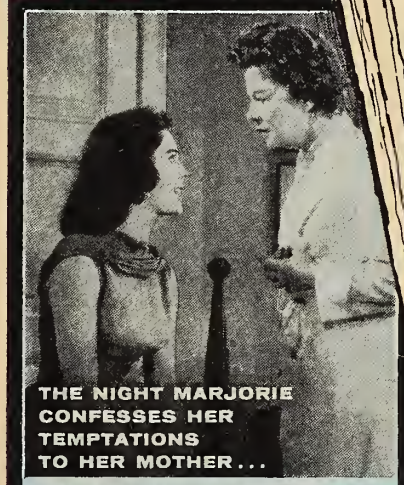
FROM HERMAN WOUK'S GREAT BEST-SELLER...
THE NOVEL THAT BELONGS TO THE
YOUNG LOVERS OF TODAY!

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

# Marjorie Morningstar

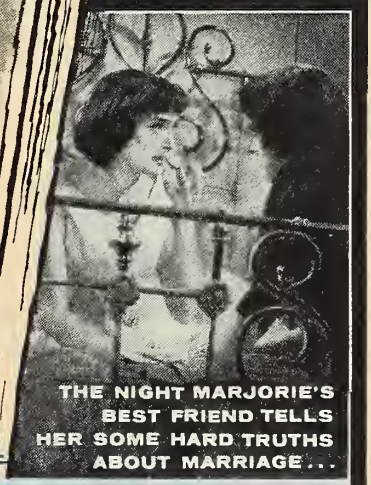


*Your most intimate insight into every girl's years of temptation... and decision*



THE NIGHT MARJORIE CONFESSES HER TEMPTATIONS TO HER MOTHER...

"Marjorie, take those feelings and put them in the bank. Save them for the man who'll marry you."



THE NIGHT MARJORIE'S BEST FRIEND TELLS HER SOME HARD TRUTHS ABOUT MARRIAGE...

"I married Lou because life only lasts so long. I don't have a wonderful lover like Noel. If I had, I'd follow him like a dog."

STARRING

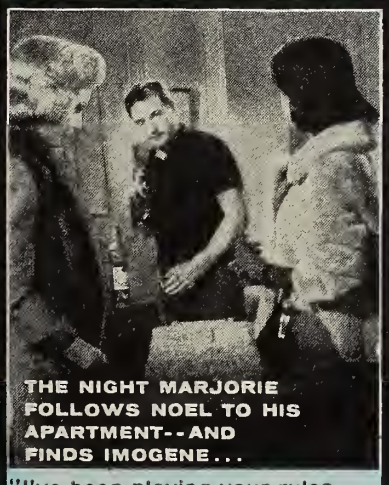
**GENE KELLY ☆ NATALIE WOOD**

CLAIRE TREVOR
ED WYNN
EVERETT SLOANE
MARTY MILNER
CAROLYN JONES

WITH
GEORGE TOBIAS · JESSE WHITE
MARTIN BALSAM · EDWARD BYRNES

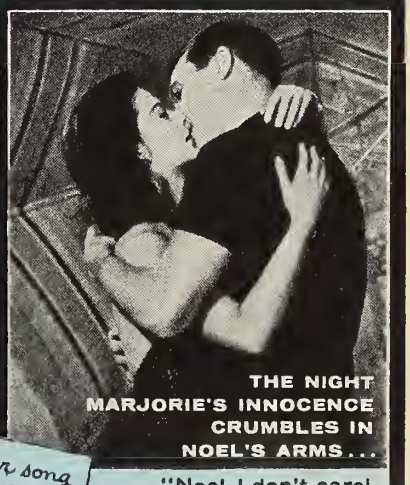
IN WARNERCOLOR

SCREENPLAY BY EVERETT FREEMAN
BASED UPON A NOVEL BY HERMAN WOUK
PRODUCED BY MILTON SPERLING
DIRECTED BY IRVING RAPPER



THE NIGHT MARJORIE FOLLOWS NOEL TO HIS APARTMENT--AND FINDS IMOGENE...

"I've been playing your rules--not touching you, not touching any other girl either...till Imogene."



THE NIGHT MARJORIE'S INNOCENCE CRUMBLES IN NOEL'S ARMS...

"Noel, I don't care! Maybe, what I'm doing is wrong. I don't know--I'm in love!"

Their song is "A Very Precious Love"... yours will be too!

Get more out of life...Go out to a movie!

## new movies

(*Continued from page 6*) able, he takes up the fight again. As Emile Zola, the novelist whose newspaper editorial *I Accuse* condemned the world for allowing justice to be so miscarried, Emlyn Williams is superb.—MGM.

### CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW

*who's got the diamonds?*

**Anne Baxter**
**Richard Todd**
**Herbert Lom**
**Alexander Knox**
**Faith Brook**

▪ Anne Baxter is one of those heiresses who lives alone in an island castle off Spain and has an air of sadness about her. Nobody loves her but her uncle. But this movie is about her brother. Her brother is dead; she identified his body when he cracked up in an auto. Imagine her surprise when her brother (Richard Todd) shows up at the villa. She rips a diamond from her throat and flings it at him. *Take this, you imposter,* she says, *my brother is dead.* He laughs and pours himself brandy. *Take it easy, Anne,* he says, *or you'll wind up in the hospital again; nerves, you know.* She gasps and calls the police (that's Herbert Lom). The police arrive and get very irritated. Richard has proper identification papers and passport. Even the photograph upstairs looks like him. And he remembers all the little things that he and Anne did together as kids. Anne is quite distraught. Next morning, in addition to brother, there is a new housekeeper who has a *no-nonsense-or-I'll-put-you-in-a-straitjacket* air about her, and a new butler of the skulking variety. *Wait till my uncle comes back,* Anne tells them all, *I'll show you.* Funny thing, when her uncle comes back he greets Richard with affection. Then Richard says, *if you tell me where the diamonds are and sign this new will I'll go away.* Now we're getting somewhere. Anne's father had a diamond mine in Africa. When the government took over he was supposed to make up his losses in diamonds, but the diamonds disappeared. Brother wanted to steal them, but Anne—who was on Dad's team—got there first. Too late. Dad had committed suicide in shame. *The diamonds are in Cairo in a bank,* says Anne. The diamonds are not. They're in the beachhouse in a box. Who is innocent and who is guilty?—WARNER BROTHERS.

### MARK OF THE HAWK

*revolt in Africa*

**Eartha Kitt**
**Sidney Poitier**
**Juano Hernandez**
**John McIntire**
**Clifton Mackin**

▪ The fight for freedom has never been more violent or chaotic than in Africa. In this story of Africa, there's an educated young man (Sidney Poitier) whose name means *The Hawk,* which is also the symbol taken over by the terrorists. Poitier represents the workers and has just been elected to the legislative council. The white colonists are very suspicious of him. The African terrorists, particularly his brother (Clifton Mackin), keep urging him to become their leader. His wife (Eartha Kitt) is worried that he will. Poitier's first speech to the council asks for immediate steps toward freedom for his people. Denied, he delivers a bitter, arousing report to the workers at the mine. Among the frightened whites is one who believes in strong arm tactics and, anticipating a raid on his plantation, sets an ambush. Poitier has about made up his mind to join the terrorists when a newly arrived American missionary (John McIntire) tells him the story of his own struggle, personal and political, against the Reds in China. Poitier, persuaded that he is not alone in his dreams and that he must achieve them through the gifts of Christ—which are faith and love—tries to stop the terrorists. He is too late and is himself arrested as their leader. The movie's preachy, but the words are well worth hearing. — SUPERSCOPE, UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL.

### SING, BOY, SING!

*is rock 'n' roll a sin?*

**Tommy Sands**
**Lili Gentle**
**Edmond O'Brien**
**John McIntire**
**Nick Adams**

▪ Even when he was a little boy Tommy Sands had a guitar. He'd tote it to all the revival meetings his grandpa (John McIntire) preached, and Tommy would sing to the sinners. Edmond O'Brien, who is long on sin but short on conscience, discovers Tommy and proceeds to turn him into another Elvis Presley. Considering Tommy's talent, O'Brien's ruthlessness and press agent Jerry Paris' inexhaustible supply of dimes—he's always calling disk jockeys for plugs—it's no wonder that Tommy soon finds himself housed in a fancy New York hotel with an engagement at the Roxy, a Hollywood contract in the offing and hordes of teenage fans down in the street ready to march anywhere. The trouble is Tommy's lonely. O'Brien won't let him go anywhere lest he get a message from Grandpa that he's headed for fire and brimstone unless he gives up rock 'n' roll. As it happens, Grandpa's suffering from a heart attack in Louisiana. Attempts to reach Tommy have been in vain, since O'Brien intercepts all the messages. *Everybody's got to die,* O'Brien says, *so why spoil Tommy's show at the Roxy?* Well, sooner or later, truth rears its head and Tommy flies home. By this time he has a hysterical following, a bevy of man-eating press photographers at his heels, and a paid companion (Nick Adams) who is a hero-worshipping ex-soda jerk. Grandpa's last words to Tommy threaten to blow his career sky high.—20TH-FOX.

### BEAUTIFUL BUT DANGEROUS

*prince and opera star*

**Gina Lollobrigida**
**Vittorio Gassman**
**Robert Alda**
**Gino Sinimberghi**
**Tamara Lees**

▪ Beautiful, but dangerous—that's Robert Alda. No, wait a minute. That's Gina Lollobrigida. The only thing dangerous about Robert Alda is his left eyebrow, usually raised, and the fact, I suppose, that he's psychopathic. This all takes place at the turn of the century. Gina goes on for her mother in a cafe in Rome. Her mother's an awful singer. Gina's a wonderful singer. There's a Prince in the audience—a true-blue, white Russian Prince (Vittorio Gassman)—who makes everybody listen to Gina and then drives her to the hospital to see her dying mother. Well, Gina falls in love with Vittorio and vows to become a great singer so he'll be interested. Maestro Robert Alda coaches her, but then he makes passes. He gets very mad because he can't make Gina understand she's in love with him. Gina drops serious music for the guitar and then she conquers Paris. After fighting a duel —Gina fights a duel with a jealous prima donna—she becomes the star of the Folies-Plastique where Vittorio sees her again. His noble friends warn him she's hard to get, but he bets his finest horse he'll win her. This trifling with her love enrages Gina, and she disappears to study singing with a famous tenor. Next thing you know she's an opera star, with Maestro Alda conducting. Vittorio comes back. *Go away, cad,* she tells him, *I'm going to marry the tenor.* Strangely enough, the tenor gets shot dead on stage while singing Tosca. For the next few years, Gina's under the terrible delusion that Vittorio did it. It's only when she goes to Moscow to sing for the Czar that she finds out the truth about the murder.—20TH-FOX.

### COUNT FIVE AND DIE

*spies, spies, spies!*

**Jeffrey Hunter**
**Nigel Patrick**
**Anna Marie Duringer**
**David Kossoff**
**Rolf Lefebvre**

▪ During World War II the Germans knew there was going to be a Second Front but they didn't know where, largely because of the efforts of Allied intelligence agents. Englishman Nigel Patrick and his American assistant Jeffrey Hunter set up what look like film offices in London. Most of the staff is Dutch, and the plan is to leak false information that the invasion will happen in Holland. Both Patrick and Hunter know it's a bluff, but they have a hard time getting together anyway. Patrick's always making it easy for the Germans to spy, and Hunter's always lousing up the trap on the theory that the Germans ought to work harder for their information. Hunter falls in love with a new radio operator, beautiful blonde Anna Marie Duringer, who flies in from Holland; the staff member who flew out to be replaced was picked up by Nazis. One night, when spies raid the deserted offices, Hunter and Anna Marie intercept them and she kills one—much to the displeasure of Patrick. When another of the staff is picked up by Nazis—Patrick has them delivered in one-seater planes —Patrick is convinced there's a spy in his office and her name is Anna Marie. This displeases Hunter, who can hardly bring himself to kiss her. When the child of another staff member is kidnapped and held for information from his father, everything begins to fit together. What exactly fits together makes for an exciting movie.—20TH-FOX.

**BONJOUR TRISTESSE** (Columbia): Jean Seberg is the teenage daughter of widowed French playboy David Niven. They are devoted pals and share a gay mad round of nightclubs—and their summer Riviera villa—with his current love interest. Into this carefree menage comes Deborah Kerr, a successful fashion designer who really loves David and is appalled at his influence on Jean. Jean is afraid the older woman will destroy her indolent way of life—and so destroys her. In color and black and white. Adapted from Françoise Sagan's novel.

**THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI** (CinemaScope, Columbia): Academy Award material here. The setting is a bleak Japanese jungle prison camp. Alec Guinness comes marching his bloody but unbowed battalion into camp; they are whistling their song of pride and resistance. Guinness is a strict believer in the duties and privileges of a British officer. Sessue Hayakawa, the camp commander, follows an old tradition, too—that of saving face but never sparing the enemy. Immediately a clash of wills sets in which isn't resolved until almost everyone is killed.

**A FAREWELL TO ARMS** (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): A tragic love story of World War I, starring Rock Hudson as an American ambulance driver, and Jennifer Jones as a British nurse. Though she loves him passionately, she won't marry him, because wives are not allowed at the front, and she can be with him as a nurse. But their happiness cannot be; the birth of their child brings no joy—only death. From Ernest Hemingway's novel.

**NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS** (Warners): Andy Griffith plays the lead in this film adaptation of the Broadway hit which made him a star. He's the good-hearted, patriotic hillbilly who gets drafted despite his Pappy who's been fending off the Army with a shotgun. But he finds he just loves the service, the sergeant, and even makes a bang-up job of latrine duty! When an airplane blows up, he grabs a parachute and Nick Adams, and they arrive almost in time for their military funeral. The whole thing is hilarious.



Even when it rains...*you'll* shine with

# Permanent Weatherproof Curls

Easy as setting your hair. No rods to wind, no resetting, no hours of drying! Yet curls last *months* with fast new **PIN-QUICK.**

**Now! Springy, clingy, sunny-day curls, even when it rains!** Just one easy, breezy setting with new Pin-Quick does it—gives you the soft, casual hairstyle you love. And makes it *weatherproof*—free from rainy-day droop!

**No need for drying hair sprays, no nightly pin-ups!** No resetting even through day after day of damp weather. Pin-Quick weatherproof curls last for months—stay soft, shiny, full of life! For the *one* pincurl permanent that takes only minutes, yet gives you months of shining weatherproof curls, get new Pin-Quick by Richard Hudnut.

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**Get Weatherproof Curls 1-2 fast!**



**FAST-1! Curl in minutes!** No rods! Just set pincurls, apply Pin-Quick lotion. Then lock curls in to last with easy Magic Curl-Control!



**FAST-2! Dry in minutes!** So easy under a dryer. Wonderful Pin-Quick is five times faster than any other pincurl wave! And no resetting!




New

**PIN·Quick**

by

**RICHARD HUDNUT**

Guaranteed faster and longer-lasting than any other pincurl permanent.




**JANE POWELL, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl** says: "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Blonde hair just has to shine and look soft. A Lustre-Creme Shampoo works that magic for me every time." Lustre-Creme is used by the world's most glamorous women—shouldn't *you* use it, too?

# For the most beautiful hair in the world

# 4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Jane Powell says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in her glamour-career.

*Your* hair can have that Hollywood-lovely look with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair will shine like the stars! Yet it's so easy-to-manage—even right after shampooing. Waves are smooth—curls springy.

You'll see—and *he* will, too—how much lovelier your hair can look when you change to Lustre-Creme, the shampoo of the stars!

Lanolin-blessed creme or lotion never dries . . . it beautifies









## Typecasting ANDY GRIFFITH

■ Nobody can accuse Mervyn LeRoy of type-casting Andy Griffith as the naive and semi-literate Will Stockdale in *No Time For Sergeants.*

In the *Warner's* motion picture, Andy has trouble filling out Air Force forms, and reads haltingly from a primer about Tony and his pony.

But in real life, Andy was a school teacher until four years ago!

"I'm afraid I wasn't a good teacher," confessed the actor. "Though I enjoy getting up before an audience in a play, I was always nervous when talking to my class. I'll never forget my first lecture to my speech class at Goldsboro High School in North Carolina. I was discussing the pronunciation of the word *coffee.* In my anxiety I spelled it *coffie* on the blackboard. I never lived it down!

"I just didn't have much talent for teaching and I had, let us say, a discipline problem. The youngsters would laugh at my jokes but I couldn't convince them I should be treated with respect. I'd rarely be addressed as Mr. Griffith. It would generally be Andy or Sport."

While still teaching Griffith made occasional appearances at the little theatre in nearby Raleigh, North Carolina. Director Ainslie Pryor convinced Griffith he would make a better actor than teacher.

After three years at Goldsboro High School Griffith resigned to tour southern cities in a series of comedy monologues.

These were to lead to the starring role in the stage production of *No Time For Sergeants* and later to the film.

Griffith receives occasional letters from his former pupils. They still address him as Andy or Sport, but they're also mighty proud of their ex-teacher.

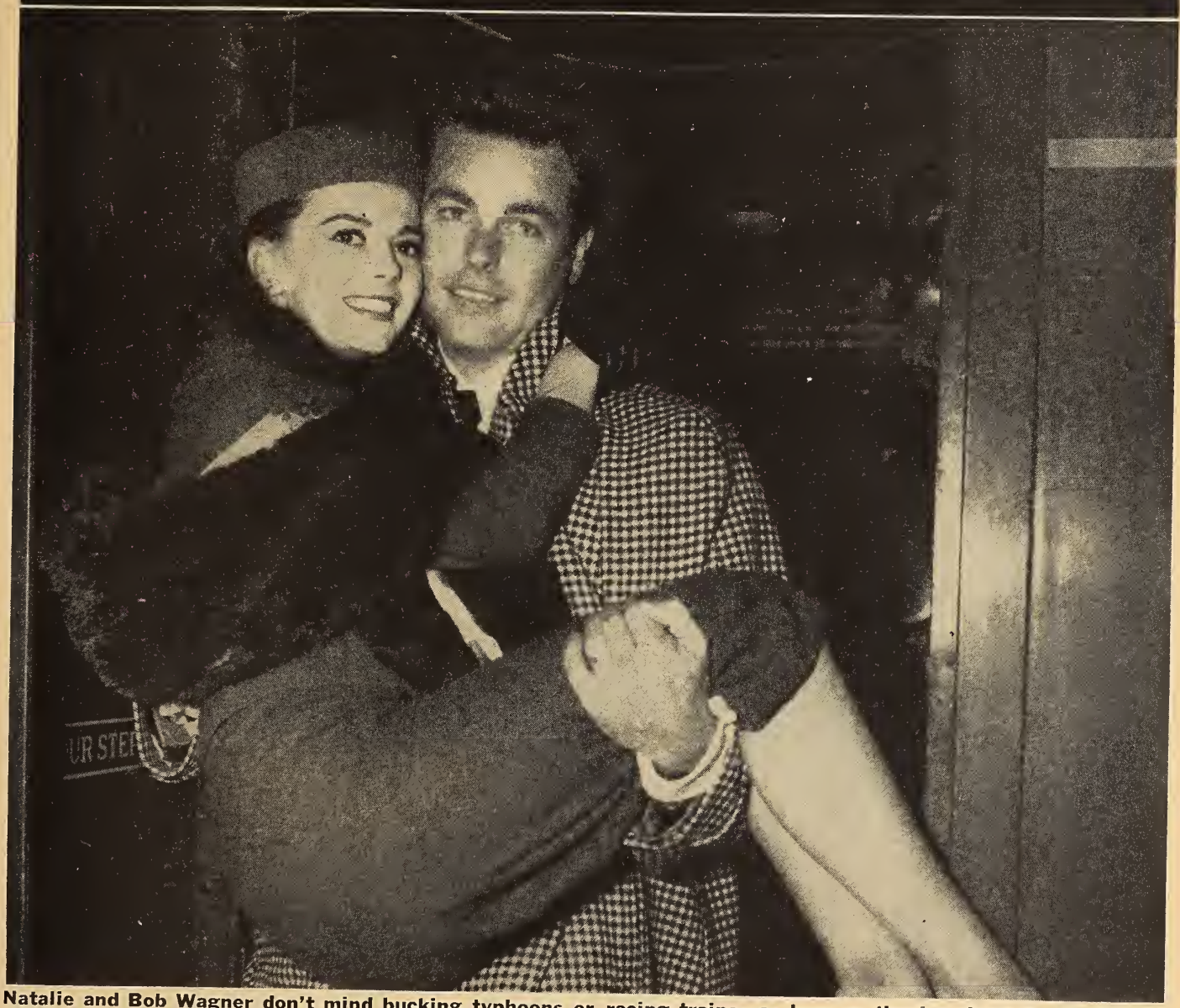
And what does Andy think about his teaching?

"I, with my southern accent," he explains, "was trying to teach my class to speak without an accent. I never did succeed, but I did lose most of my own Southern accent!"

*Andy will be in* No Time For Sergeants *and* Onionhead *for Warners.*

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

# LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Natalie and Bob Wagner don't mind bucking typhoons or racing trains—as long as they're cheek to cheek. . . .

**IN THIS ISSUE:**

**Natalie and Bob's honeymoon!**

**The latest about Rock**

**Debbie's baby shower**

**All about Geoffrey Horne**

**LOUELLA PARSONS**
**in hollywood**



# louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

# Natalie and Bob's hectic honeymoon!

**Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner** have never made a movie that was any more hectic than the start of their honeymoon, a series of events that might have been scripted under the title of *The Chase* or *Their Stormy Honeymoon*. The latter refers to the weather. not their emotions.

To begin at the end of an unbelievable ten days after they eventually arrived safely at a suite at the Waldorf Towers in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Wagner got on the long distance phone to tell me, "We're just now catching our breath. You've never seen anything like the storm that hit Florida just as we arrived to board the boat we'd chartered for a cruise. That's a laugh!

"Bob had gone to so much trouble to get just the right boat and right captain to handle it because he knew how tired I was after *Marjorie Morningstar* and he wanted me to be free of telephones and social engagements and everything else."

"So what happens?" it was Bob on the telephone now. "The worst storm to hit the Florida coast in fifteen years blows up! They called it a storm—ha! It was really a typhoon.

"You'll never believe what was happening to that boat as we tried to make our way back to port. It was pitching like a wild horse. Dishes and glasses were crashing all over the galley. All the furniture that wasn't nailed down was sliding from wall to wall. It was all but impossible for our skipper to see one wave ahead of us. I was so worried about Nat. It was an awful ordeal for her."

Natalie, back on the phone again, picked up the adventure—if it can be called by such a peaceful word, "And all the time we kept thinking about Bob's beautiful boat at Balboa and the wonderful summer weather they were having in California!"

Now that the honeymooners were safe and sound in New York, we could laugh about the frightening experience which was actually just a topper to the series of wild happenings which followed Natalie and Bob since they said "I do" at their wedding in Scottsdale, Arizona.

They had walked out of the small chapel where they were married to be confronted by at least fifty *fans* on horseback all yelling good wishes and pelting them with rice.

"It's a good thing somebody thought of rice," Natalie laughed. "Bob's parents and mine and the Richard Sales, our guests at the wedding, had forgotten all about rice. But not those fans. Bob said that for a minute he thought a posse had caught up with us."

Whether the friendly but uninvited horseback riders had anything to do with it or not, the result was that the brand new Mr. and Mrs. Wagner missed their train heading for Florida. It was just pulling out as the wedding party pulled up in front of the station in Phoenix.

And then began the wildest chase staged since the days of the old Keystone comedies. Luckily, the highway and the railroad tracks are parallel, so the car could follow the train for many miles outside Phoenix, and with all the yelling and waving, the wedding party was not long in attracting the attention of the engineer.

When he saw them, he beckoned to Natalie and Bob to stay alongside the train, indicating that he would stop as soon as he could put them aboard.

But that wasn't until fourteen miles later, when they reached a crossing!

By this time everyone aboard the train was in on the game, waving and shouting encouragement to the bridal party and their friends.

"Finally the train was able to slow to a stop and we were hustled aboard, parents and porters and friends helping us with all of our seventeen pieces of luggage," the newlyweds told me.

New York proved relatively safe for them compared to these other adventures, but it, too, had its demands.

"Since we arrived we haven't had one minute to ourselves," sighed the bride. "Everyone has been so sweet and hospitable; what with invitations and interviews we've been on the go every minute.

"Bob is planning to remedy that by buying a new automobile back here and we plan to drive back across the country.

"And we sure are hoping this will give us a chance to see the U.S.A.—and each other," she laughed.

P.S. Since I printed in my newspaper column about the young Wagners flagging down the train, I've had many letters—one of which is printed in *The Letter Box* department of this issue—from railroad workers protesting that this couldn't have happened.

Well, it did happen and it isn't publicity *bunk*.

Ask Natalie and Bob.

*All's well that ends well, say I—and as for Natalie and Bob, they're happy as larks as long as they're together! And they have a solution worked out for a* QUIET *few days!*



*There's no denying Bob tried! He hired the yacht and shopped for a crew, and thought he had the ideal plan all worked out. But a typhoon, or just about, nixed that!*

# A baby shower for Debbie



Can you imagine being able to hold a baby shower luncheon in the garden of your home in mid-January? Well, that's what **Rory Calhoun**'s missus did; Lita was honoring **Eddie Fisher**'s missus, **Debbie Reynolds.**

How was it? It was beautiful with the gay pink umbrellas and the pink table cloths. And it was lots of fun with all the young movie mothers and mothers-to-be. But I don't care what anyone says, it was a little *chilly*. Let the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce make something of that!

I sat at the table with **Janet Leigh** and **Ronald Reagan**'s wife, who expects her baby in the late Spring. "I wish Tony and I were expecting another one," laughed Janet, referring, of course, to her good-looking husband **Tony Curtis.** Mrs. Curtis *just happened*, however, to have the cutest picture you ever saw of Kelly Lee Curtis tucked in her handbag.

Dancer **Marge Champion** got a laugh by saying her little boy has asked for Kelly Curtis' hand in marriage!

"I don't know what I'm doing in this crowd," chuckled youthful-looking Nancy Sinatra. "My children are about grown"—which was stretching it a little about Nancy, Jr., seventeen; Frankie, Jr., fourteen, and Tina, eight.

**Yvonne De Carlo** and **Mala Powers** both looked so young and streamlined you'd never have known they had their babies just weeks ago.

Of course the big event of the afternoon was when Carrie Frances Fisher arrived gurgling and good natured and all done up in pink to match the decorations on her mother Debbie's maternity gown. What a cutie pie Carrie Frances is, and what a happy baby.

It was on the late side when Debbie started opening her gifts, which were piled up in the cutest antique baby buggy. Lita had found it, painted it white, and topped it off with a lacy little pink umbrella. A very sweet party.



*Lita Baron and Camille Williams, Debbie's personal secretary, ooh and aah over the presents as Debbie unwraps each little thing Carrie Frances' baby brother or sister will be using. Quite a collection of them, too!*



*Sheilah Madison, Guy's pretty wife and the mother of three youngsters herself, 'checks on' Pat Crowley. Pat is eagerly waiting for her first baby—just a bit impatiently!*



*And here's a portrait for the family album—except that the proud papas are missing!— Debbie and her Carrie Frances, and Lita with young Cindy—the two apples of Rory Calhoun's eye!*

*I so much enjoyed listening to Janet Leigh and Yvonne DeCarlo chatter about formulas and such—just like any two mothers the world over! It's so refreshing to see, over and over again, how important the real things in life are to Hollywood's young people . . . Hollywood's 'stars.'*



## PARTY of the month

It isn't always that the most elegant party is also the most fun. But **Dana Wynter** and her handsome lawyer husband Greg Bautzer managed to combine both elements in a formal, yet very gay, party in Romanoff's Crown Room.

A small waterfall trickled through a bank of pink camelias in the cocktail anteroom. Each table surrounding the dance floor held very tall silver vases holding pink and red flowers, almost an umbrella effect. What a background for the beautiful gowns worn by the ladies!

Dana, so beautiful with her dark hair and eyes, greeted her guests in a Grecian white satin gown with a train. Mrs. **Kirk Douglas** wore a soft green dress obviously created in Paris. **Cyd Charisse,** in a white model, didn't sit at the same table with **Tony Martin**—but he sought her out for almost every dance.

**Rock Hudson** came stag—which is certainly a waste of a good escort, if you ask me. **Mel Ferrer** had a good reason for coming by himself; **Audrey Hepburn** was in Paris for the start of *The Nun's Story*.

**Jack Benny** and **George Burns** kept **Mary** and **Gracie**—and everyone else within ear shot—in gales of laughter with their fast quips.

Speaking of stags, even some of the girls came alone when their escorts were suddenly taken down with colds or couldn't attend for some reason, including **Gia Scala** and **Dolores Michael.**

Evie Johnson wore a deep green off-the-shoulder dress studded with vari-colored beads—and yes, **Van** was adorned in his red sox with his dinner clothes!

One of the most admired women was Mrs. **Gary Cooper**—with Gary, of course; she was wearing a white and silver gown which seemed to match her hair.

**Betty Furness** was with **Cesar Romero**—and *how* that boy can dance!

**Kirk Douglas** told me he had never danced so much in his life, not even in Paris, and I think many of the men present could echo that sentiment about this beautiful and oh-sooooo-much-fun affair.



*Dana and Greg look as if they're enjoying their party—as much as I did!*

## I nominate for stardom . . .

. . . **Geoffrey Horne,** the 24-year-old actor who soars straight to the top in one performance, that of the young soldier in *The Bridge On The River Kwai,* and holds his own with the great **Alec Guinness** and **Bill Holden.**

I haven't had so much mail about a new young actor since the **Tab Hunter** hysteria and the **Tony Perkins** panic. The questions are hot and heavy about Geoffrey: *Where did he come from? Is he married? Is he English or American?*

All right, here goes: Geoffrey dropped by my house when he was in Hollywood for the première of *Bridge* and I got your answers direct from him.

He *is* an American, although he was born in Buenos Aires. His father, George W. Horne, was at that time an executive for Standard Oil. His parents are divorced, his father now living in Caracas and his mother, remarried, making her home in Havana.

Geoffrey considers himself "almost a native" of California, having attended Stanford University, Fresno State College and the University of California before he caught the acting bug and headed East to study under the famed Lee Strasberg at the Actors Studio in New York. He did some stage work, but nothing important until *Bridge.*

"It's all happened pretty fast," this likable boy told me. "I'm still on Cloud 9 over the way I've been received by the critics and the public in my first big role."

As for romance, he thinks right now that he's in love with New York model **Nancy Berg,** a most sophisticated young lady who strikes me as being slightly older than Geoffrey. He insists they are the same age. I'm not betting on matrimony, however.

Since *Bridge* he's appeared in *Bonjour Tristesse* with **Deborah Kerr** and **David Niven.** And he may wind up with a supporting Oscar this year.

*Geoffrey Horne gave such a wonderful performance in The Bridge on the River Kwai.*



*But demure little Debra Paget doesn't leave any doubt at all that she's not acting—it's love!*



## I'm on my SOAP BOX to ask . . .

. . . what happened to the women stars of Hollywood last year that every single glamor girl in the movies fell off the list of *First 10 At The Box Office*—and fell with a thud, leaving it entirely in the possession of the males?

It was a bad, bad year for the belles. For the first time in twenty-six years, not one woman was on the poll conducted by The Motion Picture Herald of American Exhibitors!

Instead, the stars who drew the most people into the theatres during 1957 were, in the order named:

**Rock Hudson, John Wayne, Pat Boone, Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra, Gary Cooper, William Holden, Jimmy Stewart, Jerry Lewis, Yul Brynner.**

The next question is—where were **Doris Day? Deborah Kerr? June Allyson? Ava Gardner?** And above all, where was **Kim Novak,** who in 1956 was in third spot with the paying customers? Also, **Elizabeth Taylor** in MGM's most expensive film, *Raintree County*?

You can't say that these girls didn't have some good pictures. Doris had a click in *Pajama Game;* Deborah was lovely, and won the *New York Critics Award,* in *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison;* Ava had the attention-getting *The Sun Also Rises;* not a great picture, but she had a big acting opportunity. June was attractive in *My Man Godfrey,* and Kim had the publicized *Jeanne Eagels* and *Pal Joey.* Yet none landed in the anointed circle!

The answer could be that 1957 was a year of great war stories and Westerns, which always give the male stars the brightest chance to shine. Whatever the answer, the fact remains that for the first time in over a quarter of a century the femme stars bit the dust.

## Debra hops on the Merry-go-round

For a girl who has always lived at home with Mamma, and often insisted that her mater accompany her on the few dates she accepted, **Debra Paget** certainly lifted Hollywood eyebrows when she selected five-times-married—counting Debra—singer David Street as her No. 1 husband.

Mr. Street has the unusual distinction of being married to *two* women within six weeks! He was divorced by Sharon Lee, wife No. 4, in Las Vegas on December 6th and married Debra in Hollywood on January 14th! This is pretty speedy action even in movietown.

Some wag said the something new in Debra's marriage was her wedding ring; and the something blue could be the lawsuit slapped on the bridegroom by his first wife, Mary, who claims he owes her over $4,000 in back alimony. Sharon Lee says she gave him $3,000, which he never paid back.

If bad beginnings make for good endings, this marriage should be a wow—maybe.

## Kirk's wife breaks the news

Anne (Mrs. **Kirk**) **Douglas** was trying to think of a way to tactfully break the news to her son Peter that he is going to have a little brother or sister this summer.

"Wouldn't you like a little brother or sister to play with?" said Anne cheerfully.

"No thank you," replied Peter, settling *that.*

## When old friends meet . . .

**Jerry Lewis,** coming face to face with **Dean Martin** at the door of the Hollywood Brown Derby following their separate TV rehearsals, cracked to his former partner in a most friendly fashion:

"You're great. How'm I?"



*After the wedding? Why Jayne showed her new husband she could rustle up a mean omelette. Jayne scrambles the eggs—and Mickey poured the champagne for their wedding breakfast..*





*If I didn't know how much Burt Lancaster loves his wife, Norma— I'd almost say he was enjoying this!*

*Jerry Lewis ran into his one-time friend and partner Dean Martin. And his greeting was priceless!*



## I like Jayne Mansfield

She's as cooperative and as friendly as a little pup. And I was quite touched when she asked me to be her mâtron of honor at her wedding to Mickey Hargitay. When I told her circumstances prevented me from accepting, she cried over the telephone and said, "I look on you as my best friend in Hollywood."

But looking back on that jammed, packed, pushing, pulling crowd of 8,000 strong that shoved and surged and almost broke the windows of the Wayfarers Chapel in Portuguese Bend where the wedding was held, I honestly have to admit to a sigh of relief that I wasn't part of it. It would have been a frightening strain.

However, I cannot agree with some critics who are harping that the three-ring-circus aspect of the affair was bad publicity for Jayne. Such a hectic wedding might be bad publicity for some Hollywood actresses, but not bouncy, bosomy Jayne.

Her entire career has been based on a whoopla figure and whoopla publicity. She isn't ever likely to give **Anna Magnani** a run for an *Academy Award*. Jayne is a sort of living substitute for the Petty Girl.

Who expects her to act "for real?" The more unreal she is, the better. She's expected to have a pink swimming pool, a leopard skin rug in her car, mirrors in her bedroom and gold ink in her pen—all a part of the trimmings of her jazzed-up stardom. She's even expected to pick such a mate for herself as Mr. Muscles, the former Mr. Universe, Mickey Hargitay.

Mickey and Jayne mean no harm to anyone—and no one should mean harm to them.

The whole story of their wedding, pictures and all, starts on Page 36.

## The latest about Rock

These days, **Rock Hudson** seems kinda down in the dumps. After spending New Year's with his good friend Kurt Krasna and Mrs. Krasna in New York, Rock came down to finish up a few scenes on *Twilight of the Gods* at U-I, but came down with a fever of 103 instead.

He's miffed with his studio anyway. At least, he's very disappointed that, as of now, they are refusing to let him do *Ben Hur* at MGM. Rock really had his heart set on this spectacle.

What with his marriage and property settlement troubles with Phyllis—well, things just aren't going too well for Rock, except for one bright thing: he was voted No. 1 at the Box Office—as I mention elsewhere in this department—and that cheered him.

## Purely personal

**Frank Sinatra** can do the most wonderful things when he's in the mood. Nancy Sinatra's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Barbado, have always adored their former son-in-law even though he and Nancy have been divorced eight years. So when Nancy gave a party at the Villa Capri in honor of their 50th wedding anniversary, Frank not only joined the group but sang *Anniversary Waltz* directly to his former in-laws!...

Terrifying experience **John Wayne**'s wife, Pilar, went through when she was awakened in the middle of the night by the barking of her little dog—and found her bedroom in flames! Dashing through the room to the adjoining nursery, she rescued little Aissa and fled to safety. The entire roof of the house went up in flames. What made it such a strain on her was that John was off on location making *The Barbarian*. The whole story of Pilar's bravery is told on page 2....

We almost lost **Red Skelton** with a frightening asthma attack. His doctor said, "If there are ten steps to Death—Red took nine of them."...

Another hospital patient this month was **Burt Lancaster,** rushed to surgery in the middle of the night following an attack of appendicitis. "I would have *this* right in the middle of a picture *I'm* financing," cracked Burt wryly, referring to his expensive *Separate Tables* production with **Deborah Kerr** and **Rita Hayworth**....

It can't be completely over romantically between **Ava Gardner** and Walter Chiari. She's plugging for him to get a role in her next, *Goya*, just as hard as she did for him to be in *The Sun Also Rises*.



*John Wayne's wife and their baby watched firemen working on the ruins of their home . . . and remembered how close death had come.*



*Not even Kim, for her performance in Pal Joey, made the Top Ten.*



*Eddie Fisher was so pleased at the compliments his fan voiced—in poetry!*

## THE LETTER BOX:

A railroad gentleman from St. Petersburg, Florida, who signs himself *One of Your Readers—But No Fool*, writes: *"I've never read such bunk as your newspaper article about the train engineer stopping to pick up* ***Natalie Wood*** *and* ***Robert Wagner*** *in the country after they had missed boarding the train in Phoenix following their wedding. I worked on the RR as an engineer for thirty-seven years and I* KNOW *this could never happen for* ANYBODY, *including a couple of movie stars. What's more, I suppose you'll print this nonsense in your column in* MODERN SCREEN, *too."* Honest, it really happened, Mr. Engineer. Read more about it in my honeymoon story on Natalie and Bob in this department this month! . . .

Emma Adams, Detroit, asks: *"How fickle are movie fans. I was just looking over some copies of* MODERN SCREEN *of 1956 and early 1957 and there was story after story about* ***Tab Hunter.*** *Lately, nothing—and all because Tab had a quarrel with his producers and didn't make an important film for months. Isn't there any loyalty?"* Don't worry about Tab. I've had lots of mail asking about him, you'll be seeing him soon in *Gunman's Walk*, and a story about Tab is right on page 34.... *"How come* ***Kim Novak*** *could fall from the list of first ten at the box office when she's had such fine acting roles, as in* PAL JOEY?" postcards Emanuel Myers, New York. *Pal Joey* was released late in the year, which may be the answer....

Mrs. Vera Campbell, St. Louis, has her mind made up: ***"Frank Sinatra*** *and* ***Lauren Bacall*** *are* NOT *made for each other. I just did their horoscopes and they don't jibe"....

Many, many letters came in with fans' choices for the *Academy Awards*. Here are some with unusual and newsworthy comment:

*"I've always been under the impression that the* OSCARS *went to the outstanding American actors in American films. If this is true, how is* ***Alec Guinness*** *getting so many plugs for* THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI?" asks Mrs. Helen Macy, Oakland, California. The actor does not have to be an American. The picture must be American-produced, which Bridge was. So Alec qualifies....

Sarah McMasters, Dallas, believes: *"If anything keeps* ***Marlon Brando*** *from winning an Oscar it will be that phony Southern accent he used in* SAYONARA. *I was born in Kentucky and have lived in Texas fifteen years and I've never heard such a mouthful of mush as Marlon sprouted."* Some other fans thought it very authentic. . . .

*"For the* BEST ACTRESS OSCAR, *it will be a tight race between* ***Anna Magnani*** *in* WILD IS THE WIND, ***Deborah Kerr*** *in* HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON *and* ***Joanne Woodward*** *in* THREE FACES OF EVE," *is the opinion of Evelyn Day, Buffalo. "I forecast that Magnani won't win because she won so recently for* ROSE TATTOO. *Joanne Woodward is a newcomer without much pull, so I see Deborah Kerr, who is personally popular, being the winnah!"* Remember, the *Awards* are not supposed to be popularity contests. But your views are interesting. We'll see....

Marie Mondie, President of the Fisher Cats, sends her poem to **Eddie Fisher:**

**E** is for *excellent*, for all the songs you sing.
**D** is for *delivery* of your oh! so golden voice.
**D** is for *Debbie*, who for you is the right thing.
**I** is for *idealism*, cause you're everyone's choice.
**E** is for *efficiency* that makes you King.

**F** is for the *fairness* that's in your heart.
**I** is for your *influence* that gives others a start.
**S** is for *superior* for your newest song.
**H** is for your *humor* that never goes wrong.
**E** is for your *effort* as husband and singer too.
**R** is for the *ring* with which you said 'I do.'

Thank you, Marie, I'm sure Eddie will enjoy your poem.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

# new nylon miracle



## at your fingertips!

## Now! Same look, same wear as a salon manicure! Cutex new Nylon "Precision" Brush does the trick!

**You know all the miracles of nylon!** Now see what wonders it performs on your fingertips. Gives nails the same luxury look, the same lasting wear as a professional manicure – for a fraction of the cost!

**New Cutex Nylon "Precision" Brush** strokes polish on perfectly, with new smoothness, new ease. Controls polish so there's no smearing, no "running."

Instantly, polish dries. Nails sparkle with a flawless finish that looks and lasts like a salon manicure!

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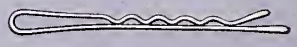



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PIN CURLS FOR THE CROWN. "Top hair" needs this softer wave... and Lotion plus new Liquifix give longer lasting quality to these pin curls.



ROD CURLERS FOR SIDES, back, top front give added curl-strength to harder-working areas... now doubly reinforced by Lotion and new Liquifix.



**Wonderful new soft waves that last and last! A wonderful new method, wonderful new Liquifix**

It's here! The first, the only all-over permanent with the ease and the lasting quality you've asked for... yet it's so unbelievably soft and natural. That's because new PIN-IT gives the right kind of waves for the different areas of your hair... then locks in your permanent with special lotion and new Liquifix neutralizer. Best of all, this new Twice-a-Year PIN-IT keeps your hair just the way you like it, from the first day to months later.

## new twice-a-year




Pin-it

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Apply Lotion and Liquifix with New Target-Point Squeeze Bottle

# the year's most dramatic story

*John Wayne was seven thousand miles away the night his wife woke to the terror of flames licking at their baby's crib . . .*

# 3 MINUTES IN THE FIRES OF HELL



This is the story of three of the most terrible minutes in a woman's life. One hundred and eighty seconds of fear, pain and panic. Three moments when love and inherent courage saved her baby's life and her own.

It is also the story of a small, faithful dog who showed her the way.

Pilar Wayne is a petite (four-foot-ten), beautiful woman. Before her marriage she was known as Pilar Palette, and regarded as one of the most glamorous women in South America and a Peruvian actress of unquestionable ability.

A few years ago she met John Wayne. They fell in love. Without hesitation Pilar gave up her career and her country for the man she loved and became his wife.

A year later she bore him a child, a girl, Aissa.

They lived quietly and comfortably in Encino, a pleasant green suburb fourteen miles north of Hollywood.

And Pilar thought, "The (*Continued on page 75*)

*Only Louella Parsons could have gotten this story.*

*Lauren Bacall confesses:*

# "I'll say YES



THE burning romantic question of the new year is *Will Frank Sinatra marry Lauren Bacall?* I thought the best way to get an answer was to ask one of the interested parties.

So I said to Betty, as all her pals call her, as straight from the shoulder as I could shoot it, "When are you going to marry Frank?"

And she answered, *"The minute he asks me!"*—and that is as straight a summing up of this completely fascinating love story, and as honest an answer as any glamor girl has ever given about her love life.

It was no less than I expected from Betty. This tall, green-eyed widow of Humphrey Bogart doesn't know the meaning of beating around the bush. She is one of the most completely honest human beings I have ever known, man or woman. Another star in her position might have said, "Oh, Frank and I are just good friends," or "Really, marriage hasn't crossed my mind." But not Betty. She's not that kind of a friend or a woman.

I must admit the occasion of our meeting this particular evening was a romantic one. It was the bridal shower given by the Richard Sales for Natalie Wood, just a few nights before Natalie and Bob were married. Men had been invited to this shower,

# to Frank"



too, including Bob and Frankie.

Next to the bride and groom-to-be, the happiest and most-in-love couple present were Betty and Frank. He seldom left her side and he was as gay and charming as only Frankie can be when he is completely relaxed and happy.

Make no mistake about this—as much as it is being touted that Lauren Bacall is madly in love with Frank, he is in love with her, too, after his fashion.

Despite this, or perhaps because of it, they have many battles. As I write this, Frank and Betty are having one of their numerous 'time-out-from-romance' periods. They haven't seen one another in a week. Some of their friends believe they will make up; others say this battle may be the last one.

The way I see the future of this love story, it resolves itself into two schools of thought: *the case for, and the case against the marriage of Lauren Bacall and Frank Sinatra.*

Let's first take the case *for* their marriage, which many of their friends believe will take place sometime soon.

Perhaps the most important factor is that Frank is *happy* with Betty. Speaking in their own lingo, they have a ball (*Continued on page 73*)



All in a day for Sandra Dee. . . . She'll get to studying her script—just as soon as she listens to these real gone rock 'n' roll platters. Then a little time out for gossiping on the phone. And calisthenics are an absolute must, of course, to keep healthy, pretty and trim. Now let's see, where was that new script? . . .







# Hi, I'm Sandra Dee

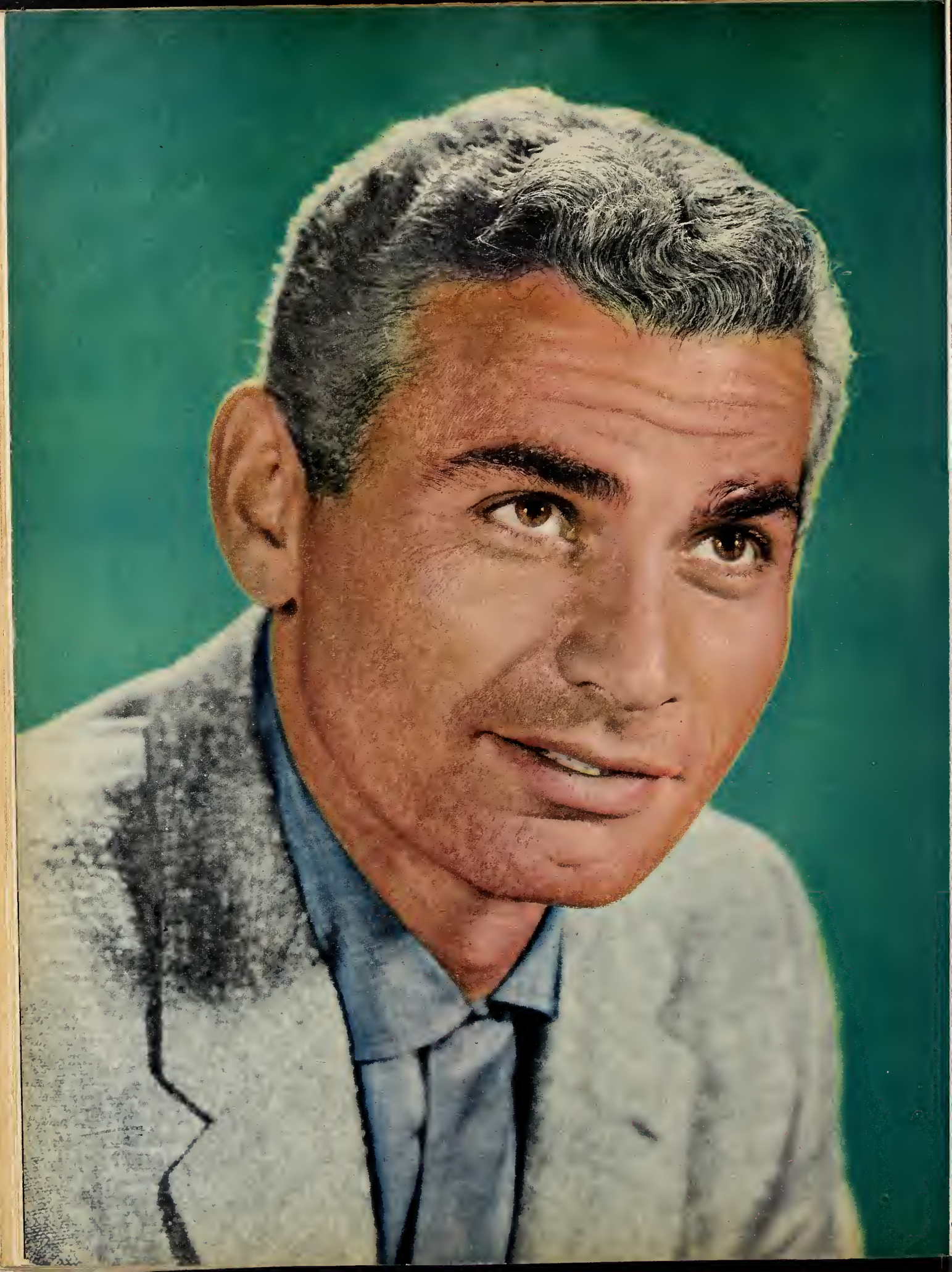


■ "Boys? *What* boys?" asks Sandra Dee with a teasing twinkle in her round brown eyes. "Bring them on. I'm ready, willing and able. But," she clouds up, "there's a slight problem: the boys I like think of me as a baby. And the boys who like me— well, I look at them the same way!" That *is* a problem! And so far, Sandy Dee hasn't figured out an answer, if indeed there is one. Because the honey-haired, peach-melba doll, who is Hollywood's cutest, hottest and busiest new star, finds herself in a curious fix: Sandy's way ahead of herself—and, at the same time, she's miles behind. She'll turn sixteen this April 23, but to date Sandy's never had a date. She's never been to a dance or been in love, not even the puppy kind. She's never been kissed by a guy who meant it—or by one who didn't, for that matter—except for a script. She hasn't a girl friend, except her stand-in. She still goes to school from nine to twelve. She can't play tennis, or any social games. She doesn't drive a car, although she'll treat herself to a champagne-tinted (*Continued on page 54*)



This isn't an apple a day to keep the doctor away—it's Sandy's favorite treat: a raw onion! Another treat for this busy miss is cooking—and even her mother admits she's darn good! Darn good, too, at wearing pretty clothes. Here's a pose from her old modeling days.





# Jeff tells the TRUTH

## *about his divorce...*

## *and* ESTHER WILLIAMS

People were staring.

Some in shock. Some in disbelief.

"The nerve!" buzzed an elderly lady to a companion. "Her poor husband!"

"Incredible!" gasped a disbelieving woman to her escort. "I wonder if his wife knows."

"But here in public," said another, "in a restaurant! Haven't they read about themselves in the papers? And bringing the children!"

Jeff Chandler and Esther Williams, the subjects of the whispered criticisms, neither heard nor cared. They were too busy enjoying each other's company and the happy chatter of their children seated around the table; Jeff's oldest, Jamie, 10, and Esther's Benjie, 8, and Kimmie, 7. And Jeff and Esther knew, too, that—no matter what the papers and the gossips said—*there was nothing wrong in two friends, good friends, taking their children out to dinner!*

But the incident *may* go down as the most expensive family dinner in the history of Hollywood marriages.

Five days later, Jeff's wife Marjorie filed suit for divorce, charging her husband with "mental cruelty" and asking $5,000 monthly alimony plus $1,500 per month for child support. It wasn't the first time Marge had sought her freedom. In 1955 she obtained a decree, but the Chandlers reconciled before it became final a (*Continued on page 70*)



*In Italy, Esther and Jeff found a rare thing—moments when they could laugh, moments when they could forget the heavy burden of unhappiness that each carried. . . .*

This is a happy story that almost wasn't. It concerns three people—a young wife, a young husband and the young wife's mother. They are all good people—honest, God-fearing, happy, full of love. But for a while all three lived on the brink of unhappiness and the love between the young couple and the mother seemed doomed.

The people we refer to are Pier Angeli, Vic Damone and Mrs. Enrica Pierangeli, Pier's mother.

Most of you know of 'some trouble' between them three-and-a-half years ago, when Pier and Vic were first married.

Few of you know of what has happened since, of how the trouble has been ironed out.

Here, for the first time, is that story. . . .

"There are people," Pier will tell you, "who say that Mama did not like Vic before we were married. This is not true."

And true it isn't. Anybody who knew the Pierangelis back then, right after Mama and her three daughters arrived from Italy, remembers that the Pierangeli house was always open to any of the girls' friends. And Vic was originally a friend of *both* Mrs. Pierangeli's beautiful twin daughters, Pier and Marisa.

"Their mother was especially fond of Vic," remembers a friend of one of the girls. "Of course, she's a very warm-hearted and friendly woman and for a while there I'd say she entertained and fed half the young people in Hollywood. But Vic she seemed to like especially. He was of Italian blood, for one thing. He had a nice sense of humor, for another. And he'd sit around for hours, relaxed, singing those beautiful Neapolitan songs Mrs. Pierangeli likes so much. And he had (*Continued on page 78*)



Mrs. Pierangeli liked Vic

He was Pier's husband

He *seemed* to make her happy

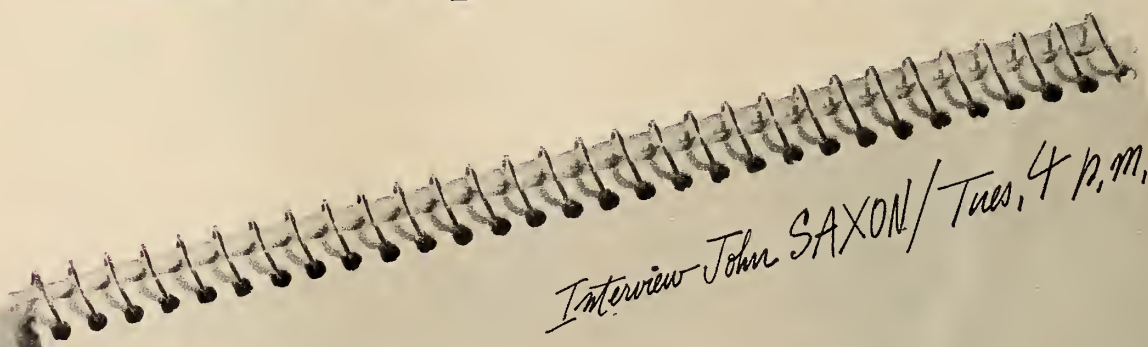
Still she was haunted by one question . . .

# does he love my


daughter ENOUGH?

*Hollywood's crack reporter, Mike Connolly, puts—*

# johnny on the spot!




**Are you in love?**
**How do you get along with your girl's father?**
**Why did you need a psychiatrist?**
**How did Rock Hudson keep you from getting started?**
**What kept you from becoming a hood?**

**Q.** How about your love life? I understand you're planning to take Vicki Thal to Europe with you, right? How'd you two meet?

**A.** Vicki had an apartment with her sister, and a friend of mine brought me over for one of the parties she and her sister threw.

**Q.** I thought you didn't like parties; you said once that "Parties are a waste of time."

**A.** I like parties as much as anyone, and I always have! When I first hit Hollywood I considered them a waste of time because I had come out here to act and I had to learn about acting. I couldn't see any percentage in standing around clackety-clacking at cocktail parties, talking small talk.

What I didn't realize, of course, was that a good deal of this 'small talk' was just plain getting to know—and getting along with—people!

Besides, I felt temporary at first. I had no self-confidence. If you've never been successful, how can you feel confident? That's why people called me quiet and a sit-in-the-corner type who didn't like social events—when it was just that I felt unsure of myself.

**Q.** What was the first thing you noticed about Vicki?

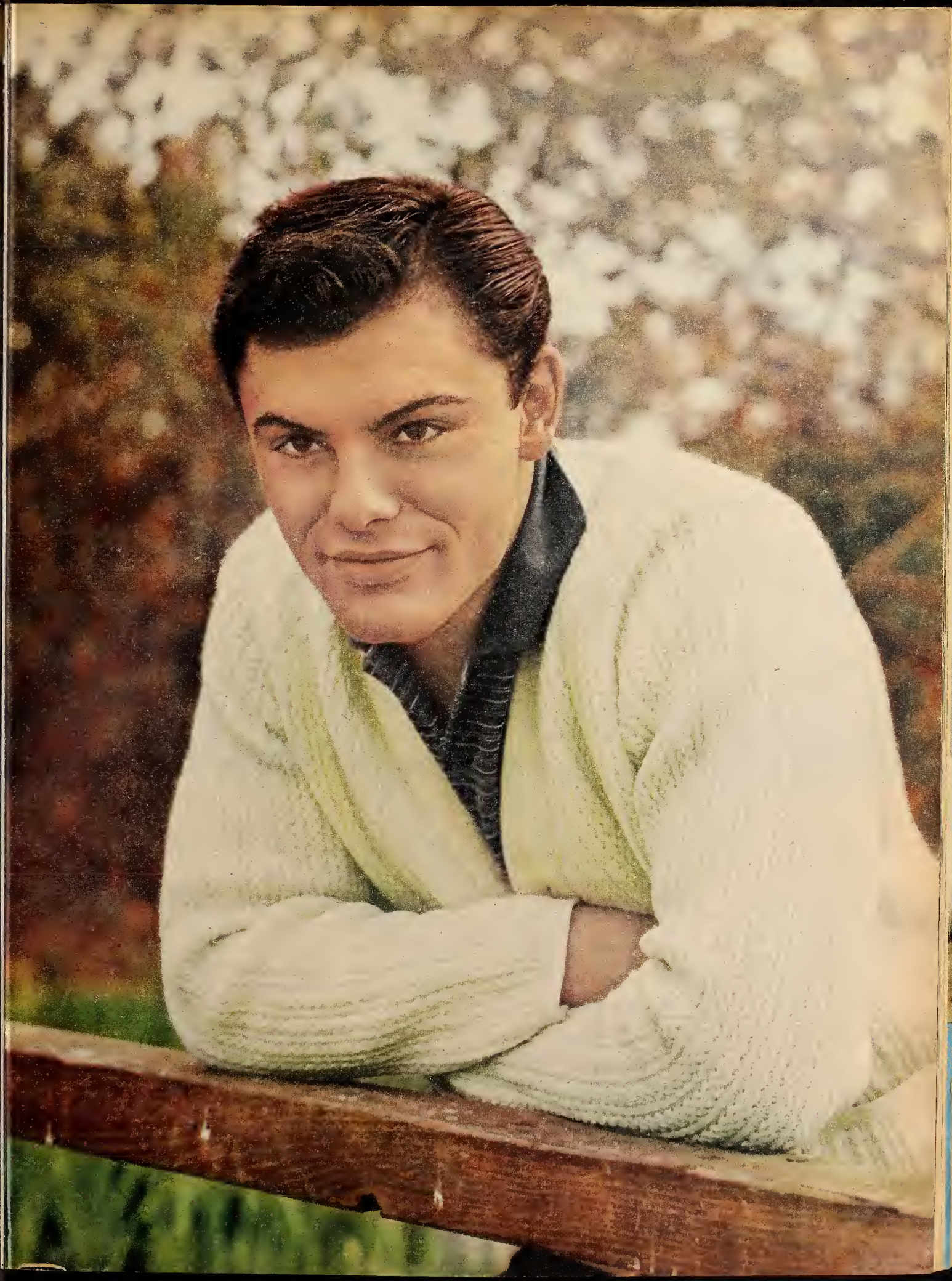
**A.** A wonderful kind of outgoing quality that I liked: She loves life—and all the people in it. I was kind of bitter about the way my career was going then, and she managed to snap me out of it.

**Q.** Why do you enjoy being with her?

**A.** Because she's a rebel.

**Q.** I thought you didn't like rebels.

(*Continued on page* 71)



# *Can't live with him— can't live*



*"I love him,"*
*her heart sang—and*
*Peggy King had*
*no warning of the years*
*of despair her*
*love would bring her....*

It was Andre Previn on the other end of the phone.

"Peggy," he said in that quick way of his, "there's a preview at Grauman's Chinese tonight. It's a big one. How about it. Will you go with me?

There was a long silence while Peggy King sat there, a little girl in a big chair, carefully thinking. Just hearing his voice on the phone again was exciting.

But was it worth it?

They'd had one brief romance.

Then they'd quarrelled.

Soon afterwards both had married others. Neither marriage took. Now she was getting a divorce, and he was separated from his wife. . . .

Then, just a little while ago, they'd accidentally seen each other while playing nightclub engagements in San Francisco. (*Continued on page 56*)

by Dick Williams

# *e without him...*



*by Tab Hunter* as told to Marcia Borie

# I loved Etchika– why couldn't they leave us alone?

I'm fickle, according to the magazines. I'm a dance-them-romance-them Casanova who changes girl friends like people empty ashtrays, casually and often. Well, don't you believe it! For years now I've been reported madly in love with a succession of starlets, stars and beauties of all sizes, shapes and ages. But, honestly, despite what you may have read, I've only been in love once—only been close to marriage once.

And that time—when I really loved the girl—all the publicity about it killed anything that might have come of our love.

I'm not denying that I've dated quite a bit, but going out with a girl a few times is a far cry from the serious romance you'd read about! I suppose I could sum it all up by saying that in the majority of cases the publicity about my dates has usually outlived the actual relationship by at least six months!

And if that seems hard to believe—well, this is what happens over and over again.

I go to a première, and maybe dinner afterwards. The photographers snap away at me and whoever happens to be my date. In some cases, it might have even been our first date.

But then, for six months afterward, those same pictures, taken during one evening, circulate and keep appearing over and over again until it seems like a big, steady romance. Usually, by the time the pictures finish making the rounds, the girl is engaged to someone else! But even that doesn't make any difference! All that happens is that the caption is changed to: HERE'S TAB WITH THE EX-LOVE OF HIS LIFE, JANE DOAKES. A SHORT TIME AGO, INTIMATES THOUGHT THEY'D WED, BUT THE WHOLE THING IS STRICTLY JUST FRIENDSHIP. So, in the course of six months, Jane Doakes and I, who maybe only had one or two dates, were in dozens of magazines and papers and our relationship had run the gamut from steady daters to mere friends!

I hope I don't sound like I'm making a federal case of this. I'm merely trying to give you my side of the situation. That's why I was happy when the editors of MODERN SCREEN asked me to sound off about publicity and romance and what effect I think it has had on *me*, personally. So, here's the straight scoop about me and my love life.

First of all, don't get me wrong. This isn't an all-out (*Continued on page 76*)





by May Mann

In the thrill and excitement of her wedding
there were some startling
thoughts on Jayne Mansfield's mind:

# *I wish I could have worn white at my wedding*



"There is only one thing I wonder about," Jayne confided to me a couple of weeks before her marriage, "my wedding gown. I always wanted to wear white at my wedding. The veil and the train and the orange blossoms. But I know that is impossible."

Jayne's studio, 20th Century-Fox, had offered to give her the beautiful white wedding dress she wore in her picture *The Girl Can't Help It.* "I only had it on about three minutes before the cameras," Jayne said. "But I don't want to do anything incorrect. I want everything to be right."

Jane realized that orange blossoms and white are the symbols of purity for a bride, and as everyone knows Jayne was married once before, when she was sixteen.

"We were school kids," Jayne recalled. "It was one of those rushed affairs, so I didn't get to wear white then, either. It took place on January 28, 1950, and we just decided to get married and eloped. We came home and told my parents, and of course they were very disappointed because they wanted a formal wedding for me. Three months later they had us go through the ceremony again in the Baptist church at Fort Worth, Texas. I wore my high school graduation dress, and I wore an orchid corsage. It was all such a mistake—all of it. Except Jayne Marie. It was meant to be, or I would never have had my precious little daughter. She is such a joy, and she adores Mickey. And Mickey adores her. In fact when I first met Mickey he told us that he had a little girl by a previous marriage, Tina Marie, the same age as my Jayne Marie. When we marry we hope our two little girls will become real sisters. And of course, we hope for a baby of our own and more.

"I want my wedding to be sacred and very intimate," Jayne continued. "This is one thing that is for me and Mickey alone. It is for my husband and myself. And," she added, "for those closest to us, who love us and want to share our happiness!"

But small and intimate the wedding was not destined to be!

The girl just can't help it. Everywhere she goes, every move she makes—photographers appear, writers arrive. And Jayne admits, she's delighted! "They are so wonderful to me. I love them all," she says. "I love everyone and I am truly so grateful." She does, and she is!

I thought of Jayne's words as she walked down the aisle of the pretty little glass church at (*Story continued on page 40*)

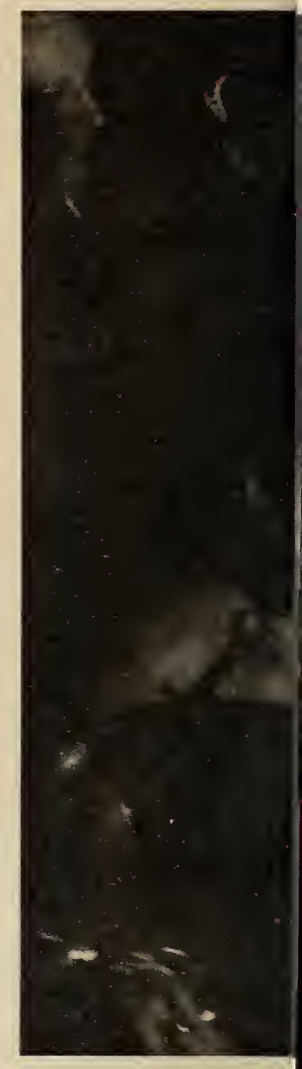
turn page
for picture story
of the wedding

# *This wasn't the wedding of*



*ABOVE Ooh's and aah's greet each gift at Jayne's shower, while guests Maureen O'Hara, Marie Windsor and Marilyn Maxwell applaud. RIGHT Jayne and Mickey get last-minute instructions from their minister on where to stand and what to say during the ceremony. They learned their roles perfectly, as everyone at the wedding can testify!*







*"In the presence of God," begins the minister . . . And Jayne and Mickey take their vows.*





*FAR LEFT "The groom may kiss the bride"—and Mickey's lips touch the lips of his wife. LEFT Mr. and Mrs. Hargitay pose for their official wedding picture. Jayne had a penny in her shoe from her mother for "something borrowed," a satin jeweled wedding garter was blue, a treasured pink lace handkerchief she's had for years was "something old"—and everything else was new.*

# *my dreams...it was better*










*The couple catch their plane. Mr. Hargitay helps his wife. And their new life, together and alone, begins now—at last.*

continued



JAYNE MANSFIELD continued

# *and Jayne Marie— look what I've got for you!*



*. . . a brand-new, wonderful daddy—and he loves you as much as I do! Jayne and Mickey, just back from their honeymoon, rush to kiss and hug the little girl who's been waiting for them, and hoping that some day, she'll have a brother or sister to play with, too.*



(*Story continued from page 37*)

Palos Verdes. A vision in pink, she was a radiant bride, loving and beloved. And I am sure that everyone, who had been any part of that wedding or the preceding two weeks of preparations, felt the sweetness and the rightness of *this* marriage for Jayne!

We had talked about Jayne's small intimate wedding two weeks before, when we met to plan the bridal shower I had promised to give her. And I found myself for the following two weeks, right up to and including the ceremony—with Jayne and Mickey. All the world loves lovers—and there has never been more excitement in Hollywood than that attending the union of these two.

But fourteen days before the wedding, Jayne said to me, "Mickey and I once found a little church, a little glass church by the side of the road at Palos Verdes over-looking the Pacific Ocean. Of course, we go to our own church here, but this is away from Hollywood. It is an hour's drive down the coast highway. There we can have a quiet ceremony. One I have always dreamed of. I have pictured it since I was a little girl. At first I visualized a big church wedding—walking down the aisle on the arm of my father to 'my own prince charming.' But now with a career (*Continued on page 80*)



Want to know how to go over with the boys? What better way than to get it straight from the guys themselves! Let's eavesdrop as they sound off on what gets them about a girl . . . and what leaves them cold. How do they *really* feel about girls who give freely with the good-night kisses, and the girls who hold back? Are they flattered—or do they run the other way!—when a girl phones them? And what makes them flip most in a girl's get-up?

We cornered four of Hollywood's most girl-wise guys—Tommy Sands, Tony Perkins, Nick Adams and Hugh O'Brian. And here—on the next four pages—is what they think, straight from the shoulder:

*modern screen's board of bachelor experts . . .*



TOMMY SANDS



TONY PERKINS



HUGH O'BRIAN



NICK ADAMS

*. . . answer our readers' questions on*

# what guys go for in gals

→



what guys go for in gals

*continued*

# What about the goodnight kiss and more?

*Doin' what comes naturally, that's what Tommy and Molly like.*



**tommy** Yes, on the goodnight kiss, if it's a spontaneous gesture, not a mental one. If you both fall into it with no embarrassing pauses and it seems chemically right, go right ahead. The type of girl who thinks she's involved if she kisses a boy is silly. A casual kiss doesn't mean a relinquishment of virtue. It's pretty much what a handshake used to be—only nicer. Some girls think they have to kiss every guy on the first date in order to get a return engagement, and on that theory kiss every boy. I say, kiss when you mean it!

**tony** Most fellows take their cue from the girl. If she creates the impression that she's a ball of fire, he's going to try to kiss and neck. If she acts as though she places a value on herself, he's not going to attempt a wrestling act. The goodnight kiss on a first date is fine if it's a light, affectionate peck that seems to say, "I like you. You've been swell." But if you want to control an over-ardent Romeo on a first date, avoid the parking-in-the-car or sofa bit. However, she should be cute or sweet about it. Don't treat him as though he's the ghost of Frankenstein. Guys have feelings, too.

**hugh** A lot happens during the evening, and if by the end of the evening—even on a first date—you feel like old and good friends, and if there's warmth and tenderness, what could be more natural than to kiss him? It takes just as much guts for a fellow to make the first step to kiss her as it does for the girl to respond. A goodnight kiss is one of those nice things that caps a good date. I feel there are one of three ways to end the evening: the "Let's be friends" line—with a smile; a kiss with warmth and feeling; or a light, friendly kiss.

**nick** If you feel natural about it, kiss him. If not, don't. I think a girl should start worrying if a guy doesn't want to kiss her. When I take a girl home at night and she seems lovable, my urge is to kiss her, and I do. It doesn't matter if it's the first date or not. It all depends upon the feeling generated during the evening. If the two of you have hit it off, why not let him know you like him? You can't maneuver all the plays in the game, otherwise you ruin the fun. And I don't think a girl should take the attitude that she's been insulted!

# Should she play hard-to-get?

**hugh** Yes. I think there's nothing more beautiful than a girl who is pretty special. A fellow likes to feel that a girl isn't going around dating and kissing everyone. If she gives him the impression that she's exclusive, he'll try doubly hard to beat a path to her door. I would, anyway. As for playing hard-to-get about last-minute dates, if a man makes a habit of calling at the last-minute and treating her like Good Old Bess, she'd be smart to say she's busy. Let him think he has to work a little to get you. But do it cleverly: act interested!

**tony** No. Why all the tricks? Life's too short. However, I like a girl who stands up for herself and isn't a doormat. If she doesn't like a fellow's habit of calling her at the last minute, she should tell him off. But that doesn't mean she should turn down every last minute date. She'll miss a lot of fun if she does. I happen to be pretty much of a last-minute man myself. I get pretty annoyed at a girl who makes me feel that she has to be booked far in advance. A fellow thinks a girl has a sense of fun if she falls in with his spur-of-the-moment plan.

**tommy** To some extent, yes. Keep a little something from the man—he'll always want more. And don't be obvious. Be natural—don't throw all the tricks at him at once. Let him know that even though you can't get together this time, you want to see him another night. It's intriguing to a guy if there's a little suspense. It enhances a girl's value if she's not taken for granted. But don't make it a pat policy to refuse last-minute dates, or you'll be turning down a lot of fun. There's many a night when I suddenly get the impulse to go out, and I like a girl who'll go along with me on it.



*Hugh has his own ideas about dealing with hard-to-get girls. . . .*

**nick** No. Dating a fellow should be fun, not a calculated chess move. Why does a girl feel that she has to surround herself with a continual aura of popularity? A man is flattered if a girl acts as though she's glad to go out with him. A girl needn't feel self-conscious if she's available that same night. He won't get the impression that she's a leftover unless she makes an issue of it. In fact, it becomes pretty annoying at times if he gets the impression that he has to beat off a dozen other guys to get to her. But if she thinks she's being taken advantage of, that's another story. She should assert her independence.

*continued*



what guys go for in gals

*continued*

# What does your dream girl wear on dates?

*Tony's pretty sharp about what's sharp, thinks Elaine Aiken. . . .*



**tony** Anything that looks young and gay. I can't stand clothes that a girl has to tug at. I like the kind of outfits that are so right on her I'm not even conscious of what she's wearing. And I go for those sports-car kind of clothes—like things with hoods on them. For the evening, either all-black or all-white is my idea of looking sharp. And I like lots of shoulders showing at night. After all, if a girl is attractive, and looks it when she's dressed up—what fellow doesn't like her looking her sharpest when he's out with her? So lots of shoulders!

**hugh** White—the real crisp kind—around the neck; smart, well-tailored suits; bare shoulders in evening clothes and gowns that show up a waistline. Certain girls with certain legs look terrific in Bermudas, but if a girl doesn't have those legs she just shouldn't. I like slacks but only if they're sharp and slim like exclamation points. If she must wear a hat, make it small and cute, not something that looks like a walking TV antenna. And plenty of sweaters, shirts, skirts and wide leather-belt things. With that kind of taste, any girl looks fine!

**tommy** Either something very dressy, or very sporty and casual. In sports clothes, I go for sweaters and skirts that have a bright scarf or a big chunk of gold jewelry. I think girls who wear pedal pushers look real cute, and blue jeans are fine, on occasion—Molly Bee wears them when we go horseback riding or loafing—but I like the way she wears them, with a sharp white cotton shirt and none of this Sloppy Joe type of shirt. I don't go for hats at all. I like shiny hair that looks as though it's just been brushed a hundred strokes!

**nick** Anything that's casual . . . cotton blouses with necks like a boy's shirt and rolled-up sleeves, and if it's got a big monogram so much the better. I like the kind of dresses that are real tight at the waist and bounce out so that I want to put my arms around her. And I really dig those tight slacks that make her look all legs. I also go for those ballet slipper kind of shoes, provided she walks like a girl in them, not like a wrestler. After all, a girl should look like a girl all the time—and the way to do that is to remember a feminine touch.



*When Nick takes a gal out, he'd like her to remember who 'brung' her. . . .*

# What do you wish a girl wouldn't do?

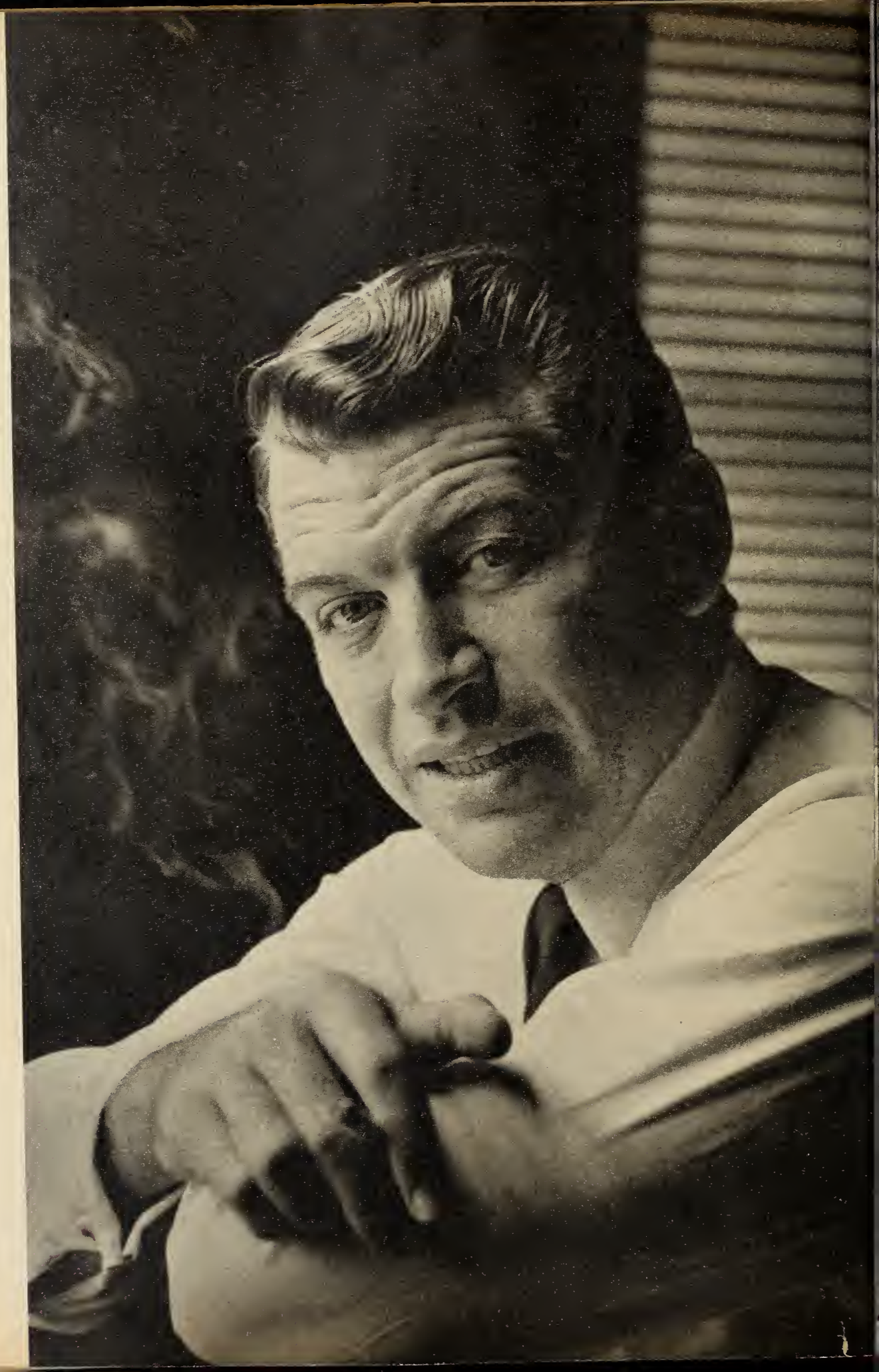
**nick** Look all around the room when she's with me, as though she's trying to do better . . . or talk about other guys when I'm trying my darndest to make an impression on her. I'm also bugged by the sad sacks who go into a long discussion of their problems. It makes me think of mine all over again. When I'm with a girl I like to forget everything and live it up. I'm always frightened away when a girl talks about home and babies on the first date. After all, I'd like to get to know a girl—a little!—before I start thinking of making her my wife.

**hugh** Wear such heavy make-up that her face seems buried under layers of the stuff. I like it on the eyes and on the lips, but not to be apparent anywhere else. As for that pale lipstick that makes a girl look like a ghost with sunburn—why? Another gripe: girls with hair-dos that are so loose they have to constantly flip their heads like a stallion to get the hair out of their eyes. And I wish certain eager-beaver girls wouldn't always be in such a hurry to do things for themselves, like open car doors, light their own cigarettes or pick up a purse when it falls on the floor. A man likes to act like a gentleman, if given the chance. And he likes a girl who lets him!

**tommy** Insist upon knowing weeks in advance exactly where we're going. She makes a date seem as deadly as writing a will. A guy likes to move on impulses. And another thing that jars me is watching a girl start one cigarette with the butt of another. It's bad enough for a girl to chain-smoke—she *could* pause between puffs!

**tony** Stare continually in the mirror when she's out with me. I go for the girl who, once she's made up, forgets about her face and looks at mine as though she cares. And I can't stand it when a girl whips out an 18-inch comb in public and goes through a complete convulsion to give herself a new haircomb. *And* a whole new make-up job while we're sitting at the table. Sometimes it almost seems as if she likes her coffee sprinkled with face powder! Another thing I can do without is a strap adjuster. Besides, I think a falling shoulder strap is kinda cute!

*(Continued on page 68)*



*"My brother is my idea of what a man should be. . . . If I could be like him in any way, I would be a lot better off as a human being."*—Richard Egan

Mr. and Mrs. Egan sat back on the couch and smiled. The neighbor woman, sitting between them, was a little confused.

"Now watch," said the Egans' oldest boy, Will—all of four years old—who'd just called them in from the kitchen where they were having coffee, "—watch and see how Richie is going to walk."

Richard Egan, ten months old, sitting square on the living room floor of his folks' modest San Francisco home, looked up at his big brother and gurgled something.

"All right, Richie—don't worry," Will said, understanding. "I told you that some day you could walk, and today's the day you can do it."

Baby Richard gurgled something again.

"Never mind," Will said, lifting Richard and helping him to his pudgy little feet.

The neighbor woman sat forward. "You mean," she asked, incredulous, "that it's up to *Willis* to decide whether or not his brother is ready to walk?"

Mrs. Egan nodded. "And don't be surprised if Richie does," she said. "There's something between these two boys, something the likes of (*Continued on page 64*)



*The world knows him as Father Willis. Richard Egan knows him as the brother who taught him to be a man. . . .*

# Esto Vir

# GOD SPOKE TO ME THROUGH MY BROTHER

# I'LL NEVER MARRY AGAIN!

*by Venetia Stevenson* as told to Jane Williams

I am never going to get married again. I mean that.

I know I'm only nineteen, and you may think I feel that way now, because of my heartbreaking marriage to Russ Tamblyn.

But it's more than that.

I know myself. I know I'd be happier if I could kid myself into hopes of an idealistic marriage. But I have no such hopes.

That's why I know I'll never get married again. For a *lot* of reasons. . . .

First of all, I guess it's because I know few couples I consider happily married. And I know lots of married couples. Maybe it's the group I go around with that makes me feel that way, but I don't think so. I have friends who are married and *not* planning a divorce. But it seems to me that if they continue to live together one of them is just going to give in more and more—just to keep peace in the family—until that one is completely *henpecked!*

That's one type of marriage I see around me.

Even sadder to me is to see two genuinely wonderful people, (*Continued on page 83*)



*(Left) Anna Lee, Venetia's mother, with her second husband. Some of Venetia's determination never to marry again stems from memories of her parents' marriage.*

*(Below) Tony Perkins is just one of a dozen fascinating dates who keep Venetia from ever feeling lonely.*







# *GRACE and the PRINCE*

# ESCAPE

*At home in Monaco, Rainier—like any man—is at his office all day, and Grace more and more is assuming her necessary official duties. They are with their baby in the morning, and they see her at noon, bathe her and put her to sleep in the evenings. But there is so seldom a whole day in the nursery, and sweet little Caroline is just at that age when she's learning so many new things to delight Mommy and Daddy. In Switzerland, though, they would have time for that. . . . And eagerly they planned their escape from the palace.*







*They took a chauffeur—but only to take care of the car when the Grimaldis weren't in it! On the road to Switzerland the chauffeur sat in the back seat while Rainier drove and Grace held the map and looked for the road signs. At 4:30 in the afternoon, they arrived. And then began the most precious moments of all, the times Caroline laughed in their arms and took her first steps and her first tumbles on the grass of the farm high in the mountains.*

# FROM THE PALACE



There have been any number of official honeymoons for Rainier and Grace Grimaldi, that nice young married couple in Monaco. There was the first one, aboard Rainier's yacht, right after the wedding. And then there was the trip to Philadelphia to see Grace's parents, and to London to visit their royal relative, Elizabeth II, and to Rome to their spiritual father, the Pope. In a way, the whole first year of Grace's marriage was a honeymoon—a private kind of time. She and Rainier didn't exactly neglect their official duties—but people were kind about letting them wiggle out of a few hospital openings, speech makings, public dinners. Grace was a bride, in love with her husband, needing time and privacy to learn to know him well. For royalty, they had a lot of time to themselves. But that was last year. From now on, there will be less and less time alone for Grace and her husband. But even a princess and the mother of two royal youngsters—their second child was just weeks away!—can yearn for a last honeymoon. That's why Rainier and Grace announced suddenly that they were going 'somewhere in Switzerland' for a few weeks. They weren't too specific about where, for this was no official visit. This was—their last honeymoon.

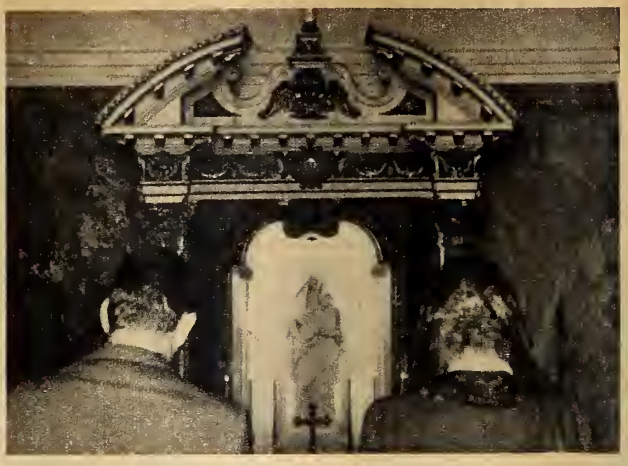
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# GRACE and the PRINCE

continued



*The farmhouse had wood paneling and cotton curtains and rag rugs on the floor. It was no place for a ball gown or a full-dress uniform. Grace climbed into maternity slacks and Rainier threw away his shaving brushes, and their only contact with the outside world was the overseas edition of The Herald Tribune—and the market where Grace, her hair in pincurls, shopped.*



*On their first trip into town they asked where they could find a Catholic Church. Grace wore the black lace scarf she wore for her audience with the Pope—which she now treasures as her most precious possession.*

*In a simple farmhouse high in the Swiss Alps the Grimaldi family find their most precious moments*





Above: *Then, too soon, it was the night before Grace and her husband went home. Grace put on a skirt, and Rainier knotted a tie below his proud new beard. They drove down to the village for dinner. With no one to stare, they ate, danced . . . dawdled over their coffee, for tomorrow they would be home and Rainier's beard would come off—in the interests of propriety—and Grace's slacks would go back into the closet. But the memories would stay, held together by love. . . .*

END




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See The Polly Bergen Show Saturday nights NBC-TV Network and the Love That Jill Show Monday nights ABC-TV Network.

# hi, I'm sandra dee

(*Continued from page 25*) Thunderbird this month as a birthday present. She gets woozy lighting her mother's cigarettes, and at studio parties—with Mama by her side—she sips tomato juice guiltily, afraid someone will think she's sneaking a Bloody Mary!

Yet in the past few months, Sandy has made four hit pictures, with two sexy roles—the last one shot in Paris—and earned herself $1,000 a week, which, by the way, is a comedown for her. Before she was coaxed out to Hollywood, Sandra Dee often collected $2,000—as the top young photographic model in the world. In one way that was great. It aimed her at Hollywood—without an acting lesson in her life. But in another way, that was the trouble.

Sandra Dee is a glamour girl who turned her back on her teens. It wasn't all her fault. . . .

### The cost of glamour

She has a face just about as perfect as can be, poise, sex appeal and charm. The result? Well, it has cost her the normal boy-girl experiences, adolescent adventures, and adjustments for womanhood which most people consider mighty important. Sandy's glamour made her Mama's pride and Daddy's darling. It made her sophisticated far beyond her years. It made her easy in the company of adults . . . and awkward with her own age group. It also made Sandy so frantically busy that she's never been able to stop, go back and catch up on what she skipped. And it still does.

A while back, for example, Tommy Sands called U-I producer Ross Hunter. He knew that Ross brought Sandy out to Hollywood. Obviously, he was the man with the power. "Can you give me Sandra Dee's phone number?" he begged.

"Nothing doing!" barked Hunter. "She's working tomorrow!"

"I guess," sighed Sandy when she heard, "Tommy just called the wrong man!"

Maybe fate has called the wrong turn for pretty, puzzled Sandra Dee—there's already a hint of rebelliousness when Sandy declares, "I won't get involved in all this at the cost of my happiness, don't you worry. All I really want to do is get married and have a lot of kids—no later than twenty-two. When I do, I'll quit."

But Sandy Dee is pretty deeply involved right now. And to marry, you first have to fall in love. Up until now things have whirled so fast for Sandy that she hasn't had time to look around her for that. On the other hand, she's been stared at with rapture by somebody or other ever since she made her birthday bow in Jersey City, N. J.

Her nineteen-year-old Slavic mother, Marie, named her Alexandra. When Sandy was still a baby, Marie divorced her husband and, from then on, as she says simply, "Sandra was my whole life."

### The doting relatives

At her grandmother's big house on Avenue A, Alexandra was scrubbed, brushed, curled and primped in ruffles and laces four times a day. With a granny, aunts and a doting mother to sew pretties and fuss over her, actually Sandra was a kiddie fashion model almost before she could walk. For Marie, this was an understandable indulgence. "I had always dreamed of having a beautiful baby doll of my own," she explains, unashamed, "and now I had one. I couldn't resist dressing her up." But for Sandy the treatment got a little thick at times. "I couldn't eat a cookie," she recalls, "without changing my dress."

The fear that gripped Marie's heart was that somehow her treasure would be marred or even taken from her. So Sandra led a cotton-batting existence. She couldn't shinny up a tree but that Mama snatched her down in horror. Playmates were restricted, lest she catch some dread germ. Actually, despite her hothouse treatment, Sandy was as hardy as a weed. Once, marching with some kids, she kicked through a glass door and cut her knee—a family crisis—and she still has the scar. But in all her girlhood they called in a doctor only three times—for measles, mumps and chicken pox.

### "I had a ball"

It was Sandra's mom who wept when finally she led her off to kindergarden—not Sandy. "I couldn't understand it," she remembers. "All the other kids were bawling for their mamas, until the teachers had to pull down the window shades so they couldn't see them. Me, I was laughing with joy. I grabbed the records and started them, dug into the finger paints and danced around the room free as a bird for once. I had a ball."

But her mother came to lead her home by the hand, and pretty soon she was helping the teacher play records—to keep an eye on her daughter. And who was Queen of the May in kindergarden, also teacher's pet?—Why Alexandra, of course.

Although she lived barely two blocks from school, never did Sandy trudge alone, or come home by herself. That chaperonage kept up into the grades. "I was nine years old," admits Sandra Dee, "before I was allowed to cross a street by myself."

What finally helped shake Sandra loose was what has brought her all the fantastic bounties in her young life—her own luscious beauty and bright, irresistible bounce.

Although Sandy's great grandmother had been born in Bayonne, and everyone since, Marie's clan was of Russian extraction, as her father was, too. So, they worshipped in the local Greek Orthodox church. One night, they held a charity raffle and, naturally, Sandra was the cutie picked to pull out the winning numbers. One was held by a wealthy real estate operator named Eugene Douvan, who had just given a sizable donation to the church.

### "A million dollars for the little girl"

Douvan declined the prize, "But," he announced, "I'll bid a million dollars for the little girl!" And he wasn't kidding too much, as things turned out. A little later when Marie needed a job, the pastor introduced her to Eugene and she went to work as his secretary. Pretty soon she married him. For a long time he used to tease Marie, "I really only married you to get Sandra!" That was a gag, of course.

**Read all About**

*James Darren*
*Perry Como*
*and Tommy Sands*
*in next month's Spring Fever issue of*
**MODERN SCREEN**
*Watch for the intimate photo of* **TONY AND JANET** *on the cover*

Marie Douvan is a pert, pretty, twinkly-eyed woman who today, at 34, looks more like Sandy's big sis than her mother. But there's no doubt that from the minute he spied her, he worshipped his stepdaughter, too—and vice versa. "In a lot of ways," admits Sandra, "I was closer to him than I was to my mother.

"They took me everywhere with them," Sandy remembers happily, "even on their honeymoon."

After that they moved from Bayonne into an apartment on East 55th Street that Douvan owned, and, at six, Sandra plunged into the life of a Manhattan kiddie sophisticate.

When her parents took in the new Broadway shows, Sandy trotted right along, dolled out in a coat with ermine cuffs, collar and topped by an ermine hat. When they dined out—as they did almost every night—at the Colony, Le Pavillon or Gallagher's, she was there in a custom sewn dress, greeting the headwaiter familiarly and using the right fork with no qualms. For lunch at 21, little Miss Douvan peeled off her white gloves and smoothed her long hair confidently, as she ordered her *sole Marguery* or sometimes *crepes suzettes*—but with milk, please.

"I even developed a sort of café-English accent; I never knew exactly how," puzzles Sandy. Maybe it was talking to all those snooty headwaiters.

At any rate, Sandra Douvan loved every minute of her precocious high life. There's no doubt too, that it gave her a poise and polish which later made big league modeling, TV and movies push-overs for her. But when she was eight, the picture changed.

### A more normal life

One day, Daddy Douvan drove his girls out to Long Island to look over an airplane hanger he owned. He spied a house in Freeport and bought it. They moved right out. A more normal, suburban life and public school, the Douvans decided, was just the ticket for Sandra. Well, it was and it wasn't.

Sandra had no idea how to make friends. And she arrived at Roosevelt school weighted with other handicaps. To the kids there, her sophistication was only ridic. They howled when she started to read in the high toned accent, stepped on her polished shoes and tossed dirt on her custom frocks. One girl who sat behind her took to daubing her back daily with ink. The shiny Cad that dropped her off each morning drew jeers. Baffled, Sandra kept the rougher details from her mother, and decided to lick her own problem. "But first I knew," she says, "that I sure had to change my style!"

Her mother was shocked when she begged for blue jeans and plaids and insisted on walking alone to school. But she bulled it through rebelliously and things immediately improved. Luckily, too, Sandy could turn on her fatal charm with talent. She'd had dancing lessons, so she worked up a tap number to *Sioux City Sue* that wowed the classmates. It got so the principal used to call on her to dance and sing when things were dragging. She also played the lead in a school play, *Paddy O'Neal.*

By the time she hit eighth grade, Sandy Douvan was popping her bubble gum with confidence. She was president of her class, sat on the student council and sang with the glee club. She had two girl friends, "close as Bobbsey Twins." Often it took her from 3 to 6 o'clock to straggle home, what with cokes and boys and things to delay her.

"I had more boy friends than I have now," grins Sandy ruefully, "which is none. In fact, I was a big flirt in school, very big—a real butterfly. The teacher started

writing notes home because I jabbered so much in class." One boy named Douglas gave her an I.D. bracelet and asked her to go steady. Sandy took it home and mulled over the offer. "But the next day I gave it back," she reports. "I figured I'd just knock myself out of a lot of good times."

What ended the good times, and Sandy's rebellion, too, was a move back to the city when she was twelve, and what happened soon after.

For a few months Sandy went to P.S. 69 near the hotel they parked in, long enough to flunk sewing—she was pretty good in everything else—and that was an ironical twist. Because fashions and fittings and clothes and dress trinkets were just around the corner waiting to smother her teens in high-style glamour. And it started at—of all places—the headquarters of the Girl Scouts of America on 44th Street.

Now, Sandy Douvan was no Girl Scout. At that point, rubbing two sticks together to roast wienies was her idea of nothing to do. But a girl at school whose father was an agent told her about the Scouts fashion show.

**This'll be fun**

Sandy was 5'4"—like now—and looked at least fourteen. Life in the city was getting dull and a show of any kind sounded like fun to her. Neither Marie nor Daddy Douvan had any objections—then. They didn't know what Sandra was getting into, and neither did she.

"At the show, I was second in line," relates Sandy smiling, "Mom said to watch the first girl for tips—you know, what to do with my hands, how to walk, smile and all that. Well, I did, from the wings. But then she seemed to walk right out on top of the people's heads! 'Hey, Mama,' I said, 'I can't do *that!*' I didn't know there was a platform out there."

She climbed on the girl-model merry-go-round the day after the scout show. A magazine editor took one look and shot her picture for a cover. Zlata Deutsch, the Scouts' art director, signed her on for a year and spent most of it fighting off rivals for Sandy's time. Everybody had to have her. That wasn't what either Sandy Douvan or her parents had bargained for.

"I thought maybe I'd have a modeling job a week, maybe two," sighs Sandy in recollection. "But—boom—the first week I was doing four a day, the third it was five, six and into the nights. Suddenly I was going crazy trying to keep up with my appointments."

Harry Conover, the model maestro, grabbed her, and his wife, Candy Jones, changed her name to Sandra Dee. Pretty soon Sandra Dee was Big Business. For the next two years you couldn't pick up a newspaper, magazine or switch on TV without Sandy's big, brown eyes beaming at you and selling you something—soap, cosmetics, cokes, hair sprays, hats, gowns, potions and lotions. She made so many magazine covers she can't remember them. Huntington Hartford, the multi-millionaire entrepreneur, spied Sandy at the Waldorf dancing with Daddy Douvan and flipped. He bought her contract from Conover and revved up the pace. Oleg Cassini table hopped to Sandy the same night and talked her into modeling his swank originals with a $165,000 diamond necklace.

Fun? Yes—in some ways. Sandy collected $35 an hour for posing, and with royalties from TV commercials—they still pour in—she was soon earning $2,000 a week. In two years she raked in over $80,000.


"MAKES BABY CARE SO MUCH EASIER"

—Says LITA BARON
(Mrs. Rory Calhoun)



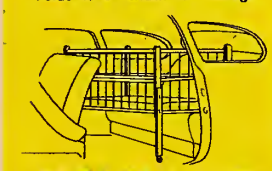

LITA BARON and daughter Cindy. Lita's husband, Rory Calhoun, currently stars in "Apache Water Holes."



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And she still wasn't quite fourteen.

"The money? I spent it all," says Sandy cheerfully. "Clothes, furs, hi-fi, jewelry and presents. I bought Daddy three of those $600 suits and a $150 hairbrush for his ten or twelve strands. I bought Mama a fur coat. I used to buy things every day and hide them around the house from Mama and Daddy." But there were other price tags on all this for a teenage girl, as Sandra Dee found out.

It was hard, hectic work. Her feet ached from standing hours on end, her eyes burned from the glaring lights. Sometimes it seemed to Sandy as if her hair would vanish from brushing, patting, spraying. Each day was a stop-watch existence. Lunch was usually a sandwich choked down in a taxi, hurrying East Side, West Side, all around the town, and in all kinds of weather.

The day before the wickedest blizzard in twenty years hit New York, Sandy Dee stood draped in a bathing suit on top of the *Cristoforo Colombo* anchored in the East River. The below-zero blasts turned her blue beneath her body makeup and the color shots came out purple! That night the storm struck, busses stopped. Hardly anyone got to work next morning. But Sandy was up at 6:30 wobbling on foot through the snow from 65th and Central Park, where she lived, to 34th Street for her 8 o'clock job. There were six that day, all over the city. She walked to them all.

By then she was deliberately starving herself. For a long time Sandra Dee was exclusively a face model. They said she was too heavy for fashions. So she went

on a killing diet, lost thirty pounds and wound up with malnutrition. The effects still haunt Sandy. Her fingernails are brittle as glass and her tummy can't handle salt or rich foods.

But the highest price Sandra Dee paid was in normal adolescent school life, and friendships. Sandy's frantic career flopped her right back where she'd been as a child —a grown-up's darling, but odd-girl-out with the kids. For a while she tried the Professional Children's School, but she had to skip so many classes that the teacher started asking "Who are you?" when she did walk in. After that came a tutor and lessons on the fly. It's a tribute to Sandy Dee's brain that with these handicaps she's still a year ahead of her age in school.

But in New York Sandy Dee was five years ahead of her age, socially—if you can use that word. "I didn't *have* any friends," she says simply. "Just Pom-Pom." Her Pomeranian pup. Sandy never gave a party. The ones she went to she can count on the fingers of one hand. Most were professional gatherings with adults. She felt lost around boys and girls. Once, Marie prodded her into a party given by the son of some people she knew. Picking her up, she asked Sandy if she'd had a good time. "Oh, yeah, I guess so," she answered. "The records and games were okay, and so was the food. But when they started pairing off I left for the kitchen."

**The phone dodge**

Sandy wouldn't answer the phone. "Tell him I'm in the tub," she'd say when a boy called. It's a dodge she still uses. She doesn't know how to be comfortable with a boy—she doesn't know the kind of things other girls just get to know from being with young people. "I was a little worried about Sandra," admits Marie Douvan.

Daddy Douvan worried even more, for a larger reason. He was against the unreality of Sandra's whole career, especially when a producer spotted her in the NBC lobby, tumbled as usual, and Sandy found herself doing dramatic shows on TV like *GE Theatre, Kraft, Studio One* and the *Steel Hour* without a speck of acting training. Douvan had been in Hollywood during the Shirley Temple-Deanna Durbin era of kid wonders and he knew the heartaches and hurdles of the hundreds who didn't make it—and of the few who did. "Don't get ahead of yourself," he was always begging.

But a merry-go-round is hard to stop.

Sandy's pretty sure the man she adored would be proud of her success in Hollywood, but she's not sure he'd have let her go when she did. As things turned out, he never knew.

Eugene Douvan had suffered a heart condition for years, but he didn't let that stop him. Not even when the doctors told him he had two years to live. To Sandy it was incredible that anything could slow Daddy Douvan down.

But one night she awoke at two in the morning, strangely scared and trembling, and she'd never done that before. In the front room of their apartment were noises. Sandra flew in, her own heart seeming to stop. Daddy Douvan's almost had.

He was gasping for air. The doctor they called was out, and they couldn't get an ambulance. The police emergency squad came to bring oxygen, and she watched in terror as the men burst into the room. Sandy will never forget that night.

After that it was she who cooked her Dad's favorite dishes, coddled and comforted him, when—after the attack—he seemed the same as ever. But then, after an argument over a business deal or some tiny strain there was another attack—and another. Each time seemed like a bad dream. And then there was the operation to fix a heart valve, down in Washington. Everybody was so confident. Daddy himself called and talked for hours to her, joking, "Bake me something nice and I'll bring you a kippered herring for your breakfast."

The first hospital reports were perfect; the operation seemed a success. So Sandy went on to her modeling job—and while she was there, they told her. He'd died suddenly in the recovery room. Sometimes she still can't believe it.

Sandy is never without his gold seal ring on her finger today, and the jeweled cross Douvan held when he died is her most precious keepsake. That unexpected tragedy stunned Sandy, and she isn't completely over the shock yet.

He died on a Saturday. On Monday she had a book full of appointments, including one with a producer named Ross Hunter who was in from Hollywood and wanted to see her about a movie test. Sandy told Len, her agent, "Call it off. I can't do it."

"You've got to," he protested. "This man came clear from California just to see you."

"Well—" she finally consented, "all right." Although her heart still wasn't in it, the habit was strong for showing up on schedule, no matter what. But that's how close Sandra Dee came to passing up a Hollywood career.

Of course, Hunter didn't fly all the way from California just to see Sandra Dee. When she stepped in the office there were sixty other gorgeous girls there and Sandy was the last one to read. By then she was tired and so was Hunter. But not too tired to tumble like all the rest. Two months later she read in the newspapers that she was flying to Hollywood to test with John Saxon for *The Wonderful Years.*

Actually the break was just what a doctor would have ordered. Sandy Dee needed a getaway. She's loved California ever since she landed for the test a year ago last December. In August she returned for keeps to break in at MGM with *Until They Sail.* From the start, screen acting has been a breeze; directors call her *No-nerves Sandy.* And, although she's been starting each picture before the last one's finished, it's been like a vacation compared to the pell-mell life she led in New York.

Professionally, Sandra Dee has sprouted amazingly in those few months. She copped a *Best Juvenile Of The Year* award in her first picture, where she came on as an eleven-year-old girl. In *The Wonderful Years* Sandy was still a shy miss acting like a twelve-year-old. But in *Ride a Tiger* she jumped to seventeen and went on the make for Jeff Chandler. In her next, *The Reluctant Debutante,* she even gets married. But privately, progress has been pretty much at a standstill.

The boys who have asked for dates, just have no luck. She did let Gary Vincent, from *The Wonderful Years,* come up to wish her a Merry Christmas. But when John Wilder, whom she met at MGM and liked, asked her to a movie—the line rang busy. If you want to call a photo layout with John Saxon a date, you could—or a première with her U-I director, Helmut Kautner—but that's reaching.

"I don't know," shrugs Sandy, "I just don't seem to want to go out yet. I'm not sure I will unless I like the boy very, very much. But, I'll change. Give me a couple of years."

Meantime Marie—or *Butch,* as Sandy calls her mother—goes just about everywhere Sandy does, except school of course. There Sandy's still slugging along in 11th Grade, taking French, English, American History and Biology. Still a snap student, Sandy graduates next year, after which she wants college, majoring in biology "because I'm interested in the way bodies work."

Sandy sums it up, "I've got a charm. When I was a little girl, Daddy took me outdoors and pointed up at Venus, the evening star. 'Because it shines so bright —that's your star,' he said. 'Keep it, and don't ever forget.'

"So. I haven't. I look for it every night. It's still there, shining bright."

And, problems or not, so is Sandy Dee—shining bright. . . . **END**

*Sandra will soon be in* RELUCTANT DEBUTANT *for MGM and* THE WONDERFUL YEARS *for U-I.*

## can't live with him

(*Continued from page 32*) Now here he was—back again. What should she do?

"Hey!" The voice at the other end of the wire was impatient. "What happened? Did you pass out or something?"

"Yes, Andre," she said hurriedly into the receiver. "I mean, no, I didn't pass out. But . . . yes, I'd like to go with you."

It was a fateful decision.

Perhaps it was the wrong one, because almost a year later, Peggy and Andre had broken up again and she was fighting ulcers, reading books on positive thinking and trying courageously to gain a new, mature outlook on life and forget the torch she had been carrying. But it was a date she couldn't keep from making, with a guy she couldn't keep from loving. . . .

"If I got through this without cracking up," she said just a couple of months ago, "I can get through anything that life throws at me. I did come through this and I still have both arms and legs."

**The beginning of the end**

This then, is the story of plucky Peggy King's love affair with MGM's bright young musical genius, Andre Previn. She has been misquoted, misunderstood and criticized for doing a very normal, feminine thing—she fell in love with a guy she couldn't live *with*, couldn't live without. . . .

A couple of months ago, just before the final act was to be played, Peggy and I sat in the dusky twilight of one of Hollywood's smart restaurants while Peggy toyed with an omelette and a glass of milk—her regular lunch on doctor's orders. She looked older and more grown up than I'd remembered her when she was the perky kid who clicked with a tomato sauce jingle and went through a hilarious TV season leaning on George Gobel's forehead.

"My trouble always was that I looked fourteen," Peggy smiled, chic in a little white hat and brown and beige cotton sheath dress. "Maybe after this I'll look my own age."

Maybe, but I doubt it. Peggy is now twenty-six and has matured to look maybe twenty-one or twenty-two.

"We met five years ago when I was originally signed out at Metro," she said softly. "He'd just come back from the service. Andre was fun and I needed some amusement. I was impatient and unhappy. I just sat on the bench at MGM and did nothing except make countless screen tests. It was bad and I used to get nervous about it. They put me in only one picture and I just sang ten bars of music. (*Continued on page 58*)

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Don't let your tape measure talk you out of a dream dress... slip on a Waist-In *before* you try it on! Its oh-so-strategic boning belittles you, but lets you keep on breathing, too. And Waist-In is made of Feathernap, the textured pure rubber that's feather-soft outside *and* skin-side. It hooks in front, has adjustable garters; Waterlily White, in even waist sizes 22 to 36. Without garters, White or Pink, $2.25.

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## can't live with him

(*Continued from page 56*) "Oh, we had a real romance, all right. We were pretty crazy about each other. Then we had a big fight. Never mind over what. It was terribly trivial. But we busted up over it. How dumb can two kids be?"

**Double rebound**

The big blow-up came just as Knobby Lee, a trombonist Peggy had known from her band-singing days on the road with Ralph Flanagan, blew into town. Four months later Peggy married him—on the rebound, as she today sadly realizes.

Andre moved even faster. Within two months he had married Betty Bennett, a girl he'd known before Peggy.

The early years of marriage for Peggy and Knobby were rough for a number of reasons. First, she went to Korea on a camp-show tour and caught walking pneumonia. For one dreadful period she was deaf for four days.

Knobby, meanwhile, had to wait for his musician's license in Los Angeles because he was an out-of-towner. Unable to work at the one thing he knew best, he did everything from giving driving lessons to hocking his trombone.

In those depressing days Peggy was constantly gnawed by the worry that she was getting nowhere career-wise. She took out her worries in eating, and put on eighteen pounds, until she was a little butterball.

Then Knobby got a good job with Liberace. Great job, great money. For the first time Peggy could afford to have her hair done, and audition for jobs in a new dress.

But darn it, he was on the road so much, traveling. She went with him a couple of times, rather than have them apart. That didn't work out. It seldom does.

Then a friend at MGM heard about that Hunt's Tomato Sauce search for a girl to sing their jingle and told them he knew a girl who could hit high b flat. Mitch Miller heard the commercial and gave her a record contract. She was started at last.

Mixing careers and marriage is never easy. This time it was impossible. Peggy moved to New York for recording dates and Knobby continued on the road with Liberace.

**But they tried. . . .**

They were getting to be strangers.

Then during 1954, the same year Peggy was featured on George Gobel's TV show, the Liberace show anchored in New York and she and Knobby were together for a year.

But when Liberace switched his policy and dropped his show musicians, Knobby was out of a job. While he sat around the place fretting, she was busy recording and on TV.

"We made a valiant try," Peggy insists. "We bought a little house and some dogs and tried to make things work."

It was no go. They separated in October of 1954.

"We both cried when we said goodbye," she remembers sadly. "There was no one else involved. No other man; no other woman. But we were always fighting and hurting each other."

Several months later Knobby got a regular job on the Eddie Fisher show. His studio was right across the hall from where Peggy was working with Gobel. They saw each other every day. Their good friends Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher used to take them to dinner.

Came Peggy and Knobby's third anniversary on Feb. 2, 1955, and they decided to try marriage again.

"We made a big mistake," Peggy says now. "He moved into my fancy New York apartment instead of us going back to the little house we'd bought together."

This time they lasted nine months. "We fooled ourselves sometimes, and thought we were making a go of it, but he was called Mr. King too often and the whole situation got as bad as before."

Knowing they didn't have a chance for permanent happiness, Peggy filed for divorce. "It's tragic that our marriage couldn't work out," she declares. "Even so, Knobby will always be my best friend."

**She ignored the reprieve**

Peggy had no encounters with Andre Previn, except for one brief moment the night before she married. And that time she hadn't even seen him, just heard him holler after her, "*Peggy!*" as she was leaving the MGM studio restaurant. But she turned and went the other way.

"I can't explain exactly why I avoided him," she said, years later.

So it had been three years since she last saw him when she flew to San Francisco last July for a night club engagement at the Fairmont Hotel. As it happened, Andre was playing at a local cool jazz spot called the Blackhawk.

And, as it happened, they were the only two young entertainers playing in San Francisco at that time; it was inevitable that they would be thrown together on TV and radio appearances. He learned that she was divorcing Knobby. She learned that he had split up from his wife and had a legal separation.

But there was no romancing.

Nor was there any a month later when





LASH-KOTE
Eyelash Make-up

for the most beautiful eyes in the world

WATERPROOF
SMUDGEPROOF
lasts for days

Joanna Moore, popular young U.I. star says:

"Lash-Kote eyelash make-up is just right for me. It really stays on—doesn't run or smudge, even in crying scenes. Make-up people say it accents natural eye beauty, without overdoing it."




*Absolutely harmless!*
*Applies easily, dries quickly.*

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for lovelier n
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and QTICA

VOGUE COSMETIC PRODUCTS LOS ANGELES 31, CALIFORNIA

he came up to Las Vegas as a friendly gesture to do an arrangement for her.

It wasn't until she'd returned to Los Angeles that that fateful telephone call came from Andre inviting her to the preview.

When she accepted they were back where they had started.

**The rationalization**

Peggy had been hesitant at first. *But what's wrong with it?* she thought. *I'm getting divorced. He's legally separated.* He didn't want to ask his wife for a divorce right at that moment, Andre explained, because she was expecting a baby and it didn't seem right to get a divorce then. Peggy felt the same way about it.

And it was as if there had been no years without each other. They were very much in love. They realized that they'd never stopped loving each other, and agreed that their marriages had been rebounds from their first break-up.

Andre gave Peggy an engagement ring. Looking back on it Peggy realizes he had no right to give her an engagement ring then. Neither of them was really free but she accepted that ring... while she was still legally married to Knobby.

They told friends they were planning to marry the minute they were able.

Peggy pressed Andre to hurry his wife along in filing for divorce, once the baby was born.

A dozen times Andre told Peggy definite dates had been set for Betty's appearance in the divorce courts. Each time nothing happened. It went on that way over the months.

An aching worry began to grow inside her that maybe this was just a love affair that wasn't going anywhere. *Maybe,* although she dreaded to admit it even to herself, *maybe Andre didn't really want to marry her.*

**The road down**

She was in the middle of her first movie—and a starring role at that, as an airlines stewardess in *Zero Hour*—but the turmoil was making it almost impossible for her to do her job before the cameras. Many times she sobbed herself to sleep. During the day, she'd often cry in the privacy of her dressing-room. Then she'd worry that the crying wouldn't be covered up by her make-up for the cameras....

She passed up out-of-town jobs because she didn't want to be away from Andre. "I probably passed up $100,000 worth of night-club jobs rather than be separated," she recalls.

And her health got worse.

She began to have miserable stomach pains. Her weight was dropping. She'd always been a little girl, but then her weight dropped to ninety-nine pounds.

Her doctor told her she had a good chance of getting ulcers; only proper care, diet and rest—and peace of mind—would prevent it.

A woman, no matter how young, can only take so much....

And finally she realized she was unhappy too many hours of the days and weeks and months. Peggy had had it. Flatly and quietly, she told Andre she was through and she suggested that he try going back to his wife. She handed back his ring, and he took it unemotionally.

"I'll put it in my safety deposit box," he told her. "If you ever want it back, it will be waiting for you."

"Sure I carried a torch," she admits. "It was hard to call it off. But I just couldn't see any other way. I just couldn't wait any longer.

"I couldn't go on, just being a part of his life... I've got my own life to lead. I'd like to have children...."

When the break-up was announced last summer, Andre reported that he was making up with his wife and there wasn't going to be any divorce. Peggy told herself maybe it was for the best—for him at least.

Andre went to Paris for several months. He didn't make up with his wife. They didn't go back together, even briefly. Peggy came to the realization that he probably had never intended to. It made her angry. But angry in a hurt kind of way.

As the months went by, Peggy, working hard in an effort to take her mind off Andre, started taking a more philosophical view of this episode in her life.

"It's made a much nicer person of me, I know that. Right after we broke off, I was so hurt and miserable that I was a bore to everyone around me. Now I'm not so intense about it," she said a few months ago. "And I'm not afraid any more. I've discovered something. No one is ever worse for having cared deeply for someone.

"And I can still say, 'Hey, look at me; I came through all this and I still have two arms and two legs.'" She said that,




as she ate her bland luncheon and hurried off to her doctor's.

Yes, Peggy King *did* pay a price for her love.

And that was the situation, up till a few months ago....

...She went through the matchmaking routine from her friends both in New York and Hollywood. All of Peggy's friends seemed to have eligible young bachelors they wanted her to meet those days. But Peggy was being cagey.

"I'm now dating about ten different guys across the country," she said. "None of the relationships are too important or serious. I guess I like Jonathan Lucas, a choreographer, the best, but there won't be any quick rebound marriage for me again."

**Old friends and new thoughts**

...She still saw Knobby whenever she was in the Cleveland area. He runs two music stores in Ohio with his brother and plays local dates with his band. Their divorce was final last October, but they sincerely like each other.

...She didn't know if she'd ever hear from Andre again but she felt it would be much better if she didn't.

...She got interested in positive thinking and she read lots of books on the subject. Books which told how to lead one's self into thinking along constructive channels.

And then, suddenly—sometimes a little thing, maybe a wisp of song, or the look of a city at night, or even the scent of perfume—reminded her of the past with Andre. Then she'd get misty-eyed. . . .

"But I kidded myself out of it," she said to me, once, smiling a little bit. "No more of those awful crying sessions and torn-up insides. I just keep telling myself I've simply got to have better luck next time."

But it's a funny thing about love....

Peggy was singing at a night club one evening, and feeling wonderful as she socked out one of her best numbers—when suddenly, just like it says in the song, her heart stood still as she noticed the man sitting alone at one of the ringside tables. Andre. Then the man lit a cigarette, and in the brief flare of the match she saw it wasn't Andre after all.

And in that split second she knew that she hadn't gotten over Andre one bit, that all the months of trying to live without him—of trying to get over him—hadn't lessened her love... any more than all the years of trying to love Knobby had made her heart forget Andre.

She finished the song, took her bows, and worked hard at keeping herself from complete hysteria: what do you do when you can't live *with* a guy—and can't live without him....

That's when they started writing to each other.

Andre was still in Europe, and miraculously they found it was easier to work things out in letters than it was talking to each other in person.

**The pledge**

The biggest obstacle was the matter of Andre's divorce. That's what Peggy felt. But it wasn't until they started writing each other that she found out *why* he had not pressed his wife on getting the legal end of things taken care of. Andre had been upset by something too, in his love for Peggy. Andre was afraid that they'd never have a home, a real home and a real life together, because of the time demands and the separations that her career would require!

That's when Peggy explained to him something she'd never thought of saying, never thought it necessary to say in words:

"I'm not happy away from you," she said, spelling it out so that he would know it as she did. "No matter how important the job is, I wouldn't take a two-week location job in Pasadena—that I knew would *guarantee* me an Oscar—if you didn't like it.

"There's nothing I won't do, or won't give up, or won't try to learn to make our marriage work."

Later, much later, after Andre came back from Europe, and after the divorce decree had been granted, they sat one evening and Andre said to her, "Separation proves one thing. It's not just a matter of liking someone so much or having so much fun, or being so well suited to each other. It's very simple. I can't live without you, and that's that."

He took out the engagement ring that had been lying in its little velvet box for so long, and put it back where it belonged.

The next day, sounding exactly like a girl in love *should* sound—happy!—Peggy told me, "If we've missed an obstacle to marriage in our difficulties in the last couple of years, I don't know what it is! And we've solved them all. If we last until September—when Andre's divorce becomes final—we'll be married!"

She didn't have to add that she couldn't live without the guy....

And I didn't have to tell her how much we all prayed that she'd find she *could* live *with* him.... **END**

*Peggy is appearing in Paramount's* THE ZERO HOUR.



# the Spring

*Dress up in*
*the new orange*
*shade . . . chemise*
*silhouette . . .*
*navy shoes . . . coat . . .*
*navy accessories . . .*
*color-tone nylons.*

*Photos by Roger Prigent*







*Dress down for leisure hours in Moo Moo . . . the 1958 version of grandmothers old mother hubbard . . . fancy boudoir slippers with it.*

# Story of fashion



## *Be gay! Be new! Be fashionable! Choose lots and lots of color in everything you buy*

■ Hollywood is all agog over the new chemise dress not only because it is the top news in fashion, but also because it is a young and devastating style when worn with proper accessories and colors. On the left, Susan Strasberg wears a dress from Junior Sophisticates in the new mangone orange color. Susan wears Jolene's navy calf pump with instep straps and modified pointed toe. She chooses navy in her coat, Kayser gloves and Rolfs handbag. She wears Barely There nylons by Hanes. All available in South Sea colors. Her white umbrella is by Uncle Sam. See Susan in RKO's *Stage Struck* in which she co-stars with Henry Fonda. Shoes, left to right, a white buck shoe with trim back buckle for pastel cottons; choose a new orange cambi buck flat with sport clothes; smart smoke colored wedge in glove leather with a tapered toe with sweaters and skirts; for daytime or dressy frocks a red calf pump with modified pointed toe; select a black patent t-strap sandal for those extra dressy occasions. Above, Natalie Trundy relaxes in the newest rage, Moo Moo by Connie Sage. Slippers by Nite-Aires. See Natalie in United Artists film, *The Careless Years.*



*Step brightly into Spring . . . choose a wardrobe of eye-catching shoes . . . shoes that assure comfort . . . and applause . . . all the shoes shown are under $10 each . . . all styles in a range of colors . . . made by Jolene, St. Louis.*

# the Spring Story of fashion

(continued)

*Wear the latest silhouette . . . enhanced by special new bras and girdles that are particularly designed for Spring's new clothes . . . and to glamorize your figure . . . no style betrays more than a slim-dress look . . . be sure your bra is right!*



Eliminate bulges by perfect bras and girdles. Right, Maidenform's fabulous new Diminuendo, in girdle and pantie. Nylon power net—stretches up and down. Beautifully-cut waistline gives perfect fit. Pantie has nylon-cotton crotch for easy tubbing. Girdle, $5.95. Pantie, $6.95. White only. Available March 25th. With it, Maidenform's Concerto Six-Way, Spring favorite. Rounds you in young curves. Foam-rubber padded for natural curves—full elastic back. Removable straps. $5. White only. Left, Maidenform's new Twice-Over garter belt. Perfect young figure-molder provides maximum comfort, minimum control. Lace and satin trim panel. Tubbable—adorable. $3.95. White only. Also, Maidenform's Twice-Over (padded). Foam-rubber lined, superb for added curves. Criss-cross elastic back. Gives full freedom. $5. White only.



*Photos by Roger Prigent*



*Your lingerie must be whimsical this new season . . . it must be young and colorful . . . choose nude for the new sophisticated color . . . choose pink as a romance color . . . all lingerie shown is by Laros.*

# $100 for you!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Mail your ballot to: **MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, N.Y. 16, N.Y.**

Please check the space left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

**1. I LIKE JOHN WAYNE:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**2. I LIKE FRANK SINATRA:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I LIKE LAUREN BACALL:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**3. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**4. I LIKE ESTHER WILLIAMS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I LIKE JEFF CHANDLER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**5. I LIKE PIER ANGELI:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**6. I LIKE JOHN SAXON:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**7. I LIKE PEGGY KING:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**8. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**9. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**10. I LIKE RICHARD EGAN:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**11. I LIKE VENETIA STEVENSON:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**12. I READ:** ☐ all of **WHAT GUYS GO FOR IN GALS** ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**13. I READ:** ☐ all of **LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD** ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. The stars I most want to read about are.

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

**AGE**.....**NAME**.....

**ADDRESS**..... STREET

..... CITY & STATE

Here are the poll prize winners for December: Jeonette More, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada; Belio Podriguez, San Jose, California; Mary Magno, Abernathy, Texas; Margie Tate, Roanoke, Texas; Mrs. Helen Mick, St. Louis, Mo.; Betty King, Cape Elizabeth, Maine; Pat Dybvig, Bothell, Washington; Sandra Wood, Long Beach, California; Donna Uhl, Wilmore, Kansas; Mrs. Roland Mathesen, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada.

## God spoke to me through my brother

(*Continued from page 47*) which I've never seen before."

"Now," Will went on, looking down at the crown of the baby's head, "when I let go of you, you've gotta *not* fall back on the floor and you've gotta take a step. You see where Mama and Daddy are sitting? You've gotta take a step to *them*."

"I don't know . . ." the neighbor woman mumbled, going on to mumble something about how she'd had five children and how they'd all begun walking when they were good and ready and not when. . . .

She stopped short suddenly and her eyes popped wide.

"Now you're standing up real good," Will was saying to Richard. "All by yourself, too. . . . And now you're not gonna go leaning on anything, but you're gonna take a step."

The baby, standing alone now, looked around, a little unsurely, for a moment. Then slowly, one . . . two . . . three, he took them—his first steps, right up to the couch.

Mr. and Mrs. Egan applauded.

"Have you ever?" the neighbor said.

**The Leading Man: Pat O'Brien, who stars in Howard Teichmann's play, *Miss Lonelyhearts*, worked steadily for years in Hollywood. He usually was given the roles of football coach, detective or good and noble big brother . . . Mrs. O'Brien finally rebelled, and told him: "Pat, can't you get a role which shows you winning the girl for a change? Otherwise people will think I won you in a jackpot."**

*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*

Will was trying to study. He was fifteen years old now, a big handsome boy, and well into high school—a Jesuit school called St. Ignatius—and though he was one of the youngest boys in his class and one of the top ten honor students, it was rough going when it came to homework and that racket outside certainly wasn't helping him get anything done.

The racket was the work of his kid brother Richard, now twelve, and another boy. There was nothing unusual about the racket—at least, not at first. Will had often sat there trying to get his homework done while Richard played out in the yard, occasionally getting into some kind of mischief with one of his buddies.

But as the minutes passed and Will sat there, he began to realize that the racket was really a fight, and a pretty bad one at that.

"Hey, you keep your punches to yourself," Will heard Richard's high little voice call out at one point.

Will listened.

Obviously, the other boy was more than anxious to give his punches away.

Will jumped up and rushed to the window. Richard, he could see, had hit the dusty driveway and was flat on his back. The other boy, he could see, too, wasn't one of Richard's regular buddies—but a big bully of a kid from up the street.

Will was down in the driveway within seconds. Without wasting any time, he grabbed the bully by the collar.

"How old are you?" he asked.

The bully didn't answer.

Will gave a tug at the collar. "I asked you how old you were," he said.

"Fifteen," the bully squeaked, finally.

"So am I," Will (*Continued on page 66*)

*Follow in the footsteps of the stars*

# WIN A TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

**all expenses paid—plus $500 wardrobe**
**just tell us why you like the five-star Jolene wardrobe chosen by**

## MAMIE VAN DOREN



Jolene
HOLLYWOOD-INSPIRED SHOES
5.95—9.95



**The first of 6 weekly contests starts March 2, 1958**
•
**Prizes every week!**

CONTEST LIMITED TO THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS

TO WIN, just write in 25 words or less—"Why I like the 5-star Jolene shoe wardrobe chosen by Mamie Van Doren!" Nothing to buy . . . simply get a Jolene Entry Blank free at your Jolene store.

6 separate weekly contests starting March 2, 1958 . . . enter as many times as you wish. Each weekly first prize winner receives the exciting and fashion-right new 5-star Jolene Shoe Wardrobe for spring! The 50 next best weekly entries each receives a pair of beautiful new Jolene Shoes for spring.

One of the six weekly first prize winners will be awarded the grand prize—a glorious one-week all-expense-paid vacation in Hollywood for two, plus a $500 wardrobe.

THE WINNER—it can be you!—will visit Hollywood . . . meet Mamie Van Doren, tour the Paramount studio with her, lunch at the studio commissary, visit the studio stylist and make-up expert . . . stay at the Hollywood-Roosevelt Hotel . . . lunch at the Brown Derby, dine at the Moulin Rouge and dance at the famous Cocoanut Grove . . . attend a picture preview . . . tour Beverly Hills and Hollywood . . . have the vacation of a lifetime. (Winner must spend the week in Hollywood before October 1, 1958.)

See MAMIE VAN DOREN in the Perlberg-Seaton production **"TEACHER'S PET"** starring **CLARK GABLE** and **DORIS DAY** • A Paramount Release • VistaVision

For the name of your Jolene store, write
TOBER-SAIFER SHOE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT. M-4, 1204 WASHINGTON AVE., ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

## APRIL BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in April, your birthstone is a diamond and your flower is a sweetpea. And here are some of the stars you share it with—

*April 1*—**Debbie Reynolds**
**Jane Powell**

*April 2*—**Jack Webb**
**Alec Guinness**

*April 3*—**Marlon Brando**
**Doris Day**
**Jan Sterling**

*April 4*—**Tony Perkins**

*April 5*—**Bette Davis**
**Gregory Peck**
**Gale Storm**

*April 9*—**Brandon DeWilde**
**Virginia Gibson**

*April 11*—**Paul Douglas**

*April 12*—**Jane Withers**
**Ann Miller**

*April 13*—**Mari Blanchard**
**Howard Keel**

*April 14*—**Rod Steiger**

*April 15*—**Elizabeth Montgomery**

*April 17*—**William Holden**

*April 18*—**Barbara Hale**

*April 19*—**Jayne Mansfield**
**Hugh O'Brian**

*April 20*—**Nina Foch**

*April 21*—**Anthony Quinn**

*April 22*—**Eddie Albert**

*April 23*—**Janet Blair**

*April 24*—**Shirley MacLaine**

*April 29*—**Richard Carlson**
**Tom Ewell**
**Celeste Holm**
**Jeanmaire**
**Tom Noonan**

*April 30*—**Corinne Calvet**



**Rita Gam**
*April 2*



**Spencer Tracy**
*April 5*



**Ward Bond**
*April 8*



**Shirley Temple**
*April 23*

## God spoke to me through my brother

(*Continued from page 64*) said. "I guess *I'm* the one to pick on."

"Give it to him, Will," shouted Richard, watching from the sidelines, as his brother let *his* fists fly. "Give it to him good!"

Will did, with all the trimmin's.

After the bully had picked himself up and gone, bloody-nosed and crying, Will walked back into the house. Richard was right behind him.

### A premonition

"Gee, Will," he said, proud, "you really let him have it."

"Yeah," Will mumbled.

When they got back to Will's room, Richard could see that something was wrong, that his brother was sore. "Wait," he said, smiling, "wait till I tell the other kids about how you let him have it." He waited for Will to smile back.

But Will didn't. Instead he sat back down at his desk and, without looking up, he said, "If you're gonna fight from now on—win!"

Richard nodded.

"Because if you can't fight your own battles," Will went on, "who's gonna fight them for you?"

Richard shrugged.

"And because remember," Will said, "I'm not gonna be around with you forever, you know."

He'd never thought about something like this before. He'd never heard Will say something like this before. All his life had been wrapped around Will—going to the movies with him, tossing the football with him, having new teachers smile at him because they'd taught Will, having all the kids in the neighborhood look up to him because Will was his brother.

And now, out of the clear blue, Will sat there and said, "Remember, I'm not gonna be around with you forever."

And Richard, holding back the tears, backed out of the room slowly and then once in the hallway, he ran to his own room and got on his knees and, staring out the window and up at the sky, and frightened, really frightened, he whispered, "Please don't ever take Will away . . . if You don't have to . . . Please. . . ."

### Will goes away

But there was no holding back the tears that morning a year and a half later when Will left.

Richard hadn't had any idea of what was up until that afternoon two days before when he'd been playing ball outside the house and his mother and Will drove up. He knew they'd been downtown shopping, but he didn't know for what. Then he saw what they'd bought—the two shiny valises Will was carrying into the house, shiny black valises.

"Is Will going away?" Richard asked his mother, alone in the kitchen, a few minutes later.

Mrs. Egan nodded.

"Where?" Richard asked.

"He's going to be a priest," Mrs. Egan said. . . .

And now, two mornings later, Richard sat downstairs with the folks, all of them quiet and suddenly lonely-feeling, as Will —upstairs—packed some of his belongings and got ready to leave.

He came down for his last breakfast at home a little while later. Like the others, he barely touched his food or talked, though for one little while—looking at Richard during most of it—he did say something again about what he had decided to do with his life, how he realized that all his life he'd been only a normally-religious boy but how slowly the spirit of God had begun to overtake him, how the spirit had told him he must become a priest, a Jesuit, how he'd lain on his bed the other night, and felt the spirit again, strong in his body, and how he'd decided yes, yes, *he would become a priest.*

Shortly before nine o'clock that morning, Father Burke O'Neil of the Jesuit seminary drove up to the Egan house.

A jolly, friendly man, Father O'Neil managed to get Mr. and Mrs. Egan to smile a little before he left with Will.

But no matter what he said to Richard, there was no smile on the boy's face.

Finally, addressing the family but looking at Richard from the corner of his eye, he said, "You know, what seems today like a great loss could well turn out to be the greatest and most beautiful gain this family will ever have."

Richard remained expressionless.

Then the jolly priest grinned again and said, "Richard, would you like to drive down to the seminary with Will and me? You can say good-bye to him there, and then I'll drive you back."

"Okay," Richard whispered. Then, quickly, all the tears that had been piled inside him for the last couple of days came rushing to his eyes and he began to cry, and he grabbed his brother's hand and held it tight, with all his strength.

### Their last half hour

Nothing, nothing was going to keep him from thinking that he wasn't losing Will, the best friend and brother a guy ever had, losing him for good. And nothing was going to keep him and Will apart now, not for the next few miles together, not for their next and last real half hour together. . . .

Richard had the shivers that day a few months later when he and the folks drove down to Los Gatos to visit Will for the first time. A pal of Richard's had told him what *he'd* heard about the training course down there, in that big ugly-walled Jesuit seminary—how all the young men kneeled and prayed most of the day and how they ate only bread and water on some days and how they were forced to stay in the dark a lot of the time and how their bodies gradually wasted away and some of them got sick and were never heard of again. For some reason Richard had believed the boy. And the thought of seeing Will in a little while, his young body thin, his young eyes haggard, sent his own body trembling slightly and made him wish, very hard, that his dad would turn the car around and drive back home.

He felt a little better when, suddenly, from the highway, he saw the seminary—not a big, cold, ugly-walled place at all, but a beautiful building with a great green lawn and sparkling windows, more like a college campus you see in the movies than the prison he'd imagined after his gory talk with his young pal.

And then, a few minutes later, when he saw Will rushing from the main doorway to greet them—his face happy-looking and sunburned, the outline of his body firm and powerful as ever Richard rushed

**Tony Perkins left Columbia University for a job in the Broadway hit, *Tea and Sympathy*. In explaining why he couldn't mix school and the theatre, Perkins said: "It was tough to concentrate on trigonometry by day and Joan Fontaine by night."**

*Leonard Lyons*
*in the New York Post*

happily from the car to meet his brother.

The next hour was a revelation to Richard as Will showed him and the folks around the seminary. There was the dining room, for one place—a great, many-tabled room where bread and water was served every day all right, but along with all kinds of good meats and fruits and vegetables. There was the chapel, too, where all the young men kneeled and prayed every day all right—"but just long enough," one of Will's fellow students told Richard, "to let God know how much we love and respect Him." And then there was the great opening behind the main building where the young men did their exercises every day, hard and practical exercise, like loading stones and chopping trees and digging their fingers into the soil to make way for seeds that would grow into fine food plants that would, in turn, nourish their bodies and the growing bodies of hundreds of young children in a couple of nearby orphanages.

"You like our set-up, Rich?" Will asked his kid brother when the tour was completed.

"Gee," was all Richard could say.

**Esto Vir**

Will laughed and pushed his fingers through the boy's hair. "Come on," he said, indicating a bench, "while Mom and Dad are in the chapel praying, let's you and me have a little talk."

And so the two Egan boys sat down for the next half hour and, just like back in the old days, they talked and laughed and kidded about a dozen and one subjects that popped through their minds.

Then, at one point toward the end of their talk, Will turned serious for a moment and asked Richard how he was making out in high school.

"Well," Richard said, slowly, "I just started last month and...." He shrugged.

The folks had told him, Will said, that his kid brother didn't seem to be taking the same interest in his studies he'd always taken, that for a boy who'd always been class president and captain of the football team and all that jazz back in junior high, he'd begun to act more like a hermit than like the Richard Egan he, Will, had always remembered.

Again, Richard shrugged. "Since you left, Will..." he started to say. But he didn't go on.

Will put his arm around the boy's shoulders. "Well," he said, smiling, "when you win that trip to Hawaii, everything'll start looking a little better. And I'll certainly be one proud guy."

"Trip to Hawaii?" Richard asked.

"The folks were telling me about the oratorical contest back at school," Will said.

"Oh," Richard said, unenthusiastic. "That's a contest for kids all over the State. I think they've got 15,000 entries already."

"Did you enter, Rich?" Will asked.

Richard shook his head. "I wouldn't know exactly what to write about," he said. "The subject is 'American Citizenship,' but I wouldn't know exactly what to say."

Will thought for a moment. Then, looking into his kid brother's eyes, he said, "*Esto Vir.* ... Why don't you use that as your jumping-off point."

"*Esto Vir?*" Richard asked.

"Something I've learned here," Will said, softly. "It's Latin for *Be A Man.* It means Rich, that no matter what you decide to do in this life of ours, no matter what happens around you, good or bad, happy or sad, you must be a man."

Richard looked away for a moment. Then he looked back at his brother. He smiled. "Like you, Will," he said.

"Like God is trying awfully hard to make me," Will said, smiling back.

**"I learned what it means"**

"I won the contest," Richard Egan told us the other day, reminiscing. "It was a wonderful trip to Hawaii for me and Mom, all expenses paid and with $100 extra, just for spending money. But more important, I learned a little something from Will about what it means, really means, to be a man. I'd always felt he was the greatest guy around; that there could be no improving him. But that first day we visited the seminary, when I saw the hard work he was doing, the terrifically difficult study courses he was undergoing—when I saw that he was maturing physically and mentally—well, it helped make me mature, too. Will was always used to studying. But my parents had never exposed us to any of this kind of heavy labor before. And I was surprised and inspired to see how well Will was taking it, how he loved taking it—because he had a reason for taking it....

**The man behind the hill**

"Did you know that it was Will who helped me become an actor? Lots of people are surprised by this. 'A priest helping his brother become an *actor*?' they ask. But Will knew as I grew up that this was what I wanted most in life, to be an actor, and it was just fine with him. In fact, it was during World War II while I was out in the Philippines when, without my even knowing it, he wrote to all the colleges with drama courses in the area to find out what was what. Then, a few days after I came home, Will came up to see me and said, 'Rich, how about you and me going on a picnic, just the two of us?' We made up some sandwiches and stopped for some pickles and a nice bottle of wine and then


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Will drove to a spot he said he'd picked out especially for the occasion. After we finished our lunch, he showed me the answer to all the letters he'd written. Then we had a long talk about my future and the course I was going to follow. 'If I could only talk to somebody who really knows the in's and out's of the business,' I said at one point. Will smiled that big grin of his. 'Rich,' he said, 'it so happens that right behind that big hill there lives one J. Fenton McKenna, a fine dramatic coach. How'd you like to meet *him?*' I looked at him in amazement. 'Just like that?' I asked. As I was saying it, I realized that Will had planned all this, that one J. Fenton McKenna was expecting us in a few minutes. Will put out his hand and shook mine. 'If you've got the stuff,' he said, 'he's the man who'll know.' Then we said a short prayer together and got up for the trek up the hill and down to Mr. McKenna's house. And everything good that has happened to me in acting since, began happening then.

"That's a brother for you, isn't it?

"That's my brother Will." **END**

*Richard Egan is scheduled to do* Voice In The Mirror *and now is in* Slaughter On Tenth Avenue, *both for U-I.*

## what guys go for in girls

(*Continued from page 45*)

### SHOULD SHE PHONE HIM?

**NICK:** Sure. I love it. I'm the kind of guy who loves to be spoiled rotten by women, and you'd be surprised how many fellows are like that. But do it in a breezy way, when you have something to say and after you've known the guy for a while. Don't sound anxious and don't make with the phone calls after only one date. The other night a girl called me and caught me when I was feeling pretty low. I was so glad to hear from her she became my dream girl right then and there. We ended up by doing the town and had a ball.

**TONY:** A girl should take her tone from the boy. If she knows he likes her, she can call. She can even tell him, "I feel like going to a movie tonight—can you come with me?" Not every girl-boy relationship has to be built on an act. As for me, I like a girl to call me. Why not? It's the kind of flattery I go for. But if she's only met him once, or if he's obviously not interested, then she should call off the calling.

**TOMMY:** Sure, I'm tickled to death when a girl calls me. In fact, I expect it of her if she's a friend of mine. I can't understand why a girl and boy can't be natural and casual. In my books it's swell if a girl and a guy can be buddy-buddy and one can call the other if the mood dictates.

**HUGH:** Not just to call and yak. That's not sexy. A woman has to be run after, not do the running. Calling up a guy with a feeble excuse to promote a date pulls down a girl's rating. But if it's for a legitimate reason—like asking him to a party—go to it.

### HOW CAN SHE PROMOTE A SECOND DATE?

**NICK:** Show him that you're getting a great kick out of your first date, and he'll be coming back for more of the same treatment. Let him think he's the greatest guy you ever met. You won't make him conceited—you'll just make him flip. All through the night tell him how wonderful you think he is. Your parting words can even be something like, "This was the most wonderful time I've had in a long time. Baby, you sure swung me. You're the most." That would get a character like me. Give him something like that in your own lingo and watch him come back.

**TONY:** If you find on your first date with him that you want to cinch a second, why not think of a legitimate reason to get him to come around, like inviting him to a party you suddenly dreamed of giving? Another thing, to make him think you're a girl he can't do without, let him set the pace on where to go and what to do that first date. The girl who has the evening all planned out sounds too much like a master sergeant. Make him feel important. Even if he asks you what you want to do, let him feel he's masterminding the whole evening's activities.

**TOMMY:** Don't force yourself to make an impression. Be yourself. Naturalness is everything. Have a lively interest in his pet enthusiasms, and if you don't know what he's talking about, for gosh sakes, let him know—in a kind of cute way. He didn't ask you for a date expecting you to be an expert on the guided missile and skeet shooting. Besides, asking questions promotes the conversation, shows you're interested in what he's saying. Be relaxed all the way. Don't strain to come up with the bright sayings all the time. Sometimes being too smart leads to sarcasm. Show him you're having a good time, be easy to be with and he'll be hurrying back.

**HUGH:** Don't let him spend too much money. Steer clear of the expensive clubs and make for the smaller ones with atmosphere. It will not only give you more *mood* but makes him feel more secure. A guy hates to empty his wallet on a single date. Let him know you're considerate that way. A girl who pouts and makes an issue about where to go will have her new boy friend swearing off the second date.

*Nick Adams is in 20th-Fox's* Sing, Boy, Sing! *and soon will appear in Paramount's* Teacher's Pet *and Warners'* No Time For Sergeants. *Tommy Sands is also in* Sing, Boy, Sing! *Hugh O'Brian is scheduled to do* Rope Law *for 20th-Fox. Watch for Tony Perkins in Paramount's* Desire Under The Elms. *He will soon appear in MGM's* Green Mansions *and Columbia's* This Angry Age.

## ELVIS' FIRST LOVE



■ If you ask the average person who was his first love, he'll name some girl. But Elvis isn't an average person. Far from it. When he was about seventeen he fell in love. She had beautiful curves. She purred when he touched her. But she also had wheels!

No joking—Elvis' first love was a car!

Here are Elvis' exact words as they were tape recorded during an interview with a reporter from Mexico City's radio station XECR:

"I suppose you know I got a lot of cars. People have written about it in the papers and they ask me why. Well, when I was driving a truck, every time I'd see one of those big cars go by, it started me day-dreaming. I kept thinking that someday, somehow, things would change for me and I've never forgotten that. I guess I just had to have a car. The first one I bought was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. She was second-hand and I must have spent all night just looking at it. Only thing is, the next day when it caught fire and burned up, I sure was sad!"

So Elvis' first love ended tragically—as first loves often do. Maybe that's why it made such an impression on Elvis. And maybe that's why the poor Tennessee truck driver vowed, as he says, "That someday, somehow, things would change" and he'd have his car. As everybody knows, Elvis now has quite a few cars!

"But," says Elvis, "I don't see why that makes me car-crazy like some folks say. You take a poor little kid and he sees an electric train in a toy store. 'Course he can't afford it but he sure dreams about it, though. Then he grows up and maybe he gets to be real rich and he buys a bunch of trains to play with. Is he train crazy? Or maybe some other kid starts his stamp collection with just one old stamp and then he builds it up to a whole lot of stamps. He's not stamp crazy, is he? Then why say I'm car-crazy just 'cause I like a lot of cars?"

One thing is certain. Elvis is now the idol of millions of girls, and his name has been linked romantically with many stars. But he remains true to his first love—a car!

*Elvis will soon be seen in Paramount's* King Creole.

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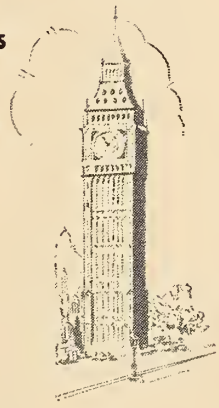


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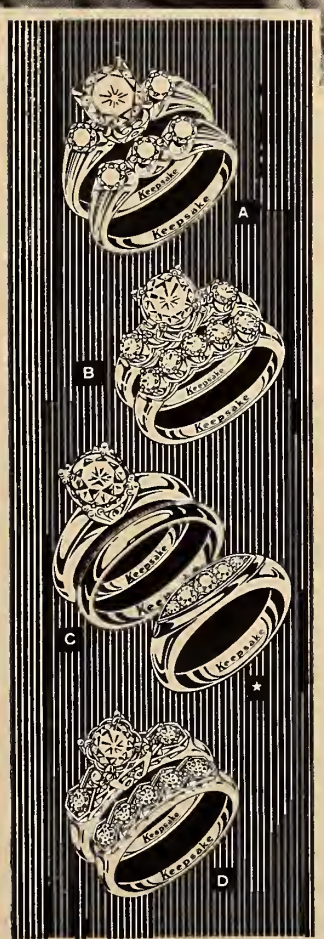




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# jeff tells the truth

(*Continued from page 27*) year later and tried again to make their marriage work.

The Chandler story hardly had broken before there were the thickly worded hints of a serious estrangement between Esther and her husband Ben Gage. Ben, it was learned, had already moved out. And after a long series of denials, Esther at last admitted her twelve-year marriage was shaky.

"We're having trouble but we hope it isn't the end," the beautiful swimmer confessed. Just as they had been having trouble for several years past, trouble that they kept from getting them to the seeing-lawyers stage!

After Esther quite calmly and with unsuspected sophistication announced that she and Ben had separated, a close family friend of theirs revealed that Ben's only comment was, "Maybe it was the build-up Esther has gotten for the last ten years. Everyone we knew thought she was perfect. I'm her husband. Better than anyone else, I know that isn't true. Esther is no angel. But I love her. I guess, though, this time it's all over. . . ."

Those are the two stories that hit the papers.

But what about the third story . . . the story that a man and a woman were ending their marriages to two other people because they had fallen in love with each other under the influence of a romantic Italian moon?

A few weeks ago, this writer, throwing caution to the studio wind-machine, put the question to Jeff.

I pointed out that his open and unabashed fondness for Esther Williams in public places was reason enough for people to think that perhaps an old love was over because a new one had begun.

### The straight dope

Jeff, who had been relaxing on the couch in his studio dressing room, jumped up to a sitting position looking exactly like a man on his way to fury. But when feet hit the floor, he stopped suddenly, then pressed his fingers against gray steel-wool hair with such force that his knuckles grew white.

Then he looked up at me and gave me that lop-sided Chandler smile.

"You know," he said, "I was just going to get sore. But I just thought of something my mother said to me a long time ago. The only thing that can make a man really angry, she said, is to hear the truth about himself. And there's no truth to that, about Esther and me.

"Okay. You want to know about Esther and me? I'll tell you. You want to know about Marge and me? Okay. I'll tell you that, too.

"Marge and I got married in 1946. We were both struggling to make something of ourselves as actors. Actually Marge was doing much better than I. I was nowhere. The most important critics in my life were casting directors. Each one, when I'd audition for a part, had something to say about—now, get this—about me. Me, personally! Not my acting! I was too tall. My cheekbones were too prominent. I looked too mean. My mouth was too full. My ears were too high. The cleft in my chin was distracting. One of them said I had the body and face of a man thirty and the gray hair of a man fifty. He said that made me a physical odd-ball. I knew what he meant. Professionally, I was a freak.

"You understand? My *ability* wasn't considered. I'd turn away from people if I caught them staring at me. I'd walk down the street and imagine that everybody was looking at me the way they'd look at a man with two heads.

"When I met Marge I was hungry. Hungry? I was ravenous! I wanted to love someone and get loved back. Marge was the woman I needed. I loved her and she loved me. We married and had children.

"We were happy for five years. We had the kind of joy two people get from loving one another that you can't put into words. Even to each other. It was something we just knew we had."

### Those questions

Jeff bit at his lower lip.

"All of a sudden we didn't have it anymore."

He hit his knees with the heels of his hands and stood up.

"Where does it go?" he asked more of himself than of me. "What takes it away from you? God, how many times I've asked myself those questions."

He sat down again.

"I tried. Marge tried. We talked it out, over and over. We'd go away together on short trips, each of us pleading for the help of Providence.

"A few years ago we tried a separation. We went back together again. And for a while it seemed as though we had found love once more."

Chandler let his voice drop. I could barely hear him.

"We were dreaming. Just dreaming. Kidding ourselves." He looked up. "Then we made a mistake. We decided to be practical about our marriage. For the sake of the children, we agreed to be husband and wife. I learned there's no such thing as a husband and wife if you don't start with a man and woman in love.

**Celeste Holm says—**

**Half the people who buy fancy cars are trying to keep up with the neighbors. The other half are trying to keep up with the payments.**

*Leonard Lyons in The New York Post*

"When I learned that *Raw Wind In Eden* was going to be shot in Italy I thought a separation like that—because of my work—might be a break.

### Another world

"In Italy you become more sensitive, more philosophic. The Italians have great respect for the soul, for music and for love. But they are also very matter-of-fact about love. They don't pretend it exists if it doesn't. There are two thousand years of wisdom in the shrug of an Italian's shoulders.

"One afternoon I got into a discussion with an older man who had come to work on the picture. He was pure Italian. I liked him. He talked for hours and discussed everything openly. Then he began to speak affectionately, and there was boasting in his tone, of the women he had loved in his life.

"I smiled as he recounted his memories. But I was curious. 'You certainly have played a lot with love, haven't you?' I said.

"It was his turn to smile. 'When you are older and not so American, you will understand,' he said, 'that man does not play with love. It is the opposite. Love plays with the man. You Americans believe love dies. Love does not die. It simply disappears. So the two—the man and the woman who once loved each other—they go off in different directions. And that, my friend, is the end of them, as lovers.' "

Jeff sighed and rubbed his face again.

"I just sat there staring at him. That old man had given me my answer. It didn't take much to convert his philosophy to the problem that had been eating me all these months.

"At last I knew what has happened to the Jeff Chandlers. The old man hadn't been exactly right, but he had been close enough.

"My separation from Marge involves one of the toughest, most difficult problems that can hit a marriage.

### Outgrown

"Because we are human, Marge and I have changed since we married twelve years ago. Each of us learns something each day of our lives that changes our personal behavior, our individual attitudes, and our desires. Our temperaments are just a little bit different tomorrow than they were today.

"At the end of a year, after three hundred and sixty-five almost imperceptible changes, each of us is a slightly different person. Particularly on the inside.

"Is it so difficult to imagine the incredible differences that can form between two people who, in the beginning, may have been ideally suited to each other as man and woman?

"Now I know our changes took us in opposite directions. The days and the months and the years went by and one unhappy morning, we woke up and realized that an uncrossable gulf had grown between us. That was the real separation.

"It's that simple. I've grown one way. Marge has grown another."

Jeff stood up and cocked his head to one side and rubbed the back of his neck.

"Now, I suppose no one will be satisfied unless—" He interrupted himself. "Look, I went to Italy to make a motion picture. I am told one day that a particularly nice person named Esther Williams is going to co-star with me. Trying to stop the gossip on *that* was impossible. I knew what was going to happen. I'd read the papers. There were rumors that Esther and Ben were having marriage problems. Turn the page and you read about mine. So it starts. The old game of Hollywood mathematics. Two and two makes whatever you please. People would say we're in love.

### What happens, happens

"I started to worry about it. But I knew there was nothing I could do about it! In Italy, Esther and I *worked* together." And suddenly, he found a good friend, a friend who knew when he was blue, and took the time to talk to him about it—and seemed to know just the right words because she was going through the same kind of grief. "I like her," Jeff repeated.

"Only people who take idiot pills will try to make anything more than that out of it."

"You know what it means when you're alone, away from home—and wracking your brains out? You know what it means to find a *friend* at a time like that?"

And listening to Jeff, I suddenly wondered how come people can feel a warm glow when they think about two guys who'd stick their arms into fire up to here for each other . . . or two women whose friendship helps them over the rough spots in life . . . and yet, couldn't see anything but 'romance' when it was a *man* and a *woman* who found in each other that same precious understanding, and affection—and friendship. . . . **END**

*Jeff and Esther will soon appear in U-I's* RAW WIND IN EDEN. *You can see Jeff now in U-I's* LADY TAKES A FLYER.

## johnny on the spot

(*Continued from page 31*) A. I don't like destructive rebels. There's a big difference. I don't like phonies either, and that's another thing she's not!

Q. What do you usually do on your dates with Vicki?

A. Lots of times we just stay at Vicki's. A lot of young actors, writers—and just plain people—hang around there, talking about life in general and drinking coffee and playing records and beating bongo drums.

Q. How do you get along with Vicki's parents?

A. Vicki's father, Victor Thall, is an artist and somewhat of a bohemian—I guess you'd call him off-beat. So when Vicki's name started appearing in columns with mine, he added an extra L to his name! She was Thal—okay, so he became Thall! But he's giving me painting lessons, so I guess he's not sore at *me!*

Q. What made you go to a psychiatrist?

A. Two years of going unrecognized, of butting my head against solidly locked studio doors—the doors of my own studio, too! They kept me under contract, but not because of my work. They kept me because of my agent, Henry Willson. Finally I went reeling to a psychiatrist.

Q. Why did you have such a rough time getting started in pictures.

A. It was all Rock Hudson's fault!

Q. Come again?

A. Henry Willson was my agent—and Rock Hudson's too. Rock Hudson was U-I's biggest star. They signed me up just to humor Henry—but I didn't know it. The studio didn't even bother to give me a screen test—not even *after* they signed me to a contract!

Q. Do you think going to the psychiatrist helped you any?

A. Well, for one thing, while I was undergoing psychiatric treatments I finally got hip and *went after* the part in *The Unguarded Moment*—and that was the role that skyrocketed my stock. I *fought* for the part. Up to then I had thought *They'll come for me.* Nobody came. I had to go after success hammer-and-tongs.

### The background

Q. You told me once that some of the kids you grew up with became juvenile delinquents, and—

A. Most of them aren't really juvenile delinquents. They are just kids who think it's smart to imitate the legendary hoodlum heroes of the neighborhood or the actors they see playing gangster parts in movies. The kids become emotionally involved with the idea of themselves as hoodlum heroes and gangster actors. Wouldn't it be wonderful if all the juvenile delinquents in the country could become actors? Then they could get paid for playing the parts they are playing! Juvenile delinquents? Nothing of the sort. They're just trying to draw attention to themselves, in order to make their buddies admire them. They want to be loved, to be admired. That may involve doing something dangerous to prove they have courage. It may mean robbing a bank, robbing an old lady's purse.

Q. What do you think made the big difference between you—and the kids who get on the wrong side of the law?

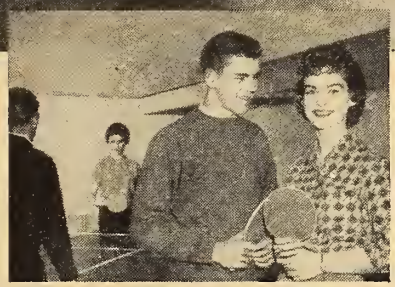
A. I was lucky. I happened to stumble on it—I mean good reading—when I was going to New Utrecht High School in Brooklyn. I turned away from the neighborhood hoodlums to reading. Reading helped me escape from a lot of things—and taught me a lot of things too. I turned away from the story I heard about my mother—about how the U. S. Immigra-


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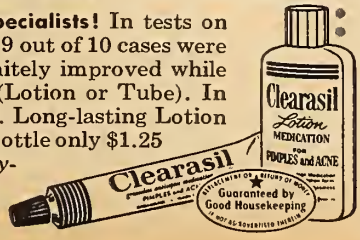
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tion Department quota system had permitted her two sisters to come to America before she did. By the time she came over from Italy her sisters were completely 'Americanized,' or so they thought. At any rate, they looked down on her because she was 'Old Country' and couldn't speak English. Reading books helped me to understand how things like that could happen, how people can hurt each other without knowing it, how to develop an understanding for them, how to forgive them, how not to be hurt in the first place!

**About friendship**

Q. How about friends? Who are your best friends?
A. One of my best friends is my business manager—and *I don't* mean just because he saves me money! I don't have many close friends.
Q. Why not?
A. Do you? Does anybody?

Let me try to tell you what I've learned about friendship during my four years in Hollywood. Stardom is the ultimate goal among actors. They join forces in the beginning, when they're both trying to attain a mutual goal. One of them makes it. The friendship is over. Both of them make it. The friendship is over.
Q. Why is friendship—in Hollywood—so hard to hold on to?
A. In movies, in the automobile industry, it's all the same in any walk of life. It's because people grow; they change. So friendships end.

---

**June Havoc and Eva Gabor held a reunion in the foyer outside the Persian Room last night. There were the customary embraces, exchanges of "Darling," and then Eva asked, "How about renting me your house?" . . . "Only my beach house is empty," said Miss Havoc . . . "A beach house, darling, is so depressing, and when I'm depressed I get into trouble," said Miss Gabor. "But I'm in the mood for trouble. It's a deal."**

*Leonard Lyons*
*in The New York Post*

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This is not only true of Hollywood. It's true of two Army buddies, too. They're buddies on the battlefield, fighting for their lives, fighting for each other. Well, these two guys fight the big fight and come out victorious and get out on the town when it's all over, to celebrate the victory. What happens then? They find different girls. They separate. They don't need each other. The common bond of fighting the big fight has become untied.
Q. What do your sisters—Dolores, sixteen, and Julianne, fourteen—think about their famous movie star brother?
A. I don't know; I really don't. I was seventeen when I left South Brooklyn and Dolores was twelve, and since then the family has moved to New York City. Take Dolores. She and I haven't had much time together during the past four years, only on the few times when I'm able to get back East. We write very seldom. But, I talk to them a lot by phone.

**A celebrity's family**

Q. Do they ever ask you for autographed photos for their schoolmates?
A. Heck, no! They'd be too embarrassed. Come to think of it, it happened once that I remember, but the autographed photo wasn't for one of their schoolmates. Believe it or not, it was for one of Julianne's teachers! Julianne told me over the phone a few months ago that she wanted one for a teacher of hers. I forgot about it, it was all so casual. Then she wrote me about it and reminded me. She explained she wanted it because this particular teacher was her favorite. And the reason she was her favorite was because she treated Julianne like a normal human being instead of like the sister of a movie star! There's your answer. You asked the question. Now, do you know what being the sister of a movie star must be like?
Q. What about hobbies?
A. I like painting, although daubing is a better word. Vicki's father got me interested in painting.
Q. What kind of music do you like?
A. Progressive jazz. I like it so much that I have become a partner in the ownership of a jazz program that is broadcast over radio station KDLA in Burbank. Our show is called *The Voice of Jazz.* I don't act as announcer on the show or take any active part except to suggest some of the music to be played. After all, I'm entitled —I'm one of the bosses!

**Jazz and stuff**

Q. Do you like rock 'n' roll?
A. I like the kind of music that fine progressive jazz men like Chico Hamilton and Shelly Manne play. Nothing frantic, nothing 'way out. I'm not knocking rock 'n' roll. Every man to his own taste. I just happen to like good, non-frantic. no-blast, easy-listenin' progressive stuff.
Q. What TV programs do you like best?
A. I watch TV only when I know that a certain actor or actress whose technique I admire is going to be on or if they're going to beam a play by one of my favorite playwrights. Of all the TV shows on the air I like the dramatic ones best—like *Playhouse 90* and *Studio One.*
Q. How about movies?
A. I see an average of two movies a week.
Q. And the theatre?
A. I see all the stage plays I can. It's good for actors to watch other actors.
Q. What's your big ambition in life?
A. Acting's my big ambition. I think actors have a fine mission in life. They can help make people happy. That's a big achievement. After that—well, when I'm older I'd like to write or direct. But right now, I want to get a good acting performance on film. I don't think I've done it yet.
Q. Are you still studying acting?
A. All the time! Occasionally I goof off, but doesn't everybody now and then?
Q. How come you've still got that *sullen-and-sulky* reputation?
A. I don't believe in creating a phony personality just to get things printed about myself. Did I tell you about the interviewer who told me I was a hopeless actor for her to interview, because she couldn't get any colorful copy out of me? She actually told me to create a personality for myself, to make a 'Hollywood character' out of myself, to invent stuff even if it wasn't true. She told me about an old-time movie actress who did it by walking down Hollywood Boulevard with a leopard on a leash! She told me I should attract attention— "John, you've *got* to get yourself a publicity gimmick!"

I told her I'm afraid of any kind of gimmick—it might hurt my career.

**Gimmicks kick back**

Q. How could a gimmick hurt your career?
A. It might kick back on me. It kicked back on other actors and actresses.
Q. Name one.
A. I'll name three. Ingrid Bergman, Marilyn Monroe and Van Johnson.
Q. How?
A. First, Ingrid Bergman. Her fans had built her up as a very solid, very respectable, very *womanly* woman. She was all of those things. She still is all of those things. But she's not a demigod—not the demigod some of the newspaper people made her out to be. She is a human being. The fans forgot the human equation. When she left her husband and married Roberto Rossellini many of them deserted her. They were hurt. It has taken them a long time to get over it.

Second, Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn became the cheesecake ideal of Hollywood. Again her studio encouraged the legend. Everyone laughed at her when she said she was going to prove herself as an actress. But Marilyn is having the last laugh. She is a fine actress. She was brilliant in *The Prince and the Showgirl.* The break she made hurt her at first. Because of that cheesecake publicity gimmick, she was out of pictures for a long time.

Third, Van Johnson. He was always regarded as the typical All-American-boy-next-door, always smiling, always lovable. He wouldn't harm a fly. But then Evie Wynn divorced Van's best friend, Keenan Wynn, and married Van—and everybody said, 'How terrible—this is the end of Van's career!' It was for a while, too. Van bounced back, but that gimmick was no help.

**The real John!**

Q. Do you think you deserve the rep you've got—of being hard to interview?
A. I guess so, but how would *you* like it if someone came to you and said, "Now tell me, Mike Connolly, what are you *really*

---

**Jack Carson and his wife, Lola Albright, appeared on the Bob Cummings TV show. He played a wolf, and had one blazing love scene with his wife. The director wasn't pleased with the inadequate passion displayed by this husband and wife before the TV camera. Carson promised to perfect it. "Lola," he said to her, "in this scene make love to me fiercely—like . . . like . . . like you did with Frank Sinatra in *The Tender Trap.***

*Leonard Lyons*
*in The New York Post*

---

like, deep down inside—and tell it to me in one quick luncheon session in the commissary at U-I because I've got a deadline to make?" Of course you wouldn't like it. The only way you get to know a person is to *know* him and for a long time. You also talk to other people about them. Have you talked to others about me?"

**Mike:** As a matter of fact, Johnny, I did!

**John:** Who?

**Mike:** Vicki, Victor Thall, Henry Willson, producer Ross Hunter, Ric Strauss—(Ric, a photographer, is one of Victor Thall's best friends).

**John:** What did they tell you about me? That I'm sullen and sulky?

**Mike:** No.

**John:** Have you ever found me that way?

**Mike:** No, not lately, although I had pegged you that way at first.

**John:** But you know now that I really wasn't, that I was just sore because I didn't think my career was rolling along fast enough? Do you remember the fun we all had at Curt Jurgens' party last month? Was I sulky and sullen then?

**Mike:** Wait a minute, boy! *I'm* conducting the interview!

[But I couldn't think of another thing to ask.]

Any questions? **END**

*John's in U-I's* SUMMER LOVE *and will appear in* RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE *for MGM and* THE WONDERFUL YEARS *for U-I.*

## I'll say yes to frank

(*Continued from page 22*) together. They break each other up with jokes and gags. They make a big thing out of such little things as going to market in Palm Springs, pushing baskets around and buying everything in sight; of painting funny faces on balloons to use as place cards at parties they co-host; of driving around Palm Springs, where they spend so much time, in Frank's new $10,000 car in T-shirts and shorts.

For small groups of their intimate friends, including Bing Crosby and Kathy, Frank barbeques hot dogs and hamburgers and steaks and makes spaghetti while Betty whips up the green salad and garlic toast. On cook's night out, they'll even wash and dry the dishes, usually singing at the top of their lungs to the piano accompaniment of Van Heusen or some other composer pal.

"Frank says I sing like Tallulah Bankhead, off-key—but loud," laughs Betty.

All this tom-foolery is why I say that for the first time in his life Frank is in love without responsibilities, and I mean to take nothing away from the other two big loves in his life—Nancy Sinatra and Ava Gardner—by saying this.

When Nancy and Frank met and married nineteen years ago, neither his career nor his mental outlook were as mature as they are now. It's true that soon after the birth of Nancy, Jr.—now seventeen—the bobby-soxers started screaming Frankie into a semi-hysterical fame. But in the eleven years of this marriage, during which time three children were born—Nancy, Frank, Jr. and Tina—Frank was in the nerve-racking position of stabilizing his career as well as meeting the problems, emotional and financial, of his domestic life.

When he and Nancy finally broke up, he was already in the throes of a completely devastating new love with Ava Gardner—no rest cure in anybody's life.

If Frank had been coming up the ladder of success when he married Nancy, he was rapidly beginning to falter when he met Ava. Their romance, as the world knows, was one of the most tempestuous ever recorded in movie annals, and their marriage was even more so.

### The wife Ava

With Ava and Frank, matrimony was one tremendous battle after another. Her star in the Hollywood heavens was growing brighter and brighter as his was beginning to flicker dangerously.

Their friends say they were "crazy" in love. It couldn't have been a more apt term. Their domestic life was out of focus from the very beginning.

Despite her fame, Ava knew nothing about running a home, and cared less. When they entertained, which wasn't often, the responsibility for the success of the affair fell entirely on Frank.

I'll never forget the first party Ava and Frank hosted when they returned to California after their Philadelphia wedding. They had taken a big home in the Pacific Palisades and, as Frank wanted the shy and almost friendless Ava to know his friends, he asked a woman his bride was close to, Minna Wallis, to hostess a party at their home.

Ava was like a little girl, frightened and unhappy at welcoming thirty people to cocktails and dinner. She actually seemed to stand behind Frank, using him as a shield in her new position as an insecure housewife. When something went temporarily wrong in the kitchen, she went running in panic to Frank for a whispered consultation. She threw up her hands in despair at the chore of arranging the place cards, a little job he was attending to when the guests started to arrive. All during the evening, glamorous Ava was unsure of herself, unhappy and completely dependent socially on her husband.

But had they remained happily in love, perhaps Frank could have coached Ava into being a happier hostess and more able to guide their domestic life. It was very soon obvious that the great physical passion they had for each other was not going to be enough to hold the union together. Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney never staged such battles as the battlin' Sinatras. It almost sank Frank as a human being as well as a singer.

As this is not a story of the trials and tribulations of Ava and Frank, I do not think I need to detail more information about their eventual break-up—except that it had to come. The world is well aware of the saga of how Sinatra hit bottom before he started his brilliant comeback to become one of the screen's finest actors as well as the great singer he is today.

But I have touched on Nancy and Ava to emphasize the difference in his personality by the time he met Betty Bacall.

### Bogey's wife

They met as friends, Betty being the devoted wife of Humphrey Bogart, Frankie's great pal. Before the serious illness that was to claim Bogey's life as a victim of cancer, these three were inseparable cronies. Sinatra and Bogart had the time of their lives throwing insults at one another, in fun—and Betty refereed.

They were welded together in everything from stardom to politics—all wild-eyed Democrats—to their social circle. The three of them organized and activated the Holmby Hills Rat Pack, consisting of the friends I have previously mentioned plus the Mike Romanoffs and Judy Garland and Sid Luft. The latter two dropped out following a tiff between Frankie and Judy.

The Bogarts and Frank even interchanged homes. If Sinatra was in the East he turned over his Palm Springs house to Bogey and Betty and their two children. And, before his beautiful bachelor home was completed, he often took over the Bogart house in Holmby Hills to throw a party.

But the great happiness they shared as pals was to become sorrowfully overshadowed when Bogey became tragically ill with cancer of the throat. He was not told his true condition because the doctors and Betty hoped until almost the end that he would respond to treatment. But Betty was told. And the only other person who knew of Bogey's heartbreaking illness from the beginning was Frank.

It was a sad, sad secret they shared. Much too heartbreaking for any other emotion to gain roots in their lives. It is one of the biggest lies ever whispered in malicious gossip that—during the lifetime of Bogart, particularly in the last months of his life—the feeling between Betty and Frank changed to something more than friendship, consciously or subconsciously.

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Frank Sinatra has been accused of many things in his life, much of the criticism being inspired by jealousy because so many women fall for him. But he has never been accused of having anything, and I mean *anything*—to do with a pal's wife or girl friend.

And Betty Bacall Bogart can hold her head high the rest of her life for her record as one of the finest and most devoted wives this town has ever known! She was a brave and gallant woman who deeply loved her husband to the last breath of his life and who was just as deeply loved by him.

I was one of the last visitors Bogey had before he died and I'll never forget with what pride he told me, when Betty had left the room, "She is the greatest woman I have ever known."

Frank was in New York fulfilling a nightclub engagement when Bogey died early in January of 1957. He was all for catching a plane to return to the Coast and be of what help he could to Betty during the sad days of the funeral arrangements. But over the long-distance telephone she told him, "You gave Bogey your deep friendship when he needed it: during his lifetime." Also, it would have meant the loss of thousands of dollars to the nightclub to cancel out the remainder of Frank's engagement. Although he was too sorrowful to sing the night of Bogey's death, he remained on in the East for the rest of his contract.

Then he hurried home to give what comfort he could to Betty. If what started in solace, and what mutual help they could give each other in their sorrow, has blossomed into a deep affection between them—it is an honorable story of the heart.

Within a few months of Bogey's death, Frank started prompting friends to include Betty in small parties held in private homes. He made a point of often dropping by the Bogart house bringing toys to help cheer up the children.

He would beg her to go to previews, not premières, with him to see the new pictures. As time went by—they were seen together more and more often. And laughter came back to both of them. These two who had shared a great sorrow began to share a new, vital happiness. They fell in love.

**The other side**

And this brings us to the second factor in their present relationship—the case *against* their marrying:

The most important is—Frank's marriage to Ava left him very, very bitter. He not only said "Never again" when they parted, he meant it—he had to wait years for Ava to finally make up her mind to free him, and that happened just last year in the Mexican courts.

He was, perhaps still is, convinced that he is happier as a free man. He loves his life as it is today. And why not?

He's riding the crest of his greatest professional success. He's crazy about his new modern bachelor house high on Mulholland Drive overlooking both the San Fernando Valley and the Pacific Ocean. "And I've got the best cook in town," he boasts of his Japanese man-servant. In this cheerful set-up, he comes and goes as he pleases without answering to anyone, most of all a wife.

As for what is referred to as a "home and family life," Frankie has that too. Because he and Nancy have maintained the friendliest feeling, despite her heartache at the time of the advent of Ava Gardner, he is a frequent and welcome visitor at the home of his children and his first wife.

Frank is not a casual father to young Nancy, Frankie and Tina. It's nothing for him to drop by his former home and even stir up a spaghetti dinner with the aid of all three of his children. Sometimes the senior Nancy is there; sometimes not.

He is actively consulted about their schooling, their friends and even their clothing and visits to the dentist. Once, when Nancy, Sr. was in Jamaica vacationing with friends, eight-year-old Tina would call her father each morning to awaken him to take her to school! "This is great with a hangover," Frank would laugh. But he would show up!

Although his natural inclination is to spoil them, he tries not to do so. In moments of stress, he'll always advise that they listen to their mother.

He has a real and abiding affection for the mother of his children. When she recently gave a little party for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Barbado, celebrating their 50th anniversary, Frankie even dropped by to felicitate his former mother- and father-in-law.

**Nothing's perfect**

Some of his envious male friends say, "Frank is sitting pretty. He never had things so good. His is a perfect set-up—why should he change it for another swing at marriage?"

And when he and Betty have an argument—and they do, as is the custom with sweethearts—I'm sure Frank feels the same way.

When a woman is in love as much as Betty is with Frank, there's little doubt but that she can be hurt by him.

They had a real blow-up when he slipped out of town and flew East to see Ava Gardner when Ava came to New York for what she expected to be surgery on her disfigured face. She had fallen from a horse in a bull ring at a friend's estate in Madrid and suffered a paralysis of the lip and cheek. She called in tears from New York, telling Frank of her plight and her fear of surgery. So he planed to her side to give her moral courage.

Betty hit the roof! Dining with Spencer Tracy and another friend at the Villa Capri during his absence, she was approached by a reporter who asked, "Where's Frankie?"

"Frankie who?" she snapped.

Then, before the surprised scribe could identify Mr. Sinatra, Betty said tartly, "I'm not his keeper. Who knows where he is? Or cares?"

She both knew—and cared. A lot.

But who can hold out on Frank when he wants to be charming and make up? Certainly not the girl who is so much in love with him. Pretty soon, after Ava flew back to Madrid without having surgery, Frankie and Betty were back together as happy and laughing as ever.

And this is the way the situation stands as this story is written.

What is my personal thought of what the future holds for them? Frankly, I don't know. I would love to see my friend, Betty, happily married to the man she loves so much. And I know Frankie loves her, too. If they should break up, I think her heart would break—again. Frankie may never again find a woman with whom he can share so much happiness and laughter.

They could be married by the time you read this.

It may never happen.

Either way, I believe I have shared with you, in this story, the reasons behind whatever decision is made. **END**

*'Betty' is in 20th-Fox's* A Gift Of Love. *Frankie's doing* Devil May Care *for MGM and* Kings Go Forth *for United Artists.*

# three minutes in the fires of hell

(Continued from page 21) only excitement that will ever come to my life is my husband and our baby."

It is 3 a.m., January 14, 1958. The large, white, two-story Wayne home, centered amid the neatly landscaped acreage, has slept quietly through the moonless night.

Inside the house, on the second floor, Pilar turned slightly in the huge bed, dreaming, perhaps, of a husband who was thousands of miles from her side, on a movie location.

In a far corner of the room, beyond a wall fireplace, stood a large crib. In it slept the Wayne's chubby-cheeked, twenty-month-old daughter, Aissa.

There were no sounds except the soft breathing of the mother and her child. No hint, no signal, no omen of the terror that would strike in the next second.

Then, suddenly, in a burst of flame and light and smoke, a small area near the fireplace was a blazing fire!

Still Pilar slept.

**Dionne Foster is one actress who doesn't complain about a 5:30 a.m. location call or a lengthy day of filming in her latest, Warners' *The Deep Six*. An arduous day of making a Hollywood motion picture is a vacation compared to the schedule she set for herself in England for two years, when she was in the London production of *The Hollow* —and was making movies too!**

**For two hectic years the schedule went something like this:**

**Up at 4 a.m. A quick cup of tea before walking to the nearest subway station. Then a train to the station nearest the movie studio. There take a bus to the studio.**

**The actress would be before the camera until about 5:15 p.m., then the same trip of bus, train, and subway back to London. Hurry to the theatre to be made up before curtain time. After the play, supper. Then to bed for a few hours before starting the merry-go-round all over again the next day.**

**A girl can get tired!**

But a small dachshund dog ran, half-skidding, down the outside hallway, the nails on its paws beating a quick tattoo on the hardwood floor.

It was barking frantically. The dog squirmed its way through the partly opened door and bounced across the bedroom carpet. With a leap it was on the bed, whining, growling, barking.

Pilar Wayne rolled over, dimly aware that she was half awake, half asleep and that the dog was barking too loudly.

She put out a drowsy hand to reach the dog. "Shush, Blackie, shush," she murmured.

But Blackie only barked louder between his whines of noisy despair.

A feather of white smoke floated over Pilar's face. It's pungent oder was caught in the deep breath of her dozing consciousness. She wrinkled her nose.

"I don't know what I thought that first moment," Pilar recalls. "I remember Blackie's barking seemed so insistent.

"Then—it seemed like a dream—there was a funny stinging sensation in my nose. I coughed and I felt the same sting in my eyes. By now Blackie's barking was close to my ear and I could feel him running up and down the bed. It seemed so mixed-up and I asked myself if I were dreaming. And I do not know what made me feel this, but I was afraid."

That was when Pilar opened her eyes.

"My God," thought Pilar, "it is a fire . . . the house is burning . . . and Duke is not here . . . or is it that I am dreaming. . . ."

Any drowsy doubt Pilar might have had that she was still dreaming was gone in the next instant when she looked past the frantic figure of the dog to the crib.

"I think," says Pilar, "that at a time like that God lets you think and act more swiftly. Everything happens so fast you do not ever realize that your mind and body are working. Yet, when it is over, what happened in minutes, is remembered as in slow-motion.

"When I saw the flames crawling along the wall toward Aissa's crib, that's when I screamed."

### Save the boby

Even before the echo of her cry had died, Pilar was moving toward her baby's side. Barefooted, wearing only a flimsy nightgown, Pilar was half-way to the crib, passing in front of the fireplace when—

Whoom! The great layer of heavy white smoke that had been hugging the ceiling suddenly burst into a canopy of flame.

"It hit me like the breath of a tremendous oven," says Pilar.

Heat spewed out to every corner. Huge, smoke-tipped flames spread great blankets of white smoke in every direction.

Another sheet of flame raced along, blistering the paint on the walls.

In less than five seconds the once luxurious bedroom was a seething inferno of flame, smoke and unbearable heat.

Now, with so much fire and smoke, breathing for Pilar was difficult. The burning fog of white seared her throat and lungs. She could not stop coughing. Her eyes began to redden. She staggered toward the crib, trying to fend the heat away from her eyes with her arm.

"When I finally did reach the baby," Pilar says, "I rolled the blanket over Aissa's face. I remember thanking God for letting me get to her. I picked her up and started for the nursery door because it was closer than the hallway. But now my eyes had watered so badly I could not see clearly. I said to myself how lucky I'm near that door."

But weakened by her difficulty in breathing, tears streaming down her cheeks, the tiny woman realized she was losing her strength. Aissa felt twice her usual weight.

"Although the room was bright from the flames." Pilar says, "I discovered that I could not see the door. Everything was blurred. I tried to rub the tears out of my eyes, but it only made them worse. I tried to distinguish the outlines of furniture but I could make out nothing but a red-gray light all around me. Then it seemed the room began to revolve and I know now I was getting dizzy. I put out my hand hoping I could find something to lean on until I got to the door. I started to fall. The wall stopped me."

Sliding along the wall, Pilar finally came to the door and clutched at the knob.

The knob turned, but the door wouldn't open. The heat had swollen the wood and it was jammed against the door frame.

### Tropped!

"That's when I became terrified," says Pilar, "because I didn't think my strength would last—the smoke was like liquid now —and I could not think where to turn, where the hallway door was.

"I did not know what to do," Pilar continues, "nor which way to turn. And then over the noise of the fire, I heard a bark!

(Advertisement)

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*By Valda Sherman*



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"Blackie was at my feet barking. Somehow the presence of that little dog gave me new strength. I thought if he, who is only a dog, is all right, perhaps I am all right, too.

"I said to myself, *follow Blackie, Pilar. Trust him. And do not lose your head again. Aissa's life depends on you.*"

But then, as though Pilar had lost her hearing, Blackie's bark faded. Pilar knew she could not lose the dog now. Her eyes had swollen shut from the smoke, nausea was coming to her stomach from swallowing the thick smoke and her lungs seemed ready to burst for the need of air

Moving as quickly as she could toward Blackie's distant bark, she had taken three or four steps when she hit a low table she had forgotten was in the center of the room. She fell to the floor, but twisted her small body under Aissa to save the infant from injury.

"That is when I believed that I might die in that room," Pilar says, with the memory of that desperation still vivid in her mind. "But that fall to the floor saved my life—and Aissa's. Because I was able to breathe now. The cooler, cleaner air, I now remembered, was always near the floor in a fire. It revived me and I rubbed the tears from my eyes. I still had to find that door.

"Then I heard barking again, very loud now. Blackie was at my side again, first sniffing at me, then at Aissa.

"I started to crawl toward Blackie. I could see a little. All of a sudden Blackie disappeared again.

Still inching her way along the floor Pilar recalls saying, "Blackie! Blackie! Come back! Come back!" She does not remember whether she thought the words or screamed them.

### If it weren't for Blackie . . .

"Then I felt Blackie's cool nose sniffing at my face. I kept moving, by first pushing the bundle that was Aissa ahead of me and then dragging myself forward on my elbows.

"After what seemed like an eternity I put out my hand and felt the door. It was open a few inches.

"Blackie's entrance had left it ajar. Otherwise it might have been jammed shut, like the other, from the heat. I pulled the door open and fresh air swept through against my face."

Once in the hallway Pilar was able to see and, revived by the cleaner air in the corridor, she got up with Aissa and dashed down the stairs and out of the house.

Outside, Pilar was met by Mrs. Dolly Overlander, wife of John Wayne's make-up director, who had seen the flame and turned in an alarm to the fire department. Leaving Aissa with Dolly, Pilar, still barefooted, ran back to the rear of the first floor.

She rushed to the rooms of her two maids, Consuela and Angelica Saldana. They were still asleep and would have been trapped by the fire, which was now beginning to spread to the lower floor at both ends of the Wayne home.

### The priceless collection

After escorting the maids to safety, Pilar went back into the house a second time, found a fire extinguisher in the kitchen and returned to the second floor and fought the fire desperately to save her husband's den.

"There were things in there," says Pilar, "which he could never replace. It would have made him very sad to lose them."

Her delaying action—and the prompt arrival of the firemen—*did* save the fabulous and priceless collection of mementos Wayne has gathered during his acting career. But his clothes and Pilar's were destroyed.

"It's incredible," concludes Pilar, "but those three minutes, while I tried to get out of the bedroom with Aissa, seemed like three hours."

The fire brought out seven Los Angeles fire companies. Division Chief Harry Gross, who led the firefighters, estimated that if Pilar had stayed in that bedroom another *two minutes* she and Aissa would never have gotten out alive.

The next morning Mrs. Overlander called, and, in admiration, told the tiny woman that she had done a very brave thing.

Pilar nodded her head and looked at her burned arms, swathed in bandages. "That's what I discovered," she said softly, "all mothers are brave." **END**

*John Wayne is in United Artists'* LEGEND OF THE LOST *and will appear in* THE BARBARIAN *for 20th-Fox.*

---

# I loved etchika

(*Continued from page 34*) blast at publicity. I'd be plain crazy to adopt an anti-publicity attitude for one simple reason: I'm grateful. And I'm well aware that the magazines helped me plenty by keeping the public's interest in me alive between pictures. So I don't want to sound like an ingrate. But one phase of publicity hurt me a lot—trumped-up publicity.

It interfered the one time I was in love . . . with Etchika Choureau.

And it embarrassed me when a good friend was concerned—Venetia Stevenson.

In fact, about two weeks ago a friend of mine called me up and said, "Congratulations. When's the wedding?"

"What are you talking about," I asked, "and by the way, who am I supposed to be marrying?"

"Why it's in the papers," my friend said. "I'll read you the item: TAB HUNTER PROPOSED TO VENETIA STEVENSON LAST NIGHT AND SHE SAID 'MAYBE.'"

I don't think it would be ungentlemanly or telling tales out of school to say that this item was completely without basis!

I first met Venetia when she was married to Russ Tamblyn. You see, knowing I live alone, and that I'm not the greatest cook in the world, a lot of married couples in Hollywood have asked me over to their homes. That's how it was that I was invited to the Tamblyns'. Russ and I have known each other for quite a while. I went over to their house and we had a nice evening.

Anyway, after Russ and Venetia split up, a mutual friend of ours called me one day and told me that he thought Venetia seemed lonely and suggested I ask her out. So I did. We had our first date two days later. We went horseback riding. I found it very exciting teaching Venetia how to ride because she seemed to take to it so fast. She'd only ridden a few times before, but she'd never taken it seriously before. It was like a whole new world for her. I've never seen anyone improve so. She really applied herself, and you never saw anyone get as excited as she was when she entered her first horse show a couple of months later.

We had a lot of fun. We used to have a regular routine. We'd meet around six in the morning and we'd head for a little bakery on Sunset Boulevard, called Puppi's. We'd get there just as the first

batch of hot rolls and coffee cake was being taken out of the oven. We'd buy a bag of Danish and get some coffee and be on our way to the stables.

After a while, she started going riding by herself, and now—occasionally—we run into each other out at the barns.

We had a lot of fun; we're still good friends.

But the whole point of my going into all of this is that, although it's been months since we've seen each other regularly, I still see pictures and read stories about how we're practically one step away from the altar!

(Editor's note: Venetia's story—her whole story, just as she told it to us—starts on page 48.)

This brings me up to another story, another girl and another load of publicity.

Only in this case, I can honestly say the amount of attention we received helped kill our romance. . . .

The only difference between all the other stories and this one was that when our romance was blown up in all the magazines and labeled a real love match, *for once the magazines were right!* I'll never be as attracted to any one, or as attached, as I was to Etchika Choureau. But even though this was a real romance, the abundance of publicity, though based on fact, grew so out of proportion that it hurt me. At least to the extent that I feel it kept me from thinking coolly and calmly about things at the time . . . and when I did smarten up and think right—well, then it was too late.

I'm being completely open about my feelings. With Etchika, for the first time, I was really in love; for the first time I was really close to marriage.

I went so far, then I got scared and backed away.

I wasn't sure.

Not that the girl in question wasn't wonderful or that she wouldn't make a good wife. It was something else. Something hard to explain—difficult to put into words. . . .

But I really feel that one of the reasons nothing came of our romance was that all the stories contributed to my unsureness.

*Before we were sure ourselves, of how we really felt about each other, our relationship had been so built up in the papers that I felt hemmed in, felt that the decision had been made for me before I'd been ready to decide for myself.* It was the same with Etchika. Reporters would ask her how she felt about me, what our real relationship was and she couldn't answer, because she wasn't sure herself. So, since the two people involved couldn't answer the questions, other people wrote answers for us. One day I'd read where we were eloping. The next day I'd see stories about how Etchika said she didn't feel she could take me out of circulation, because it might hurt my career.

How silly can a dreamed-up story get!

Then there were the stories about how I was going to follow her to Europe, even if it meant breaking my contract with the studio. Words, words, words and all the time we ourselves didn't know yet what our real feelings were! All I knew was that she was so cute, so full of vitality, so . . . well, she's got everything!

Anyway, we finished making *With You In My Arms,* and she was leaving for Paris almost immediately. She's a big star in Europe—has been for years. But just before she left we went to a party at Gary Cooper's home. This was at the time all the stories were circulating about us. We spent most of that evening sitting on a couch, talking. There were dozens of people at the party but we were oblivious to everything except each other. That night I said to her, "Etchika, I don't know what to do. I know I love you, but if I ask you to marry me, if I ask you to be my wife it has to be forever. And if I say forever I mean *forever.* Right now I'm not sure."

To me love means marriage, and that means the building of a foundation for togetherness. I could never say "I love you" casually. It isn't fair. And I can never make any promise that I'm not prepared to keep. That's how it was that evening with Etchika. I knew I loved her! I knew I felt for her as I've never felt for anyone before. But I got so far and then I got scared. It may sound stupid but she didn't think so. She understood.

You see, I'm a coward in some ways. I have to admit it. All my life I've run away from things instead of facing up to them. Like when I was unhappy with my career. Instead of trying to make the best of it, I sought escape by going out of town and entering horse shows. I stayed out of town as long as I could. Yes, it's true; I run rather than face up to things. That evening at the Coopers' home, Etchika and I talked for hours and decided that we couldn't rush things. That even if everyone around us was rushing us by assuming we were going to marry, by writing stories about our supposed elopement, and even a few about how we were secretly married, that despite any outside pressures our love was too important a thing to be rushed.

Frankly, I was an idiot to let Etchika slip through my fingers. I don't know, maybe it's still not too late. The way we left things, who can say. I only know that my feelings for her have not changed, at least not inside where it matters. I know this to be true because the other day I went into a projection room at the studio to see the finished version of our picture. This may sound funny but the minute I saw her face up there on the screen I wanted to cry. What do I mean I wanted to? I did! I sat there and bawled.

You know, when I look back on the times Etchika and I had together it occurs to me that we were never really alone very much. We were busy making the picture and usually surrounded by other people. But that didn't matter—the feeling we had for each other, it was there, even though we weren't alone. I've tried to think about how it was during those days. Tried to pinpoint just what it was about her that made me feel the way I did. But how can anyone really say what it is that makes him fall in love? I only know that when I was with her it was something very special . . . almost magic.

I don't know what the future holds. I really don't know. But the other day I received a letter from her. When I read it, my first impulse was to sit down and answer it that very moment. Yet something stopped me and I put the pen and paper away. Maybe it's because I'm still scared. The only thing I know for sure is that I feel I have profited by this experience. I hope I've matured enough, grown up enough to know that the real thing, the real love that I'm looking for, can never be harmed by outside forces—that nothing, no one, can stop me from being adult enough to decide things—to face up to them—not to run away. Yes, I feel that publicity killed my romance—but I know that I'll never again let rumors or gossip keep me from the life of togetherness I seek with a woman I can love and be happy with—forever. **END**

*Tab and Etchika are appearing together in Warners'* LAFAYETTE ESCADRILE. *Etchika is now in Warners'* DARBY'S RANGERS *and Tab will soon appear in Columbia's* GUNMAN'S WALK *and Warners'* DAMN YANKEES.


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# does he love my daughter enough?

(*Continued from page 28*) a great appetite for her cooking—something that never makes any woman exactly unhappy. I remember how it became kind of a friendly joke at the table when Vic was over for dinner, now Mrs. Pierangeli would sit down after serving the food and watch Vic taste the spaghetti or the lasagna—her specialty—or whatever she'd made and wait for him to tell her what he thought—as if she were counting on him, above the others, to tell her how good it was."

What Mrs. Pierangeli didn't count on, however, was losing her Pier to Vic. Not, at least, while Pier was still only twenty-one, so young, so very young in her mother's eyes.

But the night Pier still remembers so well came. And the decision of giving her happy blessing to the couple or shaking her head with a firm "No!" rested in her mother's heart.

### A nervous moment

"Vic had proposed to me a little while earlier," Pier says, "and now it was time to come home and ask Mama for my hand. He was a little nervous. I remember how on the way he stopped at a bakery shop and bought a big box of spumoni, the Italian ice cream Mama likes so much. Then we got home and he showed Mama the spumoni and said he would like to talk to her. I think she sensed right away what he wanted to talk about. 'Let us go into the other room,' she said. They both went in and I sat down to wait, to wait for them both to come out all smiles and kiss me, to wait for us all to celebrate the wonderful thing that was happening."

Pier's mother and Vic sat talking in the other room for an hour and a half. They both looked tired when they finally did come out, but Mrs. Pierangeli had obviously said *yes* to Vic's request.

Everything was fine. Just fine.

Except that Pier couldn't help noticing something missing—that splurge of celebration she'd been thinking about as he'd sat there waiting for them to come back to her that long hour and a half.

"Maybe," she thought, "maybe they are both too tired now. Maybe tomorrow we will celebrate, after we have told Marisa and little Patrizia."

Pier, happier than she'd ever been in her whole life—despite the slight disappointment of a little while earlier—gave thanks to God for being so good to her.

She'd planned to go to sleep now, right away, so tomorrow would come sooner and so she could see Vic again.

### Someone to share the secret

But her head was too dizzy. She was too happy. She knew she would not sleep.

She opened the door to Marisa's room. If Marisa is awake, Pier thought, she would tell her the good news and they would sit up for the rest of the night and talk about the wedding and their gowns and the kind of flowers they would carry and all the things sisters talk about when one of them is going to be married soon.

But Marisa was asleep, fast asleep.

Then Pier tip-toed over to her baby sister Patrizia's room. She opened the door and peeked in. The sound of the door opening awakened Patrizia. Pier rushed over to her and, hugging her, told her the news, that she and Vic were going to get married.

She couldn't understand why, instead of laughing and hugging her back, Patrizia had begun to cry.

"*Perchè piangi?*" she asked her little sister, softly. "Why do you cry?"

"Because," the girl said, sobbing and rubbing the tears from her sleepy eyes, "because now we are going to lose you."

In bed a little while later Pier lay awake, looking up at the shadowed ceiling. Patrizia's words kept pushing against her ears. "Lose you," she heard the little voice say, *lose you . . . lose you. . . .*" And then she saw her mother's eyes again and the look in them that she had tried to avoid understanding a little while ago, but that she realized now meant *but you are so young . . . so young . . . so young. . . .*

And again Pier began to pray, the prayer of any young girl about to be married—movie star or factory girl; today, yesterday or a hundred years ago.

"Please, God," she prayed, "please make everything turn out all right."

The wedding turned out beautifully, as everyone remembers. The honeymoon was all that a perfect honeymoon should be.

But when they came back home a newspaper columnist announced their return with the news:

PIER AND VIC'S HAPPY SMILES AT THE AIRPORT CAN'T CONCEAL THE FACT THEY'RE WORRIED WORRIED ABOUT WHAT? IN-LAW TROUBLE. WHOSE IN-LAW? VIC'S.

The report was a gross exaggeration. But nobody will deny that everything wasn't exactly smooth as bridal silk.

**"My brothers are always kidding me about money. They say that with me money is an obsession.**

**"That's not so at all. I know there are more important things . . . but unless you have money *THEY WON'T GO OUT WITH YOU!*"**

*—Groucho Marx*

### But daughters do grow up

Pier herself remembers those first weeks after the honeymoon.

"When we first came back we didn't see too much of Mama or Marisa or Patrizia," she says. "I guess that is the way it is with all new brides and their husbands. There is so much to do, fixing the house, buying things, getting to know one another more and more—so much. But," Pier adds with a smile, "Mama would always be on the phone calling me. And if it was a little cold outside that day she would say, 'It is cold outside today. Are you wearing a warm sweater?' Or if it suddenly turned hot she would call and say, 'It is hot today. Are you making sure you are staying out of the sun and keeping in the shadows?' Once I even told her, 'Mama, why are you calling me so much? Do you think I am still a little child?' And once she even had a talk with Vic and asked about something I was doing. And Vic said to her, 'Anna'—that is my real name and what he always calls me—'Anna is my wife, Mama, and I love her dearly. And I will take care of her. So don't worry.'"

But Mrs. Pierangeli couldn't help worrying—just a little, as far as she was concerned; though seemingly quite a bit, as far as the newlyweds were concerned.

And things didn't seem to be made any better for anybody concerned when after they'd returned from their honeymoon, then after their baby Perry had been first born, Pier and Vic had to pack their bags and leave Hollywood. Vic had a rash of singing engagements to fill in the East. Then there was a business trip to Europe they both had to make. And then there

was a trip here. And still another trip there. And, all in all, they were going to be gone for a very long time.

This is when the rumor-mongers began to reach for their bongos again.

ARE THE DAMONES PURPOSELY STAYING AWAY TO AVOID MAMA? one of them chanted.

HAS MRS. PIERANGELI BEEN SAYING THINGS ABOUT HER NEW SON-IN-LAW BEHIND HIS BACK DURING HIS AND HIS WIFE'S ABSENCE? another asked.

The fact is that Mrs. Pierangeli wasn't saying anything to anyone about whatever she was feeling at the time.

The fact is, too, that Pier and Vic were beginning to hear about these newspaper reports—and what they heard began to upset them, terribly.

**Surprise!**

"I spoke to Pier toward the end of December of that year," a very good studio friend of Pier's told us, "and she was heartbroken that she and Vic couldn't make it back to spend Christmas with her mother and sisters. But they would surely be in for New Year's Eve, she said, and they wanted very much to surprise her mother. You know, pop in on her that night and have a big reunion.

"When their plane came in, Pier—carrying what looked like dozens of Christmas packages—was almost crying with excitement.

"Mrs. Pierangeli opened the door. She

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**BIGTIME: Joe Frisco, the veteran vaudevillian, plays a featured role in *Sweet Smell Of Success*. Frisco headlined at the famed Palace Theater on Broadway for years. One night, while he was on tour in Scranton, he saw a girl who was making her show business debut that night, kneel and pray silently. "Don't be nervous, little girl," said Frisco, then referred to her prayers. "The Big Guy up There covers only the Palace."**

*Leonard Lyons*
*in The New York Post*

---

was stunned. When she saw Pier and Vic standing there, back finally and holding all those Christmas presents, she didn't seem to know what to do or say at first. Then the tears started to come to her eyes, too, and she grabbed them both."

Mama was at their house a couple of nights later, invited to dinner by both Pier and Vic.

She'd arrived a little early—"so I can help you with the meal," she'd told Pier. But Pier had winked at Vic, who promptly poured his mother-in-law a nice glass of wine. And as he did, Pier headed for the kitchen while telling her mother that she should please sit and relax, that she, Pier, already had the meal half ready and insisted on finishing it up by herself.

**The spell is working**

But then she heard a crash from the kitchen. And she jumped up from her chair and rushed inside.

"It's nothing, Mama," Pier said, bending to pick up a macaroni drainer that had happened to fall from its shelf. "*Non è niente.*"

Mrs. Pierangeli breathed a sigh of relief. She looked over at the stove. She couldn't resist. She walked over to examine the contents of the pots that sat on top of it, steaming merrily away. "Everything is coming along all right, Anna?" he asked.

"Si, Mama," Pier said, smiling.

Mrs. Pierangeli nodded. Yes, she could see everything was coming along all right. "It is all right if I sit down here for a little while?" she asked her daughter.

"*Si.* Mama," Pier said.

It was hard, Pier knew, for a mother to sit in her daughter's kitchen while the daughter worked, and not do anything. So quickly, and trying not to be too obvious about it, she brought over a cake she'd made earlier that afternoon and asked her if she'd put on the icing—which she'd also made, so it would be ready for dessert.

"*Buono,*" Mrs. Pierangeli said, getting on with the job. "Good."

And within a few minutes it seemed like old times again to both mother and daughter, being together, working together, talking together.

**A beautiful marriage**

Actually, it was Pier who did most of the talking. And it was Vic she talked about most.

"You know, Mama," she said, "Vic and I, we never fight since we are engaged or married. I don't like the word fight. Sometimes we don't agree. But then we don't have a fight. We have a discussion. We try always to talk everything out. When you have brains and a mind, you should discuss things—not fight. Every night we never go to sleep without kissing and saying our prayers together. If anything was wrong during the day, we talk about it before we go to sleep and then we can wake up happy and not mad....

"He is seldom moody, my Vic. But sometimes, yes, he is so busy thinking about so many things, he is a little *preoccupato*. When he's like this, I just leave him alone. And he knows why I am not bothering him. We don't say to each other, 'Why are you doing this? Why don't you do that?' We just leave each other alone. The human body needs at times to be alone, to relax. I will say to Vic sometimes, 'Can I help you?' And he will say, 'No, darling, I have to think something out and for a while I must be alone.' And that is the way I leave him....

"When we are together it is so much fun, Mama. You know, I even take up golf now? Vic is a great golfer. And me, I like it because he does. I am trying to understand the game. I practice it. I am getting to enjoy it. It is a good game because you are in the open air, you walk, you hit the ball, then you walk again. It is very healthy and we love to do this together. .. Also we love the movies. Sometimes we go to three different theaters in one night. We start at seven o'clock and we get home at two o'clock. I always give Vic his choice—cowboy. He always gives me my choice—the more romantic movie. Last night we went to see two pictures. *Oimé*, they were so bad I even forget what they're called. But we have fun, anyway."

**Romance all over the house**

Dinner was almost ready by this time and Mrs. Pierangeli, the cake all fixed and finished, got up from her chair and told Pier she was going upstairs for a minute to wash her hands.

Then, suddenly, halfway down the hall, she stopped. And that moment was the beginning, the beginning of a new happiness for all of them... because a terrible worry was lifted from Mrs. Pierangeli's heart. She was passing Pier and Vic's room when she noticed Vic in there, fixing some flowers he'd just placed in a vase.

"How beautiful they are, Vic," Mrs. Pierangeli said, entering the room.

Vic blushed a little. "They're just something I got for your baby today," he said. "Every day... every day I like to bring flowers home and surprise her with them.




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*"Quiet,* QUIET," *yelled Betty Hutton.*

## HOW BETTY HUTTON STOPPED 'EM COLD

■ If Betty Hutton hadn't lost her head one night years ago—chances are she'd be singing on street corners today.

It happened back in her night club days.

As night club performers will tell you, it's no soft snap to sing your heart out to a roomful of noisy customers. They have to keep on yodeling—*and* smiling sweetly through all the clatter and chatter. But many a time there's murder in their hearts.

On this particular occasion, Betty was singing between floor shows at the Casa Manana. Billy Rose and Lou Holtz were the star attractions, and Betty was just filling in for them. The louder she sang—and this gal could really give her tonsils a workout—the more they seemed to ignore her. There was a large party, celebrating something or other at a ringside table near the bandstand. The party's shrieks filled the place, drowning out Betty until she couldn't stand it. Then she stopped the show in a most unusual manner.

Blockbustin' Betty grabbed at a nearby curtain and swung into action. Literally! She landed feet first into the party of merry-makers. "Quiet—Quiet!" she yelled in far-from-ladylike tones. *That* stopped 'em cold.

And Betty fled to her dressing room in tears. If only, she reproached herself, she hadn't lost her head! Now she'd be singing on street corners for a living.

There was a knock on the door, and Betty opened it to Rose and Holtz. "I know," she sobbed. "I'm fired!"

"Fired? Heck, no. That's the funniest bit we've ever seen. You'll be featured in our floor-show—doing it every performance!"

The very next night, Betty joined their act. The customers have been listening to her ever since—and yelling for more!

You know, putting them in different parts of the house, where she has to kind of find them. . . ."

"That is nice, Vic," Mrs. Pierangeli said. "That is very nice."

Vic finished fixing the flowers and then left the room, telling his mother-in-law he'd see her downstairs.

"All right," Mrs. Pierangeli called out. She looked at the flowers again. Then she decided, now that she was here, that she might as well use the bathroom adjoining the master bedroom to wash her hands. After wetting her hands, she reached for the soap. And it was under the soap that she found the little note that had obviously been placed there just a few minutes earlier. The note read:

*My wife—*

*I adore you*

*—Vic.*

Mrs. Pierangeli didn't say anything when she got back downstairs. But she went straight to the kitchen, where Vic was helping Pier with a few last-minute dinner touches, kissed them both and said, "I *know* now that both you children are happy, very happy. And that is all any mother wants out of life, all that is really important when her job is done. . . ."

**How a mother feels**

"After that," Pier says today, "everything was wonderful between the three of us. You know, what I told you before, about Mama phoning me all the time after we were first married, about the cold weather and the sweaters and all those things? Well, now that I am a little older I know what my mother meant at that time. It's mother instinct. Now that I have my own baby, especially, I realize what the mother feels inside about her child.

"And don't forget, my mother—before I married Vic—she came all over the world with me, was always with me. With Marisa it was not always this way. Marisa was in school those years, on her own a little more. But with me, Mama was always there and it was a little hard for her to learn that she was not always going to be with me anymore.

"My baby sister Patrizia, too. Her first words when I told her I was going to get married were, 'Now we are going to lose you.' But as soon as she, like Mama, saw she would still see me, that I would always be her flesh and blood, part of her family, she realized she was not really losing me.

"Now everything is all right. My mother, my sisters—I see them very much.

"And my mother is very happy now. When she sees that I can handle the responsibilities—the house, the baby, the marriage—she is happy. And now *I* realize how strong this woman is and I pray to God for her strength.

"Don't forget, when she came here with us she had no English, no husband. Just the courage to leave Italy and take us here.

"And I thank her for all the things she taught me. When I was four years old, she started to teach me. How to press, how to sew, how to cook. We were never poor, but the Italian mother teaches you this way. And she tells you that one day you can be up-up-up and the next day you can be down-down and that it is good to know all the things a woman should know.

"I thought I would always be healthy. Then, before my baby was born, I was in an accident and I got sick, so sick. I was down. But through faith and through everything I'd been taught all my life, I believed for the best—and this belief is what made be get better and what gave me a healthy, wonderful child.

"I only hope that God will give me the wisdom of my mother, and her strength. Because of her, I know a lot of things. Because of her, Vic and I are happier than maybe we would be otherwise.

"We thank her for everything, things she did for me before I knew Vic, way before; before I knew what all her hard work was leading to.

"Vic and I, we thank her from the bottom of our hearts." **END**

*Pier is appearing in MGM's* MERRY ANDREW.

## I wish I could have worn white

(*Continued from page 40*) that is constantly attached with so much excitement and publicity—I want my wedding simple and small and sweet. This little chapel holds only a few people—less than a hundred. And at night we will have candlelight and moonlight. The moon will show through the glass spires, for the whole church is glass. It is just everything I want," Jayne sighed happily. "Oh, May, I'm so in love, so happy!"

It was twelve days before the wedding, and Jayne looked as joyous as a bride-to-be should look that morning. She was still in her negligee and her eyes were still a little sleepy looking. She was curled like a kitten on a lounge on the sun deck. And we had breakfast together to plan the wedding. Before we had finished our orange juice however, Mickey arrived to wish Jayne good morning. Mickey—tall and handsome, with his eyes twinkling—scooped Jayne up and gave her a good-morning kiss. *Everyone should be so happy,* I thought.

"Now that it is all happening," Jayne observed softly, "it seems more wonderful by the second. I'm marrying the man I love, and it is all so much a part of Heaven to us, so sacred. It is such a joyous wonderful thing," Jayne sighed from her perch on Cloud 16.

"My parents will fly out from Dallas for the wedding. After the ceremony, Mickey and I will take the midnight plane to Dallas. We'll toast our marriage with champagne, in the air. We'll stay in the guest house in the garden of my parents. They are having it especially decorated for us. The reception will be held in the living room of their home. This is the way it should be. We had offers for big receptions in Hollywood with hundreds of guests, but this is ours. This way no big publicity circus or anything like that can possibly be attached to our marriage.

"Mickey's parents are behind the iron curtain in Hungary. We know they are alive, but we have had no direct communication from them for a year and a half. Mother is so delighted with Mickey who is the same age as the son she had who died. Mickey, who has missed his family, loves mine. It is all so perfect.

Ten days before the wedding a finely engraved pink invitation arrived which read: MR. AND MRS. HARRY L. PEERS REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE AT THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR DAUGHTER, JAYNE MANSFIELD TO MR. MIKLOS HARGITAY ON MONDAY, THE THIRTEENTH OF JANUARY AT EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING. THE WAYFARERS CHAPEL PALOS VERDES DRIVE SOUTH, PORTUGUES BEND, PALOS VERDES.

"May, I am wearing pink at my wedding," Jayne telephoned me that ver

night. "I thought it over, and I decided to have a new dress, and not use the studio dress. It is going to be a dream, and Charlie LeMaire at the studio, is making it. And May, listen to this," Jayne ecstacized, "Mickey and I are going to move into a beautiful big new home in Holmby Hills. It is Mickey's wedding present to me. It will have a heart shaped pool!"

Then Mickey was on the telephone. "I have made the down payment on it—on the $175,000 house," he laughingly explained. "You know I'd give Jayne the world, if I had it," he added seriously. "Sometimes," he said in a low voice, "I can't believe my good fortune in having such a wonderful girl."

Then Jayne was back on the telephone, "I don't know what I ever did before Mickey came along," she said. "I want to be the best wife in the world for him. May, you don't know how wonderful in so many ways, and how good Mickey is. He never steps into the house that he doesn't take over the whole of the responsibility. If there is a leaky faucet or something that he can do, he does it. And he helps Jayne Marie with her lessons, and reads to her."

They had just finished dinner, Jayne told me, and were still at the table. Jayne had cooked the dinner. "I often cook dinner for Mickey," Jayne said. "Of course, I do. Any woman who can't cook for her man isn't all woman," she said. "And Mickey's best friend—Ross Christina; he's going to be our best man—arrived tonight from Indianapolis. You'll have to meet him, May," Jayne enthused.

And what did they eat, that Jayne had prepared with her own two hands? "I barbecued pork chops, and we had baked potatoes and boiled cabbage with butter and baked apples. I cook healthful things," Jayne remarked. "When I first met Mickey, I used to eat lots of what he called junk. Like candy bars and popcorn and soda pop. Mickey doesn't eat junk, and he taught me how to eat correctly.

**The burden is eased**

"I always had to go it alone with my career, and take care of Jayne Marie right along with it," Jayne said, quietly—remembering. "You know that, May. You've been around me a lot here and in New York. You know how many times I've taken Jayne Marie with me on picture layouts when I couldn't get a baby-sitter, and even when I had to make personal appearances in New York. In an emergency, I'd tip the powder room maid to watch Jayne Marie for ten minutes while I made an appearance as queen or something. I've never for a second let my career interfere with my being Jayne Marie's mother. I even took her to school with me when I went to college.

"And then Mickey came into my life. He took all of the load of responsibility off my shoulders. He makes every hardship a pleasure. I have the hardest time trying to do something for him. I don't know how I ever lived without Mickey."

It was now eight days before Jayne's wedding, and a thousand requests had already been received, asking to attend the wedding.

**The hullabaloo**

That night Jayne and I were sitting near her swimming pool, freezing a little in the chill of Benedict Canyon, but warmly wrapped in our respective mink coats. And Jayne was bewildered!

"My friends are the press," she was saying, "and I don't want anyone's feelings hurt. But there's only room for one hundred people in the little chapel!"

Three months ago, I remembered we had also been sitting near the pool enjoying girl talk just before Jayne was to leave for her seven-weeks personal appearance tour in Europe. The rumor then was that everyone hoped Jayne would meet a titled duke or prince in Europe, or at least an heir of a great fortune.

Jayne said it then, and she repeated it now, "There isn't a man in the world for me except Mickey. I knew it ten minutes after we met."

They had met two years ago, when she was starring in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* on Broadway. And Jayne-girl was the toast of the town.

"Remember that column, May," Jayne asked, "the one you wrote in the New York *Herald-Tribune* two years ago. *Jayne Mansfield's 10 Most Wanted Men.* It's here in my scrap book. 'The more famous I get the more proposals I get,' I said then. I also said that I like older men with charcoal-gray hair. And I listed my ten current favorite beaux. It took Mickey to put my feet on the ground.

"This is the difference before Mickey. What can a girl receive from dating ten different men—except ten different, mixed-up situations?"

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**In Paddy Chayefsky's new movie, *The Bachelor Party*, Carolyn Jones plays the role of an existentialist. She felt she could play the role better if she knew what an existentialist really was. Miss Jones chose the direct way, by trying to reach Jean Paul Sartre, the founder of existentialism. She called him in Paris, and was told he was in Rome. In Rome she was told he was in Madrid, then London, Brussels, Geneva, Amsterdam. After a month's vain search she said: "Now I know what an existentialist is. He's someone who doesn't exist."**

*Leonard Lyons*
*in The New York Post*

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**Real love**

What happened when Jayne first met Mickey? She laughed, "My producer took me to the Latin Quarter to see the show, and Mickey was featured. Afterwards when I met him, I knew this was it. I believe that God made me for Mickey and Mickey for me. It was an immediate spiritual and chemical reaction—real love. There's never been a single doubt.

"All of the time I was in Europe, being escorted by the dukes, the counts and the earls that the studios arranged for, I was thinking only of the day I'd get back to Mickey. Lord Kilbracken met me at the airport in London and the papers asked, 'Do you and the Lord have any plans?' That was ridiculous. In my heart I was engaged to Mickey; I had just tearfully said good-bye to him. I felt like I was almost sinning to even let another man escort me. *What will Mickey think?* I kept wondering as I read all of the publicity in the papers. It didn't seem fair. Mickey never stepped out of Benedict Canyon the seven weeks I was gone. I'm a very lucky girl, that he has such understanding, that he knew the stories were just for publicity. I'm so lucky in love," Jayne said.

Little Jayne Marie in her nightie and robe joined us. "Which lullabye will you sing me tonight, Mommie?" she asked. Jayne took the child on her lap, sang a lullabye, and then took the little girl inside to hear her prayers.

It was now the following day, the seventh day before the wedding. Jayne and I were sitting on the pink satin bed with the fan-shaped pink mirrored headboard that Mickey had designed and had made for her. We were delighting—as


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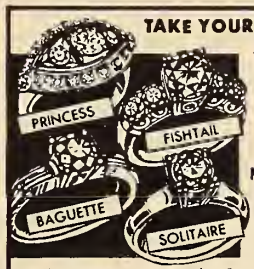


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girls always will—over her trousseau. Loads of very filmy night gowns, negligees, and lingerie. Pink and white and blue. Long and fluffy, baby doll, waltz and princess lengths. "I can't wait for Mickey to see," Jayne enthused. And there was the big surprise: her wedding gown.

"I'll wear pink at my wedding . . . ."

Six days before the wedding. Jayne told me about the wedding ring she got for Mickey. "It's a plain gold band inscribed: *To My Husband on his Wedding Day. I Love You. 1 - 13 - 58.* And for a gift," Jayne said, "I'm duplicating a gold tie clasp that Mickey lost, and it is inscribed: *My husband from his Wife.*" How Jayne loved saying "My Husband." She caressed each syllable.

"We're going to Florida for our honeymoon. We'll return to Las Vegas on the 19th, for rehearsals on our show at the Tropicana. It's going to be my life story, about a little, wide-eyed girl from Texas who knew she was born to be a star."

**Jayne's' ring**

I cornered Mickey, who arrived just as I was leaving. And he showed me Jayne's ring, a gold band engraved: *My everlasting love is yours.*

Right now I'd like to say that Mickey Hargitay, besides being the man she loves, is the best thing that ever happened to Jayne. I have grown to know, like, and respect Mickey in the last two years. He is considerate, kind, and yes, possessive! That possessiveness caused headlines once. It was during their Korea jaunt with Bob Hope to entertain our troops.

Mickey explained it this way: at cocktails he was asked to escort the General's wife to dinner. "I have my fiancée," he replied, unaware of Army protocol.

Jayne said, "Place cards were switched, and a four-star admiral had no place to sit! Mickey graciously agreed to sit across from me. That was all there was to it. So we don't know what the fuss was about. Mickey is polite."

It was now four days before the wedding. "Mickey is a wonderful business man," Jayne said thoughtfully as we drove to the Ambassador Hotel, where Jayne was scheduled to appear as guest of honor at a civic luncheon.

"You know, May, when I was first offered a show in Las Vegas at $12,500 a week, Mickey and I were visiting my parents in Texas. 'I'll accept,' I said in delight. Mickey said, 'No, you should get more.' I told my agent and he was terribly upset. For it meant four weeks—$50,000. I said to Mickey, 'You'll cost me my career. I don't have special acts. I'm not a night club star.' But Mickey said patiently, 'Then we'll get you an act. And you *are* a star, wherever you appear.' Imagine the confidence he gives me! My agent said that the offer would never go higher. But it did—up to $18,500. And Mickey said, 'It is not enough!! If they give you $25,000 a week for four weeks then you take it.' I was sure I wouldn't get it, but two days later the contracts were signed!

**Their long-range plans**

"Mickey has many business enterprises, you know. He has business interests in Minneapolis, a chain of gas stations, and a health and food club. And a photo business.

"Movie money you can't keep," Jayne continued in a practical vein. "So you have to make long-range plans. We are incorporating the Jayne Mansfield Enterprises.

"We have an apartment house already and we are going to open a chain of pe stores and kennels. We have plans for a Hungarian restaurant, too.

"But of course," she added softly, "our main plan is to love each other the res of our lives!"

She flipped on the car radio, and or every spot news program—were detail of Jayne Mansfield's wedding-to-be!

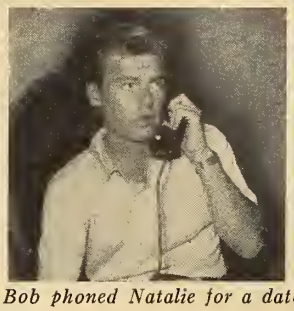
"This is the little intimate wedding we planned," Jayne sighed. "But," she concluded, "isn' it wonderful that everyone is so interested, and wants to participate in the most important day of our lives!"

Three days before the wedding: th newspapers front-paged four-column pic tures of Jayne and Mickey getting thei license at the Los Angeles Hall of Record Over fifty photographers had followe them all that day!

Two days before the wedding, in th afternoon, I hung a bridal pink bo caught with pink roses on the front doo of my home. An hour later, twenty Jayne's girl friends were circled on th floor *ohhing* and *ahhing* as Jayne opene her shower gifts. Maureen O'Hara's wa an automatic skillet. Vera-Ellen gave he a white beaded wedding bag, and Marily Maxwell said, "Mine is practical!" proved to be white bath towels wit pink satin monograms. Marie Windsor tie all of the gift ribbons into a weddin bouquet.

Jayne and Little Jayne and Jayne mother wore pink. My house was decor ated with pink vases filled with pink ros and pink carnations tied with pink sati bows. And centering the pink bridal cak was a doll wearing a duplicate of Jayne pink lace wedding gown, which I ha copied.

# NATALIE'S HEAVY DATES





*Bob phoned Natalie for a date. She had a surprise for him.*

■ On February 21, 1957, at four o'clock, Bob Wagner phoned Natalie at her home.

"What about dinner tonight?" he asked.

"Let me see," replied Natalie. "What day is today? Thursday? No. I'm sorry Bob, but I already have a date."

"Break it," insisted Bob.

"I can't, it's too heavy. Besides, the fellow is bringing a friend."

"What difference? You can shake them."

"But," said Natalie, "the thing is this friend is *also* bringing a friend."

"Leave it to me," replied Bob, "I'll get rid of all three of them!"

Something in Natalie's voice should have warned Bob. But he didn't catch it when she laughed and said, "All right, you do that. Be here at seven."

Bob was all set when he came for Natalie that evening. He was sure he could take care of his rivals. In fact, he himself opened the door when the bell rang. There stood a hulking stranger. Bob thought he recognized the man but somehow he just couldn't place him.

"Is Natalie in?" the stranger asked. "My name's Jack and we've got a date."

"She's in all right," said Bob, "but you can forget about that date. She's going out with me!"

Before the man could explain, the bell rang again. When Bob opened the door, there was another big guy.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I wanted to see Natalie. My name is Georges."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," answered Bob, "and you think you're going to take her out tonight," interrupted Bob. "Well, forget it. *I'm* taking her out."

The bell rang again—another giant.

"My name is Luis—" the man began, but Bob cut in, furious by now. "Now listen. I don't care what your name is. You're not going out with her either, get it?"

Just then Natalie appeared.

"Oh, Bob," she said with a diabolic smile, "haven't you gotten rid of those fellows yet? Then maybe I'd better introduce you. Mr. R. J. Wagner, meet Mr. Jack Dempsey, Mr. Georges Carpentier, and Señor Luis Angel Firpo!"

"Wh-what?" stammered Bob incredulously, "you mean Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, is your date?"

"And don't forget me," said Georges Carpentier, one of the greatest boxers in history.

"And," grinned Luis Angel Firpo, "I suppose you remember they call *me* the Wild Bull of the Pampas!"

Bob suddenly looked a little green around the gills. But Jack laughed and said. "It's OK, Bob, you can come along too. Georges and Luis won't mind."

"You see," said Natalie, "I told you I had a *heavy* date!" And heavy they were—heavyweight prizefighters, all of them! But Bob doesn't care—he married the girl!

*Watch for Natalie in Warners'* MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR *and United Artists'* KINGS GO FORTH. *Bob can soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's* STOPOVER TOKYO.

Mickey and Jayne's father arrived at sundown, just in time to hear Donald Maloof, the handsome young baritone who's soloist on the Arthur Godfrey show, sing *Because* and *Ave Maria*—which Jayne had asked him to sing at her wedding.

Jayne was reading her shower book of good wishes and I asked Mickey how he happened to come to America—"Did you see a picture of Jayne Mansfield?" I asked.

**Mickey's decision**

"No," he laughed, "that was ten years ago. I was eighteen and completing my course in psychology at the University of Budapest. I was to be drafted for the army and sent to Russia for four years. I escaped and was captured three different times. After many attempts, I finally reached America, and became a citizen."

"My parents, Frank and Maria Hargitay, and my two brothers and my sister are still behind the iron curtain," Mickey added quietly.

Jayne was dreamily listening to the album of wedding music on the hi-fi, and when it swung into Lohengrin's *Wedding March—Here Comes The Bride,* Jayne clasped Mickey's arm. "I love you," Mickey said.

"I love you more," Jayne replied to Mickey. Little Jayne Marie snuggled between them happily, with Mickey's big hand covering the child's as his arm enfolded his bride-to-be.

You just know it is going to be happy for them.

And then it was her wedding day. ...

Eight thousand people attended Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay's wedding, but there was room for only 130 guests in the little glass church known as Wayfarer's Chapel in Palos Verdes. Scheduled for 8:00 P.M., between Jayne dressing at the church and the mobs of photographers and fans, the ceremony was delayed for forty-five minutes.

Jayne wore a pink lace wedding dress that was form fitting to the knees, where it billowed out into yards of fluff. She carried a bouquet of pink roses and Lily of the Valley.

Then Donald Maloof, an old friend of Jayne's was singing *Ave Marie* and *Because,* and the wedding ceremony began.... Jayne never took her eyes away from Mickey during the ceremony.

When the minister pronounced them man and wife, Jayne whispered into Mickey's ear, "I love you, darling."

**"I want to see your dress"**

After the shower of rice and the throwing of the bridal bouquet, Mickey held Jayne at arms' length for a moment, saying, "Let me look at you. I've been seeing your face, and now I want to see your dress!"

Changing into a pink suit, over which she flung a mink coat, Jayne and Mickey and her parents, the Harry L. Peers, drove away in Mickey's white Cadillac. On the car was a not-unusual sign—JUST MARRIED and a long tail of cans and old shoes. The whole of the picturesque Portuguese Bend in Palos Verdes rang and re-rang with the cheers of the crowds and well-wishers.

The bridal party boarded the night plane for Dallas, where a family reception was held, and then Mr. and Mrs. Hargitay were off to Florida for their honeymoon.

And what did little Jayne Marie have to say about her new daddy? "Oh, I love him so!"

END

## I'll never marry again

(*Continued from page 48*) each loaded with talent and personality, fail in marriage. Two people, each of whom are very dear to me, are in that situation now. Neither has been unfair to the other. But marriage has been a complete disillusionment for them.

If I seem to feel so strongly about the terrible results of an unsuccessful marriage—more strongly than most teenagers—it's because my whole life, my personality, and I guess my whole outlook has been affected by it.

Even before my parents were divorced, my life was affected—I guess because an unhappy marriage doesn't give parents much time to worry about their children.

I was that *poor little rich girl*—I lived in the nursery, a separate wing of the large home my director father and actress mother had. I was raised by my governess.

**Mother's day**

Periodically, my mother would receive me in her bedroom.

She was Anna Lee, a successful actress. Her room was all mirrors and white satin. I'm sure there must have been more than mirrors and white satin in her room, but that's all I really can remember of my early mother-and-daughter relationship.

With my father, Robert Stevenson, it was different. Early in the evening he would come to the nursery. He loved me and would play games with me. Then, as now, he was a successful director. He didn't have much time to spare, but he did find time to give me *some* of the love I longed for. What family feelings I've retained pivot around my father.

Periodically, my parents would ask their friends to bring their children to our house. They came. I didn't know them. I had been alone in my nursery too much to understand the give and take of play with strange children. Eager as I was for companionship, it would frighten me when children came to visit. Instead of welcoming them, waves of fear would hit me, and I'd run to my room to escape.

My parents were two people who had once thought they loved each other enough to be happy living together. Instead, they were two separate, unhappy individuals—and I was another separate little individual in our *'family.'*

**The great oversight**

But they forgot to tell me when my father and mother got divorced.

One day, when I was seven years old, I heard from my nursery the sounds of a large crowd gathering downstairs.

Leaning over the top-floor bannister, I saw my mother being married to the man I now know as my stepfather!

Divorce? I'd never heard of it, then. But for the rest of my life I was to feel the repercussions....

It's a blurred memory, but I vaguely recall the day I went to court and told the judge I'd rather be in my father's custody than my mother's.

Mother's new husband was in World War II. He is younger than she is. His experiences hadn't prepared him to cope with a step-daughter. I was rebellious by this time. Our relationship didn't work out. I was sent to boarding school.

You've read about children who were miserable about being sent away from home. I adored it!

For me, the dormitory life—playing, laughing, sharing; even the inevitable quarrelling—was so much better than being alone in my nursery.

**Where is home?**

Once a month I went home for the week-




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end....

'Home' had a strange meaning for me. In my mother's home I was a young stranger. My visits caused problems, as my stepfather and I couldn't get along.

My father had remarried, also. And I met problems there, too.

I suppose I had a normal little girl's jealousy. I wanted my father to adore and protect me. I guess I didn't feel that he did.... After all, one can't be adult and mature—at eight.

But by the time I was nine years old, I had decided there was only one person who could help Venetia Stevenson in this world ... and that person has to be Venetia Stevenson—backed by a guardian angel.

That's the way I still think today. ...

A baby boy was born to my father and stepmother. I loved him from the first moment I saw his wrinkled baby face.

By the time I was fifteen, it had been three years since I had seen my mother. The home my father and stepmother had established was no haven for me. I was extremely mature for my age—and restless. And I was coming out of the awkward age.

From as early as I can remember, I knew I wanted to be an actress. I'd been sure of it all my life.

One day, in my room at Chadwick School, I took stock of myself carefully. I loved school, my grades were good. But was what I was learning going to help me as an actress? No. Was I old enough to go out on my own? In actual years, no. But, looking at my face in the mirror—from physical development, yes.

I quit school, left my father's home and struck out on my own.

**The real truth**

I didn't run away from home. Nobody threw me out. Lots of wrong versions have been circulated about this phase of my life. My father always knew where I was. He helped me with money.

I was fired from my job as an usher and candy girl at the Hawaiian Theater on Hollywood Boulevard.

I went to New York to break into modeling. My face was too teenage looking to model; at least that's what I was told over and over. I came back to California.

One clear, hot morning I took a break from job-hunting to go to the beach. Loaded down with a back rest, towels and magazines, the only thing I had in mind for the day was riding the surf and getting a smooth sun tan. A man with a camera strolled casually over and asked if I'd pose for pictures.

It never occurred to me that my first big break was happening. But that's what it was. The pictures taken that day paved the way for my becoming a magazine cover model in Los Angeles, and those covers led the way to an RKO contract and eventually, to my meeting Russ Tamblyn. ...

About the time when my career started on the up-grade, I started going to a psychiatrist.

I don't go to a psychiatrist any more. I didn't get the help I needed from him. But that experience did strengthen my belief that the only one who could really help me was myself.

When Russ and I approached marriage, we discussed every aspect of it. We started with the firm and sincere belief that we could make each other happy.

Russ and I were married on February 14, Valentine's Day, in a picturesque, beautiful little chapel that overlooks the palisades of the Pacific Ocean.

As I came down the aisle, a seventeen-year-old girl in a bridal gown, I glanced at the front pew—and saw an attractive woman in her early forties who turned and smiled at me.

**The wedding spectre**

My mother had come to my wedding! It was the first time in five long years I had seen her!

It distracted me. Thoughts started racing through my mind. I wondered what she was thinking. Did she feel a tinge of sadness seeing her only daughter marrying? Did she wonder if I was ready for marriage? I had never had a serious intimate talk with her. She'd never talked to me about love and marriage, what it meant or what it involved. I had no way of knowing what she was thinking as she saw me coming down the aisle. I worried about my step-mother, Frances. Would it cause an embarrassing situation?

We had one awkward hour together at my wedding. What does one talk about to a mother who has not seemed like a mother? For I can't consider her my mother, although she is.

But I just don't feel I can honestly regard her with deep, normal emotions, and it's terribly important to me to stay honest. . . . Less than a year later, Russ and I separated.

The problems we met couldn't have been foreseen. They were unanticipated. Here's why I can't tell you what they were: the day we were divorced, we shook hands and promised each other that we'd never discuss our marriage failure with anyone else. I intend to keep that promise.

**A new relationship**

Although he's my ex-husband, Russ is now my best friend. It's not his fault that the experience left me with a feeling of despair and a bad outlook, completely cynical of marriage.

What I've said might make it sound as though I'm embittered with life and men, as well as marriage, and looking forward to a dull, anti-social life.

I'm not.

What's more exciting and wonderful than a career as an actress? An actress doesn't need marriage to live a full, rich and exciting life: I meet fascinating people through my work, and I have fascinating experiences.

Just because I don't intend to get married again doesn't mean I'm anti-men.

I defy any girl to offer a more fascinating group of young bachelors for companionship than Tab Hunter, Tony Perkins, Elvis Presley, Robert Evans, Nick Adams, Barry Coe, Dennis Hopper and Will Hutchins.

If this is a deadly-dull, spinster life—I'm all for this kind of dullness!

Tab's introduced me to horseback riding. We enjoy being together; and what he calls his "German temper" doesn't hurt our relationship as it would if we were married. Robert Evans is an elegant man-about-town. He's too sophisticated for me for a steady marriage diet, but a dash of it in a girl's dating life is wonderful. Tony Perkins is working towards a successful acting career just as hard as I am, so it's hard to have more fun than on a date with him. We can relax together because we know neither of us would let marriage interfere.

Elvis Presley is like a king in the rock 'n' roll set. To date him is like going into a completely different world and being queen for a day. It's different and exciting. Barry Coe sends me flowers and candy and gives his dates those little extra attentions every girl loves. Nick Adams can be as understanding as a girl's best kind of big brother. Dennis Hopper is intriguing, a really different personality. An interesting individualist.

Russ Tamblyn is my best friend.

**An honest appraisal**

Just add up all of *that:* marriage couldn't offer me such well-rounded companionship ... not without the emotional discouragements it brings at the same time. And I can't afford that emotionalism. ...

Right now I'm not in love with anyone. I find it is easy to be analytical in planning my life. What worries me is knowing that when people think they're in love, they go off the deep end. I hope, even if I think I'm truly in love again, I'll keep my head.

One thing puzzles me. Before I was married, I only had two proposals. Since I've been divorced I've had six serious proposals. Everyone I date knows that emotionally I'm a bit mixed-up right now. Do I inspire them to feel sorry for me?

Or are they testing my firm conviction that marriage is not for me?

Let others marry—but both observation and a try at it myself has convinced me marriage can only bring unhappiness for Venetia Stevenson. ... **END**

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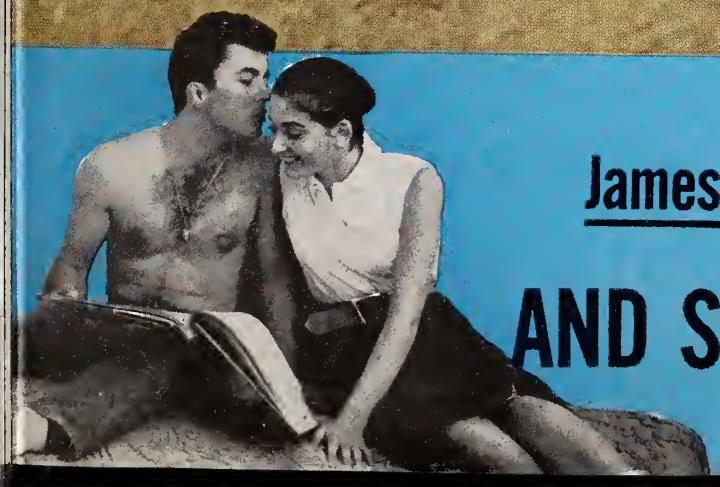
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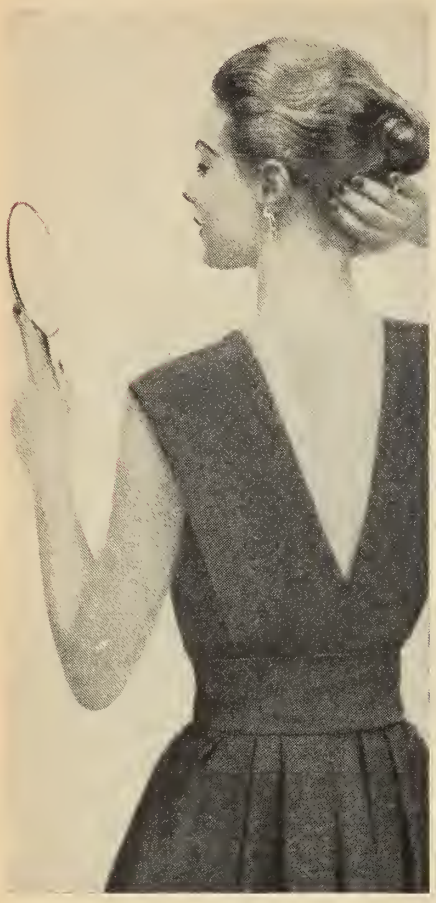
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Cover portrait of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh and James Darren by Larry Barbier, Jr., of Globe. Other photographer's credits on page 84.

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Modern Screen is published monthly with the exception of the January issue. All subscriptions expiring after the December 1957 issue will be extended one month for each January issue due but not published. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on form No. 3579 to 111 Eighth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 52, No. 4, May, 1958. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions, and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years; $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Reentered as second class matter March 25, 1957, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1958 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596,800.

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# THE INSIDE STORY

**Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 321 West 44th Street, New York 36. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.**

**Q** **June Haver** and **Fred MacMurray** have four children—are they all adopted?
—P.W., Erie, Pa.

**A** *Yes.*

**Q** Why does **Grace Kelly** still employ a Hollywood press agent?
—D.T., Denver, Col.

**A** *The movie colony expects Grace to return to film-making eventually.*

**Q** Can you tell me how much money **Ricky Nelson** will earn this year?
—S.T., Santa Fe, N.M.

**A** *Somewhere around $300,000 if his record royalties hold up.*

**Q** Why are recordings featuring male stars like **Baane, Presley,** and **Belafonte** out-selling recordings made by female stars like **Doris Day** and others?
—G.L., Miami, Fla.

**A** *Nowadays most pop records are bought by teenaged girls who prefer male voices.*

**Q** Does **Debra Paget's** mother really weigh 325 pounds?
—H.D., Los Angeles, Calif.

**A** *Your figure is exaggerated by 125 pounds at least. She's dieting now.*

**Q** Is it on the level that in the **Jean Simmans-Stewart Granger** marriage, he does the cooking and cleaning?
—D.Y., Denver, Col.

**A** *Just the cooking.*

**Q** Is it true that **Eddie Fisher** and **Debbie Reynolds** will get a divorce after their second child arrives?
—B.T., Newark, N.J.

**A** *The Fishers are working out their problems.*

**Q** I have a bet that the last picture **Greer Garsan** and **Walter Pidgean** appeared in together was *Mrs. Miniver.* Do I win or lose?
—G.L., London, Eng.

**A** *Lose; last picture together was* Scandal At Scourie.

**Q** Who plays tennis best in Hollywood?
—G.L., Santa Fe, N.M.

**A** *Probably* **Gilbert Raland.**

**Q** Wasn't **Sammy Davis, Jr.** romantically involved with a big movie queen recently?
—M.Y., Chicago, Ill.

**A** *Yes.*

**Q** Is it true that **Anna Maria Alberghetti** has enough money for life?
—D.L., San Francisco, Calif.

**A** *Yes; her parents wisely invested her child-time earnings.*

**Q** Wasn't **Pat Boone** broken-hearted when his wife gave birth to a fourth daughter? Weren't his parents against this marriage?
—D.B., Ft. Pierce, Fla.

**A** *Boone was not broken-hearted. His parents weren't against the particular marriage; they were against very young marriage in general.*

**Q** During the filming of *The Young Lions,* wasn't there a feud between **Marlan Brando** and **Montgomery Clift?**
—C.K., Louisville, Ky.

**A** *No feud; they hardly worked together.*

**Q** Wasn't there a feud in Japan between **John Wayne** and **John Huston?**
—B.T., Tulsa, Okla.

**A** *No feud. Wayne just found difficulty in following Huston's unique direction.*

**Q** Can you tell me how much **Richard Widmark** gets per picture?
—S.B., Marion, Ind.

**A** *$200,000, and frequently a percentage of the profits.*

**Q** Is it true that **Betty Huttan** sang on Detroit street corners for pennies?
—J.F., Detroit, Mich.

**A** *Yes, as a youngster. Her fatherless family was very poor.*

**Q** Isn't Mac Krim used as a blind for all those other boy-friends **Kim Navak** has?
—T.R., Chicago, Ill.

**A** *Yes.*

**Q** That Las Vegas show girl Pat Sheehan —now with **Dennis Crosby**—didn't she go steady with **Bing Crasby** for years?
—R.R., San Francisco, Calif.

**A** *She went with Bing, but not steadily.*

**Q** If **Sophia Laren** and her husband Carlo Ponti return to Italy, aren't they in danger of being arrested because their marriage isn't legal in Italy?
—N.D., Denver, Col.

**A** *No great danger.*

**Q** Can you tell me how much **Diane Varsi** earns each week?
—S.T., Fresno, Calif.

**A** *$400 a week.*

**Q** In *Pal Joey,* does **Rita Haywarth** do her own singing?
—E.I., Wilmington, Md.

**A** ***Anita Ellis*** *has done most of it.*

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# NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

**WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH**

**FOR DRAMA**
*The Brothers Karamazov*
*The Young Lions*
*The Long, Hot Summer*
*Desire Under The Elms*

**FOR LAUGHS**
*Merry Andrew*

**FOR THRILLS**
*Manhunt In The Jungle*

**FOR ADVENTURE**
*The One That Got Away*



Yul Brynner and Maria Schell love each other. But his father wants her too—and he's got money.

## THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

*love and murder*

**Yul Brynner**
**Maria Schell**
**Claire Bloom**
**Lee J. Cobb**
**Richard Basehart**

▪ A great novel by Dostoyevsky becomes a brilliant film glowing with intense color and photographed against backgrounds that recapture the Russia that Dostoyevsky described. And his tremendous characterizations are recreated by the superb performances of all the actors concerned. The landowner Karamazov, played by Lee J. Cobb, is properly lusty, depraved and contemptible. His three sons bear the burden of his name in widely differing ways. Alexey (William Shatner) is saintly, preparing for priesthood; Ivan (Richard Basehart) is an intellectual, rigidly repressed man who believes there is no God; Dmitri (Yul Brynner) is high-strung and easily depressed as he struggles to free himself from thoughts of self-destruction. Then there is Smerdyakov (Albert Salmi), a savage epileptic who claims to be Cobb's illegitimate son. Brynner dominates in the film, along with Maria Schell, who plays Grushenka, the wild, vibrant woman desired by him—and by his father. But Dmitri, plagued by money troubles, is already engaged to wealthy Claire Bloom; her love, unreturned by Dmitri, turns into hatred when she realizes Dmitri's interest in Maria. The scenes of Dmitri and Maria together, incidentally, blaze with passion. When Cobb is murdered, suspicion naturally falls on Dmitri, who had threatened to kill him because of his insane jealousy of Grushenka. Go see *The Brothers Karamazov*—it's one of the best of the year.—METROCOLOR, MGM.

## THE YOUNG LIONS

*drama of World War II*

**Marlon Brando**
**Montgomery Clift**
**Dean Martin**
**Barbara Rush**
**Hope Lange**

▪ Sometimes it takes war for people to find themselves—especially the young men who, faced with death, begin questioning the meaning of their lives. In this film, adapted from the novel by Irwin Shaw, three men in particular are involved. There is Marlon Brando, a young German officer who went along with Nazism on the theory that it would help conditions at home. His exposure to the brutality of Nazi warfare shakes the foundations of his soul. There is Montgomery Clift, a frail, sensitive American Jew who fights a battle for equality in training camp—and then fights like a hero overseas. There is Dean Martin, a flashy Broadway actor and self-confessed coward—of considerable charm—who eventually realizes that he can no longer stand on the sidelines and asks for duty at the front. There are the women in these men's lives (French Liliane Montevecchi, Hope Lange, Barbara Rush) who influence their sweethearts' behavior; they represent humanity, and the virtues that are worth saving and fighting for. There is May Britt, on the other hand, a German officer's wife who is living it up in Berlin and is completely ruthless and selfish. Although Martin's and Clift's lives run together, Brando's problem develops separately from theirs . . . until the end. *The Young Lions* is a big, big story. It tries to cover the whole Western World during the second World War, and it is an absorbing, well-acted attempt.—20TH-FOX.

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## MERRY ANDREW

*comedy with Danny Kaye*

**Danny Kaye**
**Pier Angeli**
**Baccaloni**
**Robert Coote**
**Peter Mamakos**

■ The perennial charm of Danny Kaye breaks into moments of true hilarity in *Merry Andrew,* the story of an English teacher who is scared of his own father—Pop is the headmaster of the school. Danny has been engaged for five years to a prim teacher (Patricia Cutts). Danny is convinced that an ancient statuette of the god Pan is buried in a Sussex meadow. Finding it, he thinks, will give him the confidence he needs to stand up to his father. But this particular meadow is occupied by a traveling circus run by Baccaloni who, with his five husky sons, keeps a too-protective eye on aerialist Pier Angeli. Danny, dressed for a safari, starts digging anyway. Following his map, he digs himself right up into the lion act during a matinee. At other times he takes over as master of ceremonies, is the hapless victim in a tumbling act, and is tossed from brother to brother on the flying trapeze—they're getting even for Pier, who loves him, but can't lure him away from his fiancée. It's a gay film, carried by Kaye's comic mastery.—METROCOLOR, MGM.

## DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

*passion in New England*

**Anthony Perkins**
**Sophia Loren**
**Frank Overton**
**Burl Ives**
**Pernell Roberts**

■ Family life as portrayed by Eugene O'Neill is always as peaceful as a pit of cobras. *Desire Under The Elms* takes place on a New England farm, where a domineering, self-centered, powerful old buzzard of a father (Burl Ives) brings a young and beautiful foreigner (Sophia Loren) as wife and housekeeper. She marries him for security only, so it's no wonder that she falls for his son (Anthony Perkins). Anthony's two half-brothers leave for California when they realize they won't inherit the farm. Perkins sticks around because he feels that the farm is his, since his mother owned it before she married Burl. Sophia, enraged by Perkins' first hatred of her, gets the promise from the old man that if they have a son he'll leave the farm to her. The trouble is, it looks as if Burl will never die. The other trouble is, Perkins does not remain hostile for long—and the son Sophia has is his. Emotions in this film are never lukewarm or unexpressed; the acting is excellent.—VISTAVISION, PARAMOUNT.

## THE LONG, HOT SUMMER

*life in the deep south*

**Paul Newman**
**Joanne Woodward**
**Anthony Franciosa**
**Orson Welles**
**Lee Remick**

■ Here is a picture of the South today, adapted from the work of novelist William Faulkner. It is brimming with vitality and the struggle of several young people to overcome the dullness in their lives and the domination of Orson Welles, who owns a big house and, in fact, owns the whole town. His son (Anthony Franciosa) is doing all right helping with business, and he's doing fine at home with his flamboyant wife (Lee Remick) until penniless Paul Newman and his shady reputation arrive. Welles recognizes his own character in Newman and encourages him to take his son's place—in business and in his own affection. Orson's daughter, Joanne Woodward, has her father's fire, but it's subdued. She prefers the genteel company of Richard Anderson, who has been nearly totally absorbed by his genteel mother. Orson wants heirs for his empire and he orders Joanne to marry either Anderson or Newman, but to hurry. While she is angrily rebelling at this ultimatum, Newman is being shocked into maturity and Franciosa, whose self-respect has reached the vanishing point, turns to violence to restore it. It's a meaty story revealing many sides of the southerner's character—and of people in general.—DELUXE COLOR, CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

## THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

*a Nazi escapes*

**Hardy Kruger**
**Colin Gordon**
**Michael Goodliffe**
**Terence Alexander**
**Jack Gwillim**

■ This is the true story of the only German prisoner of war taken by the British in World War II who escaped from captivity and made it back to the homeland. It was stubbornness rather than cleverness that finally turned the trick. His first attempt, in England's Lake District, brings out what looks like the entire British infantry to hunt him down. His second attempt consists of posing as a Dutch pilot and brazenly presenting himself at an RAF station to steal a plane. He doesn't. His final effort is to jump out of a moving train which is transporting him to a "safe" camp in Canada. He walks across country, which is buried in snow, and then walks across the St. Lawrence River, which is buried in ice. Of course, that is no boy-scout hike—he nearly freezes to death before he reaches America's still-neutral soil. I must admit I was always rooting for the other side.—RANK.

## MANHUNT IN THE JUNGLE

*adventure in Brazil*

**Robin Hughes**
**Luis Alvarez**
**James Wilson**
**Jorge Montoro**
**Natalia Manzuelas**

■ Seems that in 1925, one Colonel P. H. Fawcett disappeared in the interior of Brazil while searching for an ancient city. Now, in 1928, Commander George Dyott (Robin Hughes) follows his trail with a rescue party. Starting from Rio de Janerio with mules and native helpers, he proceeds across miles of desert to the edge of a jungle which is inhabited by notoriously unfriendly Kalapalos Indians as well as by man-eating animals—and man-eating plants, too! The mules go home and the party proceeds in canvas canoes. The rapids are bad enough, but the piranha fish—which attack anything that moves, and eat it alive—are awful. Enter the Kalapalos, whose chief (Luis Alvarez) looks like a cross between Red Skelton and a cigar store Indian. First he wants presents; then he wants blood. The scenery's wonderful—the film was photographed entirely in the Amazon country—and the adventures will keep you on the edge of your seat.—WARNER-COLOR, WARNERS.

## RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW SHOWING

**TEACHER'S PET** (Paramount): Doris Day is teaching college journalism to star pupil Clark Gable, who is really a big-shot newspaper editor in disguise. Gable is a self-made man, and tries to engage teacher Gig Young in a battle of wits to prove to Doris his (Gable's, of course) natural superiority. What is proved is that this picture is very very funny. Nick Adams and Mamie Van Doren are in it, too.

**COWBOY** (CinemaScope, Columbia): Anna Kashfi's in this, as a Mexican girl loved hopelessly by Jack Lemmon. Jack's just a clerk in a Chicago hotel and Anna's father doesn't approve of him. So he goes out and learns how to be tough from cattleman Glenn Ford and Glenn's hard-driving crew.

**CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW** (Warner Brothers): Anne Baxter is an heiress who lives alone in a castle on an island off Spain. Her brother died in an auto crash—but then Richard Todd comes along claiming to be her brother and suggesting that she must be losing her mind as well as her memory. No one is on Anne's side, but she's the only one who knows where the diamonds are hidden.

**SING, BOY, SING!** (20th-Fox): Tommy Sands is turned into another Elvis Presley. First he's a simple home boy singing hymns and playing guitar at revival meetings with grandpa John McIntire. Then Edmond O'Brien discovers him, exploits him, and gets him an engagement at the Roxy and a Hollywood contract. The conflict comes in making a choice between success and Grandpa's dying words.

**BEAUTIFUL BUT DANGEROUS** (20th-Fox): All kinds of things happen in this. Gina Lollobrigida sings, and very well. Vittorio Gassman provides romance—and a sinister note—as a Russian Prince who discovers Gina. Robert Alda portrays the great maestro who coaches her. And there's a murder and false fears—before the film comes to its climax.



Pier Angeli falls for Danny Kaye, but he's shy.



Sophia Loren married Burl Ives . . . but why?

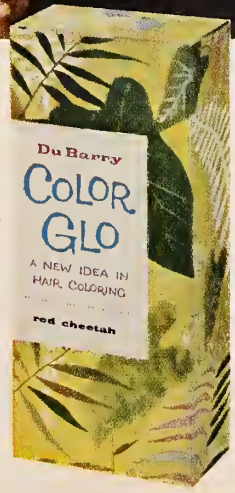


Indian chief Luis Alvarez is the real villian.




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# LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

**IN THIS ISSUE:**

- ★ Parties—for such wonderful reasons
- ★ Babies—for so many happy people
- ★ Romance—for so-much-in-love lovers



HOPE LANGE



RUSS TAMBLYN—DIANE VARSI



MIYOSHI UMEKI



JOANNE WOODWARD



CAROLYN JONES

*Youth will receive*

**OSCARS**

*see page 15*

**LOUELLA PARSONS**
**in hollywood**



# louella parsons' GOOD NEWS



*The Ball was for sweet charity's sake—and what a ball we had, Jimmy McHugh, Patti Page, Mrs. David Hearst and me!*

## PARTIES of the month

**THE STARS TURNED OUT** for the charming cocktail party given by writer Sara Hamilton, of my staff, for her daughter Sally Oppenheimer—who hasn't visited her home town in nine years.

The first person I met when I arrived was Marlon Brando, Sr., the good-looking and very charming father of you-know-who. All I can say is that **Marlon,** the star, never inherited his social diffidence from his father, who is so cordial and approachable. I told Mr. Brando I had seen his son in *The Young Lions* and thought he gave one of his greatest performances.

"He'll be very glad to hear that," Brando, Sr. said graciously.

**Martha Hyer** and **Gene Kelly** arrived separately—but left together! This is the second time I've noticed this. Is more cooking here romantically than meets the eye?

Gene told me he was having a ball directing *Tunnel of Love* at MGM, the first film he's ever directed that he doesn't appear in.

Among the early arrivals was **June Allyson** in one of the new hip-line tailored suits, her hair shorter than ever. Her devoted **Dick Powell** was never far from her side.

**Margaret O'Brien,** so youthful and yet so poised, wore a red chiffon sack dress. She has the cute figure for this style, but personally, I still don't like them. Maggie's date was **Nick Adams,** who told me he was leaving the next day to join honeymooners **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner** on their yacht in Catalina harbor.

One of the prettiest girls present was **Dolores Hart,** whose blonde, serene beauty reminds me of Grace Kelly. And you should read what pretty Dolores has to say about boys! The story starts on page 24.

**Ann Sothern,** in a red dress with a wide red stole, was talking styles with Don Loper and Ann said, "No sack dresses for me, thank you." And Don replied, "And there's not a one in my new collection!"

**A BEAUTIFUL COSTUME PARTY** —the most beautiful in a long, long time—was the Golden Nugget Ball sponsored by the Jimmy McHugh Charities for the benefit of the Desert Hospital in Palm Springs at the El Mirador Hotel in Palm Springs.

Although the motif of the party was Western, I've seldom seen more gorgeous costumes —dance hall girls with huge plumes in their hair; stunning cowgirl outfits in every color of the rainbow; Indians; lovely pantaloon dresses, and, well, the entire room was an eyeful of beautiful women beautifully costumed.

Although **Patti Page** has her popular *Big Record* TV show to keep her very busy, she promised composer McHugh she would fly out to be the Queen of his Golden Nugget Ball—and she did! Patti looked wonderful in her black and white cowgirl outfit and she brought the house down when she sang. The most beaming smile in the crowd was on the face of her proud husband, Charlie O'Curran. These two are really in love.

Another singer, **Ginny Sims,** wore a huge plumed hat and had her dress caught up on one side to show a garter with a rose right above her knee.

**Sonja Henie** was the only person present not in costume, but when Sonja wears those fantastic diamonds of hers, she doesn't need any more sparkle!

It was a big and glamorous evening that raised much moola for this very fine cause.

*They were wonderful parties. But the most wonderful part of all—was the spirit in which they were given.*



*Ginny Simms looks like she's all set for the chantoosie role in the dance-hall scene—and Patti Page is dressed for rescuing her fella from Ginny's clutches!*

*Cobina Wright came in costume, too—but Sonia Henie, escorted by her husband, figured the diamonds she's famous for would be 'costume' enough.*







*It was such a pleasure meeting Marlon Brando, Sr.! He is so charming! But then, of course—maybe Marlon, Sr. wouldn't shine in front of the cameras like his son does!*

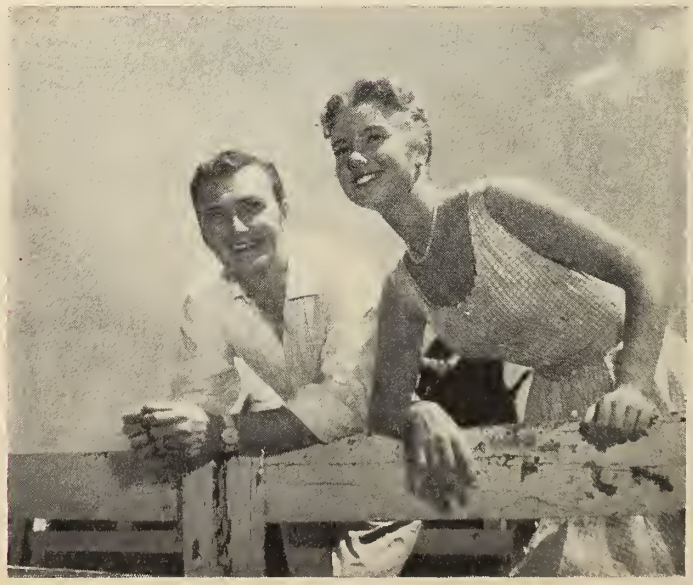
*June Allyson and her new hair-do made quite an attractive package for husband Dick Powell to be real proud of! And he is!*



*Those happy smiles on Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hall—Leslie Caron, to her fans—are for the stork. They're so thrilled that he's paying them a second visit!*



*And Kathy Grant—the Groaner's Missus—isn't looking sad about the good news she just got! Yes, indeed—the stork is sure going to be busy in Hollywood, come August.*



*It's hard to tell who's wearing the bigger smile in the Cassidy family—Pop-to-be Jack, or his pretty wife Shirley Jones.*

## A busy month for the Stork

I almost blew up . . . and I mean that literally, keeping **Kathy Crosby's** secret—for ten days!—that she and **Bing** are expecting a baby in August. Then I finally received the Go sign to break the scoop!

The strain was more than I could bear because it gets harder and harder to keep any secret in Hollywood, much less one with such big news value: the beloved Groaner and his pretty bride were on the Stork's list.

But the story held for me, and I knew the reporter's greatest delight when I had a clean beat of four hours in newspapers all around the country in telling the world that the Crosbys are 'expecting.'

Can you imagine what will happen if Bing and Kathy have a girl?

That whole male clan of Crosbys, Bing and his four sons, will spoil her to pieces—and you know it!

But Kathy says, and she seems sincere, "Either a boy or a girl will be welcome, just so the child is healthy and happy."

There are many qualities I appreciate in Kathy—her sweetness and poise and intelligence—but above all, she never tries to put me off when I ask her a direct question. I had been tipped that Mrs. Bing was pregnant. When I called her she said, "I think, I hope it is true—but just give me a little more time to make sure and I will tell you the truth." That "little more time" extended into ten days—and I mean I was nervous!

Before the baby story broke, Kathy had been making news of another sort. She had also been keeping the secret that she has been working as a volunteer nurse two days a week at Queen of Angels Hospital, something she started before her marriage to Bing. Sister Timothy Marie, head of the hospital, said of Kathy, "She is a sympathetic, yet efficient, worker. We are so appreciative of her services to the patients."

And Mrs. Crosby had also stirred up excitement by registering at Los Angeles City College for pre-nursing courses just twenty-four hours before I proudly told the world that she is to become a mother.

What a girl she is. Bing is very lucky.

**Leslie Caron** was a happy girl when she called to tell me that she and Peter Hall are expecting their second baby in September. The little French dancer had flown to Hollywood to sing one song number and do some extra scenes for *Gigi* and she could hardly wait to get back to Europe, her husband and their year-old-son Christopher. "Naturally we are hoping for a girl," she told me, "but we really won't care if we have another little boy."

Marriage and motherhood have worked miracles in Leslie's personality. Formerly a very shy and retiring girl, she is now vivacious, gay and talkative. Love really is the greatest beautifier of all.

And **Shirley Jones** and **Jack Cassidy** also learned they will become parents—for the first time—and they are gleeful about it.

The **Gregory Pecks** are expecting their second baby this summer. Greg sent a cable to me from Mexico, where he is on location with the *Bravados* company and Veronique is visiting him. The cable read:

WE HOPE FOR A GIRL. BUT EXPECT A BOY.

Greg has three sons by his marriage to Greta Peck and another little boy born to him and Veronique last year.



*They were mighty clever, Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. So clever—they almost had their "moment of privacy."*

## Joanne almost got her wish

So quietly and secretly did **Joanne Woodward** and **Paul Newman** plan their wedding in Las Vegas that Joanne *almost* got her wish. She said, "All I ask is this one moment of privacy."

The day before the wedding, Joanne and her close friends Mrs. Jay Kanter and Ina Bernstein—Ina was maid of honor—boarded a plane to Las Vegas and checked into El Rancho Vegas Hotel without being recognized.

The morning of the wedding, Paul flew in with his best man, Stewart Stern—and he, too, was unrecognized!

"This was a switch," Joanne later laughed. "Here was I, the bride, waiting at the Church —or I should say Beldon Katleman's bungalow, where we were married—for the arrival of the bridegroom! If Paul's plane had been delayed, I think I would have died of embarrassment at being even temporarily stood up."

But no such thing happened, and Paul and Joanne, who have been so very much in love for years, got their hearts' desire and were married with just their close friends present. After the ceremony, of course, the photographers took over.

Joanne wore a beige chiffon dress with matching gloves. Paul slipped a big diamond on her finger as well as the platinum wedding band set with diamonds.

The day after the ceremony, the happy newlyweds planed off for Europe for a short honeymoon. Then Paul reports for *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* with **Liz Taylor** at MGM.

Joanne and Paul met when both were appearing in *Picnic* on the Broadway stage, but their friendship didn't grow into love until they both landed in Hollywood for screen careers after Paul had parted from his wife.

## The Oscars

One of the biggest thrills to me about the Academy Award Nominations this year is that so many new faces received recognition. Count 'em—**Diane Varsi** and **Hope Lange** (*Peyton Place*); **Russ Tamblyn,** in the same picture; **Joanne Woodward,** a newcomer in the star category for her fine work in *Three Faces of Eve;* lovely little Japanese actress **Miyoshi Umeki** in *Sayonara* and **Carolyn Jones** in *The Bachelor Party*.

For years, Hollywood has been talking a good game of seeking new talent. But this is the first year Hollywood has proven that it meant what was said.

Every ambitious boy and girl in America who one day hopes to become an actor or actress should take heart over these bright, fresh Oscar candidates!

I don't mean to give the idea that all you have to do is buy a ticket for Hollywood and apply for work and these opportunities will be open to you. Nothing is farther from the truth.

Every one of these successful young people, as youthful as they are, have dramatic training back of them in TV, summer stock, the New York theatre or dramatic schools. They have worked hard for the fine honor they have achieved. In some cases, there has been genuine heartache in the sacrifices they have made to learn the rudiments of their profession.

But the fact remains that the door to Hollywood is again open to new faces and new talent.

And for this—Allah be praised!

## Open letter to Diane Varsi

Take it easy, my young friend—take it easy. When I heard that you had collapsed on the set of *Ten North Frederick,* from what the doctors termed "emotional fatigue," I thought—how young you are to be suffering from something that is perilously close to a nervous breakdown.

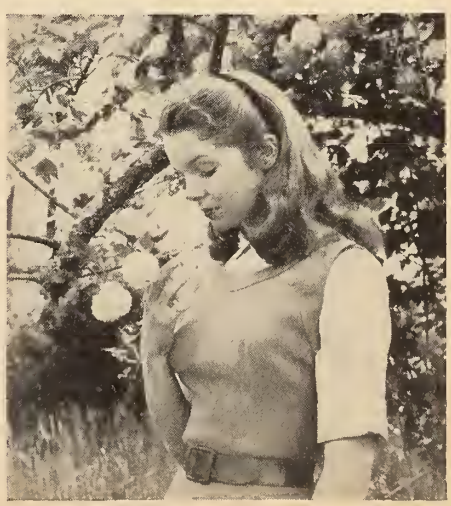
I know that life and big success have rushed in on you in overwhelming waves during this past year. As I write this, you have just been nominated for an Academy Award —the highest honor your profession can pay you—for your fine supporting work in *Peyton Place.*

And, at the unbelievable age of nineteen, you have also this year ended your second unhappy marriage. And you have a son by your first marriage. Diane, you have packed more living into your short span than many women experience all their lives.

My point is this: in both your professional and private life, stop racing your emotions and slow down to a walk. It is fine to be one of the *dedicated* actresses caring only for your next role, particularly in your case because you feel that love and marriage have been cruel to you.

But don't draw within yourself as you have been doing, staying home night after night studying your scripts or brooding over the failures of your personal life. After all, you are only nineteen—and it's a gloriously young age no matter what your past experience.

Have a little fun, go dancing now and then, buy yourself some of the pretty clothes you can afford, cultivate outside interests. In short, Diane—*take it easy.*





*There's a particular book that Barbara Rush should read.*



*Maybe Dana Wynter's been doing too much TV—but husband Greg Bautzer should slow her down!*



*Liz Taylor says she's gonna—but I don't believe it, nor does Mike.*

## Personal opinions

Well, here comes **Liz Taylor** announcing that she's giving up her career after she makes *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* and *Don Quixote* for Don Mike Todd! I don't believe it. I think it would bore Liz—and Mike—if she turned into just "the little woman" around the house". . . .

I like **Barbara Rush** as an actress and a person. But she's too plump in *The Young Lions*. Get out that diet book, gal. . . .

On the other hand, I'd like to see lovely **Dana Wynter** put on some needed poundage. Guess it all comes under the heading of —you can't win. . . .

Marlon Brando, Sr.—the one-and-only **Marlon's** dad—is completely charming the people he's been meeting at recent cocktail parties. What a nice man, with such gracious manners. If Jr. were just more like him socially, what a guy he'd be!

Difficult or not, Marlon is just great as the young Nazi soldier in *The Young Lions*. Sometimes I could murder him in cold blood for his conduct off-screen, but there's no argument—he's just tops on the screen. . . .

When and if "sex-kitten" **Brigitte Bardot** and that singing "gasser" **Frank Sinatra** —to quote his own favorite adjective—make a movie together, the French honey and Frankie should burn up the screen! And there's a hot chance that such teaming is on the way now that Brigitte has signed an exclusive contract with Columbia, where Frankie has made his best films. . . .

The financial settlement between **Esther Williams** and Ben Gage may be peaceful after all—which is a relief. Fireworks had first been expected over the large amount Ben was asking from the swim queen.



*If Frankie Sinatra and Sex-Kitten Brigitte Bardot do get together for that movie he'd like to make with her—well, they'd better keep the studio fire truck on the alert!*



# I nominate for stardom...

. . . **Hope Lange,** the really beautiful girl who proves herself such a good actress in *Peyton Place* and *The Young Lions.*

Hope always reminds me of those days, way back, when an actress had to be an outstanding beauty to rate a film career, —I mean gorgeous women like Billie Dove, Katherine MacDonald, Barbara La Marr, Vilma Banky and many others.

Now girls with piquant faces—and some who are downright plain—can get to the top if they are good performers. But Hope is not only talented, her face is a dream.

In private life she is Mrs. **Don Murray,** no mean actor himself, and Hope says it was inevitable that she marry an actor because she comes of a theatrical family. Her mother, Minetta Buddecke, played in Shakespeare on Broadway before she retired to own and operate the famed Minetta's Cafe in New York City's Greenwich Village—hailed by Holiday Magazine for its fine food.

As a young girl Hope helped wait on tables in her mother's place while she was getting her dramatic training at the Lodge Professional School.

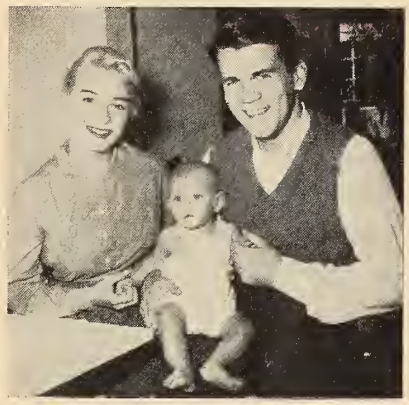
In fact she first met Don, a struggling young actor, when she was about fifteen and he would drop in for a piece of the delicious lemon pie. "We didn't fall in love then—just liked to talk about fame and fortune. It was after Don went abroad, during the war, that we started corresponding and came to know what we meant to each other."

Another, and most illustrious patron of Minetta's was Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. "I used to walk Falla for her while she lunched and talked with my mother," Hope remembers.

At 20th Century-Fox, her contract studio, they have high hopes for Hope—the beauty who can act.



*Hope Lange's reel life is zooming this pretty Miss to stardom. But her real-life role is that of a Mrs.—to Don Murray—and a mother—to young Christopher Paton Murray.*





## A brazen Miss

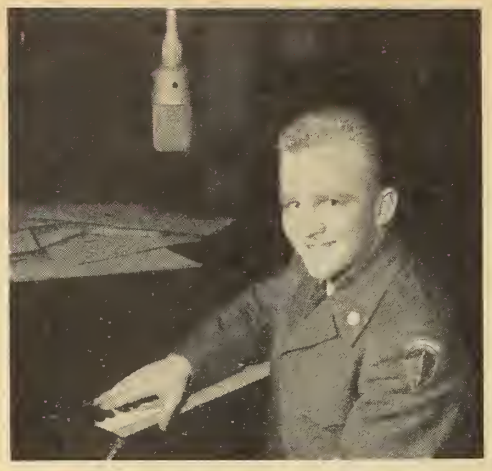
The most scandalous belle on the Miami Beaches last month was the six-month-old daughter of **Donald O'Connor** and Gloria, Miss Alicia O'Connor. She boldly posed for photographers wearing a *bikini!*

*What Richard Egan said—and what Pat Hardy said right back—was overheard. What an original script!*

## When a guy proposes

A waiter at Romanoff's serving **Richard Egan** and **Pat Hardy** the night he gave her the diamond engagement ring, told me Pat's amusing remark when Dick slipped the big sparkler on her finger.

"Oh," gasped Pat in surprise, "you should prepare me, darling. I would have gotten a manicure!"



*Bing is pleased as punch over what they're saying about son Gary Crosby.*

*No one was more upset than Marlon Brando when that recent story came out quoting his opinion of Jimmy Dean.*





*Here's what one of your fans has to say, Jean Seberg. Nice, isn't it?*

## THE LETTER BOX:

I have received many letters this month expresing regret and disapproval of the separation of **Esther Williams** and Ben Gage. As ESTHER MEER, KANSAS CITY, puts it: *"Please think it over long and hard before you bring such heartbreak to yourselves and your children"*. . . .

*"The importance of beautiful theme songs to a motion picture cannot be underestimated,"* is the wise remark of MRS. ANNA ADAMS, BROOKLYN, who is only twenty-one years old —and the mother of three children. *"Granted that* AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS *is a fine picture, it wouldn't have enjoyed half the success it has achieved without that wonderful music of the late Victor Young."* You are so right Mrs. "A"—the sales of movie scores on records also proves your point. . . .

ANDY VANDEVEER, ST. LOUIS, is absolutely "shocked" over a magazine interview—no, not in MODERN SCREEN—given by **Marlon Brando** in which he said he spent much time "dodging a personal meeting with **James Dean,** who was crazy to meet me." Andy says, *"What an insult to the late, great Dean."* I think Marlon was as upset about that interview as you are. He has since said he was speaking off the record. . . .

OH, HELP! JOAN POLSON writes: *"In our health class in school we are having discussions on alcohol and I am to give a talk on entertainers and alcohol. Since you are so close to entertainers who drink, I thought you could give me some reasons why they do it and how their drinking affects their work. Would appreciate a reply soon."* Not even for the chuckle your letter handed me, Miss Joan, of FORESTON, MINN. . . .

SHIRLEY LEWIS, ST. LOUIS, is an ardent fan of **Robert Ivers.** *"I saw him in* THE DELICATE DELINQUENT *and* SHORT CUT TO HELL *and am having a mild fit over him."* I'm sure Robert will be pleased to hear about your mild fit, Shirley. . . .

MARJORIE, FT. WORTH, TEXAS, saw *Bonjour Tristesse* and says: *"I do not pretend to be a critic, but I found* **Jean Seberg** *an unusually promising young actress (many reviewers did not, I know). I hope she does not take the criticism too much to heart and lose faith in her career. If she just keeps on studying and improving herself I think she will one day make them all eat those critical words."* When I interviewed Jean, I found her a lovely and poised girl and I, too, wish her luck in her career. . . .

From FRANKFURT, GERMANY, ELZA MAYTAG, writes: *"Gary Crosby has been stationed here for many months and I thought his countrymen would like to know how much respect the son of* **Bing Crosby** *has earned. He helps out in all charity affairs and is nice to all people who approach him"*. . . .

*"I am shocked beyond words at the dialogue in* A FAREWELL TO ARMS *regarding the miracle of birth when* **Rock Hudson** *says to* **Jennifer Jones** *'This is what comes of sleeping together.' Where, oh, where was the Johnston Office when this picture was given a seal?"* protests EVELYN GARRICK, WINSLOW, ARIZONA. . . .

DAVID LOWSKY, BROOKLYN, opines: **"David Niven** *is the most neglected actor in films although he never gives anything but a top performance. Why no interviews with him? Why don't you mention him more?"* David is one of my favorite persons, Mr. J. Perhaps he's just such a solid citizen and actor and is so happy in his marriage there isn't too much more to say about him than to agree with you: he's tops. . . .

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



## ON CLOUD NINE . . . WITH ELVIS

■ I know more about Elvis and his girls than all the scandal magazines!

By this time, many girls have met Elvis Presley. In almost every town in which he has played one-night stands, there is a girl with stars in her eyes who has waited backstage—breathlessly and patiently—until Elvis could sneak out some side entrance with her, and head for an all-night hamburger stand. Then there was always the hurried smooching while parked behind the cafe . . . and the last long look as Elvis burns off down the highway for the next town—and the next girl.

They write me all the details of a date with him. One wrote recently . . . "*You don't know Elvis until he kisses you, Kay; I mean REALLY kisses you. Not the kind he gives fan club presidents. I'll never forget the night we went back to the dugout at the ball-park and smooched for hours! Oh, you haven't lived until you've dated Elvis!*" One of my favorite letters reads: "*I dated Elvis in that first second-hand Caddie he had: the pink and black one that burned up, you know . . . well, I've dated Elvis in that very car! I wonder if he's still like he was then. . . . I keep hoping he'll come back here some day. . . .*"

Well, I could go on. But don't get me wrong: if Elvis didn't do these things he wouldn't be a normal boy. There are girls in his home town, too, who wait patiently for the *Memphis Flash*, as he's sometimes called, to breeze into town. And there are the wistful letters—"*I've met Elvis several times, and I'm better looking than average . . . but Elvis has never dated me. I don't get it.*" Well, all this is just to say that I too am one of Elvis' girls. Not the variety who have smooched with him in a dugout—*but I didn't say that I wouldn't trade places with her!* But I'm of the variety who have worked that Elvis might fulfill a dream for me; that he might prove to my family and friends, who fought me in the beginning, that he was worth fighting for. I believe in Elvis Presley. I believe he is all he says he is. If I'm ever convinced that he isn't . . . I'd denounce him—just as fast as I've publicly defended him.

**Kay Wheeler**
*President*
*National Elvis Presley Fan Club*

*Elvis's in MGM's* JAILHOUSE ROCK *and is scheduled for Paramount's* KING CREOLE *and 20th Century-Fox's* ENOUGH ROPE.





**NATALIE WOOD, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl** says: "My shampoo is Lustre-Creme! It leaves my hair so shiny and easy to manage. No wonder Lustre-Creme is Hollywood's favorite shampoo!" Lustre-Creme is used by the world's most glamorous women—shouldn't *you* use it, too?

# For the most beautiful hair in the world

# 4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Natalie Wood says, "My shampoo is Lustre-Creme Shampoo," you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in her glamour-career.

*Your* hair can have that Hollywood-lovely look with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair will shine like the stars! Yet it's so easy-to-manage—even right after shampooing. Waves are smooth—curls springy.

You'll see—and *he* will, too—how much lovelier your hair can look when you change to Lustre-Creme, the shampoo of the stars!

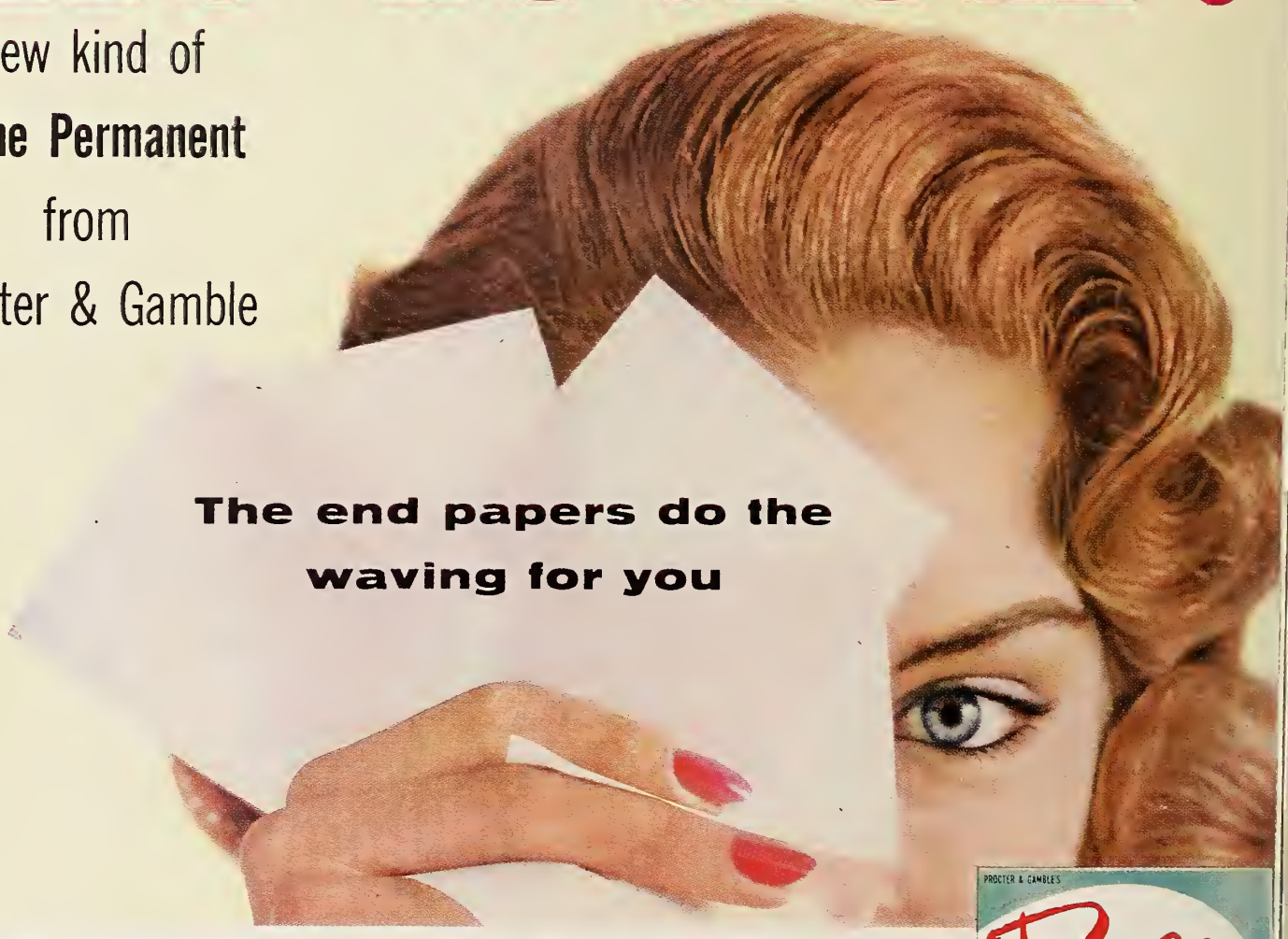
Lanolin-blessed creme or lotion never dries . . . it beautifies






# no lotion!

New kind of
**Home Permanent**
from
Procter & Gamble



## The end papers do the waving for you

**E**very end paper contains its own waving ingredients—just the right amount for each curl

**B**ecause the end papers themselves measure out the waving action, your wave will be perfect

**E**asiest, fastest way yet to a really lasting wave—just wind, wet with pure, clear water, and neutralize

Why didn't somebody think of this before? A home permanent with the wave in the end papers instead of a bottle of lotion. That's Procter & Gamble's new PACE.

**Guesswork taken out.** Because each paper contains just the right amount of waving ingredients—never too much, never too little—you get a perfect permanent *automatically*.

No more waves that take in one place, don't in another. No more stragglers or strays. No more "first week" frizz.

**No messy, strong-smelling lotion.** Just wind hair as usual, wet with water, neutralize, and look! An even-lasting wave that looks like a gift of nature.

So now there's no reason to leave the house for a permanent. Not when it's next to no fuss at all to get one at home. That's with PACE—the worry-free way to a perfect wave. How about today?




**Costs no more than lotion permanents—$2 plus**
**Choice of 3 strengths: Regular... Gentle... S**

Wind curls as usual. Any home permanent curlers will do. (End papers do the waving.)



Squeeze on **clear water** with PACE'S handy plastic bottle. No messy, strong-smelling lotion.




# Pace

*Procter & Gamble's no lotion permanen*

©P. & G.



THIS is a simple story.

In July, 1958, Perry Como will have been married for twenty-five years. To the same girl.

Year after year, for twenty-five years, he has created a love story that people in show business talk about—and wonder at.

And, really, it's such a simple little story. . . .

And here is how this tale of love began. . . .

They met at a weenie roast, Perry Como and Roselle. "Everybody knows that by now," Perry grins. "I must have said it a thousand times. You'd call it a barbecue now. Only we said weenie roast. . . ."

But because this year is his twenty-fifth of marriage to Roselle, he clasps his hands behind his head in the familiar Como gesture, and leans back, and remembers—a little more.

He was fifteen that hot, sticky summer, and he was apprenticed to a barber. Days he learned his trade, clipping hair, applying hot (*Continued on page 75*)

# HAPPY 25th *Wedding Anniversary* PERRY and ROSELLE







## YOU ASKED FOR IT, SO HERE IT IS:

# the shocking life of brigitte bardot

*by Héloise Nouvelle*

In many ways this story is a *first* for MODERN SCREEN.

It is, of course, our first story about Brigitte Bardot.

It is our first story about an actress who has never appeared in an American-made movie.

And it is the first story we have ever printed about a girl as frankly, as unashamedly unconventional as 'The Sex Kitten.'

But in one way, this is a story as old as beauty—as old as the stories we ran in the 'Thirties about Greta Garbo, in the 'Forties about Claudette Colbert—and in the 'Fifties about Marilyn Monroe. Or if you like, it is only as old as this year's stories of Kim Novak.

For all these women have lived the same story. All these women, blessed with beauty, have been cursed with the same terror, have awakened in the night crying from the same nightmare: afraid that the world will suddenly discover what the beautiful women have believed all along—that they are not beautiful at all.

That is the (*Continued on page 81*)



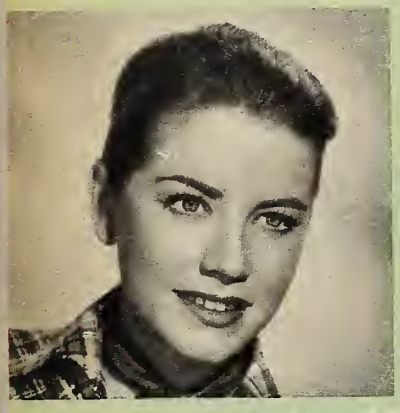
**Her husband thought Brigitte was beautiful, but he was never jealous . . .**



**Jean-Louis Trintignant's first love scenes with Brigitte were for the camera . . .**



VENETIA STEVENSON



DOLORES HART



DIANE JERGENS



MOLLY BEE

# *how to* **SNAG** *a* **STAG**

*Can you have a good time, without being a bad girl? Can you get wolf whistles and still handle the wolf? Here's how the experts do it:*

WANT to know how to have more dates, how to snag a stag? Recently, we gave you a boy's-eye view of the popularity bit. Now we've asked four of the most-dated girls in Hollywood to tell how they do it.

They are pretty Dolores Hart, pert Venetia Stevenson, cute Diane Jergens and bubbly Molly Bee. Each of these girls has a date-line that could keep a set of quadruplets bouncing. We got them to tell, from their own dating experiences, what a girl should and shouldn't do to make beau-catching easier.





**ABOVE** *Venetia Stevenson may not be hinting to Peter Brown that it's time to go home. But then again. . . .* **BELOW** *Diane Jergens tells Dick Sargent good-night—but no hurt feelings.*



# How to handle a wolf without losing him!

### DOLORES HART

Some girls give a fellow the come-on all evening, then get huffy when he turns wolf at the door. Maintain some dignity all evening—you can do it even while acting all female—and the guy will sort of catch on that you're not the kind he can get too fresh with. I think a girl cheapens herself by parking in the car. Boys are funny. They *do* kiss and tell. So be careful whom you kiss!

### VENETIA STEVENSON

You can be aloof—in a nice, warm way—and that will start to dampen the fire of an over-torrid Romeo. Boys don't like to make passes when they think they're not going to be received. I'm not talking about the casual goodnight kiss, which is one thing—and quite a pleasant thing! I mean the misunderstanding at the end of the evening when a girl says *no* and the boy continues a too-amorous pitch. It only leaves a girl feeling cheap and confused. A boy wants to feel liked, so why not show him affection by inviting him into your house for some cake and coffee? If you sit at the table and talk and laugh, that can be a friendly end to a date . . . and a much nicer one than the doorstep hassle!

### DIANE JERGENS

The important thing is to try not to act like a deadhead. Putting yourself on a pedestal is quite obnoxious. You not only scare away his advances—you'll scare him away for good. After all, when boy meets girl there's bound to be an attempt at romancing. Nothing wrong with that. But if you want to avoid certain offensive clinches, then try double-dating. By having others with you, some of the problems that arise from being alone and together fade away. I went out with a man who had a playboy reputation. I didn't want to miss the fun just because of his reputation, but I did want to miss the trouble. I asked him very sweetly if I could bring another couple, since he was so interesting, and he was flattered enough to agree. We had a wonderful time, and by having the others around my playboy friend didn't get out of hand—as he might have if we'd been alone.

### MOLLY BEE

I don't think a girl has to kiss a boy on the first date if she doesn't want to. If I like the boy and want to kiss him, I do. If I don't want to kiss him, I don't. But I seldom come across the problem of the boy who just won't behave. I think it's because I like to keep moving and make the evening gay and active. I like to dance, sing, even go horseback riding at night. That's one way to get a wolf's mind off the pursuit of petting. Keep the evening jumping. Sometimes a wolf acts the way he does because there isn't anything else to do!

*continued*





*Diane Jergens and Dick Sargent have a ball on the bowling alley—and, adds Diane, having something to do avoids passes. And Dolores Hart tells you that despite appearances Earl Holliman's* not *a wolf!*

# You can be good—and popular, too!

### DOLORES HART

Be choosey. If you go with every Tom, Dick and Harry, knowing that the *T. D.* and *H.* have reputations for being maulers, you're letting yourself in for more than you can handle. That doesn't mean that you have to suspect every man who likes fun of being a wolf, or you'll miss out on a lot of delightful dates. A man who has a gleam in his eye can be an exciting date too. But I do try to steer clear of the real bad apples. After all, why *ask* for trouble when its just as easy to go out with a nice fellow!

### VENETIA STEVENSON

Try to have the date revolve around some activity. I think many boys get completely out of hand because there's nothing else to do. I had loads of fun one night with a boy who took me ice skating. We were both so happy and exhausted that the necking issue never did come up. I think a fellow has more fun being with a girl who's a good sport on a simple date —than he is with a girl who's merely a good sport about petting! Remember, a necking session isn't what gets you that second date—or twentieth date.

### DIANE JERGENS

Love me—love my family. When a man is interested in me, I take him home to meet them all. That way, I know he'll treat me with more respect. I think it makes a charming family picture when the man you're dating comes in—meets your mother and father, your brothers and sisters if you have any, and even the family cat and dog.

### MOLLY BEE

You've got to be true to yourself. Don't do what you don't want to do. But try to handle it all gaily, not stuffily. I feel sorry for girls who think they have to drink and pet in order to prove they're good sports. If you're at a party where there's drinking and you don't want to appear prudish, hold a glass in your hand all night and no one will give you that strange look that makes you feel like an oddball. I don't drink, but I don't make a big thing out of it either. And no one tries to pour it down my throat. It really works!

# How to make your party swing!

### DOLORES HART

Plan lots of things in the way of entertainment beforehand. Don't expect the guests to make the party or your party might die with a thud. At a party I once gave, I made up little name tags and pinned them on each guest. It was more fun. Lots of times people are afraid to talk to others at a party because they've forgotten their names and they freeze up. These little tags were not only handy, they provided lots of talk and laughs. I think it's good to promote laughs with silly things at a party. I love charades for instance, because it gives people a good chance for a load of laughs. Another tip, have your mother or father around. Don't send them off to a movie that night. Some kids resent having an older person around, but I think it's important. It keeps the party from turning into a brawl.

### VENETIA STEVENSON

Be a relaxed hostess, not a jittery one. Have all your preparations made in advance and have all the decorations hung up the night before. And give yourself a good few hours to bathe, rest and dress before your guests come! If you're a relaxed hostess, you'll have the energy to get your party off to a flying start. Enjoy your own party and your guests will, too. And be sure to buzz around and talk to everyone—never go off in a corner with one special person.

### DIANE JERGENS

Why not start a do-it-yourself movement right in your own home? You don't have to have a big formal buffet; you can either have each person you know bring along one dish, or invite the whole group to come—and ask each person to cook his big specialty while the others stand around admiringly. Instead of hating this extra work, those of your friends who are proud of their specialties will love pitching in. And don't skimp on the food, the records you have in your living room, the number of games you play or anything else. A generous hostess is an appreciated hostess. It isn't money that counts, either. A little money can spread a long way for you. (*Continued on page 54*)





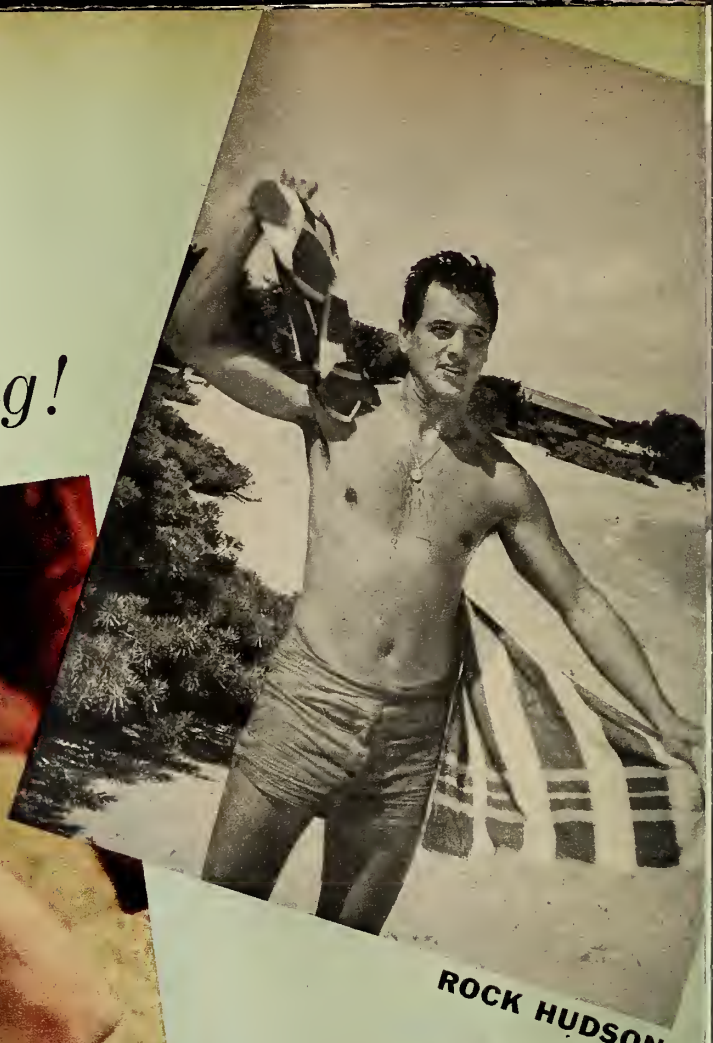
*Dolores and Earl play party games—cause Dolores made sure there were some activities* PLANNED *to keep the party swinging. Molly Bee figures that dancing is the greatest—even if you can't get a Tommy Sands—for singing and strumming, that is. (She's lucky; she could!)*

turn page for some STAGS to SNAG

# *here are some* **STAGS** *to snag!*



TAB HUNTER



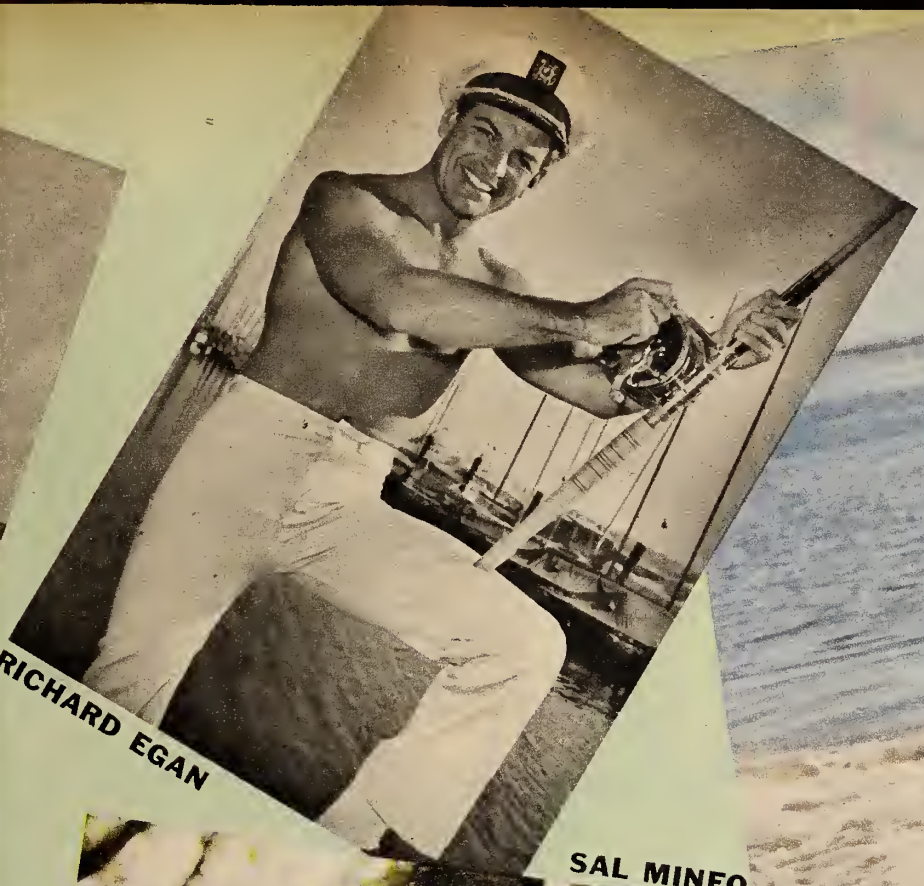
ROCK HUDSON



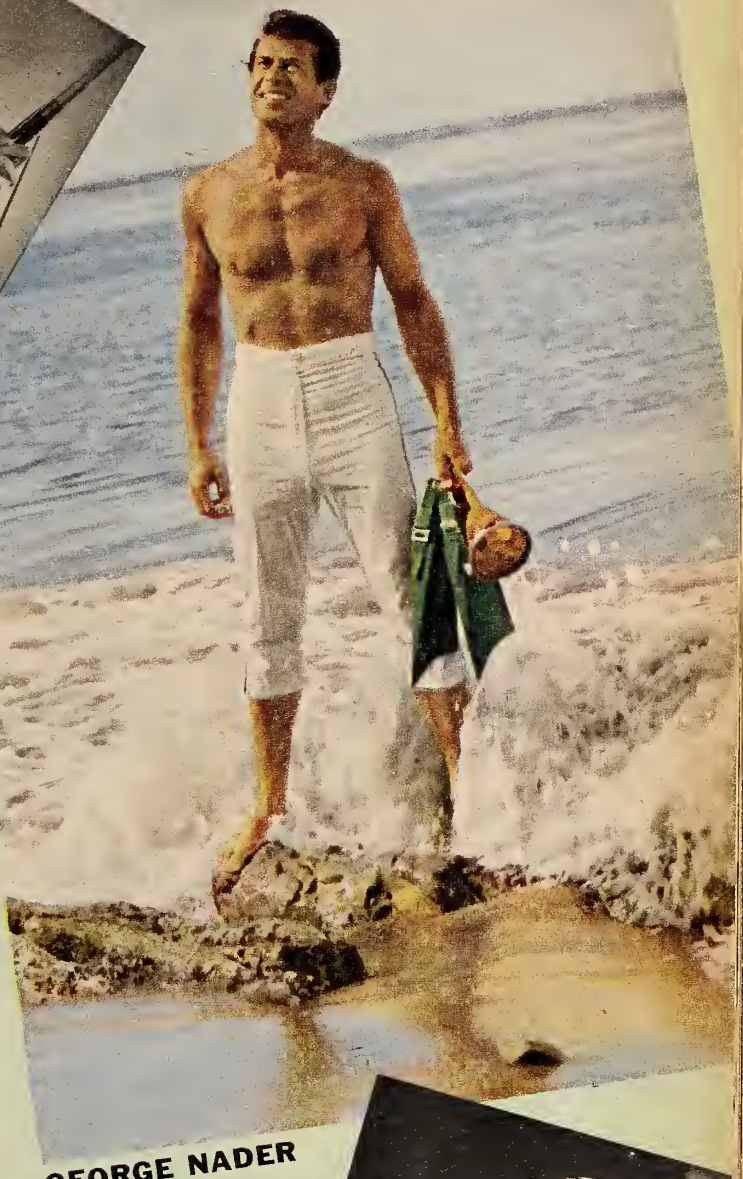
JOHNNY SAXON



RUSS TAMBLYN

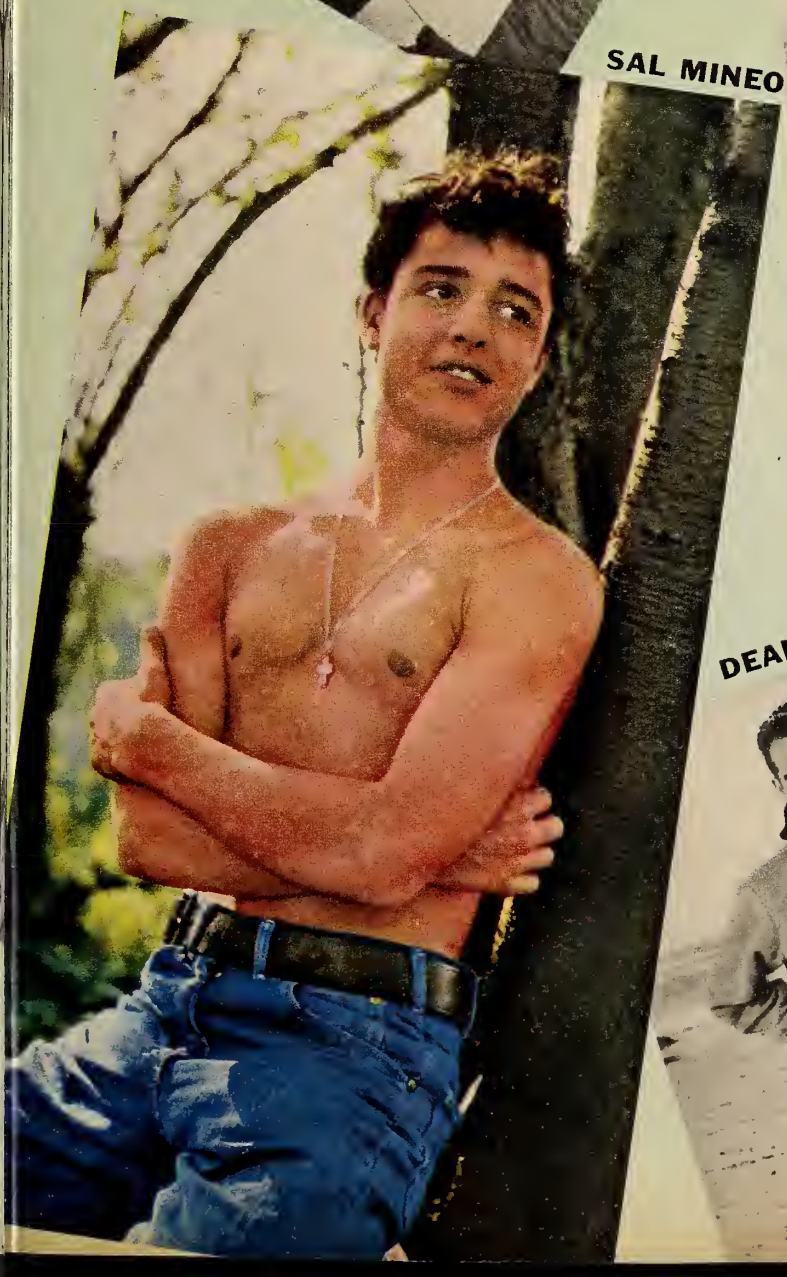


RICHARD EGAN



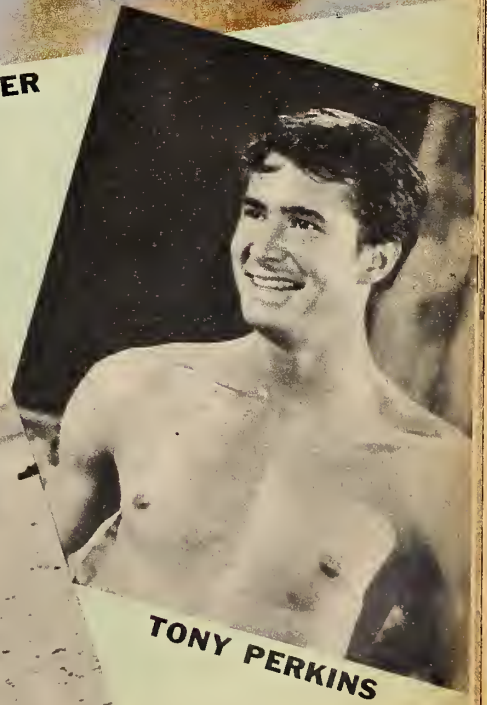
GEORGE NADER

SAL MINEO



DEAN STOCKWELL





TONY PERKINS

END

# TOMMY!

# Don't throw your love away!



*Remember how you felt, Tommy, when you gave Molly Bee that ring . . . the one that was just right for her, because it was two hearts intertwined—and that's how you felt. . . .*

WE ARE not in business to run a star's personal life, or to tell him what to do and what not to do.

But we've grown to like you, Tommy Sands, like you enough to feel an obligation to be honest with you—even if it hurts. And you may not like what we have to say. . . .

We have been disturbed in recent weeks about reports tying you romantically to a score of Hollywood beauties—Cathy Crosby, Connie Stevens, Dolores Hart, Yvonne Lime, Judi Meredith, Barbara Wilson and on and on and on.

Now we are certainly not opposed to an unattached young man dating any number of attractive young girls—providing they have fun together, and don't hurt anyone else in the process. But you, Tommy, are neither unattached nor having fun. Moreover, by your actions you are seriously hurting two people: Molly Bee and yourself.

We know, as you do, that you are in love with her—as much as she is in love with you; that every time you take a girl into your arms and kiss her, you make believe she's Molly. And Molly knows you do, and goes out with other fellows and pretending not to feel hurt—while holding back her tears whenever she picks up a fan magazine and sees you holding hands with Connie Stevens or taking Dolores Hart for a picnic in Griffith Park or going (*Continued on page 71*)

Helen Neushaefer



presents her newest cosmetic discovery:

custom blended

# moderna®

## new glide-on lipstick with creamy-smooth LANO-VELVET


















a shade to match your every fashion mood

BEAUTIFUL GOLD AND WHITE SWIVEL CASE



59c Plus Tax



# Junie on the SPOT!

*June's kingdom—her kids Pam and Ricky, and the man she loves, Dick Powell. And when she's not busy rough-housing with her energetic bundles of joy, she looks back and remembers some of the dreams she used to wish for . . . and the funny way dreams have of coming true sometimes when you're not even looking.*



## *Modern Screen drops by June Allyson's house . . . and checks up on some rumors!*

The rumor that there was a new June Allyson running around Hollywood brought us face to face with June—Mrs. Richard Powell, that is—for a question and answer session. June agreed to play a new game with us. It's called truth *without* consequences, and it's played by two people: us, looking for the truth about June Allyson 1958 style . . . and a smiling, pert mother of two who happens to be a movie star—

**Q:** Is it true that there's a new June? A girl who insists on leading her own life?
**June:** Maybe it just shows more now, but I've always been June Allyson, girl-individual. Even though Richard is basically the boss, I make my own decisions about most things. I played in *The Shrike* even though Richard was against it.

**Q:** Do you think you can be a real wife and a real help to your husband without sacrificing your independence?
**June:** At the risk of sticking my neck out I say: *absolutely.* I lead my own life, but here I am like a hen hovering over my brood. So of course, I think independence and family life can go together.

**Q:** How about the eternally ticklish problem of separate interests?
**June:** I think just about *everybody* has separate interests. It depends on how you handle the problem. I believe in not forcing *your* interests on your loving spouse. And I think, by now, Richard agrees with me. We tried to force our pet projects on each other once. Wow! Like that time I begged Richard to go skiing with me, against his better judgment. P.S.—he broke his shoulder.

And one time, he took me on the boat he'd bought. Naturally I got terribly sick. P.S.—we sold the boat.

**Q:** Is there a new interest in your life?
**June:** Is there ever! I love to cook now. I'd rather cook than anything. When I'm cooking, I'm the queen of Mandeville Canyon. Why, one night I gave a party for a friend . . . and sixty-two people came! And I barbecued sixty-two steaks—myself. Well, ever since then, I've (*Continued on page 78*)



introducing

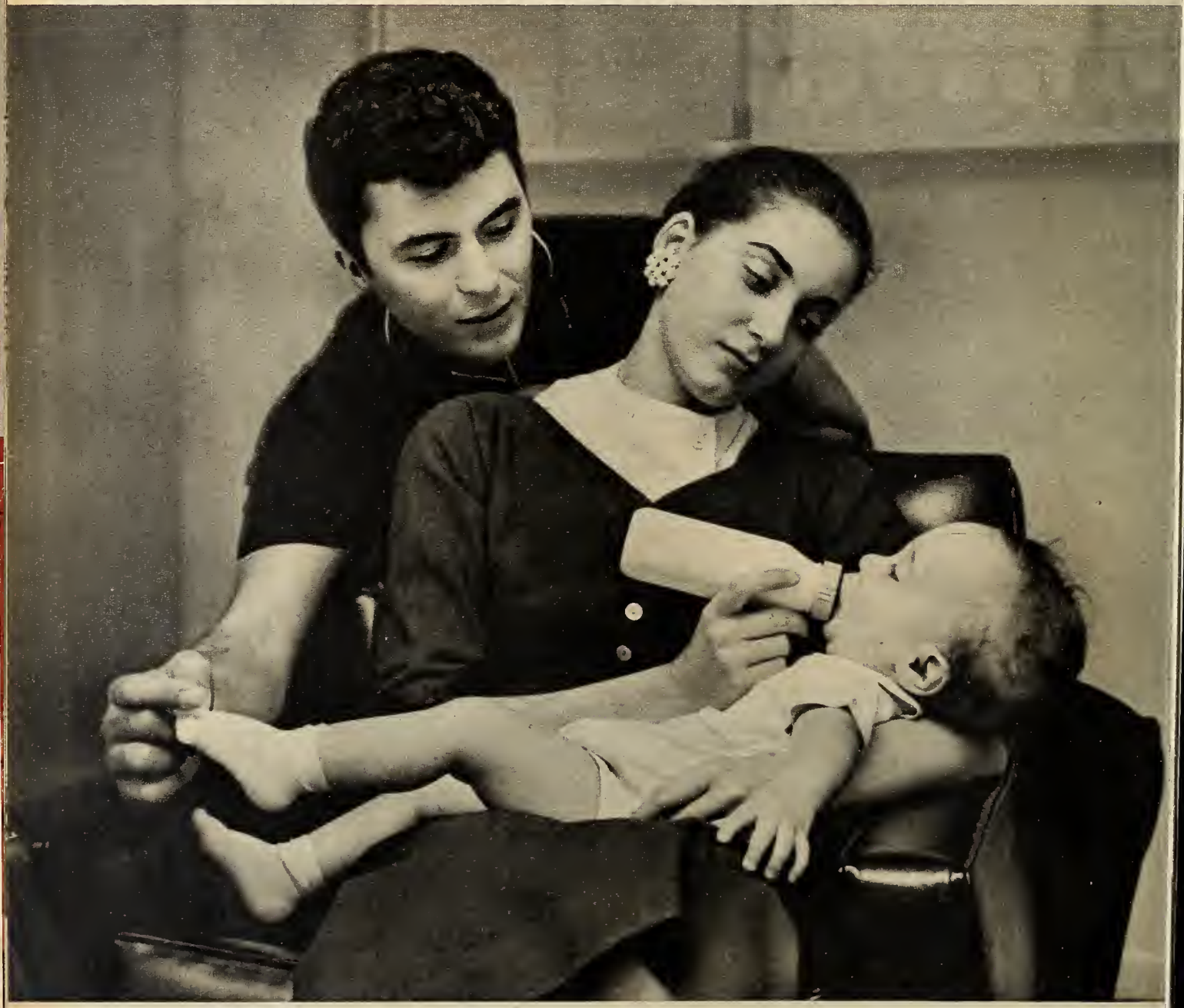
# JAMES DARREN!

Part I of the complete life story of Hollywood's most sensational new star

*story on next page*

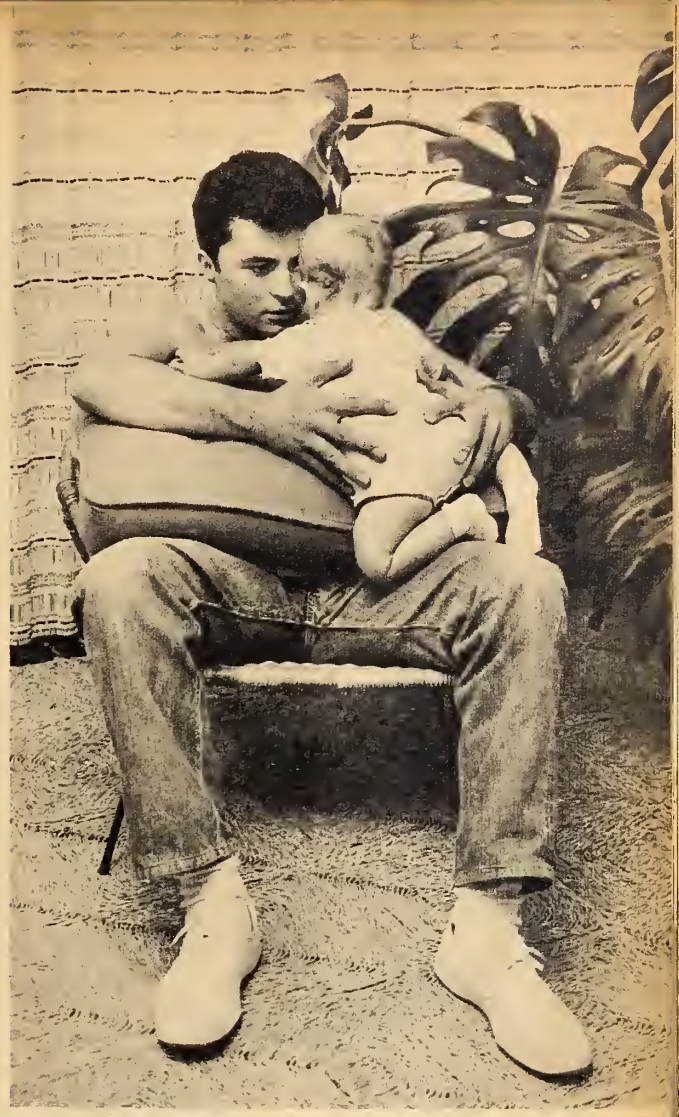
We were 17 and secretly married but...

# I was 18 before



# l grew up





*A wife, a child. Two people to love, and to protect. These are the things that made Jimmy Darren grow up—grow up to realize that a man can have a ball with a tennis racquet, but watering the lawn is part of living, too . . . and so is learning how to tell when a young fellow's diaper needs changing!*

IT WAS cold, freezing cold, that Monday night in Philadelphia as Jim Ercolani reached for his key and opened the door to his parents' small apartment. It was nearly midnight and Jim thought the folks might still be up, watching television or something. But when he opened the door, he saw that the apartment was dark and he knew they were in bed already and he figured it was best this way. Because when he told them the two things he had to tell them this night they would be groggy and, he thought, sometimes it helps for your parents to be groggy when you've got to tell them things.

He walked through the living room, past his own room and into the folks' bedroom. He stood there for a moment, staring at the dim outline of a saint's picture his mother always kept on her dresser, praying quickly that the second bit of news he had to tell them would make them as happy as the first. Then he snapped on a lamp, walked over to the bed and gently (*Continued on page 58*)



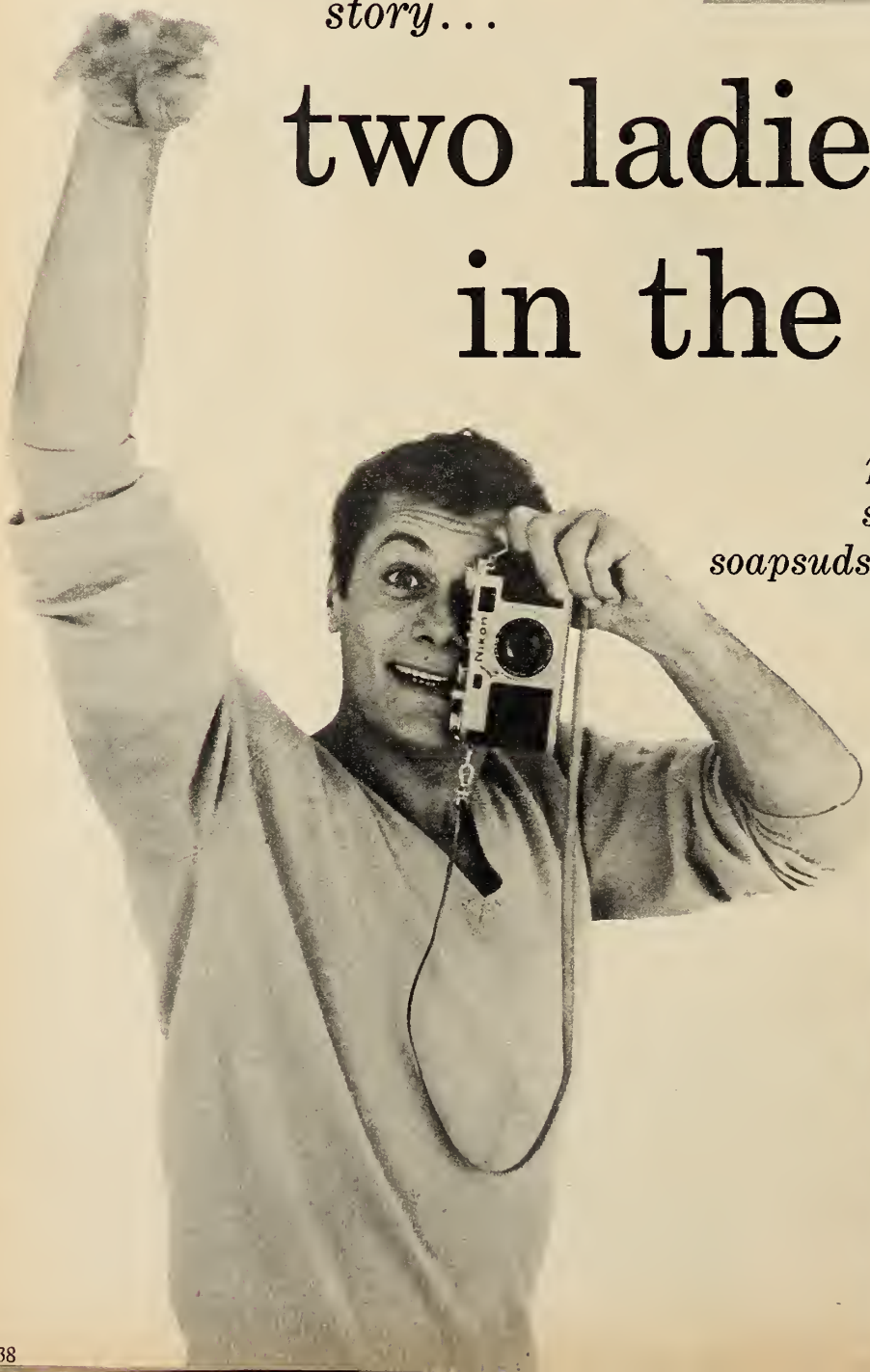


*A rare and charming story...*

# two ladies in the tub

*photos by* **TONY**
*script by* **JANET**
*soapsuds by* **KELLY LEE**










**Editor's Note:** *This story is about three people and an hour in their lives. It's a little story, and we guarantee it will never go down in the annals of Hollywood history. But it's a rare and charming story and it's our guess you'll enjoy seeing it and hearing it.*

*Our star is a nineteen-month-old package of soap-suds and smiles named Kelly Lee.*

*Our proud photographer is Kelly's daddy, Tony Curtis.*

*Our narrator is Kelly's mommy, Janet Leigh and this is how Janet tells it....*

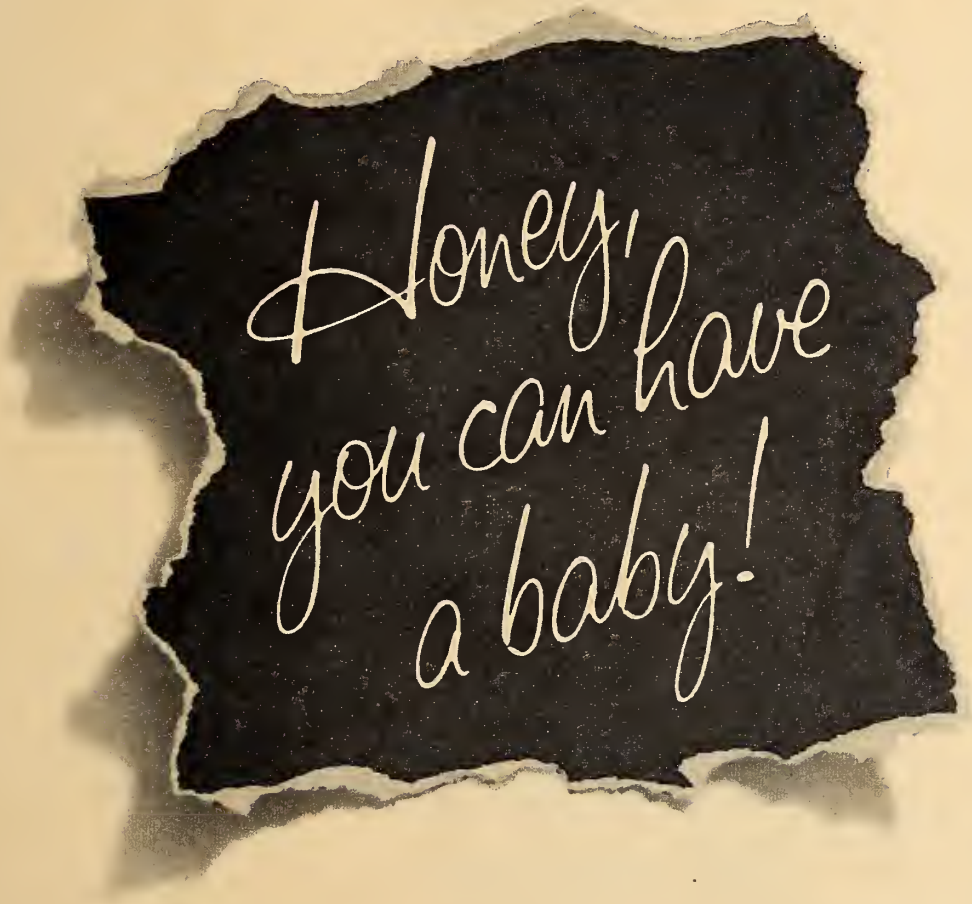
It was a Friday, I remember. Tony and I had been working hard all week on *The Perfect Furlough* at U-I and I was lucky enough to get off early this day. So at four o'clock I stuck my tongue out at my husband —who'd have to stay another hour, at least— and drove home.

As usual, there was Kelly at the top of the stairs, pounding on her gate, waiting to greet me, smiling away, not the old baby-gas-smile of a few months ago anymore, but a real honest-to-goodness (*Continued on page 74*)



# AN OPEN LETTER TO MARILYN MONROE:






Dear Marilyn,

Remember when you said, "If I had a child, a little girl, I would bring her up to have all the things I never had. I don't mean material things like clothes and money. They're nice, too—but—I mean love. People caring about her. People smiling when she came in, wanting to make her happy. I'd bring her up not to be afraid. It's not what a child can do for you—it's what you can do for it that makes you happy. I guess I'd rather have a baby and be able to do that for her than anything else in the world."

Do you remember those words, Marilyn? They're your words—spoken by you almost five years ago. You weren't even married then. You had just burst into fame by trading in your good mind and your decent soul for a sexy reputation and a lot of publicity. But even then—those were your words.

You wanted a baby.

And now you are a married woman. You have (Continued on page 83)

*"In all our years*

*in Hollywood,*

*this was* **the best**

# Party

**Sue and I ever went to"**

Alan Ladd



*"It was for another party I'd put on this fancy shirt. But it gave my son, David, an idea. . . ."*

# HERE COMES THE BRIDE

**DEBRA PAGET with DAVID STREET**



THE beautiful, red-haired girl, radiant in a white wedding gown and a tulle froth of a bridal cap, stood next to the handsome young man and repeated softly: "I do."

Debra Paget had decided only three days earlier to marry David Street.

And she had decided to marry him on their *first* date!

Up until this time, Debra was known all over Hollywood as *dateless Debbie* and *the girl who had never been kissed.* From childhood, she had made up her mind that she would not date the field, but that the moment she met the right man she would know it—and marry him.

Was Debra wise or foolish in carrying out such a plan?

All over the country teen age girls are facing the same question, the same problem: shall I go out with a lot of boys, or shall I stay home most nights waiting for that glorious moment when the right boy walks into my life?

Is it good for a girl to go through her teen years unkissed, not dating the field—can she possibly know her own mind when it comes to marriage?

Debra says *yes.* (*Continued on page 72*)

**"I didn't care that David had been married four times,**

# I said yes on our first date!"

# HERE COMES THE BRIDE

**PAT HARDY with RICHARD EGAN**



*by Louella Parsons*

# *"In my opinion,* they were born for each other!"

I'VE never enjoyed writing an engagement story more than my scoop on the coming marriage of Richard Egan and Patricia Hardy. Both young, successful, Irish, of the same religious faith—they seem born for each other.

Neither has been married before. What a relief it was to write a story in which I didn't have to end with "The bridegroom-to-be was previously married to So-and-So, So-and-So and So-and-So," or, "The bride-to-be has three children by three former marriages—but is sure she has found the love of her life in No. 4!"

Richard and Pat are just two wonderful young people in love. She told me she is giving up her own career because "Dick's is so much more important and the most important thing in *my* life is making him happy. From the day of our marriage I'll be just Mrs. Richard Egan, housewife. And that will be my happiest role."

They have known each other about two and a half years and Pat tells me it was not a case of love at first sight. "I think that's for storybooks, anyway," she said. "But as I grew to know Dick, and he to know me, we knew we were falling more and more in love. I thoroughly believe in long engagements—or perhaps I should say, long friendships before marriage."

Although they dated over two years, Pat didn't receive her engagement ring until a few weeks ago. On one of their regular nights to dine out, Dick took her to dinner at Romanoff's. Looking at the menu, Pat mused, "I wonder what I'll have?" Dick said, "How about *this?*" and slipped the sparkler, a five-and-a-half carat diamond, on the right finger.

All I can add is "much health and happiness" to Pat and Dick in a marriage that seems so RIGHT . . . that seems so 'made in heaven.'

**END**



HERE COMES THE BRIDE

**JOANNE WOODWARD with PAUL NEWMAN**

**"Our love was too strong to be denied**

# We waited five years for this moment..."



*Joanne and Paul relax after a leisurely honeymoon supper in a London hotel room. . . .*

THIS story is for every woman who has ever been tempted to *take* her love regardless of right or wrong, thinking that she can find happiness that way. If Joanne Woodward had yielded to that kind of temptation, today she and Paul Newman might be sick at heart at what they had done.

But they never trampled on conventions. Today they can respect themselves.

When Joanne found herself, trembling with unhappiness because she loved a man she didn't want to love, she drew back from the dangerous whirlpool. She schooled her heart and tried to teach it to beat less violently at the sight of the man she loved. And because she was fine and decent, and Paul was too, they accomplished the beautiful—they saved themselves from the tawdriness that might have ruined their love, and built instead deep roots of honor.

They even tried to deceive themselves. They swore that they wouldn't fall in love. They said to themselves that they would never be anything but friends to each other. This was the way it had to be. And this was the way it was. Except they *did* love each other. . . .

Why did they fall in love? To understand that you have to understand the kind of people they are. . . .

For Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman the most difficult acting they ever had to do came during the first weeks of this past January.

They were playing liars, two roles which they had imposed upon themselves. They were saying *no*—vehemently, violently, laughingly, angrily—to the reporters and photographers and producers and friends who every hour of (*Continued on page 79*)



NANCY BERG with GEOFFREY HORNE



"This was no night for restaurants. I wanted to be alone with my girl. We picked up wine and bread and I teased Nancy about her spaghetti-à-la-Berg."



*It started like every other date for Geoffrey Horne and Nancy Berg... But it turned out to be*

# THE NIGHT THAT GEOFFREY PROPOSED



"Nancy lit the candles to make things festive—but neither of us was very hungry."

"We toasted marshmallows by the fire and laughed and tried not to think about Saturday."



According to Nancy Berg's diary, she and Geoffrey Horne had exactly 219 dates together since they had met on June 13, 1957, at the Actors' Studio.

It was a case of love at first sight. The following day they started going steady. For eight months neither would so much as have a cup of coffee with anyone else.

And February 3 started out to be like any other date. The only difference was that within a few days Geoff was to go abroad for five months of work on *The Tempest*.

Each moment now was precious. Both remembered too well the horrible three weeks they had lived through—alone—when Geoff was sent to France for *Bonjour Tristesse* ... and the exquisite joy when they were finally reunited.

And the promise (*Continued on next page*)







"I took Nancy into my arms—and when she kissed me, I knew that was all the answer I needed."

# *We had the rest of our lives before us... but we just couldn't say good night*



"We toasted our love, Nancy and I, with a glass of wine. And we drank to our wedding day, and to the thousands of other days that would follow."

"Nancy couldn't wait any longer. 'Let's look at the travel folders,' she begged. And we spent hours poring over picture books—previewing our honeymoon trip. Two sleepy people . . . by dawn's early light."



to one another never to be separated again. . . .

Then, just a few weeks after he came back, Geoff was offered the romantic lead in *The Tempest.*

His first—almost automatic—impulse was to say *no*, even though he knew the role was a great one. Nancy wouldn't hear of *that.*

"Honey, I almost died when you went away the last time. But you can't turn *this* down," she argued. "Maybe we can work something out, maybe I can get some modeling jobs in Rome. But I won't be the cause of your refusing this part. Acting means too much to you, Geoffrey, I realize

## the night geoffrey proposed

that. And you know, darling, I'd never forgive myself: And it will be months before you will have to leave."

Then suddenly the months had become weeks. Now sailing time was just a few days away. On February 3rd, Geoff had contracts to sign, clothes to buy, agents to see. Nancy had classes at The Studio, a four-hour modeling job. But they had arranged to meet at six that evening, have dinner and take in a show.

They met at six—but neither wanted to dine out, neither wanted to spend precious time at a show.

They had a strange feeling about this evening; a feeling they couldn't put into words.

Instead of going out, they decided to drop into a local grocery store and pick up a few things for dinner. Nancy whipped up Geoff's favorite spaghetti dish—and they had dinner by candlelight. They played records, they talked, they danced, they were lost in one another.

And all the while they never once said anything about five days from now when Geoff would be gone.

If, that morning, you had mentioned the word marriage to them, they would have laughed. Marriage somehow wasn't included in their dream of things. Not now . . . not yet. In all the months that they had been seeing each other they had never spoken about it. If it was in their thoughts about the future, it was in their silent thoughts.

For both Nancy and Geoff were practical people.

### First things first

Nancy, though making thousands of dollars as a model, wanted desperately to become a fine actress. Most of her energy went toward that goal. Maybe once she made it she could think about becoming a wife. First she had to prove herself.

Geoffrey, after years of hard work, was coming into his own as an actor. Financially, however, it was too soon for him to take on the responsibility of giving a wife the things he felt a wife of his should have.

A girl like Nancy should have.

And all around him were advisors—warning him that the career that started so promisingly could fall apart if he married too soon. That's how things stood.

Then, at midnight, everything changed.

"Darling, come with me," Geoff begged.

"Oh, darling, darling," Nancy whispered. "I want to. I want to so much. But I can't. It wouldn't be good for you . . . for me. I can't. . . ."

Geoff cupped her face tenderly in his hands. "Oh you darling little fool. Don't you know I'm asking you to marry me."

And when she kissed him, it was all the answer he needed.

The rest of the hours flew by in minutes. There was so much to talk about, a lifetime to plan. They sat dreaming in front of the dying fire until they realized that dawn had stolen up on them. Then Geoff said good-bye. And later that day he and Nancy applied for their marriage license.

On Friday, February 7, at 3 P.M., they drove downtown to the Supreme Court building and were married. In attendance were Geoff's agents and close friends Dick Clayton and Ray Powers.

There was no reception. Just champagne in the bride's apartment.

"Why do I love you?" Geoff teased as he toasted Mrs. Horne for the first time. "Because I'm crazy."

"Why do I love you?" Nancy smiled back. "Because you are marvelous, intelligent, brave, courageous, sympathetic, charming, a good cook and you help with the dishes."

And everyone who saw them on the *Christopher Columbo* when they sailed for a honeymoon in Rome the following noon knew one thing—love each other they did, and the reasons were unimportant. **END**

*You can see Geoffrey now in* THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI *and* BONJOUR TRISTESSE *for Columbia. And soon he'll appear in Paramount's* THE TEMPEST.


next month!
the **rock hudson** story
—and **louella** tells it!
you'll meet
**debbie and eddie's**
new baby! it's a boy!
and learn all there is to
know about that hot
platterer—
**johnny mathis**
it's all in the
**june modern screen**
on sale **may 6**









*Diane and her best girl friend Joan Dupuis talk over the dance thoroughly, what to wear and what to say, days before it occurs. And when the big moment finally comes, is Diane's date, Dick Sargent enchanted? He sure is!*

## HOW TO SNAG A STAG

(*Continued from page* 27)

### Molly Bee

I love to give parties—and I give plenty of them. At my parties the accent's on singing and dancing. Sometimes Tommy Sands gets up and sings, but you needn't have a Tommy Sands around for that. We do plenty of horsing around at the piano and you can, too. Since I know so many talented kids, I usually have a built-in little orchestra made up of my guests. But be sure to have plenty of dance music provided by your own records. About food, I find it good to have one main dish—like spaghetti or turkey. Keep the food simple, and have plenty of it. Have some amusing games—like *What's My Line* with funny prizes planned. If you have drums in the closet or a uke, take 'em out and make noise.

## HOW TO MAKE A HIT AT A DANCE

### Dolores Hart

Learn to dance well! All things being equal, the better you dance the bigger the hit you'll be. Look happy when you're dancing, even if your partner's clomping on your feet or whistling in your ear. Act as though you're having a wonderful time. The stag line makes quick tracks to the girl who looks as though she'd be fun to dance with, and by-passes the girl with the bored expresion. A dance may be a good place to make a conquest, too. But remember, even if you meet the dreamiest boy there, go home with the guy who brought you.

### Venetia Stevenson

Gay little dabs of talk are fine while you dance, but incessant chatter could easily make your partner steer clear of you. He wants to dance, not carry on a conversational binge. I've seen girls at dances drive their partners crazy by chattering so incessantly that the dance turned into a sort of rocking session—the boy forced to rock back and forth in the middle of the floor while she carried on a forced jabber.

### Diane Jergens

Give yourself a break by wearing the type of clothes that set you off best while dancing. I like sheaths, but not on a dance floor. They make you stick out when dancing. A dress which swirls as you move can't be beat for sheer glamor. Be sure your gown doesn't need constant hitching at the shoulder straps or tugging at the skirt. Wear flimsy slippers, but they should be comfortable, too. I once went to a school dance wearing four-inch heels, and I teetered all night.

### Molly Bee

If you want him to hold you as though he never wants to let you go, part your hair with perfume so that he gets the most delightful reaction while you're dancing. And who says there's a law that only the boy has to say *thanks* for the dance? It's absolutely charming when a girl smiles and says, "I just loved dancing with you. You're a wonderful dancer, you know." A boy digs compliments like those. If you happen to be at a dance where you're more or less on your own, resist the temptation to find haven with a cluster of girls. Few boys are going to have the courage to plow their way through a crowd of females to seek out one girl at a dance. Get in with a mixed group. And smile. Often a smile will do more to get a boy to ask you for a dance than anything else. Boys get scared, too. If they see a friendly, smiling girl they're more apt to move in her direction.

## DO I NEED GIRL FRIENDS?

### Dolores Hart

Yes—but don't pour out your soul to all of them. Although I have many friends, I can think of only two girls I'm willing to confide in. Girls are easily aroused to being catty without realizing it. I think it's wonderful to have girl friends—they ring you in on parties and double dates—but be intimate with only a few. And don't make the mistake of getting into gossipy cliques.

### Venetia Stevenson

I've never had girl friends, and I'm sorry that I never did develop a circle of them. All of my friends have been male—which is a very pleasant situation, I must admit. But I also miss having some close girl friends with whom I can talk over certain problems. Having girl friends is a short cut to popularity, too: think of all the social doin's they can get you in on.

### Diane Jergens

Girl friends can add fun to your life. My best friend, Joan Dupuis, and I spend a great deal of time together laughing it up, listening to records and talking over a lot of girl problems, such as clothes and boys. Girl friends are an integral part of your life in growing-up. And I find mine a whole lot of fun.

### Molly Bee

Boys like a girl who is liked by other girls. They figure that if other girls like you, you can't be too catty or unkind. Another virtue of girl friends is that through them you can often meet more boys.

However, there's one thing you have to be careful about. Don't make it a habit to swoop down the street with three or four other girls. That makes it look like you're an army—and that's frightening to any man.

But are girl friends really *important* to have?

Sure they're important—but steer clear of being too closely identified with one group of girls to the point where you

might lose your own identity. Going out with girl friends is loads of fun, and an important part of growing up, but avoid being just part of a mob.

### YOU, TOO, CAN TALK UP A STORM

**Dolores Hart**

The most obvious way to get started is to talk about him. It's very flattering, too. Talk about his car, even if it's a beat-up model, or about the college he's planning to go to. In fact, if he's a new date, it's a good idea to get a rundown on his interests in advance so that you can pinpoint your talk along those lines. I once went out on a blind date with an actor, and I got his studio biography and briefed myself on it! I guess it was a tricky thing to do, but it certainly worked. Our gabfest rolled all night!

**Venetia Stevenson**

Because I'm a shy person, this has always been my biggest problem. I used to strain to force conversation and ended up sounding slightly hysterical. This makes it even harder on a boy. Then one evening I decided to forget myself and relax. This made the boy more relaxed and he spoke more easily. So did I. And I wasn't frantic when there was a lull. I let things take their course, and soon we picked up the conversation again. The harmful thing is to worry. When you can't think of small talk, try big talk.

**Diane Jergens**

I've never had the trouble of not knowing what to say. I'm a born chatterbox. I don't even think about it, which is a great help. But I find that when there are those deadly lulls and there isn't a blessed thing to say, the best prompter is something like, "Do you know Jane Whoziz from that other school?" If he does, we start talking. If he doesn't, he usually says, "No, but I know so-and-so. Do you?" And off we go. You can use that gimmick for a movie or even a favorite record.

**Molly Bee**

Just start talking, like jumping off a diving board. Plunge in. Talk—better talk than sit like a bump on a log. No one's expecting you to be a *brilliant* conversationalist, so don't push yourself. Start talking about little, inconsequential things. You'd be surprised how they build into lively conversations. For instance, I once told my date how I'd become lost driving over a new mountain pass to Hollywood. He told me how he'd lost his way hunting. And so on.

### DATING DO'S AND DONT'S

**Dolores Hart**

*Do* be appreciative of any gesture he makes, no matter how trivial it may seem. Even if a boy makes a sloppy attempt to be a gallant, he likes to have it appreciated. If he sends you a corsage that's the wrong color, wear it anyway. Better to have it clash than hurt his feelings.

*Do* notice the nice things about him—the fact that he's nicely dressed, even if his car is washed. A girl loves to be told that she looks lovely, but it may never occur to her to notice out loud that he's wearing a smart tie!

*Don't* be late. Nothing gives a boy the jim-jams more than staring at the ceiling waiting for a girl when he's all geared to go.

**Venetia Stevenson**

*Do* dress simply. Men squirm when they're with a girl who's overdressed.

*Don't* make great demands on him. Give him a chance to be a gentleman, but don't glare if he forgets to open the car door for you. Do it yourself.

*Don't* ask him to carry your comb, lipstick and powderbase in his pocket. Carry a purse large enough to keep all your personal things, so that his own pockets don't bulge and he feels like a valet.

*Do* look at the guy's mouth when he's talking to you. When you do, he begins to think you find him fascinating and he'll find you fascinating in turn.

**Diane Jergens**

*Do* double-date. It's much easier to keep things on a nice friendly keel when another couple is with you.

*Don't* constantly make with the make-up in front of your guy. It's annoying to him to watch you go through such gyrations. Besides, under those circumstances, where's the illusion?

**Molly Bee**

*Do* relax and enjoy every minute of your date. It will make him enjoy you all the more.

*Don't* strive too hard to be witty. You may impress yourself, but you probably won't impress him. Many a girl has opened her mouth and lost her guy just by talking too smart-alecky. Wisecracks are funny in a movie or in a TV show but boys don't appreciate them in the long run. When you wisecrack, they think you're either being catty or sarcastic.

*Don't* have a one-track mind and heart. Be versatile. Learn to do a variety of things.

The more sports you know, the more things you can do, the more fun you can have.

And the more dates! Remember, with one boy you can swim; with another you can bowl and so on—for *dozens* of fun-filled evenings. **END**


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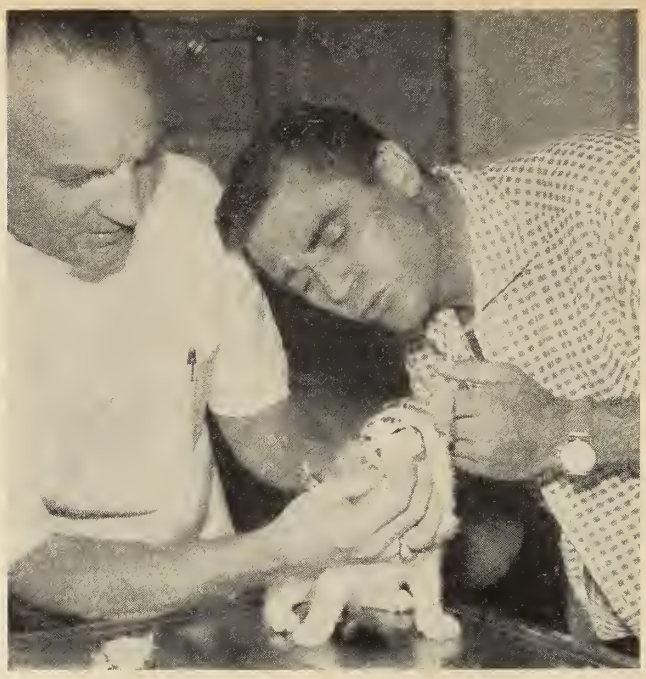
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# he OWES his LIFE to a CAT

■ Steve Cochran has always been fond of animals. The Cochran home in Coldwater Canyon has always had its assortment of livestock, varying from time to time in type and number. Currently there's Steve's huge German shepherd dog, Shane, who's so big he has some difficulty squeezing into Steve's sports car when the two of them go off to call on friends. Then there's a capuchin monkey, Aristophanes, who's inclined to be a bit jealous of some of Steve's girl friends, and has been known to give them a more-than-friendly nip in warning to steer clear of the master.

But the stoutest heart in the whole collection belongs to Terrible Touhy, a cat who strayed in one evening, decided he liked the looks of the place, and stayed. Terrible Touhy got his name from his attitude toward dogs—he has yet to meet up with a dog who can ruffle his fur. In fact, the very day he decided to adopt Steve, Terrible Touhy chased a neighbor's dog, cowering, into a corner, and kept him there until Steve made a rescue. It was then that Steve decided this cat operated like a big-time gangster—and gave him his name. And a day was to come when Steve was to have more than a little respect for this particular little gangster.

One evening a short time ago, Steve went out for a stroll on his hillside grounds, trailed by the ever-shadowing Terrible Touhy. Steve heard a slight movement in the ivy groundcover adjoining the path, and was on his way into the brush to investigate, but Terrible Touhy bounded ahead of him.

The brave little animal pounced into the ivy. Then the next thing Steve heard sounds of a struggle. Terrible Touhy let out a loud, outraged yowl and came flying out like he'd been struck by lightning. Steve couldn't see any mark on him, his fur was so long. But when he looked back at that brush, he saw something slither. Then it was out in the open and Steve saw what it was—a rattlesnake, and it was a good six feet long. A real mean-looking son-of-a-gun. It was all poised, looking like it wanted a good bite out of Steve, too. Steve lost no time backing away. Then he pulled his revolver from his pocket and blasted the rattler. Steve fired several times before the rattler stopped moving and he could be sure it was dead.

Then he picked up Terrible Touhy and ran back to the house. He called his secretary, who rushed the cat to a nearby animal hospital.

The cat recovered, and was brought home a few days later. Steve held the lion-hearted little animal on his lap and told him, "Touhy, that was a real whopper of a rattler." This news carried no weight whatsoever with Terrible Touhy. As soon as he could squirm away from Steve, he charged outside, bent on settling the score with any other snake in the grass that might be hanging around.

Steve, however, had other ideas. "Terrible Touhy may have eight more lives left, but his quick action saved the only life I've got, and I'm not about to let him go out there risking the other eight."

## the best party

(*Continued from page 43*) And he explained, "It's kind of a Hawaiian party."

"They should have made it a cowboy party," was David's thought on that subject.

Alan had worked that day, worked hard, and he was tired and in his book they should have made it *no* party at all. And Alan will be the first to tell you that he's not crazy about parties, period; that he still carries some of his boyhood shyness to them and, as he says, "I still find it hard to walk into a room full of strange people and be very comfortable."

David, after shaking his head and deciding it was *really* too bad that it wasn't going to be a cowboy party, said, "Dad, what do they do at a Hawaiian party, anyway?"

Alan thought for a moment. "Well," he said, "I guess they serve Hawaiian food and drinks. And they decorate the place as if it were Waikiki Beach or somewhere like that. And they give out leis. . . ."

"What's that?" David asked.

Alan explained.

"Gee," David said, impressed. He'd never heard of a lasso pinned with flowers and thrown around the neck.

At that point, Sue came in and said to Alan that they'd better get going.

"You look pretty, Mommy," David said.

"That's what I wanted you to say," Sue said, laughing.

---

**June Allyson tells what happened on the moonlit night in '45 when Dick Powell looked into her tear-swept eyes and said, "I hope you'll marry me. I love you, June."**

**"My reply," says June, "would have staggered a lesser man. . . . Years before, in New York, I had dated a singer named Tommy Mitchell. And this night when Richard told me he loved me, I looked up into his eyes and murmured, 'I love you, too, Tommy.' We survived it."**

*Paul Sann*
*in the New York Post*

---

Downstairs a few minutes later, David stood with Hannah, the maid, and her husband, Jerry, the houseman, as Alan and Sue got ready to leave.

"Now you be a good boy and eat a good supper," Alan said to David.

"And then," said Sue, "you can watch television with Hannah and Jerry."

"Yes," David answered. "Yes." Nobody seemed to notice at the moment that his gaze seemed to be very far away, that the little boy was thinking something, planning something. Except maybe Alan should have realized something was a-foot, having been thinking just a bit back that you never could tell what that young fellow might think up.

Alan and Sue kissed David good-bye and—it was really getting late now—they left.

David, Hannah and Jerry stood on the steps waving good-bye until the Ladds' car was out of sight. Then, suddenly, David turned to the couple and, all excited, said, "Gee, I just had an idea." He spluttered out the details of his idea.

"But David . . ." Hannah said, shaking her head.

"Now, David . . ." Jerry said, shaking his finger.

"Yes," David said, definitely. "It's my idea and I want to do it and *wow!*" The last word came out like a joyous Indian yelp and Hannah and Jerry couldn't help looking at each other and looking just a little bit upset.

It was about 7 o'clock that night when Alan and Sue realized that the party-

givers from New York weren't supplying their guests with any dinner. The party had been some fun at the beginning, but it was getting too crowded now and too noisy and it was beginning to drag. *And* Alan and Sue and a few good friends they'd run into were getting decidedly on the hungry side.

"Why don't we leave now and grab a bite at a restaurant?" one of the friends suggested.

Alan, Sue and the others agreed. They all said *good night* and thanked their hosts and got into their cars. Just before they started for the restaurant Sue snapped her fingers. "Alan and I are going to stop at the house for a few minutes," she called out to the others, piling into their own cars. "I just remembered. I have to tell my daughter, Carol Lee, about something we have to do tomorrow morning. We'll join you all a little later."

The Ladds weren't worried about anything. David, Hannah and Jerry were probably watching TV, they figured, and they didn't want to bother any of them. So Alan got out his key and opened the door. Inside, the house seemed pretty quiet—no sound of TV, of *Wyatt Earp* shooting it out with any bad guys, or anything.

**The case of the missing roses**

"I wonder where they are?" Sue said, looking into the living room. And then she just happened to notice that a large batch of roses she'd arranged that afternoon was missing from a vase on one of the end-tables. Alan, by this time, was standing at a foyer window which overlooked the pool and patio. "Sue," he whispered, making a come-over-here sign with his finger.

Sue rushed over to where Alan stood. And then she saw them—David and Hannah and Jerry. Hannah and Jerry were seated around a large white tablecloth on the lawn by the pool. Hannah was wearing her Sunday best and Jerry was wearing an orange-and-yellow sportshirt the Ladds had seen him wear once on his day off. Around their necks they wore a garland of loosely-pinned flowers — roses. They both looked very uncomfortable and a far cry from the smiling David who was approaching them, very slowly, carrying a tremendous platter of what looked like fruit and something white and steaming.

The Ladds watched, quietly, as David went over, as he turned down Jerry and Hannah's offer to help him with the giant platter, as he laid the platter down. Hannah had just closed her eyes as if in prayer. They watched as David stood there for a minute deciding whether or not to sit down himself, and then suddenly shook his head—he'd obviously forgotten something—and rushed back towards the kitchen.

When he was out of sight, Alan and Sue walked out to the patio. Before they could say anything, Hannah saw them, jumped up and said: "Oh, Mr. Ladd! Mrs. Ladd! David is giving us a party. We told him *no*, but he said *yes*—and when he says *yes*, he means it."

**All by himself**

"That boy," she said, "that wonderful boy. Do you know what he did? When you left for the party, he turned to me and Jerry and he said, 'You know, you two never go to parties or anything and now I want to give you a party. It's going to be a Hawaiian party, like the one Mommy and Daddy just went to.' We told him: 'Oh, no you don't, David. You don't have to go giving us any parties.' And he said to us, 'Oh, yes I do!' Well, he makes me and Jerry go change our clothes and while we're changing them he's down in the kitchen making his mysterious meal, a Hawaiian meal he said. Of course I was worried about him being in the kitchen all alone like that. And so I changed real fast and then I stood by the door peeking in. You should have seen him. I guess rice is Hawaiian, because that's what David made. He got out two boxes from the cupboard and he read the directions like he was going to have a test in school tomorrow on them, so careful, and then he got out the pot and filled it with water and . . . and he made all this rice. And while it was cooking he was running all around the place, setting the tablecloth out here, getting some string and that bunch of roses we had in the living room and making these beautiful things we got around our necks, and getting fruit from the icebox so he could put them with the rice and make this a real Hawaiian party, like he said. And when he was all through arranging everything, you know what he did? He called out for me and Jerry to go outside the front door for a few minutes, then to ring the bell. We did that—and, do you know, in the time it took us to ring the bell he'd run to his room and put on his new jacket, his nice jacket, and we could hear him come running to the door and then stop and then, slowly, he opened the door and give us a smile from here to New York and back and he said, 'Hello, Hannah . . . hello, Jerry . . . I would like to welcome you to your party!' "

Alan and Sue stood motionless for a moment. Then they looked at each other and smiled and Alan took Sue's hand and held it, very tight, very proudly.

David rushed out with salt and pepper shakers, which he'd forgotten. "Hi Mommy. Hi, Daddy," he said. "Do you see the party we're having?"

Sue could only nod. Alan stepped closer to the tablecloth and studied it admiringly. "Very nice, son," he said. "Very nice."

"Thank you, Dad," David said. He began to salt and pepper the rice now, using giant quantities of both but being very careful not to get any of the stuff on the pineapple and the bananas and peaches which sat smack in the middle of the rice. "It's the first party I ever gave, but I think it's going to be a nice one."

Alan and Sue had a quiet consultation.

"David," he said, "your Mother and I were just wondering if . . . if you had enough here for us to join your party."

The boy looked up. He grinned. "Gee, Daddy," he said, "I was going to ask you, but I thought you'd been to one party already and that maybe you wouldn't want to have to go to another one."

"Your Mother and I," Alan said, "would like very much to come to this party. She's inside now, calling some people we were going to meet later on and telling them we can't make it."

"Oh, boy," David said, getting all excited again. He looked down at the table. "This means we need two more dishes . . . and some more knives and forks."

"I'll help you get them," Alan said, taking his hand.

"Swell," David said. He turned to Hannah and Jerry, "You two can start drinking your orange juice and start enjoying yourselves, meanwhile." Then, as he walked back to the kitchen with his father, he looked up and asked, "Is this almost as good as the Hawaiian party you and Mommy just went to, Dad?"

Alan smiled, "This is the best party your Mother and I *ever* went to."

And it was. . . . **END**

*Alan will appear in MGM's* THE BADLANDERS *and United Artists'* THE MAN IN THE NET *and* THE PROUD REBEL, *produced by Samuel Goldwyn, Jr.*


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## MOSES

## AND THE DANCING GIRL

■ Chuck Heston tells this one on himself—how he was carried away by a part, then brought back to earth with a sudden jolt by two words from an extra.

"After ten months in Egypt," says Chuck, "playing Moses in *The Ten Commandments*, I really got carried away with the part.

"I guess it was the long white beard and hair and the flowing robe, coupled with my solemn and sometimes awesome lines.

"Anyway, I finally reached the point where I wouldn't smoke a cigarette or even drink a cup of coffee on the set. They didn't seem proper things for Moses to be doing.

"I just walked around between takes and more or less glared.

"One day we finished the first take of a scene on Mount Sinai, where I hold up the tablets of stone and everyone cowers beneath them as I scathingly dress them down as sinners.

"We quit for lunch after the take and I made my way down the mountain side through the 'sinners,' carrying the commandments in my arms and staring solemnly ahead.

"By now I was really gone.

"No one said a word to me until I neared a little dancing girl who was wearing about seven square inches of tiger skin and sipping a martini someone on the set had made for her. As I walked in front of her, she brought me back among the humans with only two words uttered just loud enough for me to hear. She said:

"Party pooper!"

*Watch for Chuck Heston in U-I's* TOUCH OF EVIL, *UA's* THE BIG COUNTRY *and Paramount's* THE BUCCANEER.

## introducing james darren

(*Continued from page 37*) called their names until they were both awake.

"Mama ... Pop," he said. "I was up in New York today and I got signed up for the movies."

His mother, who'd awakened with a start, smiled for a moment and then burst into tears.

His father, who wasn't really awake at all at first, snapped up into a sitting position and grabbed his son's hand. "*E vero*, Jimmy?" he asked.

Jim nodded. "It's true, Pop," he said. And then he gulped—because glad as he was that his folks were so glad, he was sorry they'd got over their grogginess *already*.

"And you don't smile at this good news?" his father asked, still clutching at his nineteen-year-old son's hand and grinning broadly.

"Well, Pop..." Jim started to say, his voice dead serious.

Mrs. Ercolani turned suddenly. "Jimmy," she said, "you didn't do anything wrong to get into the movies, did you?"

"No, Mom," Jim said.

"I mean," Mrs. Ercolani said, thinking back to an incident Jim himself will tell about later in this story, "you didn't go locking up anybody in a closet or something?"

"No, Mom," Jim said, and again he gulped. "It's just," he said, "that I wanted you to know I'm married."

There was a long, but not very long, pause.

"To Gloria," Mrs. Ercolani said, not asking.

Jim nodded.

"And it's been about a year," Mr. Ercolani said, not asking.

Jim nodded again—and his folks turned and nodded wisely at one another.

They'd suspected it, they told him now, but they were never really sure. And anyway, they said, it was wonderful news and why was Jim shaking so much all of a sudden; they knew that he'd always loved Gloria and now they loved Gloria too, and they wanted them both to always be very happy—and, Mr. Ercolani said, laughing and getting out of bed and reaching for his bathrobe, "What do you say, Mama, you make us all a nice cup of coffee and we celebrate our Jimmy being a movie star and a husband, all at once?"

### The talk

From that point on, they sat and talked and laughed till the early hours of the next morning, reminiscing about the old days of Jim Ercolani, wondering about the new days of James Darren—the professional name he had decided on, thankful that all their years of dreaming and hard work were coming to such a wonderful end.

Mrs. Ercolani, being a mother—*and* a woman, wanted to know all about the wedding first. She had known Gloria, the pretty dark-haired Jewish girl from down the street, for about as long as Jim had, seven years. She knew they'd met when they were both twelve, that they'd started to go out together to things like the movies and the beach when they were about fifteen, and that for a couple of years now they'd been going out together every night of the week. But the wedding, Mrs. Ercolani wanted to know—what was it like and where did it take place and....

"We only did it secretly," Jim interrupted her, as if he had to explain, "because I didn't want you to feel you were losing a son so young."

"I know," Mrs. Ercolani said, "but *how* did it happen?"

Jim smiled. "Well," he said, "for the last couple of years I'd wanted to marry Gloria. But always I told myself, 'You've got to wait until you can support her.' And then one day I realized it might be a long time and I couldn't wait that long and so I asked Gloria if she'd marry me and she said *yes*. So a couple of nights later we got into a car and drove down to Elkton, Maryland. I needed a 'father' to give his consent and so we got this guy to come along and all the way down I had to teach him how to spell Ercolani so it would look right when he had to sign the papers. And then when we got there that part went all right, but I found out that all the weddings in Elkton were listed in a newspaper around there and I had to pay this reporter fifteen dollars to keep my wedding out of the papers."

Mrs. Ercolani tsk-tsked. "You were too broke to get married right," she said, "and then fifteen dollars—poof!"

### The bargain

"Well," his mother said, winking, "tomorrow night you bring my new daughter-in-law over here for dinner and I'll make a lasagna of fifteen pounds and that way we'll make everything even. Okay?"

"Okay," Jim said, winking back.

Now it was Mr. Ercolani's turn. How did his son get his movie contract?

Whereupon Jim told him the story, the true story, that even fairytale Hollywood finds it hard to believe.

"I went up to New York last Thursday to have some pictures taken," he began, then told them how on his way out of the studio the photographer's secretary, a warm-voiced middle-aged woman, asked him, "You're interested in show business, aren't you?"

"That's right," Jim had said.

"You got any leads?" the woman asked.

**I'm an actor interested in coffee and roles.**

*Cary Grant*

"No," Jim said.

"Here," the woman said, jotting down a name and address on a memo paper, "go over and talk to this lady."

Jim thanked her and a little while later he was in the lobby of the Brill Building on Broadway, waiting for an elevator to take him up.

"When I got into the elevator," Jim says, "this woman came in right after me. She began staring at me as soon as she stepped in and she stared all the way up. Then, when the elevator stopped at the ninth or tenth floor, she got out and I got out, too. She went into an office and I went to the receptionist's desk. I showed the receptionist the note from the photographer's secretary and she took me into an office. It was the same office the woman from the elevator had gone into. We both looked a little surprised to see one another. Then we shook hands and the woman asked me to sit down."

### The interview

"I like your looks," the woman said, very matter-of-factly.

"Thank you," Jim answered, running his hand across his face, as if to wipe away the sudden blush.

"Have you ever had any acting experience?" the woman asked.

"No," Jim said.

"Any acting classes?"

"Well," Jim said, "I signed up with a school—Stella Adler's—here in New York about a year ago, but I've only gone to about two weeks' worth of classes."

"Why?" the woman asked.

"Because I'm lazy," Jim said.

"That's an honest answer," smiled the woman. "Now," she said, "Tell me about

yourself. What were you like as a kid, a young boy?"

"I was shy," Jim said, starting slowly, "very shy, so shy that everybody thought I was conceited. If people said *hello* to me—I don't know why—but I used to be embarrassed to say hello back and I'd just look down at my shoes and wouldn't answer. Once in school, I remember, a girl said hello to me and I didn't say hello back and later, when I saw her walking towards me with another girl, I heard her say, 'Here comes that snob!' It made me feel awful."

"Were you a goody-goody then?" the woman asked.

Jim grinned. "No," he said. "In other ways I used to be a pretty fresh kid."

"Like when?" the woman asked.

"Like once in high school," Jim said. "I was having a lot of trouble with this teacher and it came to the point where I couldn't take it anymore and so I locked her up in a closet."

"And?" the woman asked, trying to hide her smile.

**Life on the farm**

"And I got expelled," Jim said, not smiling. "And then there was the time my kid brother, Johnny, and I were living on my uncle's farm up in Woodstown, New Jersey, and there was this horse. Dixie was his name. He was blind in one eye. And when nobody was around we'd take him to the house and feed him. And then one day, just like that, he lay down and died. Johnny and I were with him at the time and we ran to tell my grandmother. We were crying and I remember my grandmother coming out to see Dixie and saying, '*Si, è morto*—yes, he is dead,' and then taking off her apron and putting it around his head, sort of out of respect. Then we all just stood there and prayed that Dixie would be happy in whatever place he was going now."

"Jim," the woman asked, "have you ever done anything you're real proud of?"

"That's a hard question to answer," Jim said.

"Have you ever done anything you're really sorry about, then?" the woman asked.

Jim thought a moment. And then he nodded. "The trumpet," he said. "I'd been studying trumpet for about three years and my father went out and bought me this new instrument, to kind of celebrate the anniversary, I guess. But I was really getting fed up with my lessons and I had this teacher who'd give me a poke in the arm when I played a wrong note sometimes. So one night I decided not to go for lessons anymore. I went to a candy store near the house instead. And when the teacher saw I didn't show up, he phoned my father and asked him what was wrong. My father didn't know, but he came looking for me and he found me in the candy store hiding under a pin-ball machine. He really let me have it, right then and there.

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**Otto Preminger, producer-director of *Bonjour Tristesse*, taught drama at Yale, shortly after he arrived from his native Vienna. A friend asked how he could teach at an American university when he knew so little English. "It was easy," said Preminger. "I'd assign the students to read a play. Then I'd call on one of them to give his opinion of it, and call on another to disagree with him. And all I had to do was nod, and listen."**

*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*

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Please check the space left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

**1. I LIKE PERRY COMO:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**2. I LIKE BRIGITTE BARDOT:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**3. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**4. I LIKE BARBARA STANWYCK:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**5. I LIKE JUNE ALLYSON:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**6. I LIKE JAMES DARREN:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**7. I LIKE TONY CURTIS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say

**I LIKE JANET LEIGH**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**8. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**9. I LIKE ALAN LADD:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**10. I LIKE DEBRA PAGET:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**11. I LIKE RICHARD EGAN:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**12. I LIKE JOANNE WOODWARD:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

**I LIKE PAUL NEWMAN:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**13. I LIKE GEOFFREY HORNE:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**14. I LIKE GUY MADISON:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**15. I LIKE GLENN FORD:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**16. I READ:** ☐ all of **HOW TO SNAG A STAG** ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

17. The stars I most want to read about are.

(1) _____ **MALE**
(2) _____ **MALE**
(3) _____ **MALE**

(1) _____ **FEMALE**
(2) _____ **FEMALE**
(3) _____ **FEMALE**

**AGE**.....**NAME**.....

**ADDRESS**..... **STREET**

**CITY**.....**ZONE**.....**STATE**.....

Here are the poll prize winners for February: Renee Cohen, Plainfield, New Jersey; Mrs. Hester Bonner, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary J. Nitz, Philippi, West Virginia; Mrs. Mary M. Elliott, Pontiac, Ill.; Lois Lowenhoupt, Covington, Tenn.; Leslie Samuels, Flushing, N.Y.; Joan Mims, Pt. Arthur, Texas; Marge Krstich, Brooklyn, New York; Rita Kennedy, Houston, Texas; Carol Kohl, Madison, Wisconsin.

I tried to explain to him, that I was sorry about the new trumpet and everything, and I think it took him a while to understand."

**The kid in the night club**

"Did you ever want to be a musician?" the woman asked.

"I wanted to be a singer," Jim told her. "Ever since I was a kid, I guess that's what I wanted to be. I remember when I was about nine years old singing for my grandmother all the time. Her favorite song was *Besame Mucho* and I'd sing it over and over for her. Then a few years later I told my father about my wanting to be a singer and he contacted a friend who knew a friend, and before I knew it I was singing at Frank Palumbo's C-R Club in Philadelphia a few nights a week. Don't get me wrong, Ma'am—this wasn't for pay. It was just one of those deals where I'd be sitting at the bar—drinking glass after glass of hot water and lemon for my voice—and the floor show would begin and the MC would say, 'We've got a special surprise for you tonight—a guest star in our audience named Jimmy Ercolani.' I never could understand why he just wouldn't say, 'There's a kid here tonight who'd like to sing for you people.' Anyway, I'd get up to the bandstand and start to sing. I was always very nervous on my first number, but there'd always be some applause after it and so I figured if they want to sit and listen to me, I'll be glad to oblige. After the first song, I'd get over my nervousness and the only thing that would get me then would be some of the musicians sitting behind me. There'd always be one who'd say to another, 'Who's he trying to sound like tonight—'Frank Sinatra?'—or 'Perry Como?'—or 'Mel Torme?' This really used to get me."

"What did your parents think of your singing?" the woman asked Jim now.

"Oh, I never would allow my mother to come," Jim said. "Everytime I sang anything in front of her she would start to cry, like it was the most beautiful voice and the most beautiful notes in the world. In fact, the only person I know who ever heard me sing professionally was my father, and that was because I was underage at the time and he had to come. What a guy he is, my father. He's a tailor and all day he'd work hard in the store and then he'd go home for supper and then, instead of just sitting around and relaxing like other people, he'd come with me to the club and sit around for hours, till the early morning sometimes, just so I could get a chance to sing and practice.

"When I was a kid I never had many friends. Even now, I guess I don't. But my father is probably the best friend I'll ever have. He taught me a lot about electrical work, which he's very good at, and when I got interested in making model airplanes he used to help me a lot. And I used to like to build cars, too—you know, take stuff out of the trash cans at garages and junk shops and put it all together and hope the jalopy would move when I was through—and even on this my father used to spend a lot of time helping me, because he knew that what I was doing was making me happy and so it made him happy, too."

**They like him**

The woman smiled and then she reached for her phone. "I'd like to talk to Harry Romm at Columbia Pictures," she told her secretary. A moment later, she was connected. "Hello, Harry," she said, "there's a boy here I'd like you to see."

Within an hour, both she and Jim were seated in Mr. Romm's office. They all talked back and forth for about fifteen minutes and then Mr. Romm got up, shook Jim's hand and said, "You'll be hearing from me."

Jim heard the next day, by phone, in Philadelphia. Mr. Romm wanted him to come to his office on the following Monday for something "very important."

Jim sweated out the week end in silence. Then, Monday morning at 11 o'clock, he showed up at the movie executive's fancy office.

"I have a contract here for you to sign," Mr. Romm told Jim. "And I'll make a deal with you, We're not going to bother giving you a screen test. And we never sign contracts till the party has read a scene first. But why don't you sign this first, and *then* you can read."

Nervously, Jim signed. And then, nervously, he read a scene from *Golden Boy*. And then, very nervously, he killed a couple of hours in New York before calling Gloria and telling her the great news and then going back to Philadelphia to tell his folks.

"A husband and an actor," his mother said now, proudly, the tears still in her eyes, as they sat around the kitchen table—her, her husband and her son—drinking coffee and talking about what had happened.

"A husband and—I hope, an actor," Jim said.

Then he looked down at his watch. It was late, and he started to bed.

"Don't forget," his mother called out, "tomorrow night—you and Gloria—the lasagna!"

"All right, Mom," Jim called back.

### A nice name

Then Mrs. Ercolani turned to her husband. "Papa," she asked, "this name Darren that Jimmy says he picked for the movies. How did he think of that one?"

"You know how interested he's always been in reading about sports cars all the time," Mr. Ercolani said. "I guess it's from the name of the English sports car."

"Oh," Mrs. Ercolani said. She repeated the name a few times. "That's a nice name—James Darren—isn't it, Papa?" she asked.

Her husband took her hand and squeezed it. "That's a very nice name, Mama," he said.

And after just a few months the name James Darren was to become a very nice name to the executives at Columbia Pictures in Hollywood, too.

Jim's first picture after his arrival in the movie town was *Rumble On the Docks*. His part was small, but his impression on the fans was big and the mail started to pour in. In his next two pictures, *The Brothers Rico* and *Operation Mad Ball*, his parts were somewhat bigger and so was his impression on the fans and now the mail really started to come in droves.

Meanwhile, for the past year or so, the studio had had a hot script property on its hands. It was called *Gunman's Walk*. Tab Hunter had been signed for one role; Van Heflin for another. But the third male lead was open, and had been open for a long time. It was an important role and the studio had to be sure it was filled right.

And then one day someone interrupted a casting conference and said, "How about Jimmy Darren?"

And that was it—the beginning of what everyone at Columbia bets will be the big-time for a young man who rates it.

Jim's reaction to all this?

He's still a shy-enough guy to say simply that it's all wonderful and that he hopes he makes proud all the people who've helped him and had faith in him.

But talk to him just a little while longer and mention, in passing, that you've heard somewhere that he and his Gloria became parents not too long ago, and the shyness disappears like snow on a spring hillside and Jim sunnily tells you, "Yep, I'm a father. He's a boy—name's Jimmy. And let me tell you, it was the happiest moment in my life when he came. You see, when I'd thought about my having a child someday, I'd always hoped it would be a boy—so I could do things for him and build things for him and just be with him more than I figured I'd be with a girl. Of course, if it was a girl I would have loved her very much. But I really wanted a boy and—I couldn't help it—but Gloria knew this, too. And I guess I really rubbed it in because one day before the baby came I promised her I'd bring two dozen roses to the hospital if she filled my order.

### Da-Da (whistle) Da-Da

"I guess every parent thinks his child is unusual in so many ways," Jim goes on, "but you want to hear about mine? Well, first of all, he can whistle already. He says Da-Da (whistle) Da-Da, with a real strong whistle in the middle. He calls everybody Da-Da, even his mother.

"And for another thing, he really loves music—especially Frank Sinatra. Every time he gets rambunctious all we have to do is put on a Sinatra record and as soon as the singing starts Jimmy quiets down and begins to wave his hand like he's conducting. We call him Nelson Riddle sometimes. And let me tell you, it's *got* to be a Sinatra record that will quiet him down. We've tried Jackie Gleason a few times—you know, that quiet sentimental music—but Jimmy just ignores it and keeps on being rambunctious until he gets what he wants."

Then Jim smiles and says, "Gloria and I are with him all the time. That's the way we're happiest. We have a little apartment here in Hollywood and it's just us and the baby and it's great that way. We don't go out much. I don't like parties. I'd just rather not go to them. When Gloria and I want to get out we usually go to the movies, or else we get into my car and drive out to the Mojave Desert and I shoot. I don't shoot at anything in particular; either just up in the air or at a few empty soda bottles I always keep in the back of the car. And sometimes, when we just feel like visiting with some other people, we go over and see Paul Piccerni and his family. Paul played one of my brothers in *Rico*. He's got eight kids. I feel just like their uncle, we're that close. In fact, one of the kids—Peevee, they call him—always calls me Uncle Charlie because the first time he saw me he thought I was Paul's brother.

"Yes, it's a great life," Jim continues, "just the way we lead it. And it's funny, but sometimes someone will ask me what's your greatest wish. And I have to tell them that it's that everything continues to go along just as nicely as it's going today."

And then Jim pauses and let's you in on a little secret. "Although to tell you the truth," he says, "deep down I wish to see the day when I'm enough of a success so that I can drive back home to Philadelphia in a shiny, new Mercedes-Benz, hand my father the key and say, 'Here, Pop, this car is for you.' And then to give my mother a check and tell her, 'This is for a new house to live in after all the things you've done for me.' This is something I really want to do someday. Then after that I can start thinking about my own nice car and house—for me, Gloria and the baby. If I'm worth anything out here, there should be plenty of time for all that to come true, you know?"

From where we sit, Jim, we'd say it should be a cinch. **END**

**Watch for Part 2 of Jimmy Darren's story, coming soon.**

*You can see Jim in Columbia's* OPERATION MAD BALL *and* GUNMAN'S WALK.


(*Advertisement*)

# The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

**By Valda Sherman**



**Did you know** there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

**Doctors say** this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by *special* glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this *kind* of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

**Science has discovered** that a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this offensive "emotional perspiration" odor. And now it's here . . . the remarkable ingredient Perstop*—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

**Use ARRID daily** and you'll be amazed how quickly this new ARRID with Perstop* penetrates deep into the pores and stops this "emotional perspiration" odor. Stops it as no roll-on, spray-on, or stick could ever do.

**You rub ARRID *in***—rub perspiration *out* . . . rub ARRID in—rub odor out. When the cream vanishes, you know you are safe, even when you are nervous or stimulated by emotional excitement. Doctors have proved that this new ARRID with Perstop* is actually 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested.

**Remember—nothing protects you like a cream** . . . and no cream protects you like ARRID with Perstop*. So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID with Perstop* to be sure. Only 43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

# Somebody has to believe in you—



Glenn Ford and his lovely wife Eleanor Powell know a secret for a happy marriage. . . .

■ There is a saying in Hollywood that the acting span of the average movie star is five years. We know one actor who's an exception to that saying—and his name's Glenn Ford. Glenn has been appearing on the screen since 1939. Reminded of this, Glenn looks almost apologetic. "I don't understand it," he'll say. "When you think of all of the bad pictures I've made, it's a wonder I'm still around. Guess maybe, just because so *many* people believed in me—guess I had to live up to it all!

"Actually," says Glenn, "I spent a good many years wanting to be nothing more than a stage manager. I used up a lot of energy in hating actors. I had to play nursemaid to them all the time, running up and down stairs backstage, prodding them into being on time, being squeezed in the middle when two of them got into a brawl about the star dressing room. Once an actor overslept and missed the train to Santa Barbara, and who did he blame? Me, of course! There was no such thing as a tolerant actor. I was almost always

find out from the people who know him —wife Sheila, manager-advisor-and-friend Helen Ainsworth, brother Wayne Mallory, fellow actor Andy Devine, director George Sherman—and even from Guy himself, and some others....

The change most apparent to all is his new self-assurance as compared to an almost incredible degree of shyness as recent as three years ago.

Reporters who came to interview him invariably walked away with a feeling of "he's a heck of a nice guy, but he has nothing to say...."

Usually his publicist did all the talking, with Guy's remarks restricted to a few brief answers. He shunned parties and people; he shunned both personal and professional associations.

The first departure from this attitude occurred at a cocktail party at the Pan Pacific Auditorium, when a petite, attractive, brown-haired colleen captivated him and he forged ahead and introduced himself!

"That's the first time he ever talked to a girl on his own account since I have known him," the publicist-host told pretty Sheila Connolly, now Mrs. Guy Madison. To make the surprise complete, he even offered to take her home. But then he promptly reverted back to style.

**Blushed, even on phone**

"He was so shy," Sheila recalls, "I had the feeling he was blushing even when he talked to me on the phone...."

And he called regularly, every day, unless he was on a hunting trip with Rory Calhoun or Howard Hill. Then he phoned as soon as he got back—even if it was three o'clock in the morning.

But he wouldn't make a date.

"I hinted I'd like to be taken out," Sheila admitted. "But he didn't bite...."

So she invited him for supper.

"I'd love to come," Guy exclaimed when she called. "What can I bring?"

"What can you WHAT?"

"Bring along to eat."

"That won't be necessary."

Nevertheless, at seven the next morning, on the way to the studio, he stopped by and left a huge leg of lamb, enough to feed eight people. Sheila didn't have the faintest idea what to do with it, called a friend who told her all about basting it with mustard and sprinkling it with cloves, then spoiled the dish by using garlic cloves instead of regular ones. Result: Guy had to take her out for dinner whether he liked it or not. And he liked it.

Yet his attitude didn't change for a long time. "Even after we were married, I couldn't make him go to a dinner party, premiere, any function where there were more than a couple of people."

His reluctance "to ease up" was just as noticeable to Andy Devine, his co-star in the Wild Bill Hickok series. Recalls Andy, "When I first met Guy, I found it extremely difficult to get along with him. As far as our work was concerned there was no problem. But I'm the kind of fellow who loves to talk to people, get to know them real well. Call it nosey, call it chummy, call it whatever you want.... but it didn't get me anywhere with him. Most subjects he wouldn't discuss at all. About the rest he was hesitant. The only exception was hunting and fishing."

While Andy couldn't do much about it, Sheila was unwilling to leave Guy in his shell. She considered it essential for him to mix with others, to become more at ease, more self confident. "Besides," she insisted at breakfast one morning, "you owe it to your fellow actors."

Guy's head shot around. "Why?"

"If you want them to go to the opening of your pictures and to studio parties on your behalf, you have to do the same for them. It's only fair."

Little by little he changed. He'd go to a première, occasionally. He didn't object quite as much to attending a dinner party. He was willing to have people over to the house once in a while.

To what extent he has readjusted himself by now was evident a few weeks ago when he returned from a wild boar hunt on the Santa Barbara Islands. "I got a big one," he announced as he climbed out of the car, pulled a huge boar from the trunk, and slung it over his shoulder to take it to the garage.

Sheila was impressed, but puzzled about what to do with all the meat.

"That's all taken care of," Guy replied. "We're having a party on Saturday."

"Here? At the house?"

"Of course." And then he invited twenty-five people to have dinner with them!

A week later he suggested they attend the SHARE party at the Cocoanut Grove, and a few days after that made arrangements to see the Ice Capades. "It's getting to the point where I am the one who suggests staying home once in a while," Sheila admits with a grin. "Particularly since once he gets to a party nowadays, he has such fun I can hardly budge him."

According to most people who know him, another change in Guy is his new willingness, almost anxiousness, to accept responsibilities.

Sheila remembers how he used to avoid making a decision that might hurt anyone, even when it was a fair decision. Like when the Madisons were dissatisfied with their help. It was always her duty to do the firing. Not anymore.

The week she brought their last baby home from the hospital, Guy walked into the living room just as their housekeeper was going through his personal checks. Without hesitating he told her to pack and leave. Comments Sheila ruefully, "He didn't enjoy doing it, but he did it."

Guy's brother, Wayne, points out that these changes have been brewing for a long time; this isn't any over-night switch. Wayne not only insists that Guy has always played "big brother" to him and others, but that the consciousness of accepting responsibilities has made him serious beyond his years—long before Hollywood, and the consequent problems of a career that didn't pan out at first, a marriage that fell apart, and all the other problems he faced during his first years.

**"Since we were kids. . ."**

"Guy has looked out for me since we were kids," Wayne says, remembering how his brother used to do many of Wayne's chores when they were still living in Bakersfield. Like the morning the alarm rang at four, and it was Wayne's turn to milk the cows. He had gone to a dance the night before, and didn't get home till midnight. When he got out of bed, all his muscles ached and he could hardly move.

Just as he poured some cold water over his head to help him wake up, Guy strutted into the room. "Go back to bed. The work's done."

"But it was my turn," Wayne protested.

"I wasn't so sure you could make it," Guy grinned. Wayne went back to sleep.

"This was the rule, not the exception," he smiles, "and it still is."

He admits that without Guy, he could never have gone through college. "My brother supported both of us when we lived together, before he married Sheila. And Guy still sees to it that I get parts in his television and feature films." Even though Wayne is now at the point where he can earn a good living on his own as an actor, "Thanks to Guy who gave me a start."

But Wayne doesn't argue about the fact that Guy *has* matured a great deal in recent months and gives the lion's share of




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## JERRY LEWIS' surplus suit problem

■ When Jerry Lewis goes into a men's clothing store, he orders items like socks, sixty pairs at a time. Shorts he likes to order in five dozen lots, too. At six-week intervals! What does he do with this wholesale stock—doesn't he like laundries?

And what about the some forty suits, five dinner jackets and twenty sports jackets Jerry buys a year? Here's the answer.



When the number of suits in his built-in closets gets up around 150, Jerry just throws a party—and gives away twenty-five or thirty suits at a clip to young actors and kids that he likes.

Tony Curtis was wearing Jerry's suits when he was just about able to afford the price of having them altered from Jerry's size. The same went for Sammy Davis, Jr. Once, in the old days, Tony turned up sharp as a tack not only in a custom made suit of Jerry's, but in his new alligator shoes.

"Jerry's feet are longer and thinner than mine," says Tony, "but I wore them!" All my life I'd been wanting shoes like that, and I wasn't going to *not* wear them just because they hurt a little!"

It actually got so that Tony didn't wait for a suit party. When he was feeling like wearing something different, he'd just go over to Jerry's house and pick out something he liked. Once Jerry got a couple of suits he was particularly fond of. When he got home from a trip—no suits. Uh-huh. Tony had beat him to it.

Of course, Tony Curtis buys his own suits today—and things are a little different, anyway. A few years ago Patti Lewis had an understanding with Jerry: no more gathering of the clan whenever a group felt like rummaging through Jerry's wardrobe. After all, a girl's entitled to some privacy in her own home.

It's not quite like it used to be, but Jerry goes right on giving away those $200 to $300 suits—some of which he hasn't even worn. Some of the best-dressed laundry men around are to be found in Pacific Palisades. And a WESTERN UNION man might give Jerry a telegram—and wind up with a mohair suit. And that goes for the guys he works with too, the electricians and grips.

Not that it's confined to just suits. Jack Keller, Jerry's long-suffering publicity man, tells this story of a trip they just made across the country: "We were between trains in Chicago, driving down Michigan Boulevard to change depots. We passed SULKA'S and Jerry jumped out of the cab. In seven minutes he bought thirty-six cashmere sweaters. I said to him, 'You've got cabinets full of sweaters. What do you need these for?' Jerry said, 'Oh, you know—guys come over to play golf—you gotta give 'em a sweater!' "

Jerry himself? He goes to the studio in a sweater and jeans. The studio furnishes the clothes he wears on the screen!

*Jerry can soon be seen in Paramount's* ROCK-A-BYE-BABY.

---

the credit to Sheila and her understanding, willingness, and patience toward him.

While Guy has always been conscious of other people's feelings, for a long time he showed a lack of comprehension that made his behavior awkward and boyish. For instance, he could never sleep late. And once he awakened, he "had to get up and do something." In the process he usually upset the whole household. Indications of what to expect were clear to Sheila on their first Sunday at home after they were married.

As usual, Guy woke up early, shortly after six. Since this was Sunday and he didn't want to disturb her, he tried to get up as quietly as possible. He still made enough noise to make his new bride blink her eyes at him sleepily.

"Now you go ahead and sleep as long as you want to," he said generously to her.

Thirty seconds later he turned on the shower, full blast. She buried her head under the pillow. When he came back into the bedroom, he tapped her shoulder. "Where's my new sport shirt?"

She told him, made another attempt to get some rest. Suddenly she heard swishing noises, which seemed to go right past her bed. Actually they came from the outside, where Guy was practicing with his bow and arrows. Ten minutes later she heard the clatter of dishes in the kitchen—and gave up. It was easier to get up and join him.

There was nothing intentional on Guy's part. It simply didn't occur to him that he was keeping his wife awake when she would have preferred to sleep. Once he did, he changed.

The last few weeks before their third child was born, he not only tiptoed out of their bedroom and dressed outside, he wouldn't even have breakfast at home because the commotion might have awakened his wife.

The change that has come over Guy is particularly evident in his work, according to the man best qualified on the subject, George Sherman.

The well-known director is making *The Hard Man*, his second picture with Guy. The first was *Reprisal*, about a year and a half ago. "Guy has become much more self assured," Mr. Sherman says. "He suddenly realized that this business is highly competitive, that he has to dig in. Today he has a conception of what he's supposed to do which he didn't have before."

He referred to two incidents, over a year apart. In *Reprisal* he played a half-breed, ashamed of his Indian blood. In one scene his Indian grandfather comes to visit him—but is turned away by Guy who's afraid the town's people would find out about his background. Only it didn't come out right.

The scene was rehearsed over and over again, and still wasn't convincing. "Basically soft-hearted, Guy couldn't convince himself that any man would do that," Mr. Sherman explained. "And he couldn't exclude his real feelings from his acting."

But today? Well, take that fight scene for his new picture. Guy, who plays a brutal Western marshal—actually a heavy till the very end—had a fight scene with Richard Kane in which he beats him up mercilessly. Ordinarily when a man is defeated, the fight stops. But for extra effect George Sherman wanted Guy to keep on beating him again and again. "A year ago I don't think he could have done it convincingly," the director admitted. "But now—now he's an actor."

Helen Ainsworth, who discovered Guy on the cover of a Navy magazine during World War II and has been his manager-friend-adviser ever since, adds that this maturity is just as evident in his business dealings. Till a few years ago, he would never make a move without first consulting her. "He still listens to my advice, but today he reads and analyzes a script with complete self confidence."

His business manager adds a note of praise for Guy's business sense—which includes handling the details of his own producing company and his real estate developments.

Yet here again, brother Wayne hints that Guy has never been a babe in the woods where business dealings were concerned.

It has always been Guy's dream, and still is, to have a cattle ranch of his own. The closest he could get to it as a boy was to join the F.F.A., *Future Farmers of America*, and raise and exhibit his own cattle—providing he had the money to get started. Since his family was even harder hit by the depression than most in the area, getting the funds from them was out of the question.

One day, Wayne recalls, Guy mysteriously took off from home right after breakfast. He announced that when he got back, he'd have the money to buy the calf he'd been eyeing for a couple of weeks.

His mother looked at him sadly, "I don't want you to be too disappointed if you don't get it, son."

"Why shouldn't I?"

She explained all about collateral, and how bankers didn't loan any money without it, and how he couldn't possibly offer anything but the clothes on his back.

"We'll see," Guy smiled confidently as he took off.

Three hours later he came back in a rattly old truck. The driver climbed out on one side, Guy on the other. Together they got the calf down from the back of the truck.

"I still don't know how he talked the banker into letting him have the money," Wayne admitted. "But he did. He raised the calf to be a prize-winning bull, and paid back every cent, with interest. In fact, he got quite a business going that way."

Like the others, even Wayne could not penetrate Guy's wall of secrecy where his personal problems were concerned. "He would never talk about his difficulties when he and Gail separated. All I could do was guess. I couldn't help because I didn't know where to start or what to say."

What's the biggest change that has come over Guy in recent months—as far as Wayne is concerned? "He can laugh.

You know, now that I think of it, till recently I don't remember many occasions when he actually laughed. He was always so serious. Too serious. I think he's developed a sense of humor!"

Sheila seconds that motion, showing off the purse that Guy had bought her the previous week. On it was embroidered: *You Can't Buy Money With Happiness.* "A year ago," Sheila smiles, "he probably would have given me another bow and arrow, hunting knife or gun and grimly reminded me of the consequences if I didn't know how to handle them properly!"

One thing about Guy that has *not* changed is his generosity. Wayne already mentioned Guy's help in time of need.


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Everyone else who knows him could add some incident. Including the maid who works for the Madisons.

Her brother is a tailor. One day she mentioned to Guy that he had very little work and needed more orders badly. Most employers might have shrugged it off as somebody else's misfortune. Guy promptly got out his address book and called everyone of his friends to see if they could use a tailor-made suit, or at least needed some alteration. Within three days he got the man as much work as he could handle.

But Andy Devine adds a curious fact: while Guy is generous, he hates to accept thanks.

On his last birthday, Andy's feelings were somewhat hurt because when he arrived on the set, nobody bothered to wish him anything. Not even Guy—who, Andy figured, should have remembered what date it was.

About eleven, a local columnist invited Andy to lunch at the Hollywood Brown Derby. A little surprised, Andy said, "If it's gossip you're after I don't know any, except what I read in the paper, your column mostly."

The man still insisted on buying his lunch.

No sooner did they arrive at the Brown Derby than Andy was surrounded by *sixty* of his friends! Guy's idea of a surprise party! It must have cost him a small fortune. Yet he wouldn't let Andy finish the sentence that started—"Guy, I want to than—"

Another time, while shopping at Abercrombie and Fitch in New York, Guy came across a pair of gloves which, he thought, "looked like Andy." He promptly bought them.

"What for?" Andy called out when he opened the package.

"For your birthday," said Guy and walked off.

Andy's birthday was six months away.

There's another thing about Guy that hasn't changed: his temper.

He doesn't lose it often, never in public. But when he does!

Once it happened in a mid-western city on a personal appearance tour.

Guy was received at the airport by the sponsor and a local publicist. Both had brought along their kids, and their friends' and relatives' kids as well. It was bedlam.

Guy didn't mind till he got into the waiting car, which was crawling with children who wouldn't leave him alone all the way from the airport to the hotel. He sat tight-lipped, controlled, but tense and irritable. When he got to the hotel he made it known in no uncertain terms that he wouldn't ride in the company car again. And for the rest of his stay he took cabs.

Usually, however, Guy becomes upset only when someone else is involved.

That happened just recently, when his two-year-old daughter Bridget toddled into the playyard chasing a lizard. She reached the woodpile just as a rattler was winding itself around one of the logs. Her screeches brought her mother on the double, and she promptly killed the snake.

But when Sheilah told Guy about it, he burst out furiously, "you never should have let her go into the play area alone!"

Sheila tried to point out that even a child of two couldn't possibly be watched all the time. But it took Guy a long time before he could admit that.

Sheila didn't get hurt. She knows his sensitivity where his children are concerned—and is glad about it. And usually acts accordingly! Like she didn't call him back from a hunting trip a few weeks ago when Bridget became ill.

"Why didn't you get in touch with me?" Guy demanded when he returned.

She smiled tiredly. "Could you have done anything except worry?"

Gently he put his arms around her shoulders. "I'm afraid not."

Sheila is probably the only person who ever understood Guy completely—or at least as completely as anybody ever will. And she has adjusted herself accordingly.

For instance, from the day they met she recognized his infatuation with sports—hunting in particular—and accepted it as part of their lives.

She'll never forget her first birthday as Mrs. Guy Madison, when he walked into the living room just before dinner, and ordered her to "close your eyes." Then he stepped closer, "Now stretch out your arms and don't peek."

Visions of a beautiful evening gown or fur cape flashed through her mind. Yet what he placed in her hands was too heavy


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## ERIN wouldn't kiss him for 3 months— but then . . .

■ When seventeen-year-old Erin O'Brien was in high school, the last thing in the world she had in mind was getting married. Not that she wasn't popular—she was. Not that she didn't have her share of crushes—she did. But she was much too busy doing her school work, singing on TV, and helping her Ma take care of all the other kids in the O'Brien family. And helping Ma sure took up a lot of time, for Erin has seven sisters and six brothers, all younger than she is: Vernon, Sheila, Tessy, Michael, Timaree, Kathleen, Eileen, Kevin, Mavourneen, Tighe, Patrice, Sean and Dennis.

So Erin was completely unprepared when handsome Jimmy Fitzgerald walked into her life and into her heart. It was early in October when she hurried from her last morning class at LONG BEACH HIGH SCHOOL to the TV studio where she had a regular show. Before going on the air, she had lunch at the studio and was introduced to Mr. Fitzgerald, a nineteen-year-old singer who was to make a guest appearance on her show that day. By the time they had finished their hamburgers and cokes, they were no longer *Miss O'Brien* and *Mr. Fitzgerald* to each other, but *Erin* and *Jimmy*. And by the time the show was over, he had asked her for a date that evening.

There was a strict law in the O'Brien household, laid down by Erin's Dad, that none of the kids could have dates on week nights. But as luck would have it, this was one of his nights for bowling and he wasn't home. Erin's Ma gave her permission to go out.

So Erin and Jimmy went to a movie and had a great time. When he took her home, he asked if he might kiss her good-night. She said *No*.

But Jimmy was persistent. On their next date he asked again if he might kiss her. Again she said *No*. Undaunted, he asked her another question: Will you marry me? Erin was too stunned to answer and would only shake her head *No*.

A few months went by and Erin and Jimmy went out together two or three times each week. After every date he would bring her home promptly at 11 o'clock, and just before she went into the house he would ask his two questions: Can I kiss you good-night? Will you marry me? And always she said *No*.

One night, in the middle of January, the two youngsters stood at the O'Brien front door. "Can I kiss you good-night?" Jimmy asked. This time Erin didn't say anything. Instead she blushed a deep red and looked down at the ground. Jimmy stepped forward and gently kissed her on the cheek. She raised her head and his lips met hers. A minute or so later Jimmy asked his second question, "Will you marry me?" and Erin answered breathlessly, "Yes." A few weeks later, on February 3rd, in a big church at Paso Robles, Erin O'Brien became Mrs. Jimmy Fitzgerald.

and too cold for either. It was a brand new rifle.

"Just what I needed," she cried out. And she did, because—except when she's pregnant—she goes along on all of Guy's hunting trips.

"Naturally, once in a while I'd like to sleep in a bed instead of a sleeping bag when we go away," she confessed, but admitted she doesn't have the chance very often. And when she does, seldom for long.

Like that time a couple of weeks before I talked to her she suggested to Guy that they go to Palm Springs.

"But there's no hunting!"

"I know."

He thought about it a few seconds, then, "All right."

After three days at the swank Racquet Club he just "had to get away." Sheila knew his patience had reached the limit, and compromised on going home "after we visit the Bill Doziers in the afternoon." Guy agreed.

She tried her best to make the afternoon last as long as possible by staying in the pool till she was shivering! Still, it was an improvement. Three years ago he wouldn't have gone at all!

That Guy has grown more patient was pretty obvious another time not too long ago.

Guy had taken Sheila and John Ericson's wife, Milly, to Lakeside for a game of golf. "Sorry, Mr. Madison," he was told, "You can't play today," he was told, "It's ladies' day."

Guy didn't get annoyed—as he might have a couple of years back. On the contrary, he acted as their caddy all afternoon.

But ask Guy how *he* thinks he's changed —and he says, "I don't think I have!"

*George Sherman says you're much more at ease in this picture than you were in the last one....*

"The part's different." he answered. *Sheila and others say you're a lot more patient than you used to be...."*

"I don't think so."

*Do you feel you lose your temper more often, less often, or as often as you did before. . . .*

I would say about as often."

*Can you recall a time when you did lose it?*

"Sure. Quite often."

*Can you give me an example?*

"I'm afraid not."

And so it goes till he's called back on the set.

But catch Guy away from official business—interviewing him, that is—at parties, or at his house and he's a different Guy!

Like the time a reporter and his wife drove up to get some ideas for their own place which they were building at the time. Guy took great pleasure and went into much detail on how he designed his own home, helped tremendously with suggestions for the visitors—and talked steadily for over an hour.

And that's something that *is* different. Quite obviously, Guy has changed in more ways than he's stayed the same. Probably the best reason for it was given by Sheila when she told about coming home from a party one night.

Although Guy had never been reckless, he used to push the speed limit driving from one place to another, and has several citations to prove it. That evening they were poking along at a leisurely thirty-five miles an hour when she commented on the difference in his driving.

Guy thought about it a few seconds, then turned to her with a grin. "I guess I'm not going anywhere now."

What he meant to say was that he is, and has, what he always wanted. He finally got where he wanted to go.... **END**



*Erin may be seen soon in* ONIONHEAD *and* GIRL ON THE RUN *for Warner Bros.*

*Guy's in Columbia's* THE HARD MAN.

## tommy

(*Continued from page 30*) horseback riding with Yvonne Lime.

Surprised that we know so much about you two? We know a lot more, and we are going to lay it right on the line because that's the only way we can hope to make you see the right way.

Most of all, Tommy, we know what and who is behind your actions, yours and Molly's. We know that you almost got married last Christmas—and why you didn't. And why both of you are now dating others to prove to yourselves and the world that you can get along without one another.

You've been warned by your 'advisors' that marriage at this time would be bad for your career; that your fans would desert you unless you remained single; that they have even resented the constant references to an unofficial engagement between you and Molly.

We are not condemning those who advised you, because we sincerely believe that they did what they thought was in the best interest of your career.

That doesn't mean we agree with them!

And we won't even throw names like Pat Boone at you, who was already married and had a famliy when he was your age, and who, let's face it, hasn't done so badly for himself.

We are taking a much more personal approach: we feel that the love of two wonderful young people like Molly and you are a heckuva lot more important than any career!

Just look at what's been happening to you these past months—

Remember the day you met Molly? You'd gone to Anaheim to see Cliffie Stone about giving you a chance on his *Home Town Jamboree*. But Cliffie wasn't there.

Just as you were leaving, you met one of his star attractions, Molly Bee.

### Right from the start

You confessed to Molly how much you had hoped to get on Cliffie's show, and how disappointed you were that he wasn't there. She was easy to talk to, a patient listener. And what did Molly do? Asked you to sing for the ballroom audience after the television show was over! Impressed by your voice—and by you—the next morning she talked to Cliffie about you so enthusiastically that he promptly asked you to come back. And he gave you the break you needed.

You didn't know that it was Molly who was responsible, did you, Tommy?

She didn't tell you, and she made Cliff promise not to say anything either because it might embarrass you. We wonder if—in spite of your love for her—you have ever really appreciated the things she has done for you.

Look at what happened last New Year's Eve, the most important New Year's Eve in her young life. Because she was now eighteen, for the first time her mother had given her permission to stay out as late as she wanted. She looked forward to the evening like a debutante to her coming-out party or a high school girl going to her first prom.

So what happened? When you met for lunch that noon she noticed that you looked hot and feverish, and were obviously coming down with a bad cold. It was she who suggested you go home and stay in bed that night, who instantly turned down your offers to go out in spite of how you felt. And did you know that she had three phone calls from other fellows who wanted to take her out—and turned them all down because she was afraid you'd be hurt if she spent New Year's Eve with anyone else?

We know you had fights, too. But all young people do, and so do most older ones—including some of our most happily married couples. But you made up easily because your love always proved a stronger bond between you than the few words spoken in anger. Like last summer, when you arrived from New York at six in the morning and were disappointed that Molly was not waiting for you at Los Angeles' Union Station, as you had expected her to be. At first you thought she was late and you impatiently paced the platform, looking at your wristwatch every few seconds. But the minutes turned into hours, and then you finally gave up. As far as you were concerned, you were through with Molly.

### Molly tried to explain

And you told her so in no uncertain terms on the phone when you called her. Molly tried to explain that she had worked till three o'clock in the morning, that her mother insisted she get more sleep, that she had left a message for you at the station which apparently you never got.

After you slammed down the receiver you had pangs of conscience. You knew that Molly wasn't the kind of girl who would ignore a promise, whether it was to you, or anyone. And so you drove to Cliffie Stone's Home Town Jamboree to talk to her, and found out from Cliffie that she'd been telling the truth.

Remember how bad you felt? How you could have kicked yourself for what you had done, said, thought? And Molly understood, and you made up. She never mentioned the incident again.... That's the kind of girl she is... the girl you love.

**James Hill, of the Hecht-Hill-Lancaster film company in Hollywood, took wife Rita Hayworth's younger daughter to meet Burt Lancaster's youngsters, Milly and Susanna Lancaster. Hill noticed that the children weren't playing together, and asked for the reason. Billy Lancaster explained: "How can we play make-believe games when this kid, Yasmin, insists that we call her 'Princess?'"**

*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*

You two have had wonderful times together: the mornings at Malibu beach when you chased her through the waves; the afternoons you went horseback riding through Griffith Park—remember the Sunday when Molly's horse reared back, frightened by a car, and then broke into a wild gallop—with you in hot pursuit? You may easily have saved her life that day when you brought the animal under control in true western style. And there were the drive-in theaters you both liked so much and the snacks at Bob's Big Boy Hamburger place in Glendale.

And have you forgotten that time you took Molly to the beach, the night you gave her the ring?

### What the ring meant

You had got the idea a week before, that hot summer day you walked down Fifth Avenue in New York trying to decide what kind of a present to give her. You passed a jewelry shop and in the window you suddenly discovered a ring—two diamond-and-ruby hearts entwined in one another. We are sure that as long as you live you will never forget her expression when you slipped it on her finger that moonlit night on the Santa Monica beach. We don't believe that either of you ever considered it just a friendship ring. You were both dead serious about one another!

You were even more serious last Christmas—when your mind was all but made up to propose. That's when you were




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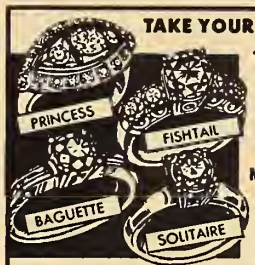
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## MAY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in May, your birthstone is the emerald and your flower is the lily of the valley. And here are some of the stars you share it with:

*May 1*—**Glenn Ford**

*May 2*—**Bing Crosby**

*May 4*—**Audrey Hepburn**

*May 5*—**Tyrone Power**

*May 6*—**Stewart Granger**

*May 7*—**Anne Baxter**
**Gary Cooper**

*May 8*—**Lex Barker**

*May 10*—**Fred Astaire**

*May 15*—**Anna Marie Alberghetti**
**Joseph Cotten**
**James Mason**

*May 16*—**Henry Fonda**

*May 20*—**George Gobel**
**Jimmy Stewart**

*May 21*—**Raymond Burr**
**Kay Kendall**
**Bill Williams**

*May 22*—**Sir Lawrence Olivier**
**Susan Strasberg**

*May 23*—**Rosemary Clooney**
**Joan Collins**
**James Gleason**
**Herbert Marshall**
**John Payne**

*May 24*—**Mai Zetterling**

*May 25*—**Steve Cochran**
**Jeanne Crain**

*May 26*—**Peggy Lee**
**John Wayne**

*May 27*—**Vincent Price**

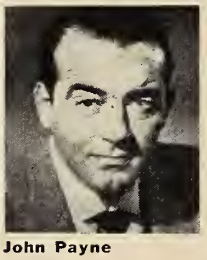
*May 28*—**Sally Forrest**

*May 30*—**Clint Walker**

*May 31*—**Elaine Stewart**



**Rick Jason**
*May 21*



**John Payne**
*May 23*



**James Arness**
*May 26*



**Sally Forrest**
*May 28*

warned that this whole romance had already gone too far. That the announcement of an engagement might spell the end of Tommy Sands, singer. That for your sake—and for Molly's—you should steer away from her, and date other girls. That if you really loved her, a few months, a few years wouldn't matter anyway. That on the contrary, if you felt about her in five years as you do today, you would *really* be sure!

You believed it. And even if Molly didn't, she agreed that both of you could date others.

But there was no enthusiasm in it, for either of you, although Molly made the better show of appearing gay.

With you, we could see it by your obvious lack of romantic interest when you walked down Hollywood Boulevard with Cathy Crosby, who dated you for exactly the same reason you took her out: she is unofficially engaged to a boy but can't make up her mind to marry him, and is trying to readjust herself just as you are. We could tell when you took Judi Meredith to a picnic in Griffith Park—the Judi who is in love with a boy in New York and tries to kill her loneliness as you do. We've watched you in the company of Connie Stevens, whose publicist is trying to line up dates for her with celebrities like yourself, to get her known. We don't blame the publicist, we don't blame Connie—who was honest with you. But to her you were just another fellow, as she was just another girl to you—with no more between you than a casual liking for one another. We could go all the way down the line to prove our point. . . .

**Something special**

With none of them did you ever find the close, honest, rewarding thing you had with Molly . . . love.

That is what every man wants in a girl, and few are fortunate enough to find. That is what we don't want to see you lose through outside pressures, and fears. That is why we urge you to weigh carefully—before it's too late!—how much more you will lose than you stand to gain if you continue on the path you seem to have chosen for yourself. **END**

---

## I said yes on our first date

(*Continued from page 45*) She says 'Yes' because Debra is convinced that "You can go for ten years with a man, and not until after you marry him find he's all wrong for you!

"I have to go by instinct. I believed it right to marry David. I didn't have to go with him for years. I'm in love with David. I know it.

"Besides, when people go together they put their best foot forward—so how can a girl really learn to know a man through dating?

**Another first-date marriage**

"My parents decided to marry each other on their first date, too, and they've been married for thirty-three years!"

Her mother says, "I hope this marriage lasts as mine has. Debra didn't have to date the field. In her work she has met a variety of men, and so she knows as much about men as other girls who have dated a lot. David is a fine boy."

Debra says, "Maybe some people think we were crazy to marry on such short notice. I'd think I was crazy if I didn't marry David. I didn't have to shop around to know my own mind. I think this romance was right for us, and that this marriage will be right, too."

Not every one is that optimistic about it: she married a man who made Debra his fifth wife. Can a man who has already failed at marriage four times really be the right husband for such a bride?

And even the first days of their life together were spoiled by his life in the past. While Debra and David were honeymooning in northern California, two of his ex-wives were conferring with their lawyers. His first wife, Mary F. Payne, was complaining because he had fallen $4,845 behind in child support payments, and his fourth wife, Sharon Lee, was suing him for $3,000 she claimed she had lent David.

It was a difficult situation for love's young dream.

**Mama approves**

While Debra was on her honeymoon, her mother, Mrs. Margaret Griffin, told how David and Debra met. "I've known David for a long time," she said. "He used to come to our house casually, and neither he nor Debra paid any attention to each other."

And when her mother said "casually"—that's just what she meant. David hadn't even been coming around to see Debra particularly!

About ten years ago, David had come backstage at the theatre where Debra's mother was doing a vaudeville turn—"'Bubbles' was her stage name," David grins today. Every couple of years, they'd run into each other, and Debra's mother remembered him, remembered how sweet he had been to take the trouble to come and tell an unknown that he, for one, thought her act was good.

Recently, when Debra was doing her act at Las Vegas' Flamingo, David was singing at the El Cortez, also in Las Vegas.

One night Mrs. Griffin said to Debra, after her show, "Let's go to the El Cortez to hear David sing."

A whole group sat at the same table and watched David's act. Afterwards he came to their table, but no sparks flew. Except maybe the spark of affection Mrs. Griffin felt that prompted her to say, "When you get back to Hollywood, David, drop over some Sunday. We hold open house."

So he did; a couple of times.

No sparks flew.

In fact, no sparks ever flew between them till one night recently when he dropped in, still just a family friend, and emerged as Debra's groom-to-be.

They had sat on the sofa watching a TV show. Mysteriously, in the manner of young people all over the world, they were drawn to each other. All of a sudden Debra knew that David was her man, and he knew this was the girl he wanted to marry.

**A simple proposal**

"Will you marry me?" he asked, simply as that.

She turned and looked at the boyish-faced man, who until that moment had been just a casual visitor at their home.

Her heart pounded. Her cheeks flushed. She no longer heard the announcer spilling his commercial message. What she heard—though David wasn't singing—was an immortal song of love. To such a song, when it reaches right into a girl's heart—a melody without words—there is only one reply. Debra made it.

And so they were married, in Debra's fantastic family home. Debra has her own apartment within that home—a playroom, kitchenette, boudoir and a dressing room with a marble bath. It has its own private entrance. She and David will live there when they're together. For there are times when they will necessarily be separated by their careers. Debra has no intention of

giving up hers. Right now she is planning a trip to Mexico, for *From the Earth to the Moon*. David is in New York for a TV show. They will go wherever their careers pull them.

Is this a perfect marriage or a terrible example of a young girl's mistake?

But there's no denying that all her life Debra has been preparing herself for just such an impulsive marriage as this.

When she was fifteen she was a movie star with independence, a mink coat and a chance to play passionate love scenes with stars like Jimmy Stewart. When their film, *Broken Arrow*, was finished, her mother asked Jimmy, "Would you be surprised to learn that your leading lady is only fifteen?"

"Impossible!" said Jimmy. "No girl of fifteen could play love scenes this passionately."

Though Debra's love scenes on the screen practically set the film world on fire, off the screen there were no kisses, no passionate love making, no love making of any kind.

And not because there weren't plenty of men who were eager to date and woo Debra.

One theory around Hollywood was that her mother objected to her dating.

"That's nonsense," Debra laughs. "I don't date for just one reason: I don't *want* to date. Why should I waste my time with a lot of young men who mean nothing to me? When I meet the right man I'll know him. Till then, my career means everything to me.

"And I have enough fun with my family."

Only once in a blue moon did Debra break her dateless state of existence. Once, at the insistence of her studio, she went out on a publicity date with a young actor named Bob Arthur. The magazines and newspapers printed so many shots of them together that she was embarrassed.

"No more dates for publicity purposes or otherwise," she decided.

### The great love

Then things changed. Debra was twenty-one. And she was madly in love. There was a diamond ring on her finger, and a sparkle in her eyes greater than the light of any diamond.

She wouldn't say who the man was but she admitted, "I'm no longer dateless. I have been kissed thoroughly and delightfully off screen as well as on. I have found the right man, and have fallen deeply and genuinely in love. He is wonderful and everything I have hoped for."

The man she loved was wealthy, older than Debra, and publicity-shy.

When newspapermen besieged Debra and her mother for the details of their romance, her mother fiercely defended Debra's right to keep the name of the man she loved a secret. "He doesn't like publicity," she said. "Please don't print anything about this romance, or it might end and you'll leave Debra without a liferaft."

But it turned out that besides hating publicity, the man Debra loved was marriage-shy. Debra, who had believed that love and marriage went together like the proverbial horse and carriage, was heartbroken.

She lost her man and went back to her dateless existence.

She was surrounded by all the trappings of glamor, and by none of its realities.

She drove around town in a pink Cadillac covered with hundreds of dollars worth of fake jewels. The car glittered and so did Debra.

At home, she lived in splendor of a strange sort. The home, with its twenty-two rooms, is one of the largest and most bizarre in Beverly Hills, but actually she lived like a home girl with her mother and father, her brother, Russell Shane, a young sister, a married sister and her husband and two children, and two dogs, a Siamese kitten, parakeets and even a chimpanzee.

### Debra's philosophy

"I'm too busy for love," she told friends. "I'll marry when I find a man I'm truly in love with and not marry just for marriage's sake. The same thing goes for dating. I refuse to go places with a man just to go places."

If her laughter was a little shriller than before, her voice artificially gayer, her work far more frenzied, who was to know it but Debra and her mother?

Who was to say that Debra wasn't the happiest, luckiest girl in Hollywood? If she was carrying a flaming torch, no one saw it; she just laughed a little harder, and put more jewels on her Cadillac.

A child she wasn't. She proved it when she went to Las Vegas and wore such gasp-provoking gowns that the town began to wonder at this new Debra who was outdoing even Marlene Dietrich in glamor and daring.

"Why haven't you married?" they asked her. And Debra just smiled slowly. "Why, I haven't found the right man. I'm not in a hurry."

Then David dropped in—and they felt, only two hours later, that they were in love. How explain Debra's conviction that she was madly in love after only one date

**In *Look Homeward, Angel*, Anthony Perkins occupies the same upstairs, unpainted dressing room he had when he last appeared on Broadway in *Tea and Sympathy*. In the intervening two and a half years Perkins starred in films costing over $18,000,000.**

*Leonard Lyons*
*in the New York Post*

—so madly in love that she decided to marry him?

"How does anyone know?" Debra's mother answers. "Perhaps it's just a matter of chemistry."

### Good luck, Debra

But is chemistry enough? Does the hot leaping of a young girl's blood at the sight of the man she thinks right for her prove that he *is* right for her? Is the answer of the instincts enough for today's teenagers? Or did Debra fall into the deadliest trap of all—mistaking infatuation for love because she has dated so little that the sound of her own heart pounding seemed proof enough that she was in love.

Perhaps, by happy accident, Debra, in one thrill-filled evening, felt a love that passes all understanding—a love that can survive everything—separation, different careers, competition and a long history of previous marriages on the part of the groom.

It would be wonderful if this marriage overcame all obstacles. It would also be a miracle.

David Street himself seems bewildered by the situation. "Debra is the most wonderful girl I've ever known," he says. "My last marriage failed because it was too impulsive."

To objective observers, it might seem that this marriage is also more than a mite impulsive.

Debra has been ready for love for a long time. Once she was denied the right to marry the man she loved, for his love was not great enough for marriage.

This time, the wedding ring is on her finger, her heart is aglow with fervent feeling, and her head is in the clouds. And perhaps this time it *is* enough to create a lasting happiness. END


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## AN ENLIGHTENING INTERVIEW

■ Arthur O'Connell, the dashing, fortyish, supporting actor you've seen most recently in *Picnic* and *Bus Stop*, stopped off in New York for just one day. He was on his way to Kentucky, where he was to work in *April Love*, his new picture with Pat Boone, and he was in New York—to get his hair whitened!

We found him plunked in a Fifth Avenue beauty salon under a drier and looking about as miserable as a man can look.

Nevertheless, we began shouting questions, but naturally he had a great deal of difficulty hearing us. The questions and answers went something like this:

**Q** How do you like the script of your new picture?

**A** *I've never undergone this sort of treatment before.*

**Q** I see that you worked with Pat Boone in *April Love.*

**A** *They put this doggone thing on with their fingers, not a spoon.*

**Q** You're a good friend of Kim Novak. Has she 'gone Hollywood?'

**A** *No, Kim's in New York for a few days.*

**Q** Are you serious about any one girl?

**A** *Of course I'm not delirious! The studio ordered me to sit under this contraption!*

**Q** You and Ernie Kovacs have worked together a lot. What kind of a guy is Ern?

**A** *I'd better not burn. I'll have my studio sue this blasted establishment!*

**Q** Did any gal ever steal your heart?

**A** *Yes, in the new film, I'm to play a wonderful part.*

**Q.** Is Marlene Dietrich a has been?

**A** *What's that you say about sin?*

**Q** Can you give us a little thumbnail sketch of your friend. Marilyn Monroe?

**A** *Nails? I'm having a manicure soon.*

**Q** Which of your many supporting roles have you enjoyed doing the most?

**A** *Toast? I'll be as burnt as toast soon.*

**Q** Do you think you'll get out of there alive?

**A** *It's five? I've got a date at five. Help, get me out of here. Operator! . . . Help!*

## two ladies in the tub

(*Continued from page 39*) welcome-home smile. She always hears our car come up the driveway and comes rushing out of her room, and she makes it very clear to us that there's to be no dilly-dallying downstairs, that we've got to go right up and get and give our kiss and hug.

So up I ran and we hugged and kissed and then we played a few minutes of 'Mine!' This is a game that had started a few weeks earlier when I'd given Kelly two pretzels—she loves 'em—and told her one was for her and the other was for her daddy. She'd promptly eaten hers, and then had started to munch on the other when Tony walked in and said, "Hey, that's mine!" He pretended to try to take it away from Kelly, but she'd have none of this. "No," she began to squeal and laugh and run around the room, all at the same time, "this mine . . . mine . . . mine!" This had since become a favorite game, for Kelly to take hold of anything, call it hers and go racing around the place—and on this particular night I'm telling about now she'd decided it would be a little pillow from her crib.

When, after our miniature marathon, I managed to get hold of the pillow—or, I should say, tap it—and the game breathlessly ended, I picked my daughter up and took her to her room and we proceeded to get ready for the big event of the day, Kelly's bath.

Actually I should say 'bawth,' because that's the way Kelly says it. When Tony and I were in Europe last year shooting *The Vikings* with Kirk Douglas and Ernie Borgnine, we got an English nurse for Kelly. She was a lovely woman with a most lovely accent and the two words she said more than any others must have been 'dahnce' and 'bawth.' Because our little California-born Kelly, with a daddy from the Bronx and a mother from the heart of California, gets very uppity-sounding when it comes to dancing or bathing—sounds, in fact, like a little debutante from Mayfair as we prepare for either of these events.

### Kelly's idea

Anyway, preparations got under way on this night for her say-it-how-you-will, and it all began regularly enough with Kelly undressing herself, a process in which I *help* by unbuttoning her dress and unlacing her shoes and pulling her little socks off halfway.

But then, after helping her put on her robe and giving her her towel and soap, and saying the time-honored phrase, "And now we go to Kelly's bathinette and see the water"—suddenly something happened.

"No," I heard this little voice from down below whisper up at me.

"No bath?" I asked, looking down.

Kelly smiled. "Yes—bawth," she said. "But—with—you."

I looked over at the bathinette and laughed. "How could I fit. . . ." I'd started to say.

But Kelly didn't need any slide rule-talk from her mother, that's for sure. Because she'd already let go of my hand and run to the door leading to my bathroom. She pointed to the tub. "Here," she said, "we—take—bawth—here."

I could see how excited she was about the prospect of us bathing together and I thought it was a fine idea—an idea, by the way, that Tony later picked up with Kelly and who, on *his* early days off, now rushes home so that *he* can be in the tub with her first and have all the fun.

So I said "All right," turned on the water, got undressed too and in we both went.

We had a ball, my baby and me. I remember how first I turned her on her tummy and swished her back and forth for a while. For some reason she's afraid when water splashes on her face and so, to rid her of this fear, I'd manage to get just a little sprayed on, kind of accidentally-on-purpose, and then laugh as though this were real fun and hope she'd laugh, too. Fortunately, she did.

Then I remember how we played with her rubber dolly for a while—which made for three of us in the tub now—and this with the inevitable question-and-answer period that goes something like this:

"Show Mommy where the dolly's eyes are."

"Here."

"And her nose?"

"Here."

"And her mouth?"

"Here."

"And her tummy?"

"Here."

"And now where's Kelly's tummy?"

*"Here!!"*—the last accompanied by much tickling and splashing and a few more unnoticed sprays of water in the face.

### A good game

Then it was cup-time, Kelly asking me by pointing if I wouldn't be so kind as to please reach for one of Tony's empty shaving mugs on the sink nearby so we could fill it, pour, fill it, pour. I got the cup and told Kelly that we could fill it, pour, all she wanted—as long as she didn't ever pour anything on the floor. Kelly agreed and, great as the temptation was, kept her word.

And then, I remember, we were in the midst of nursery-rhyme-time—*Here We Go 'Round The Mulberry Bush* and *Rain, Rain Go Away* are her water favorites—when suddenly she heard Tony's car pull up the driveway and the shaving mug and the dolly and the games were forgotten and, in their place, came a round of laughing shrieks for "Daddy . . . Daddy . . . Daddy!"

Daddy was upstairs in a matter of minutes, and when he saw the two of us in the tub he said, "Hey!"—just one word. "Hey!"—and he turned around and rushed out.

I knew what that "Hey!" meant and I called out, "Tony—Tony, you leave that camera where it is!"

He was back in a second, camera in hand, ready to snap.

"Tony," I said, "what are you going to do?"

"I want a picture of the baby in the tub," he said, winking.

"But there's a big girl in the tub, too," I said.

"Aw, Janny," Tony said.

### Tony won't take no for an answer

I know what a charge Tony gets out of taking pictures of us all the time and how excited he was about this new pose. I gave one more try, though. "Tony," I said, "my hair's pinned up and I look. . . ." But halfway through he winked again and my words melted in my mouth and I sat Kelly up and I said, "Come on, Baby, Daddy's going to take our picture."

For about ten minutes Tony snapped away, playing director all the while.

"All right, Kelly-honey," he'd say, "now give me the mean look."

And Kelly would pucker her little lips and growl her little girl's growl.

"Now the surprised look," Tony would say.

And pop, the blue eyes would open.

"Now the Phil Silvers look," Tony would then say.

And now would come the big grin on her face and the attempt to say "Gladda—see—ya."

And so this went on and on, until finally bath-time was over and Tony lifted Kelly out and dried and powdered her and put on her clean panties and pj's while Mommy, after quickly taking care of herself, went downstairs to see if Kelly's dinner was ready.

Dinner, as usual, was preceded by our nightly tour of the kitchen. Kelly is fascinated by the garbage disposal unit, so this is always Stop 1. Then Tony lifts her and holds her near the stove and Kelly stares in awe at the pots and seriously informs one and all that they're "hot... hot." My job next is to provide the great treat of the tour. That is, I open the refrigerator door for a moment and Kelly sticks her head in and laughingly informs us that *this* is "cold... cold."

Then it was dinner-time—followed by play-time, an hour in which we run races in the den, sit and watch the people on the television set for a little while, and play with Merci, our tiny toy poodle. For a while, Merci was scared to death of Kelly. After all, a baby doesn't exactly know the meaning of gentleness and I guess when Kelly tried to play with her Merci would think *this is the end*. But one night recently, a few nights before these pictures were taken in fact, Kelly was sitting on the rug eating one of her pretzels when a little piece fell beside her and I guess Merci figured this was for her, that Kelly was making a present of it—and ever since then she follows the baby around everywhere and they've been the best of friends.

**How we say good-night**

Then, play-time over with and the yawns beginning to take the place of smiles, we brought Kelly up to her room, sat her on her potty for a while, and then tucked her in her crib. I say "we" brought her up, but honestly I forget—because some nights Tony gets involved in something and says he'll be up in a few minutes.

At any rate, if it was one of those nights, you can be sure that as soon as I got Kelly into her crib she pointed to the inter-com on the wall and then phoned down her usual message:

**A special candle**

"Daddy? Hi. I ready. Hurry. Bye-bye."

At which point Tony came zooming up, Kelly kissed us good night and we all looked up at the ceiling and blew out the lights. Then, as a special extra, Tony lit a Christmas candle we keep on Kelly's dresser and let her blow it out—all by herself. The candle has no special significance. We thought it would be cute to do one night and the baby got such a kick out of it that we do it all the time now. Later on, she'll have her prayer to say.

Then, on this particular night as on all nights, it was 'Nighty-nighty' and 'Sleep tight' and we left the room.

I guess you expect this little story to end here, with the baby on her way to sleep upstairs and with both of us going back downstairs now, to sit back and read or relax with TV or something.

Well, it doesn't.

I started down, and I'd *thought* Tony was behind me. But suddenly I had the strange—and, as it turned out, very accurate feeling—that I was completely alone.

I wondered for a moment.

And then I knew.

Tony was already in his dark-room, starting to develop these pictures you see of his baby and her mommy—taking their first 'bawth' together. END

*Janet and Tony will appear together in United Artists'* THE VIKINGS *and U-I's* THE PERFECT FURLOUGH. *Tony will be in United Artists'* KINGS GO FORTH. *Janet is in U-I's* JET PILOT *and* TOUCH OF EVIL.

## happy 25th wedding anniversary, perry and roselle

(*Continued from page 21*) towels to the soot-laden faces of the coal miners of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. He liked it well enough. A good respectable trade. But evenings—evenings were his own. Evenings he left the steamy shop, fled the sizzling streets. A friend of his had a dump truck—a glorious possession. When the sun went down and dinner was over, he would honk the horn in front of the Como house until Perry came out.

"Where to?" Perry asked one evening.

The friend leaned out the cab window. "Weenie roast. Got your guitar?"

Perry nodded and they were off. Stuffed with good Italian spaghetti, it never occurred to them to be too full for frankfurters and rolls, sauerkraut and pickles. Half an hour later, the truck jammed with high school kids, they turned off into the woods and made camp by a creek. There they were joined by other kids from other high schools, from neighboring towns. They built a fire, left it to swim, and then returned to it to dry off and toast their food. There were all kinds of kids in the crowd. There were the shy, love-struck ones who sat in the shadows, hand in hand. There were the ones who were the life of the party, howling with good humor, thrusting franks into the flames and charring them.

And a girl named Roselle Bellini who laughed and chattered and was never very far from the center of things—and who always, somehow, was the one to rescue the weenies just in time, and take into her own capable hands the rest of the cooking. Without, mind you, ceasing for one second to laugh and chatter.

And a little way away, at the edge of the circle, there was Perry, his dark hair falling over his forehead, strumming his guitar and singing. One by one, the kids would wander over to him, to stretch out on the grass and listen, and sing, and listen. One of the last to leave the gaity by the fire was Roselle—sparkling, brimming with life. But in the long, lazy evenings, it began to strike Perry that the group around him had an unfinished feeling until Roselle ambled over too, and lowered her laughing eyes, and fell silent.

**Portrait of Perry as a young man**

It would have surprised the good folk of Canonsburg to know that 'that nice, quiet Como boy' considered himself something of a hell-cat at the age of fifteen. But it wouldn't have surprised them at all to learn that from his place in the shadows he watched Roselle Bellini and thought about her and began to fall in love with her weeks and weeks before he got the courage to ask her out.

After that, there's nothing to tell them that could be a surprise to the neighbors—because they saw it all. They sat on their front porches and nodded benignly when the Bellini girl and the Como boy strolled by, her hand on his arm, on their way to the center of town where Roselle would draw out her weekly half-dozen books from the lending library, and Perry would pore intently over sheet music for guitar and voice.

And the neighbors happily would peer through lace curtains when the ever-useful dump truck roared down the quiet street where the Bellinis lived, and cock





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## HOW ROBERT TAYLOR PROPOSED

■ It was only a couple of years back . . . Robert Taylor had seen enough of nightclubs; he was ready for a home-cooked meal. Ursula adored having him over for dinner—and cooking for him. At forty, Bob Taylor had been a big star long enough to see his name dragged through enough newspapers. He wanted privacy. Ursula gave him that too. Even though she could have boosted her own stock as a rising actress by giving interviews about herself and Bob, she turned the press from her door and would say only that—"We are friends."

At forty, and forty-one, and forty-two, Bob Taylor enjoyed the wonders of Ursula Thiess, and glowed with knowing that his mother loved her too.

"She's a lady," his mother said of her—publicly, "a lady who's been brought up to make a husband happy, who knows how to mend and garden and have babies."

But at forty-two, a man who's had one marriage fail isn't anxious to leap back into wedlock. He needs a nudge. Ursula gave him that nudge after he came back from Africa, where he had made *Valley of Kings*.

When Bob came home, practically the first thing he did was telephone Ursula—would she have dinner with him that evening?

But at the restaurant, sitting across from her, Taylor's courage left him. He had come home with his mind made up, but now he couldn't think of the words for saying it to her, how much he loved her and wanted her to share his life with him. And then the smile faded from his face.

It was then that a newspaper reporter walked up to their table. "Miss Thiess," he said, "are you going to marry Mr. Taylor?"

Ursula did not answer.

But suddenly Bob smiled. He reached across the table and took her hand in his. "Let's put a stop to all these questions about whether you're going to marry me or not," he said. "Let me tell them you *will* marry me."

Ursula laughed. "All right," she said, "you may tell them *yes*. But only if you ask me first," she added.

And then Bob asked her to marry him.

*Bob's in MGM's* SADDLE THE WIND, *and soon he'll appear in MGM's* THE LAW AND JAKE WADE.

their ears to hear the sound of a little boy, Dee Bellini, racing upstairs to shout: "Roselle! Roselle! Your fella's here again!" And they would joke, seeing the two of them together—Perry so quiet and slow-moving even then, Roselle so bubbly, her lips never still—they would say: "*She's* the one with the barber's temperament!" And, "I do declare—it *is* amazing the way opposites attract!"

Amazing—yes. But to Roselle and Perry, at fifteen, it was the most natural thing in the world. They discovered in each other a wealth of riches that neither possessed alone. To Perry, Roselle was a princess out of a fairy tale—a princess in bobbed hair and middy blouse—utterly charming, utterly gay, drawing him out of himself, awakening his sense of humor, making him laugh, making him sing. And to Roselle, accustomed to the cheerful racket of a big house full of five children, there was a depth of peace and contentment in being with Perry that she had never known before. He made her a little less frantic, gave her time to look at herself, to think about life and what she wanted from it. To channel her tremendous energies and point them in one direction. A direction marked: *Perry Como—this way.*

They knew very soon that they were in love.

### Love in a small town

What happens to a boy and a girl in a little Pennsylvania town when they fall in love? Well, mostly they wait till they get out of high school, and then, if the boy has a trade, they get married and settle down. And surely no one ever had a better chance than Perry and Roselle to do just that. In their last year in high, Perry worked after school in the barber shop, earning pocket money, perfecting his skills. Roselle would wait for him until closing time. Then the evenings were theirs to spend together. By the next year, seventeen years old and out of school, Perry was an incredible, unbelievable success. He had a shop of his own now, and the miners poured into it as if it were a saloon instead. The neighbors had been right—the Como boy wasn't as talkative as folks expect a barber to be. But they had forgotten his other talents—and the fertile imagination of the Bellini girl.

**Charles Lederer, who wrote and is directing James Cagney's starrer, *Never Steal Anything Small*, says double duty has its disadvantages. "I've sacrificed a director's greatest alibi," Lederer points out. "When a scene doesn't play well, I can't say: 'Those lousy writers are killing me.' "**

*Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post*

Perry Como was the only singing, guitar-playing barber in Canonsburg—and possibly in Pennsylvania!

His take-home no longer amounted to pocket-money. It came to a hundred, a hundred and a quarter a week. Big, big money in 1929. Enough to remove any financial burden from his parents' backs. Enough to treat Roselle to steak instead of hot dogs, take her dancing instead of swimming. Enough so that when the Depression hit, devastating Canonsburg as it did the whole country, there was a backlog to carry the Comos through. A profitable business, indeed.

So why weren't they married? 1929 came and went, 1930, '31, '32. Pennsylvania got back on its feet. Roselle was no longer needed to help at home. Everything was perfect—except for one thing. Roselle, patiently getting Perry's dinner in his mother's kitchen and then watching it get cold on the table because Perry was late again, wasn't sure that this was the life for either of them.

### Too much work

When Perry hired first one and then another assistant, she regarded it less as a sign of prosperity than of his being over-worked. No amount of big money could make up for the tired rings under Perry's eyes. This new life had everything—except fun. Except the satisfaction a woman feels knowing that her guy is doing what he loves to do, what is right for him. And what was right for Perry? Who knew?

Ask Dee Bellini, Roselle's little brother, now grown-up and an important member of the Como Enterprises, and he'll tell you—"Perry? Why, I wouldn't say it was a case of Perry's being worried about becoming a professional singer. It was more—he didn't know if he *was* a singer!"

Turn to the official biographies, and you are told that Perry's friends urged him to audition for the Freddy Carlone band on a vacation in Cleveland. That as a joke, Perry did it. That in the same lighthearted spirit he gave up, having won the audition, $125 a week at home for $28 a week and a future of one-night stands. But read between the lines. A young man in love, wanting to get married, makes that kind of break for only one reason: his girl wants him to, his girl knows that deep down he wants to do it. That was spring, 1933, when Perry left with the band. In July Roselle took a bus to Cleveland to spend a day with him.

There, she looked for herself at what Perry had described with such worry: the sort of barren, cheap hotels he lived in now, the bus he traveled in with the band, the meagre amount of groceries that $28 would buy. And there, the girl who had turned down comfort and tranquility at home with the joyful knowledge that *this* was right, *this* was fun—there she married her guy.

The next day they went back to Canonsburg. While Roselle went home to tell her folks and pack a bag, Perry went to his house.

### Look, Ma

"I walked into the kitchen, and I said, 'Ma, I've got something to tell you.' And she took one look at me and said, 'You don't have to tell me anything. I know. You got married.' Happy? I guess next to Roselle and me, she was the happiest person in the world. Why not? Roselle was like a daughter to her."

With rice tumbling out of their hair, they rejoined the band. And for three years the Bellini gaiety, the Bellini laughter brightened buses and cheap hotels and hamburger dinners, while Perry built up a name in the Cleveland area. And then one night in 1936, he came home with news. The Ted Weems band wanted him—at a stupendous $50 a week. It was a bigger band, a bigger chance. But—if life had been rugged with the Carlone band, it would be a hundred times more so with Weems. Weems played the whole country.

"How wonderful!" said Roselle, starting to pack . . . packing for the next seven years.

"And in all that time," people asked Perry, "didn't she ever complain, ever want to quit?" Perry would roar with laughter. "Roselle—complain? Listen, you don't know my wife. I mean—this is a *woman*. She doesn't let you know every little thing that goes on through her mind—she laughs. She enjoys. No, she doesn't complain. *I* was the one who worried."

The Weems band was in Chicago when their first child, Ronnie, was born. That

was 1940—seventeen years ago. Most girls in 1940 didn't have babies one day and spring out of bed to care for them the next. Usually, their folks were there to help out for a while, to be at the hospital, to take over the housework. But Canonsburg, Pennsylvania was a long way from Chicago in 1940. Roselle had her baby without benefit of family—and spent her time telling a frantic Perry that it was "all right, honey," while he agonized.

**We didn't worry . . .**

And when, three months later, the Bellinis were finally able to get together the time and the requirements for a good-sized trip to see their new relative—everything was fine. The long engagement in Chicago had given the Comos what was almost a home—an apartment with a baby in it. Looking back now, Dee Bellini says, "Sure it was rough some of the time. They didn't have everything by a long shot. But Perry—he was singing. And Roselle was always an adventurous girl. We didn't go away worried from our visit to them. They were having a ball."

They didn't know what was to come. They might have worried if they had. For Ronnie was scarcely six months old when the next big break came along. The Weems band was to play New York—the Strand Theatre. And on the same bill was Ann Sheridan, The Oomph Girl. This was big-time—the biggest. This was the time for Perry Como to be heard in New York. And he came home to the apartment and looked around at the clutter of baby things, the bassinette, the crib, the drying diapers—and shook his head, telling Roselle about it.

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**Red Buttons—gray now—dyes his hair red for TV! . . .**

*Earl Wilson*
*in the New York Post*

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"We can't take a baby in a bus. . . ."

Roselle studied him for a moment. "Well," she said slowly, "I suppose Ronnie and I could stay here—"

Perry's head jerked up. They had known each other for thirteen years, been married for seven. And they had been together for all of them. "Are you nuts?" said Perry. "No soap. I'd rather not go."

It was the answer Roselle had been wanting. Having gotten it, she discarded it and settled down to business. She took out a piece of paper. "Listen, honey, I have an idea. . . ."

The next day Perry bought a car. He and Roselle ripped out the back seat. Long before Nash thought of it, the Como's had the first auto in the country with a bed in the back. And on that bed, tucked in securely, safe from bumps, cooing cheerfully, Ronnie Como rode to New York with his parents. And from New York to the midwest, and back to Chicago, and to California and Texas. Perry drove, and Ronnie gurgled, and Roselle heated his bottles on the hood over the boiling engine. They crossed the desert, and Roselle piled ice into insulated bags and air-conditioned the car for her husband and baby. And in every big city in the country, Ronnie Como was pronounced by doctors: thriving, growing, happy.

**What a little boy needs**

You won't get Perry Como to talk about what finally called a halt to the ball. Maybe it was because in 1942 Ronnie was two years old, and a two-year-old boy doesn't need a bed even though it's a comfortable one that's rigged up for him in the back of a car—he needs a yard to run in, friends to play with, a house in which to put down roots. Maybe it was because the Ted Weems band was breaking up, and a married man with a family needed security. Or maybe it was simply because one day he caught Roselle looking at a copy of House and Garden—and for once, her eyes weren't laughing. It doesn't really matter what it was. Whatever the reason was, in 1942 Perry Como started looking for another barber shop to buy in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania so he could give his wife and child what they had not had, what for love of him they had never asked for—a home. And while he was dickering over terms for a likely-looking location, while he was practicing his shaving stroke and trying to remember what it felt like *not* to sing—the miracle happened. CBS radio wanted him for a sustaining show at $100 a week, and RCA Victor wanted him to make records. It meant that they could live in New York, rent a house, put down roots—and it meant that Perry could sing. It meant that luck was with them, that miracles still happen—or maybe it meant that the world is not entirely topsy-turvey after all, and nice people do sometimes come out on top.

It has been quite a few years since Roselle Bellini Como has had to darn socks on a bus or heat baby bottles on a car motor. Ronnie, the well-traveled infant, is away from home again now—in Notre Dame. Roselle and Perry have two other children, David and Terry, but they are growing up, not in hotel rooms but in a beautiful home in Long Island—a home to make up for all the years of homelessness. And every night a good-looking, exceedingly rich, exceedingly popular forty-ish man comes home to her there.

**Perry sums it up**

Ask Perry Como what Roselle means to him after twenty-five years of marriage. And in this, his twenty-fifth year as her husband, he will tell you, "Oh—I can't give you an answer, just like that. There are lots of things. Like—she takes care of me. Of everything. I leave in the morning and I know when I come home at night—things will be the same—good, quiet—the way we like them. She does that. She can do everything—the marketing and the cooking and bringing up the kids—and do it well.

"And when I come home—well, after twenty-five years, we don't tell each other every tiny thing. She doesn't tell me how many times David didn't come when she called, and I don't necessarily tell her which camera loused up which scene today. But—we're together. We sit and talk or we watch television—it's good to sit quietly with someone you love, to be together. What can I tell you about her? She's a strict mother. She says *no*, and the kids know it's *no*. But loving—well, Ronnie's away in college now, you know. And he wrote home he caught cold. Well—my wife practically ate her heart out over it. Who's going to give him his aspirin? Who's going to see he covers up his throat? I mean, what can I tell you about a woman like that? I'll tell you this—she's *there*. That's it about Roselle. She's always, always there."

And always, always will be. For this is a woman who doesn't need what she doesn't have to keep a man—even a famous man, to make a marriage last for twenty-five years. A woman who gives abundantly of two things: love, and herself.

We said at the beginning this was just a simple love story. That's all it is. And as such, it gets a simple ending, but in this case an ending as true as true can be. . . .

**And so they lived happily ever after.**

END


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## HOW REALISTIC CAN YOU GET?

■ Shelley Winters longed to play before live audiences. The green-eyed blonde with the forthright manner got her chance in the Broadway hit. *A Hatful Of Rain.* When this highly dramatic play first opened. Shelley noticed that. during an especially moving scene. there were peculiar, distracting noises coming from the audience. The scene had Shelley—about to become a mother—seizing the hand of her stage husband and pressing it to her body. so that he might catch the movements of her unborn baby. Afterward. Shelley asked the stage manager about the strange noises she'd heard.

"You mean those snapping sounds?" he asked. looking amused.

The actress nodded.

"Why." he explained. "those are the women in the audience taking hankerchiefs out of their pocketbooks and snapping 'em shut. As long as you hear those sounds you've got nothing to worry about!"

## junie on the spot

(*Continued from page 34*) adored cooking for six or sixty hungry people.

**Q:** Who are your best friends?
**June:** Two small people named Pam and Ricky. I feel if you can't be friends with your kids, what good is anything? Oh, I'm strict with them. But I'm strict only because I want *them* to be liked. Many times I'll chastise one of them and then go to my room and cry. But sometimes it's got to be done. Like one time when Ricky was planning to have lunch with the carpenter who works for us. It's a big treat for him. But he was a bad boy that morning and I had to forbid him to go. Well, he sobbed and sobbed. It took all the strength I have to stop myself from wiping the tears from his eyes and sending him off to his lunch treat. But I didn't. And the next day—well, it would make a better story to tell you he was bad the next day. But he was as good as gold. And he even forgave me.

**Q:** How about you, June? Are you sentimental?
**June:** Are you kidding? *Everything* makes me melt. I'm soft-hearted Sally, a sitting duck. Richard (Sr., that is) claims that I cry at the commercials on television. But that hasn't been proved yet. Richard is sentimental too. But you'll never get him to admit it.

**Q:** Do you think marriage to Dick has changed you in any important ways?
**June:** Yes. In at least one very important way. I'm not so selfish any more. When I was a young actress struggling to find a foothold, I guess I thought so long and so hard about myself and my life that it got to be a real habit. But in marriage you've just got to think of the other person. You give up things that you wanted very much, by adjusting to your husband. And then, suddenly, you find you didn't really want those things at all. What you really want is a happy husband.

**Q:** What's the nicest gift you ever received from your husband?
**June:** That's an easy one to answer, but you may find the answer a little odd. It's nothing frilly, or feminine or the least bit romantic. Last Monday was our anniversary and Richard gave me my heart's desire: a big, large, gigantic, new refrigerator!

**Q:** That's a nice small dream to have come true. Have you had any big dreams come true lately?
**June:** Yes. When I was a little girl I wanted more than anything else to be—not a nurse, like most girls, but *a doctor.* But we never had enough money. And, do you know what? My brother lives with us now, in a cottage near the house and he's going to medical school. So, in a way, it's my old dream coming true. Not for me, but for my brother.

**Q:** Is there a big dream hidden away somewhere right now?
**June:** The answer to that is emphatically yes! Except it's not hidden very well. I want more than anything else to be able to sing, *really* sing! And with more lessons and some patience from my family while I practice, I'll do it! I want to fulfill all the talents I neglected when I was a kid. I started out as a singer-dancer. People forget that and are so surprised when I'm mentioned for a musical picture. I know it sounds funny but quiet Mrs. June Powell was a chorus girl in New York years ago.

**Q:** What was the most awful day of your life?
**June:** Hmmm. I won't say it was the most awful, but the day I have in mind *was* the saddest. It was Christmas Eve and I had just gotten a job in a Broadway show. And on Christmas, I lost the job. I went down to the bus stop the next day and saw the company off with real tears in my eyes. It was like an unhappy ending to a fairy tale. It was even snowing as I waved good-bye to the company.

**Q:** Doesn't that make Christmas a pretty sad memory?
**June:** No siree. Because some years later, after little June came to Hollywood, married and lived happily ever after—she had a child. A boy named Ricky. And he was born on Christmas Eve. All during my pregnancy I used to joke with Richard saying, "I'll give you a Christmas present no one can match." And I wanted to give birth at Christmas time so very much that I really think I kind of willed it to happen just at the right time. My doctor doesn't go along with this theory. I do.

**Q:** How about the size of your family? Will you leave it at the status quo, or have more children?
**June:** I like good-sized families. In fact right now I'm trying to talk Richard into having more children. Two more. But Dick is reluctant because he has two kids from a former marriage you know. And, from his point of view, he feels maybe a total of four is enough. But I haven't given up the campaign yet.

**Q:** June, have you ever lost hope completely? Ever given in to despair?
**June:** No, I've always been able to see my way out of . . . No, I'm wrong. There was one time. When Richard (Sr.) almost died. He was in the bedroom with me when he suddenly collapsed on the floor with a burst appendix.

Somehow (I'll never know how), I managed to drag him to the bed and call the doctor. I lost twenty pounds in the first four days he was in the hospital. They'd given him up for dead. I stayed there day and night until finally one of the Sisters at the hospital sent me home to change my clothes. As soon as I got to the house the phone rang. It was the hospital. I was to come back right away. They'd given Richard the last rites.

I tell you, I didn't cry any more, or pray any more. I was drained of everything. There was nothing left inside of me to go on living. Four weeks later, thanks to God and Dick's own good strength, they brought him home almost well. Then I cried, finally, and prayed in gratitude.

**Q:** People have said you're a very temperamental star. Is that true?
**June:** Absolutely not; I do *not* go flouncing off sets and throwing dresses at people. I don't know how that got started, but people used to write these things about me. Then when I showed up on the set of a new picture everybody expected me to be impossible to work with. I've had prop men and make-up people come to me and apologize for the ideas they'd had about me.

**Q:** How about the fact that some people (probably the same ones) have said that you're a—dare we repeat it?—scatter-brain?
**June:** That's an easy one to answer. Once again I think that's a fantasy based on a few parts I've played in movies. The same as the "Girl In The Peter Pan Collar" idea. I'm level-headed, not scrambled-brained, and next week I'm going to a party and I'll wear a lovely dress.

**Q:** Do you have an ideal image of the kind of woman you admire, would want to be like?
**June:** My ideal has always been Ingrid Bergman, whom I've kind of worshiped from afar. Also, Ginger Rogers. And Ginger is now my very good friend.

**Q:** What do you think is a woman's best friend . . . her greatest need?
**June:** (WITH A BROAD GRIN) A great big large, gigantic, new . . . refrigerator.

**Q:** Every public figure, especially a movie star, is often the center of a lot of conjecture . . . some true, some false. What do you most wish people would stop thinking, saying and writing about you?
**June:** (Soberly) Most of all I wish that people would stop saying that Richard and I are breaking up again. It's fantastic really. A while ago, Richard and I had a sort of second honeymoon. We went to Honolulu and had a sun-drenched, romantic holiday to end all sun-drenched romantic holidays. Then, in the middle of the night, suddenly the phone rang. Richard answered. It was my agent.

"Listen," he said to Dick, "I'm sorry to wake you, but there have been reports that you and June are in Honolulu together but that you're living at separate hotels."

Richard scrubbed his eyes sleepily and answered, "Well, there's a bed next to mine. And in that bed there's a blonde. I think I recognize the hair . . . one minute while I check the face. Yep, it's my wife June all right. So I guess somebody must be wrong."

And whoever's wrong it's not Richard and me. Because we're right. We're as right as two people can be. END

*June will be appearing in U-I's* AND RIDE A TIGER.

## we waited five years

(*Continued from page 49*) every day from the New Year asking them if they were being married on January 29th, when the divorce of Paul's wife, Jackie Witte Newman, became final.

They lied, these two attractive and passionate rebels, because the moment was so important to them.

They had waited five years for it, trying to kill their love and only increasing it; trying to keep thousands of miles between them, and continually coming together again; seeking out others to love, and forgetting them because they could only remember one another—Paul Newman, the married man and father, and Joanne Woodward, the finely brought-up, sensitive girl who recoiled from the position of being the other woman.

Never once in those five long years had they permitted an informal picture to be taken of them together. Never once in the five years have they been seen out alone together—and this in a town where romances are staged for publicity and many a girl telephones many a man she has never met and sets up a red-hot date.

Call it old-fashioned, if you will. Call it idealism, as it has been with Joanne and Paul. Call it crazy that so fierce was their wish never to trade on the dream between them that they wouldn't even consent to being in a film together until Paul's wife had filed the divorce. And even when the moment came on January 29th and they stood before District Judge Frank McNamee in Las Vegas and heard the words that pronounced them man and wife, even then they had no photographs taken, no newsmen present.

This was their love finally come to fruition. . . .

### It all began . . .

They had fallen in love at their first meeting, back stage in New York, in 1953, when the twenty-two-year-old Georgia girl and the twenty-eight-year-old handsome war veteran, so recently graduated from Yale, were cast as understudies for Ralph Meeker and Janice Rule.

Back there in 1953, Joanne Woodward wasn't the slim blonde girl you see on screen now. Her slim, dynamic appearance was to come later, actually in Hollywood, on one of her many trips, which she made flying away from Paul, determined to put him out of her life altogether.

Neither was Paul the charming, assured young man you see on screen now. He was a very troubled young man, trying to get a foothold in an incredible world which he had loved from childhood but which he wasn't sure he could make into a profession for himself. His wife was all against it—its insecurities, its rowdy atmosphere—even though she had met him through the theatre.

He had enlisted in the Navy, shortly after Pearl Harbor, and had been sent to Yale for the V-12 program. Yale discovered he was color-blind and he became a radio men, third class, riding torpedo planes in the Pacific for three years. But even while he was at Yale the acting bug he had had ever since childhood reinfected him: even in wartime, they were having drama classes at the college.

Later, out of uniform, restless as most boys were under those circumstances, Paul enrolled in Kenyon College. He told himself he would major in economics. He did, too. But he also starred in ten campus plays. After he graduated, he thought he could safely give himself a couple of months in a summer stock company before he settled down to the serious business of life.

So he signed up with a small stock company playing at Williams Bay, Wisconsin—and met a pretty girl named Jackie Witte. Paul and Jackie were cast opposite one another in *John Loves Mary*. It was the most natural thing in the world that they should translate that into *Paul loves Jackie*. They were married in December of 1949.

At almost the same time, Paul's father died—in Cleveland, where Paul had been born and brought up. His very successful sporting goods store was there, needing a manager. It was a ready-made job for Paul.

So he took it.

### The first son

There actually wasn't much else he could do. He and Jackie were expecting a baby, their son Scott.

Paul had always loved sports. And with his personality, he was a natural salesman. But the dream of acting stayed with him. It made no sense—a couple of years later, when he and Jackie were expecting their second baby—that he should pull up stakes and go back to Yale.

But he did. It was a compulsion. With Jackie and Scott and the baby-to-be, he went back to Yale's drama school and to the friends he had made during the war years.

With his looks, the distance from Yale in New Haven to TV in New York was a mere stroll.

From the moment he showed his face in the casting offices, Paul Newman was hot and he did show after show after show.

**Ginger Rogers sat with Ethel Merman at the Harwyn Club and mentioned her night-club debut at the Havana Riviera. "You'll find this out, about working in night clubs," Miss Merman warned her, "there'll always be someone at a back table complaining he can't hear a word you're singing—while you hear every word he's complaining."**

*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*

The money wasn't big but it was more than the sporting goods store paid him. He took a place down on Long Island for himself and his family. But it wasn't folksy as had been Cleveland, the old home town, the old home acquaintances.

That didn't matter to Paul anyway. He was living in another world, the world of theatrical excitement, of dreams, of hopes. To Jackie it mattered terribly. She hated the insecurity of it, the wildness of it. And while people in the TV studios were always flocking around Paul, telling him how spectacular his success would be. . . . Jackie stayed down on Long Island, aloof from such an atmosphere.

### Paul meets Joanne

Less than six months after he had left Yale, Paul was signed as understudy for the stage production of *Picnic*. There he met Joanne Woodward.

Once a show has opened, the understudies have nothing to do. Nothing to do but sit backstage and hope, and talk and talk and talk.

Their minds fell in love long before their hearts did. The most enduring loves often start this way, mind meeting mind, compatibility meeting compatibility, enthusiasm igniting enthusiasm. It was this way with Joanne and Paul. Night after night, as they talked and talked and talked, they told themselves they were nothing but friends. Very fine friends. Wonderful friends.

Only Joanne was such an unusual girl. And Paul was such an unusual fellow.


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# "KID, YOU'VE GOT TALENT."

■ "Kid, you got talent," said the plump, well-dressed man as he bit on his dollar cigar. "But you got to get off that dreamy kick. When you sing for me I want the hell sung out of a sung. Belt it right down their throats."



The 'kid' was about twenty. He wasn't tall, but he wasn't short. He had large velvet eyes, a shock of Italian-black hair and high cheekbones. He wasn't handsome either. And though his waiter's uniform—the smallest the restaurant owner could find—hung loosely on his gaunt frame, he wasn't as frail as you might think.

But to the casual observer the 'kid' was just about as unimpressive as the cup of coffee he was setting down before the big man.

"I don't know what you mean by belting it out, Sir," the kid replied.

"Louder, kid, louder. That's what I mean. Now you sing here in this joint every night. Instead of that sick-cow symphony stuff you hand 'em, you ought to give 'em a few jazzy numbers. Make 'em tap their feet. Make 'em happy! You don't want to be a singing waiter all your life, do you?"

"Well, not exactly," the kid replied. "But I don't think I ought to sing that—that—well, whatever you called it. I don't feel that kind of music inside."

The fat man got up. "Kid, the one thing you got to learn in show business is to do what you're told. Now I book singers. I know what people go for. You'll never get no place by singin' only what you feel. You young guys are all alike. Think you know everything. Why you couldn't get a job with a fourth-rate band, now, could you?"

The kid shook his head slowly.

"There. You see what I mean? Take my advice, kid. Get some hot licks in your throat and you might amount to something."

The big man threw a dime on the table and left.

One man, in a far corner of the room watched the kid as though he were planning something. When the boy passed his table, he called him over.

"I heard what that loud-mouth told you a few minutes ago," said the man. "Forget him. I've been by three or four times in the last month and I think you're getting better. You've got a kind of funny little slide in your voice. Don't lose it. Stick to the songs you feel, no matter what anybody tells you. I'm a musician, a horn man. But I'm forming a band of my own. How'd you like to front the male side for me?"

"Mister you just name the time and the place. I'll be there!"

"Hey, wait a minute," the man hollered to the kid as he headed for the phone to call his mother, "how will I bill you? What name are you going to use?"

The kid yelled back, "Just call me Frankie! Frank Sinatra! What's yours?"

"I've got two first names," the man laughed. "Put 'em together and call me Harry James."

*Frank can now be seen in Columbia's* PAL JOEY *and will soon be in United Artists'* KINGS GO FORTH.

---

As people falling in love with one another always discover. . . .

For instance, Paul discovered the first dollar Joanne had ever earned was when she swiped jonquils out of her family's backyard and sold them in the front yard for five cents a bunch. By the time she was six, she was directing and starring in front-porch shows and dragging people in off the Georgia streets and charging them a nickel for watching. She was just twenty-one when she had broken into TV in New York, on no less than a Robert Montgomery show. She had graduated from the Neighborhood Playhouse Dramatic School a mere two weeks before, and there she was, earning $300 for a very few minutes' work.

But she had handicaps to overcome. There was, Joanne told Paul, nothing worse than being a shy Southern girl, a Georgia girl who *didn't* want to be a belle or a flirt. She had an accent she had to get rid of, and she hoped to cure her terrible thriftiness that wouldn't let her ever throw anything away, made her go to shops and see the $500 dresses and come home and copy them herself for ten dollars, and which let her know more ways to prepare left-over foods than he could possibly believe.

Such foolish things Joanne told Paul, back stage, night after night.

### Just talking

Paul told her his dreams, his theories about acting, about his wife, his son, about how he had loathed the sporting goods business. He told Joanne how he hated ordinary sociability—like cocktail parties, for instance. She hated them too. He said, if he ever got a movie offer, he didn't think he'd like Hollywood. Joanne said she already had movie offers, but she didn't think she'd like Hollywood either. And so on and on and on.

They had excitements to share, too, these two eager people. There were those rare but wonderful nights when they actually went on, standing in for Ralph Meeker and Janice Rule. Sometimes it would be Paul's evening, when Joanne would be off-stage, just the understudy. Sometimes it was her evening, and there were a couple of memorable times when they actually were both in the show.

By the time *Picnic* closed in the summer of 1954, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward *knew* what had happened to them. They had fallen in love. Being honorable people, they were in a panic about it.

It was Joanne who did something about it. She decided to take a vacation in Hollywood. She bought herself a round-trip tourist ticket and hoped she could forget New York. That's what she told herself, forget New York. She meant to forget Paul Newman.

She tried to wear herself out so that she would sleep at night and not dream of him. She did seven TV shows in succession in New York in less than seven weeks, then came to Hollywood and did three—but that took three months, three lonely, bitter months.

She went back to New York and became engaged to a charming man who is still one of her best friends. But 20th-Fox had seen her last TV show, sent for her and signed her. That began her series of treks back and forth across the country. She kept turning down scripts and once, for a test, she arrived in Hollywood on Thanksgiving Day; she didn't know a soul in town and ate her dinner alone in a drug store.

### Forgetting at all costs

When she heard that Paul Newman was coming to Hollywood for *The Silver Chalice* she rushed back to New York. She tried to get out of her film contract—but they wouldn't release her. She tagged herself *a rebel with a clause*, broke her engagement to the nice man, got herself engaged to another nice man, and a little later broke that.

There is one thing about being a name. News is printed about you.

Joanne, after *The Silver Chalice* was finished, could easily discover from the theatrical news just where Paul was—and try not to be there. So when he returned to New York late in December, 1954, she left for Hollywood, accepting the script of *Count Three and Pray*. Then she made *A Kiss Before Dying*. This brought her up to 1955.

### A small world

And 1955 brought Paul to Hollywood again, to make *The Rack*. On a sound stage Joanne and Paul ran into one another.

He hadn't seen her with her new blonde hair. He hadn't seen her slimmed down to 108 pounds, and looking svelte and sophisticated in her new Hollywood wardrobe—and the happiness blazing on her face at sight of him made it almost impossible for him not to take her into his arms then and there.

But again they tried, this time living in the same curious small town. They carefully avoided each other. It wasn't until very late in 1956 that Jackie Witte Newman agreed to a separation, and it was a full year after that before Joanne and Paul ever went out to a party together, even let their names become "an item."

They are giving themselves a two-months honeymoon in Europe, where neither of them has ever been before. Their house is being built, and there just may be a chance that it will be ready for them to move into on their return. It won't matter to Joanne and Paul too much if it isn't.

For now they can be together, openly and freely, eating Joanne's marvelous cooking, reading, talking, listening to records, being in love.

Forever, they believe. . . . **END**

*Joanne and Paul are together in 20th-Fox's* THE LONG, HOT SUMMER. *Paul will appear in MGM's* CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF, *and for Warner Bros. in* THE LEFT-HANDED GUN.

## the shocking life of brigitte bardot

(*Continued from page 23*) tragic secret that made Garbo, still young, become a recluse, give up movies, refuse to wear make-up or even walk in the streets without heavy black veils over her lovely face. That is the fear that made Claudette Colbert, ordinarily the most obliging of women, a demon in front of the cameras—fighting for just the right angle, just the right profile, until she was the gossip of New York and Hollywood. That is the reason—the only reason—behind Marilyn Monroe's famous latenesses; she spends those extra hours before her mirror, desperately applying make-up to what she considers a disfiguring 'bump' on her nose, arranging and rearranging her hair to cover her "bad, bad face." And that is why Kim Novak permits herself to be criticised, even laughed at, for the long minutes she spends staring at herself in any mirror she happens to pass, why she cannot seem to tear herself away from her own image, gazing back with fear-filled eyes.

And it is that which has made Brigitte Bardot, the youngest and most desired of them all, a divorcée, a self-styled "shocker," and an attempted suicide at the age of twenty-three. . . .

This is her story.

Brigitte Bardot was born in Paris. There were, it is true, more beautiful babies born that day, but if her parents were disappointed they hid it well. They had, besides, other things to think about. Papa was a manufacturer, concerned greatly with the technical problems involved in marketing liquid oxygen. Mama, who operated a dress shop and was known, even in Paris, for her personal *chic*, was pleased to be getting her excellent figure back. There was no lack of money, no lack of care for Brigitte. She was to have the best of everything.

But something was wrong. As Brigitte grew from baby to little girl, even the best hairdresser couldn't get her lank blonde hair to curl. The best dentist could only report that there was no infection in her gums that gave her bottom lip that swollen look. She was born that way, and that was all there was to that.

### Make the best of it

Mama and Papa sighed philosophically. It appeared that little Brigitte would never be a credit to the dress shop, clothed in blue velvet, showing off to the customers. It appeared that Papa had better keep his photos of his baby daughter in the desk drawer when important clients visited his offices in the factory. But so what? She was still their daughter, still their Brigitte, and they loved her. She would always know that, and nothing else would matter.

But it is hard to keep the facts of life from a child, even when you insulate her in an elaborate nursery and make sure her nurse finds only the finest children for her playmates. It's hard to keep a little girl from creeping off into a dark corner to torture a stray lock of hair around a dampened finger, praying that just once it will curl like Shirley Temple's. It's hard to keep a little girl from looking at her face in the mirror instead of at the pretty dresses Mama brings home—looking and looking—and turning away in hate.

She grew up lonely and frightened. The world, to her, was full of pretty girls—and she was the only ugly duckling. She hid her scared eyes behind glasses. She envied the others, the handsome and assured youngsters she played with, so much that she couldn't bear to be with them. "I detest them all!" she said angrily when Mama, concerned, asked why she was home so much when other girls were roller-skating, tea-partying together. "I like to stay home. So I'm lazy—so what?"

But Mama was not to be deceived forever. It was not good for a child to be always indoors, brooding. "I do not mind what you choose to do," she told Brigitte finally, "but you must do something to get out of the house, be with people. Perhaps you would like to take a course. Singing? Painting? Dancing? I give you your choice, *ma chère*. But you must pick something, and do it."

Brigitte couldn't draw, and she knew it. The idea of singing, standing up before rows of staring eyes, was too horrible to contemplate. But dancing—that wasn't so bad. There would be a whole crowd making the same movements, and she would perhaps be at the end of the line where no one would notice her.

So, at the age of ten, Brigitte Bardot bought her first *tutu* and ballet slippers—and walked in them into a new world.

### Unaccustomed joy

The obvious had happened. She had discovered her body. And that—oh, that was quite a different matter from her swollen-lipped face. Even at ten, her body had grace. Her body had charm. Her body could do things that Brigitte had never dreamed of—twirl, leap, bend, soar! Far from hiding her at the end of a line, her teacher dragged her out to the center of the floor over and over again. "Watch how la petite Mlle. Bardot does it," he would admonish the other children. And Brigitte, her face flushed with an unaccustomed joy, would float as if she wore invisible wings on her straight little back.

When she was thirteen she, and a hundred and fifty other girls, took the test for entrance into the National Conservatory of Music and Dancing. For the next week, her parents walked almost on tiptoe around the house—the slightest harsh word would send Brigitte into nervous tantrums, the suspense had her so keyed up. At the end of the week, Mama walked into the old nursery—now Brigitte's bedroom—and found her daughter in tears on the bed, an official-looking letter crumpled in her hand.

Madame Bardot clucked her tongue sympathetically and reached out to take her daughter in her arms. "There, there. You'll try again next year—you'll pass next year."

But the face Brigitte raised to her was radiant below the tears. "I did pass! Seven other girls and me!" The tears were of joy.

She was going to be a ballerina!

For the next two years she lived and breathed dancing.

And at school she was still tongue-tied Brigitte, sure she was being laughed at behind her back, snickered at whenever she stood up in class to answer a question, because of "my ugly face." But at the Conservatory—there she was La Bardot, star pupil. There no one looked at her face—their eyes followed her flashing, graceful body as it whirled through intricate routines. There her body was queen.

When she was fifteen her parents finally gave in to her pleas—they allowed her to drop out of her academic courses and concentrate entirely on dancing.

And so, for a while, she was happy. But then a strange thing suddenly happened.

"I need money," said Brigitte Bardot to one of the girls at the school. Why, she didn't say. Had the bottom dropped out


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## "You oughta be in Movies," the producer said . . .

■ There's a true Cinderella story of a world-wide search for a girl to co-star with Marlon Brando in WARNERS' *Sayonara* —which ended in Hollywood's own back yard.

Producer William Goetz, director Joshua Logan and Solly Baiano, WARNERS' talent executive, began their search in Japan and carried it throughout the Far East, Europe and every sizable city in the United States, trying to find just the right gal to co-star with Marlon Brando.

Finally, discouraged, they decided to settle on a well-known actress when they spotted Miiko Taka at the Nisei Festival in Los Angeles last fall.

"But," says Miiko, "I thought they were kidding me. You know, you hear the stories about 'you ought to be in movies'—and besides I didn't think I was an actress.

"I finally decided to test for the role when my friends kept insisting," she said.

"And when they told me I had the role, I couldn't believe it!"

It is ironic that during WARNER BROS. search for a leading lady in Hollywood, Miss Taka—who was born in this country —was taking her first trip to Japan to visit her grandparents. When the search moved to Japan, Miss Taka was en route back to the United States. It was the merest chance that brought the talent searchers and Miiko together.

---

of the oxygen factory? Had the customers lost interest in Mama Bardot's particular taste in clothes? Her friend wondered, but didn't ask. If Brigitte needed money it could only be for one thing—to stay in school. And that she must do. So she looked her over thoughtfully.

"Well, you can't type and you can't take shorthand, and you mustn't take a job standing all day selling behind a counter—you would ruin your feet. So there's only one thing. You must model part-time. I do it often. It pays very well."

Brigitte stared at her dumfounded. Model? The girl must be mad. Models were beautiful, not ugly. She would be laughed at instantly. But she couldn't say so out loud. So she accepted silently the copy of the fashion magazine offered to her, took down the names of some agencies, and promised to think it over.

And that night in bed she looked

you took their faces apart, she discovered, most models were not precisely beautiful. Interesting, yes. Photogenic, yes. And they had good figures. Brigitte crept out of bed and stared at herself in the mirror. For the first time she examined her body less for what it could do on the ballet stage than for what it was. And she had to admit—it wasn't bad. For all her exercising, her legs had not grown knotty as most dancers' do, her bosom had not grown flat. Indeed, for a fifteen-year-old girl—she was, you might say, well-developed.

"All right," said Brigitte, shivering in the chilly room, "I'll try. If they laugh at me—so what?"

But they didn't laugh. They looked at her perhaps a little doubtfully, and then a man said, "Here. Go change into this and come back." He handed her a scanty bathing suit, showed her a dressing room. Behind the curtained doorway, Brigitte climbed into the suit. She took a deep breath and walked out.

And they very definitely didn't laugh.

### The road up

The bathing suits got briefer and briefer, the nightgowns she posed in flimsier and flimsier. It never occurred to Brigitte that she was doing anything odd, appearing half-naked before strange men, posing provocatively. It was so simple to her. Her body, her great blessing, was getting her what she wanted, as it had since she discovered it when she was ten. It so enchanted these men that they never seemed to notice her face, seemed scarcely interested in it at all. Her body was earning the money she needed to go on with her dancing. It was wonderful, truly wonderful.

And even more wonderful when one of the photographers fell in love with her.

His name was Roger Vadim, and he was a photographer-journalist for Paris-Match. That alone was enough to impress Brigitte, for Paris-Match is the French equivalent of Life Magazine, and to be pictured in it—is success. But there was more to Roger than that. He was older, handsome, and ambitious.

"I am going to be a film director," he told Brigitte at their first meeting. "I am going to make movies that will be shown all over the world. I will be very rich, very famous."

She believed him. Nervously, she invited him to a little party at her house. There would be some friends from the ballet school. To her amazement, he said *yes*.

Which came first that night—love, or the great idea? Neither of them knew. Brigitte danced with her friends, flirted a little with one of the boys from school who had taken to following her about a bit. But from the corner of her eye, she watched Roger, and in a corner of her mind she wished that the others would leave early—and Roger would stay. As for him, he watched only Brigitte. There was something about her—charming, enticing, innocent and provocative at the same time. She moved her body like a young cat—yet she seemed to have no idea that every man in the room was entranced by her. Her face glowed with youth and beauty, her lips pouted adorably—and yet he had heard that she thought she was homely as a hag.

If she were his, he would teach her how beautiful she was, how precious. He would—he would make an actress of her, a movie star, a dream of all men. If she loved him too, he would—

No, they never knew which came first. But by the time the others said *good night* and drifted away, by the time Brigitte and

already almost decided that they were in love. And by the time they were done talking at three o'clock in the morning, Brigitte was almost convinced that not only would she be Roger's bride, but a movie star as well.

For he had said everything so exactly right. He had told her his brilliant plans, and she cried out, "You are crazy! A movie star, me? With this face, this wrinkly nose, bulging lips?" And he had not told her the truth—that she was beautiful. That, she wouldn't believe; not yet. Later she would see it herself, gradually, as the whole world fell in love with her. But now he said only, "They'll never notice your face, Brigitte. We'll show them your wonderful body—"

Mama and Papa smiled indulgently when Brigitte told them she and Roger wished to marry. They liked Roger, they would have no objections if, in three years, they still felt the same way. Surely they would not mind waiting until Brigitte was eighteen?

It seemed reasonable to them both. It would give Brigitte a chance to grow up, Roger a chance to learn the art of film directing.

Three years later, on Brigitte's eighteenth birthday, both dreams came true . . . it seemed. They were married, and they began work on the first Brigitte Bardot picture, directed by Roger Vadim. It was not a low, but a *tiny*-budget picture—but it was theirs. While they worked on it, they were happy. Roger coached Brigitte in every scene—every pout, every wiggle, every flirtatious glance was carefully directed. Brigitte adored him. She would wake in the night to stare silently at the wonder of having him lying beside her. When money ran out, her parents sent some, and the Vadims ate well for a week. They were happy.

Then the picture was completed. Brigitte saw it. That night when Roger got home, his wife was nowhere to be found. Worried, he called her parents, her friends. No one had seen her. His worry turned to terror. In a borrowed car he searched the streets of Paris until he found her—leaning on the rail of a bridge, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"I'm so ugly," she wept as he bundled her into a coat and drove her home. "So ugly. . . . I never knew just how ugly . . . like an old hag. . . ."

He couldn't get her to stop crying.

### The road continues

But she went on making movies, trying to get more work whenever a film was completed. It would be wrong to say that Roger forced her into a career she hated—entirely wrong. For like the other beauties who have lived with her fear, Brigitte constantly tried to prove to herself that she was wrong and everyone else was right—she *was* pretty. She showed herself over and over, hoping that the miracle would happen: someone would say, "You're beautiful!" and she—she would believe it. And in the meantime, she had her "wonderful body." In that, she did believe. She put it on display as much as the law would allow—and in France, that's a good deal. She developed, under Roger's tutelage, a wiggle that would have made Monroe blush scarlet.

Naturally, she became famous.

Not outside of France—her pictures were banned in almost every country. But in France, by the time she was twenty-one, she was queen at the box-office, queen of the fan-mail, queen of the dreams of a million men. Roger won success not only because of her, but because of his own talent as a director. They should have been ideally happy.

They were not. To Brigitte reading

her own publicity, seeing her name in lights, her face on the screen, it was as if she had climbed to a high place on a shakey ladder—as if any moment she would look back and the ladder would be gone, the world would be saying, *Ugly girl, how you have deceived us!* and she would fall faster and harder than she had climbed. On the set, she went further and further with her exposure of herself, her handling of risqué scenes. Offstage the quotes she gave out to newsmen were carefully planned to make her as sexy as possible:

"I do not own a bra. If the weather gets very, very cold, then maybe I put on a little thin pair of panties. Otherwise—

"I do not like lipstick. I like to kiss, and if I wear lipstick it makes a big mess for the man and me.

"I only play myself on the screen. That is why I like free, wild, sexy parts."

She threw herself into a dozen activities to keep herself from thinking. She developed a tremendous love of animals, once tried to persuade Roger to adopt a goat—to live in their apartment's bathroom. She read murder mysteries the way a chain smoker smokes. She developed odd fears—of men in uniforms, of fires, sudden death. And more and more often, there were the lonely walks in the night, the tears on the bridges of Paris.

Faced with this new, tense Brigitte, Roger no longer knew the right things to say. Brigitte would walk into the house, her hair uncombed, her makeup askew. A second later she would be leaving again.

"Where are you going?"

She would turn, looking at him with a peculiar expression. "I'm going to a dance with one of the extras from the movie. A boy."

Roger thought he was proving his love. "All right. Have fun."

But to Brigitte all it meant was that he had finally realized that she was nothing, that he no longer cared. Why should he? Working all day in the studio, he had plenty of chance to compare her to the really pretty girls. She was absolutely confident that he had found one for himself.

In the end, he did.

**Roger was kind**

When the marriage broke up, these two people who had understood each other so well no longer had even an idea of what the other was thinking. "Brigitte may tell you," Roger said in an interview, "that we broke up because I was jealous. But that is not true. I was never jealous of her. Maybe I should have smacked her the first time she looked at another man. But she always looked so innocent."

And the papers that carried that story also carried a quote from Brigitte, an unusually honest one. "How could I believe he loved me? He was never jealous. . . ."

There was a long separation while the divorce—a difficult matter in France—was arranged. On the day the final papers were served, Roger Vadim's pretty girl friend gave birth to his baby, a daughter, in a Paris hospital.

Brigitte, interviewed by excited reporters, gave out one of her typical statements to the press. "Of course I knew about the baby. I am very happy for them both. I have bought a beautiful crib for a present—and I have asked to be godmother if they like."

Even in France, that made headlines.

The next day Brigitte had another announcement to make. "It is wrong to blame the break-up of my marriage on my husband. You see, I fell in love with another man." Who?

"Jean-Louis Trintignant. It is funny, no? You see, he plays my lover in *And God Created Woman,* so Roger must direct us in the love scenes together!"

Very funny, no.

**This reality**

What has developed between Jean-Lou and Brigitte since that day is real enough. Real enough so that he, a handsome young actor, has finally asked his estranged wife for a divorce—they were separated before he met Brigitte . . . and was refused firmly, for his wife is an ardent Catholic. Real enough so that Brigitte has taken an apartment where she can cook for Jean-Lou, wait for him when he is away on a picture assignment, and give out quotes like, "We have fallen very, very much in love. We are acting like mad people. There is no organization in our lives. In any case, what other people think doesn't worry me at all."

And real enough so that, according to her closest friends, only weeks ago, Brigitte attempted to end her life with sleeping pills.

That is not the end of the story. The attempt failed, and was of course denied. Brigitte took off on a skiing tour in a secluded village. And Jean-Lou with some understanding told the press, "Underneath, Brigitte has a deep sensitivity. Beneath all that varnish, there is a true woman, one who is self-tortured and unhappy. I say to myself, *This girl is lost, and maybe I can bring something to her.*"

Maybe he can.

Maybe some day he will be able to bring marriage to go along with his love, and a sense of security and some 'organization.'

Maybe he will even be able to bring her the greatest gift of all—the greatest gift to the Garbos, the Monroes, the Brigitte Bardots—the gift of belief in themselves, and in their beauty. **END**

## honey, you can have a baby

(*Continued from page 41*) a real love, a real home for the first time in your life. A home not likely to vanish in a puff of smoke, a love not endangered by a small quarrel or even a big trouble. You've proved that you can stand by your husband no matter what. You have a life now, to bring a child into.

And yet, there is no baby.

You have had two miscarriages, trying. We know that. The first brought an end to a pregnancy you hadn't even admitted to. You were making *The Prince And The Show Girl* then, and it was your first movie on your own, the movie that was to prove to the world that the dumb-blonde bit you'd been playing off-screen and on for so long was just an act. But it was a glamorous part, and nothing was to spoil the impression you wanted to make. So you said you weren't pregnant, and you and Arthur and a few close friends hugged the secret in private—you were going to have a baby. There would be plenty of time to announce it when the picture was done.

But the announcement was never made. The baby was never born. All the world got was the sudden ring of truth in your sad denials: "No, I'm not pregnant. Please, leave me alone."

That was the first time.

The second—well, the second is more than half a year behind now—yet it still hurts to think of it. Those weeks of

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**An early morning encounter with ANNA MAGNANI**

■ The young American was thrilled.

He had been in Rome only a few days and he had found the perfect apartment. What's more. movie star Anna Magnani lived in the same building.

"You'll see her," a neighbor told him. "if you get up early enough. Just look out in the courtyard." Then she laughed, but she wouldn't explain why.

"Just look out in the courtyard," she repeated. She lowered her voice for added significance.

"And just think," she said. "it's the best grade beef!" She would say nothing more.

The mystery was too much for the young man. He left his door ajar so that he would hear the famous actress if she came down the stairs. and spent a sleepless night.

Sure enough. around dawn there were footsteps on the stairs. He crept to the door and peeked out.

Anna Magnani was coming down the staircase. Her arms were outstretched and she held her skirt out like an apron. It was filled with great chunks of raw red beef!

She continued down the stairs and out of sight. Before he could get to the window, the young man was aware of a squalling in the courtyard.

Then he saw Miss Magnani walk out into the sunlight, surrounded by a hundred yowling furry objects.

Anna Magnani was feeding the homeless cats of Rome!

---

happiness in the privacy of your first real home with Arthur. The glow when you admitted there was a baby coming. The talk, the plans, the sense of fulfillment. And then—the nightmare ride to the hospital and the knowledge that this baby, too, would never be born.

A baby so young that even the doctors could not tell you if it would have been a boy or a girl—and it, too, had to die.

Do you know, Marilyn, that we still get letters—all these months later—weeping for you and your baby? It's true.

And sometimes they ask, "Why doesn't Marilyn try again?"

For you said you would. We remember the pictures of you when Arthur took you home from the hospital. You smiled for the cameramen and you walked down the steps yourself, though you shouldn't have. You waved your hand from the window of the ambulette and you said in a loud brave voice: "I'm going to have a big family. A big family—"

Marilyn, is it true that you've changed your mind? We hear that it is. That you've been tired and weak, that your recovery had left not physical scars but a more dangerous wound—discouragement, despair. We hear now that you are afraid to try again, afraid you were never meant to have that one greatest joy—a child to love.

That's why we're writing to you this way. Bringing out into the open things that are usually left for the privacy of a husband and wife. We're writing to say just one thing: you *can* have a baby.

We've done some checking, asked around. Your last pregnancy failed because somehow the baby was conceived, not in the womb where it should have been, but outside it, in the Fallopian tube. This is an accident, a mischance that does not, thank God, happen often—but often enough for the doctors to know all about it. And the doctors say that there is no reason why it should ever happen to you again.

But sometimes it goes deeper than that. Sometimes there's another barrier that keeps a woman from bearing a child.

What is the name of that barrier? Worry? Tension? Fear? Whatever its name, June Allyson met it once. Do you remember? She and Dick wanted so to have a baby. They went to doctors, had tests made. But time went on and no baby came and finally June found herself crossing streets to avoid friends with baby buggies, or a child waiting for its mama. They were bad days for the Powells, and then they adopted Pam. They found her in an orphanage in Tennessee, where so many movie stars have adopted children, and her brown eyes smiled at them. There were papers to fill out and time to wait, but finally they carried Pam home—and that might have been the end of the story, the three of them, happily ever after. But it wasn't the end. For the next year June—without benefit of doctors and tests, without fear, without even thinking about it, it seemed—became pregnant and gave birth to a son. Now (as you'll notice on page 34) there are four of them—June and Dick, Pam and Richy, to share the ever-after.

**A natural miracle**

An isolated example? No, not at all. Lita Calhoun was another one who finally became pregnant—after almost adopting a baby. There are many, many others in Hollywood. And the adoption agencies will tell you of literally thousands more—supposedly childless women, who opened their hearts to a stranger's child, and suddenly found that they, too, were able to give birth. There have been volumes written, trying to explain why.

It seems sometimes as if there is more room for a child in a full home than in an empty house.

And then there are the others, the people like Roy Rogers and Dale, whose homes have found room not only for their own children, not only for their adopted children, but for the children whose real parents can neither care for them nor give them up altogether—the most homeless children of all: the foster children. These children move sometimes from house to house, going wherever there is room. They may live in one home for years—or in a dozen in twelve months. They write to their parents, visit them, love them—and long for them. For they are nobody's children.

And you were one of them once.

We won't go into that now. It's been told so many times. The years of anguish, the loneliness, the left-out feeling, the hurt. The changing women who told you to call them 'Mama'—and the worse ones who told you not to dare. The 'fathers' who accepted money for your board and room from the state—and worked you like a servant. And the scornful children who *did* belong—and saw to it you never forgot that you did not.

We know that's all behind you. We know you've earned your love and your place in the sun, that those years are over for you now. But, Marilyn, there are other children for whom those years are just beginning. There are other girls as desperately in need of love as you were once, as homeless in every house.

**Love's gift**

And all they need is what you have to offer. Not the material things. But—in your words—"Love. People caring. Smiling. And not being afraid."

If your arms are empty now, they could so easily be filled.

And we don't have to tell you—you know it so well—what such a love could mean to such a child.

Twice now, we've repeated your own words to you. Now we'd like you to read the words of another woman. She once said this:

"Show business at best is a false existence. Fame is a fleeting thing. The tinsel fades. The public may be fickle and forget you. But your child is always there to love you and open an umbrella when that proverbial rainy day comes into your life.

"A child doesn't care if the critics pan you. Your child believes you are perfect. A child doesn't judge you by your bank account. Your love is its riches and its love is your gold. A child doesn't care whether you're under contract or between jobs. A child doesn't care if you reach forty and have to take a back seat for some other rising star. Your heart may ache, but your child rejoices that you're home at last—where you belong."

You know who wrote that? Not a poet or a novelist. Another 'dumb-blonde' as a matter of fact. Her name is Gracie Allen, Mrs. George Burns. And she was speaking of her adopted children.

Think about it for a while.

We believe that—even more than most women—you *are* meant to be a mother, Marilyn. We hope with all our hearts you make it soon.

With love,

***David Myers***

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JUN 17 1958

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# modern screen

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The cover portrait of Debbie Reynolds and Carrie Frances Fisher is by Globe. Other photographer's credits are on page 72.

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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, N. Y. MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 52, No. 5, June, 1958. Published manthly except January by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editariol offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office 221 No. La Salle St., Chicaga, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. Internotional copyright secured under the provisians of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years; $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Reentered as second class matter March 25, 1957, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1958 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no respansibility for the return of unsolicited materiol. Trademark No. 596800.

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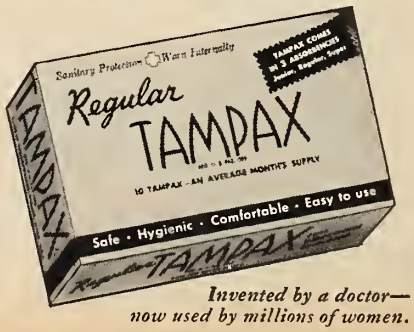
You never had it so
# COOL

Remember those miserable summer days —when the mercury reached boiling point and everyone took off for the nearest beach? Everyone but you, that is! On "certain" days, *you'd* be hiding away with your monthly problems, chafed and irritated by those horrid pads and belts.

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# THE INSIDE STORY

**Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.**

**Q** Anything going on between **Tab Hunter** and **Venetia Stevensan?**
—G.A., Ft. Worth, Tex.
**A** *Nothing serious at this point; friendship only.*

**Q** Doesn't Hollywood have a new Marilyn Monroe in the offing?
—O.Y., Columbus, Ohio
**A** *Yes, actress* **Lee Remick.**

**Q** If **Sandra Dee** earned $40,000 a year as a model, why did she become an actress?
—K.G., New York, N.Y.
**A** *Actresses earn much more.*

**Q** Aren't **Lana Turner** and Johnny Stampanato about to make tbe beadlines because of their Mexican idyll?
—L.R., Mexico City
**A** *No.*

**Q** I read where **Judy Garland**'s husband used to beat her up regularly, which is why she wants a divorce. **Jeanne Crain** said the same thing about ber hushand. And **Lex Barker** once blackened **Lana Turner**'s eye. How come these husbands like to beat up their wives?
—V.T., Louisville, Ky.
**A** *Husbandly techniques are purely individualistic in Hollywood.*

**Q** Hasn't **Pat Wayne** promised his dad **John Wayne** that he won't get married until he's 21?
—T.R., Miami, Fla.
**A** *No.*

**Q** How come **Frank Sinatra, Marlan Branda** and **Mantgomery Clift** were never drafted?
—S.I., Provo, Utah
**A** *All were classified 4-F.*

**Q** Didn't **Debbie Reynalds** almost die while delivering her second child?
—F.G., Newark, N.J.
**A** *No, but she did have a difficult time.*

**Q** Is it true that **Earl Halliman** doesn't know his true parents?
—N.T., Baton Rouge, La.
**A** *Yes; Holliman was adopted as a baby.*

**Q** Is **Ricky Nelsan** going to make a movie?
—M.F., Vero Beach, Fla.
**A** *If his Dad can get him the right vehicle and the right terms.*

**Q** Did **David Nelsan,** Ricky's brother, bust out of the University of Southern California?
—L.T., Los Angeles, Calif.
**A** *David has taken a leave of absence.*

**Q** Is the **Victar Mature-Elaine Stewart** thing serious?
—C.A., Baltimore, Md.
**A** *No.*

**Q** Isn't **June Allysan** past forty?
—S.T., Miami, Fla.
**A** *June is just forty.*

**Q** I understand that **Frank Sinatra** will never marry **Lauren Bacall** because she is too domineering and hard-boiled. Is that true?
—A.T., New York, N.Y.
**A** *Bacall came up the hard way, struck it rich, does not mean to be domineering. And Frankie doesn't care anyway! Louella tells about it on page 19.*

**Q** Aren't they building up a phony romance between **John Saxan** and **Sandra Dee?** Or John Saxon and **Vicki Thal?**
—T.R., Memphis, Tenn.
**A** *Nothing phony about Saxon-Thal; they may already be married. The whole story is told on page 27.*

**Q** Is **Elvis Presley** a twin?
—R.T., Biloxi, Miss.
**A** *Yes, his brother died at birth.*

**Q** Who earns more; **Bob Wagner** or **Natalie Waad?**
—F.T., Ely, Nev.
**A** *Wagner.*

**Q** Is **Tany Perkins** tubercular?
—C.T., Hartford, Conn.
**A** *Once suffered from tuberculosis.*

**Q** Who is rated as the number-one Casanova in Hollywood among **Frank Sinatra, Michael Rennie, Vic Mature,** and **Hugh O'Brian?**
—G.T., Washington, D.C.
**A** *Sinatra—until Lauren Bacall came along?*

**Q** Recently the Continental Television Company paid almost $3,000,000 for a TV station in Rockford, Ill. What movie star owns that corporation?
—N.T., Rockford, Ill.
**A** ***Bab Hape*** *owns 50%.*

**Q** Is there any possibility that **Sammy Davis, Jr.** will divorce his new wife to marry someone else?
—V.N., Los Angeles, Cal.
**A** *Not much chance at this point.*

**Q** Does **Jerry Lewis** really have a suite of eight offices at Paramount?
—L.Y., Chicago, Ill.
**A** *Yes.*

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# NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

**WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH**

**FOR MUSIC**
*South Pacific*
*St. Louis Blues*

**FOR THRILLS**
*The Hell Bent Kid*
*Run Silent, Run Deep*
*Saddle The Wind*

**FOR LOVE**
*Marjorie Morningstar*

**FOR DRAMA**
*10 North Frederick*
*The Goddess*
*Naked Earth*
*The High Cost Of Loving*



*Mitzi Gaynor and Rosanno Brazzi have found their enchanted evening....*

## SOUTH PACIFIC

*on an enchanted island*

**Mitzi Gaynor**
**Rosanno Brazzi**
**John Kerr**
**Ray Walston**
**Juanita Hall**

▪ One of the most popular musicals ever on Broadway has become a tbree-hour movie directed by Josh Logan. It takes place in the romantic South Seas where a young Navy nurse (Mitzi Gaynor) falls in love with an older man, exiled French planter Rosanno Brazzi. When she finds out he has two Polynesian children, she starts worrying. And when young Navy Lieutenant John Kerr finds out he's supposed to marry bis love—a beautiful Polynesian girl—he remembers he already has a girl in Philadelphia. Mitzi and Kerr are stationed on an island with a lot of bored Seabees. The only women *they* ever see is a middle-aged hag named Bloody Mary (Juanita Hall) who overcharges them for shrunken heads. It's Bloody Mary wbo first sings to Kerr of Bali Ha'i, a misty island in the distance where the natives stage exotic ritual dances. She has a daughter tbere and it's no trouble for Kerr to fall for her. But when he runs out on her and Mitzi runs out on Brazzi the two men undertake a dangerous mission (they station themselves on a Japanese-infested island and radio information back). The songs, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, are the ones you know and love. The scenery would be great if it weren't for that wild camera flooding the screen with every color of the rainbow, one color at a time.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

## MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR

*falling in love with love*

**Natalie Wood**
**Gene Kelly**
**Ed Wynn**
**Claire Trevor**
**Carolyn Jones**

▪ *Marjorie Morningstar* is a young girl's dream of love. And if that turns out to be a nightmare, how was she supposed to know? Marjorie (Natalie Wood) has always led a sheltered life. She's a nice Jewish girl from Central Park West and her mother (Claire Trevor) happily expects her to marry a department store heir. Natalie has other ideas; she wants to be an actress. One summer she goes to a girls' camp as dramatics counselor and there, across the lake at a big hotel, is Gene Kelly who sings, dances, composes and stages the resort's musicals. She falls in love. He likes her, too, but he doesn't want to get married. He's thirty-three and a charmer, but he can't stand the respectable life. First Mama sends wise and humorous uncle Ed Wynn up to protect Natalie. Then she and her husband (Everett Sloane) come for a look at Gene. He's just what they feared. No good. But Natalie loves him so much she's determined to reform bim. He even takes a job in an advertising company; he even finishes his play. Natalie's best friend's (Carolyn Jones) husband backs it. It flops. Gene, who's been fighting off Natalie's domination from the beginning, mostly by drinking, loses himself in Europe. But Natalie picks up the trail. Another boy from the hotel (Marty Milner), who was once Gene's assistant but is now a successful playwright, is always around hoping. The acting's fine. Claire Trevor is superb.—WARNERS.

## 10 NORTH FREDERICK

*a rich family*

**Gary Cooper**
**Diane Varsi**
**Suzy Parker**
**Ray Stricklyn**
**Geraldine Fitzgerald**

▪ When one of Philadelphia's leading citizens (Gary Cooper) dies, the funeral party is very impressive. It turns out that in the whole party the only person who deserved any respect was the dead man. Flashbacks show you why. Mainly they reveal a very ambitious wife (Geraldine Fitzgerald) blocking her husband, Cooper, from being the loving father he really is. Instead, he goes after the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor, but Gary is like an innocent lamb. *(Continued on page 8)*

**PAT WAYNE** following the great Wayne tradition is sensational in his first starring role!



**WHEN THE VIOLENT YOUNG LAND WAS HELD TOGETHER BY THE COURAGE OF A TEEN-AGE SHERIFF!**



# THE YOUNG LAND

From the Producer of that multiple award winner "The Searchers"

A C. V. WHITNEY PRESENTATION

starring PAT WAYNE · YVONNE CRAIG · DENNIS HOPPER · DAN O'HERLIHY

with Roberto de la Madrid • Cliff Ketchum • Ken Curtis • Pedro Gonzales Gonzales • Screenplay by NORMAN SHANNON HALL

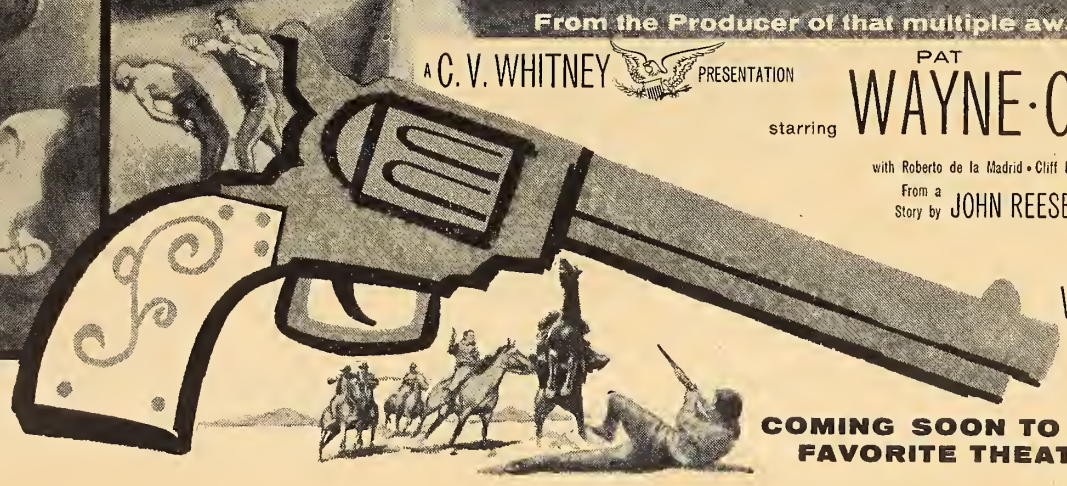
From a Story by JOHN REESE · Music Written and Conducted by DIMITRI TIOMKIN · Directed by TED TETZLAFF

Produced by PATRICK FORD · Color by TECHNICOLOR®

Directors of Photography

WINTON C. HOCH, A.S.C. and HENRY SHARP, A.S.C.





Distributed by Buena Vista Film Distribution Co., Inc.

**COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!**

**Hear RANDY SPARKS Sing "The Young Land"** A Verve Record

(*Continued from page 6*) He doesn't dig politics. Meanwhile, his only daughter (Diane Varsi) falls for someone below her station (trumpet player Stuart Whitman) and Cooper's political 'advisers' bully him into annulling the marriage. Cooper's only son (Ray Stricklyn) is thrown out of a fancy college he was forced to attend by Mom. Cooper is left with nothing but his wife's cold disappointment. Then he meets Suzy Parker, his daughter's New York roommate, and they fall quietly and secretly in love.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

## THE ST. LOUIS BLUES

**Nat 'King' Cole**
**Eartha Kitt**
**Pearl Bailey**
**Cab Calloway**
**Juano Hernandez**

*how the music was made*

▪ This movie, based on the life of the late W. C. Handy who wrote—among many other things—the *St. Louis Blues,* is loaded with talent. When Eartha Kitt sings the blues and when Mahalia Jackson sings the hymns you are really hearing something Nat 'King' Cole, as Handy, is the son of a rigid southern minister (Juano Hernandez) who is violently opposed to popular music. Nat stifles his love for jazz in order to get an education and become a teacher. But when the time comes for his career to start he finds himself playing piano in a saloon on Mercer Street where Eartha Kitt sings (mostly his songs). Nat's father, his prim girlfriend and his sympathetic aunt (Pearl Bailey) think Eartha's evil. Actually, she's the only one who understands and respects his real talent. Even Nat, himself, is in such conflict that he temporarily goes blind. When *St. Louis Blues* is finally played by a symphony orchestra, Nat's father is convinced he isn't going to the devil. Pearl Bailey's singing talent is all but wasted in this melodious and enjoyable film.—PARAMOUNT.

## FROM HELL TO TEXAS

**Don Murray**
**Diane Varsi**
**Chill Wills**
**Dennis Hopper**
**Margo**

*superior western*

▪ Don Murray is working his way across the west to find his long-lost father. Unfortunately, he stops off for a job at the ranch of R. G. Armstrong who very shortly accuses Don of killing one of his sons. Armstrong wants vengeance and sends a party after him. Too bad another of his sons gets killed—when Don stampedes a pack of horses to save himself. Followed by Armstrong and a third—and last—son (Dennis Hopper), Don runs for his life. He comes across rancher Chill Wills and his tomboy daughter (Diane Varsi) and spends the night in their camp. Meeting them is like finding the way out of a lunatic asylum. But Wills can't help much when Armstrong and his men catch up, hand Murray a horse and a head start. The thing that makes Armstrong maddest of all is that wherever Don goes people like and try to help him; wherever *he* goes—nothing. Finally Armstrong goes too far. He shoots his way into Chill Wills' peaceful, happy home, looking for Don. This leads to a fiery showdown.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

## THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

**Jose Ferrer**
**Gina Rowlands**
**Joanne Gilbert**
**Jim Backus**
**Bobby Troup**

*a modern couple's dilemma*

▪ Jose Ferrer works in a big corporation as a minor executive. His wife, Gina Rowlands, works in a small shop. They have no children. Every morning, for nine years now, it's the same old thing—getting up and getting washed and getting dressed and he puts on the coffee and she puts on the eggs and they don't say a word until they sit down to eat. They're happy. Then the corporation merges with a larger one and Jose is sure he's going to be fired. Unjustly. It burns him up. And Gina, after all this time, is going to have a baby. What is going to happen to their little world? It's a neat and warmly funny movie.—MGM.

## THE GODDESS

**Kim Stanley**
**Lloyd Bridges**
**Steve Hill**
**Betty Lou Holland**
**Elizabeth Wilson**

*what price glory?*

▪ If there is hope for the troubled you certainly won't find it in *The Goddess.* In *The Goddess* you will find a collection of very lost and very miserable souls, all very well acted. On top of that heap is Kim Stanley—movie queen. The film begins with the open rejection of Kim as a four-year-old and traces her lonely, confused adolescence—out of which she emerges to marry a famous movie star's son whose one ambition is to commit suicide. That marriage gets nowhere, and leaves her with an openly rejected child of her own. Kim takes herself to Hollywood, takes for husband an ex-fighter (Lloyd Bridges) who is living off his past reputation. That marriage gets nowhere either, but Kim, through shoddy contacts, becomes a star. There she is—the adored goddess—earning four thousand a week, living alone in a palace, swilling alcohol and losing her slight hold on sanity. The point that writer Paddy Chayefsky makes, with impact of a bulldozer, is that fame and fortune cannot substitute for love. Unfortunately, the goddess is incapable of giving or accepting love. This is a brutal film noticeably lacking in compassion. Its characters have as little control over their destinies as mechanical toys. "People like us can only love our children," are the closing words to Kim from her first husband. If this generation is as hopelessly lost as P. Chayefsky thinks, we'd all better run for cover.—COLUMBIA.

## RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP

**Clark Gable**
**Burt Lancaster**
**Jack Warden**
**Brad Dexter**
**Don Rickles**

*submarine warfare*

▪ During World War II there was a part of the Pacific known as the graveyard because so many American submarines—including Clark Gable's—were blown to bits there. Now Gable has command of another sub, much to the displeasure of Burt Lancaster who was in line for promotion. Orders are to avoid the graveyard. Naturally, when Gable heads straight for it, knocking off a tanker and destroyer on the way, the crew gets panicky. They'd like Lancaster to take command. He nobly holds off until Gable, after a first try at the Japanese destroyer responsible for sinking all those subs, decides to make another attempt. At this point he's wounded, several men are dead and depth charges are falling all around. So—is it mutiny and back to Pearl Harbor? Or is it war? You'll learn enough about firing torpedoes to do it yourself!—UNITED ARTISTS.

## SADDLE THE WIND

**Robert Taylor**
**Julie London**
**John Cassavetes**
**Donald Crisp**
**Royal Dano**

*bad boy out west*

▪ Robert Taylor was a gunfighter—but he gave it up. Now he nearly owns this big spread and all this cattle—in CinemaScope. Trouble is, his kid brother (John Cassavetes) hasn't given up anything. He stands out there in the yard shooting at everything with devilish skill. This does not amuse Taylor. John's bride-to-be (Julie London) does not please him, either—she used to work in a saloon. Things come to a pretty pass when John starts using his gun on people. First he kills a badman who's come looking for Robert. Then he kills a farmer who wants to buy fencing wire. Then he takes a pot-shot at Donald Crisp, the violence-hating squire of the area. Then he takes to the hills, and brother Robert feels compelled to go after him. That's a bad boy, all right. —MGM.

## NAKED EARTH

**Richard Todd**
**Juliette Greco**
**John Kitzmiller**
**Finlay Currie**
**Laurence Naismith**

*settling down in Africa*

▪ In 1894, Irishman Richard Todd lands smack in the middle of Africa planning to join a friend and make money raising tobacco. By the time he arrives up-river his friend is dead and all that remains is a broken-down cabin, husky-voiced Juliette Greco and a missionary (Finlay Currie) who urges them to marry so that the natives won't get the wrong impression. A loyal native friend of Todd's persuades his tribe to work the tobacco field, but they desert on the very day the leaves have to be picked. Disaster brings Juliette and Todd closer, although they're too busy snapping off each other's heads to notice. Anyway, she helps him hunt crocodiles. They kill enough to retire—separately—for life, but two shady white traders steal all the hides. When Todd's native friend risks his life to get them back, Todd realizes that he's found a home away from home. Old-fashioned adventure and old-fashioned lustiness make this movie a delight. —20TH-FOX.

## RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW SHOWING

**THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV** (MetroColor, MGM): There's Academy Award material in this film version of Dostoyevsky's great novel. The color is thrilling and the performances are superb. Lee J. Cobb plays the depraved father. Yul Brynner is his unhappy son who loves the same woman his father desires—the passionate Grushenka, played by Maria Schell.

**DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS** (VistaVision, Paramount): Burl Ives—in his seventies, but powerful and mean—brings home Sophia Loren as his bride. He's already buried two overworked wives. His son Tony Perkins resents Sophia because she intends to inherit the farm, and he feels that it's rightfully his. Burl promises her the place if they have a son. They do—but it's Tony's. Their love affair ends in tragedy.

**THE YOUNG LIONS** (20th-Fox): This involves the people of both sides in the Second World War. Marlon Brando plays a German officer who learns the bitter truth about Nazism. Montgomery Clift, as a heroic American Jew, and Dean Martin, as a flashy Broadway actor, are on the front lines together. Liliane Montevecchi, Hope Lange and Barbara Rush provide the love interest. It's a big, absorbing story.

**MERRY ANDREW** (MetroColor, MGM): Danny Kaye is cast as an English teacher. His father is head of the school, and Danny's sort of scared of him. He goes digging for an ancient statuette in hopes of impressing his pop, and discovers instead a traveling circus. There he meets Pier Angeli. She's an aerialist, and from there on in, the action really swings!

**THE LONG, HOT SUMMER** (Deluxe Color, CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): Orson Welles plays a domineering businessman, who owns the whole Southern town he lives in—and owns his children too. Son Anthony Franciosa tries to help with the family business and have a good time with wife Lee Remick. Then Paul Newman comes along and Orson decides he'd make a better son than his own. In the meantime he's demanding that daughter Joanne Woodward hurry up and get married. But some of these people do grow up eventually.



## shave, lady?...don't do it!

**Don't risk "razor shadow" on legs and underarms.** Avoid "razor shadow," the faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms; it's so unsightly and so unnecessary. *Instead, cream hair away the beautiful way* with new baby-pink NEET. NEET goes down where no razor can reach . . . leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft, so exquisitely smo-o-o-o-th to his touch, and never, never a hint of "razor shadow". Next time, try baby-pink sweet-smelling NEET; either lotion or cream — you'll never want to shave again!




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COLORS YOUR HAIR
WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING


**Andy and his bride baby sit on their wedding night!**



■ It was their wedding night.

Andy Griffith and his Barbara had had a hectic day. They had sandwiched in their marriage between performances of *The Lost Colony*, the annual historic pageant staged on Roanoke Island, and now they were alone at last. And no performances until Monday.

Barbara changed into the flowing pink chiffon negligee that was the pride of her trousseau, and Andy sighed in deep satisfaction. Here they were, alone together finally, after all the hubub of the engagement parties and the wedding itself.

They had had very little time together during their courtship. Andy had been a teacher in a North Carolina high school, and Barbara a graduate student in the University. Her people didn't exactly approve of him because he came from the mountain sections and he had deliberately shocked them once or twice by going barefoot.

In a small town, everything had to be very proper. A young man was lucky if he even got a chance to kiss his girl.

But things would be different, now. They'd be together always. Beginning tonight.

Andy had brought a bottle of champagne to the hotel room, with a couple of glasses. He was wrestling with the cork when they became aware of a heartsick wail coming from the room across the hall.

"What in the world can be the trouble?" Barbara said.

"Beats me." said Andy. "But I guess it's not our problem."

The cork finally popped out of the champagne bottle, and Andy was pouring champagne. The wails became louder and more piteous.

"It's a child," Barbara said. "Andy, we've just got to find out what's wrong."

"Let somebody else find out." Andy grumbled.

"But she may be sick. She may be dying!"

"Oh all right, all right."

So the new Mr. and Mrs. Griffith tapped on the door across the hall. It flew open, and a woebegone little girl of five threw herself into Barbara's arms.

"My mommy's gone away, my mommy's gone away," she wailed over and over.

"Well, your mommy will come back," Andy suggested.

"But I'm scared," the tot wailed. "I had a bad dream."

"Never mind, dear," Barbara said. "You just come right in here with us till your mommy gets back. . . ."

It wasn't until five o'clock in the morning that the tot's mommy came back to the hotel room, and throughout the long night. Andy and Barbara told fairly tales to calm their hysterical little guest.

And so it was that Andy and Barbara baby-sat until dawn on their wedding night!

*Watch for Andy in Warner Bros.'* No Time For Sergeants *and* Onionhead.



*The Star Finds Of The Year! James MacArthur and Carol Lynley!*

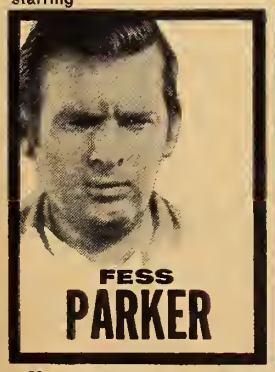
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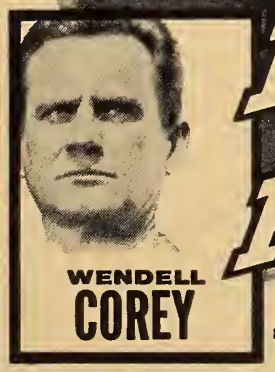
WALT DISNEY PRESENTS

# THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

starring



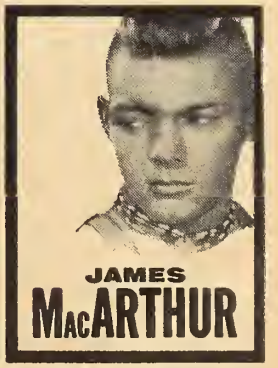
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At last a fresh fragrant talc that *deodorizes*—the perfect answer to those hot, sticky summer days. Use *all over* every day for *safe* sure protection.

# New man in town




■ It was Thursday in Clinton, Louisiana. The September sun was bright and the tall magnolias and pine trees shading the century-old southern buildings immediately reminded the visitor of *Gone With The Wind* and Rhett Butler and Scarlet O'Hara. This was just the atmosphere that the handsome visitor had come to Louisiana looking for, and as he parked his car he smiled with pleasure at his find.

There are not many people in town on Thursday—or any other week day—in Clinton, but the few that saw the young man walk from his car knew that he was a stranger and paused as they would to note any stranger's appearance.

He knew immediately that these people were curious and that he would need help in the plans he had made to keep his identity a secret. He decided the person to whom he should go for this help was the publisher of the local paper!

He found the small building that housed the *Citizen Watchman* and went in to meet Roland Hudson, the man he was looking for. He told Hudson of his plans to "hang around town a few days, incognito" and Hudson was glad to help.

That night, Hudson introduced the stranger to Hugh Fooshee, young man about town. Hugh—or *Brother*, as his friends call him—was also told of the stranger's mission in coming to Louisiana. Brother with his soft drawl and friendly manner was just the kind of guy the stranger had hoped to find to pal around with during his stay in Clinton, and for the next few days the two were inseparable. They drank coffee at the main street cafe, played pool, and loafed around town.

To the folks who got inquisitive, the stranger was introduced as Ben Snopes, who had worked with Brother for an out-of-town pipeline company. Once Hudson told folks that the stranger in town was a friend from his days as a Navy flier.

And so, day after day, with Brother's help, the stranger came in contact with the local people who in general took him for granted and behaved just as they would if he were truly Ben Snopes, construction worker.

One day a group of teen age girls came down the street. One of the girls thought he looked sort of familiar, and after discussing it among themselves they decided to come right out and ask, "Are you a movie star?" The stranger, being the natural actor that he is, was mighty convincing when he laughed and gave his story of denial.

Pleased with the success of his anonymity, the stranger decided to tempt fate a little further and make a trip to the state capital, twenty-eight miles away. Dressed in khaki pants, a t-shirt and moccasins he and Brother spent the afternoon in Baton Rouge. They stopped at crowded drug stores for coffee and passed hundreds of Saturday shoppers on the streets, who for the most part did not give him a second glance.

But one night, watching a ball game in the stadium at Clinton High School, the stadium lights were bright and two girls recognized the stranger as—Paul Newman, television and motion picture star. This time Paul didn't try to deny it. His mission had been accomplished. He had been able to talk to the townspeople and observe first hand their Southern speech and manner. He had found the little details that would help more than anything to give authenticity to his role of *Ben Quick* in 20th Century-Fox's *The Long Hot Summer*.

The next morning Brother took Paul to the airport in Baton Rouge. As the plane started down the runway, Brother turned to the mechanic standing near him and said, "There goes one good guy." Then he grinned, "He's been hanging around here to see how we talk—and now he's got me saying 'Guy'!"

In just a week this 'guy' would return to Clinton as Paul Newman, the movie star. With Joanne Woodward, Orson Wells and the rest of *The Long Hot Summer* crew he would remain on location for three or four weeks. He would meet most of the same people and go to the same places, for he knew this town as only a stranger like Ben Snopes could know it. Paul Newman could never have been 'just a new guy in town.'

*Paul's in 20th-Fox's* The Long Hot Summer, *and will appear in MGM's* Cat On A Hot Tin Roof *and Warners'* The Left-Handed Gun.




*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. A product of A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York

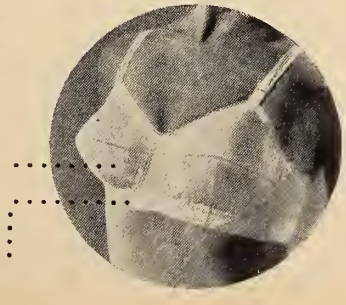
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**CONFORMS TO YOUR EXACT CUP SIZE**

Here is the only brassiere in the world that fits *you*, instead of *you* fitting the bra . . . the only bra that guarantees firm, lasting uplift and youthful separation, even after months of washing and wear. Illustrated, #110, cotton—$2.50. #10, nylon lace—$3. Other Self-Fitting Bras, $2.50 to $6.50.

- **Your breasts fill as much of the cups as is necessary—the rest of the bra becomes a non-roll, non-wrinkle diaphragm band.**
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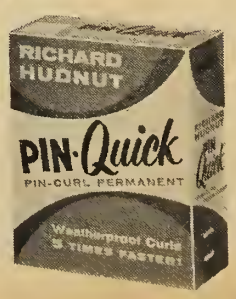
# *New "Soft-look" permanent!*

**EASY AS PINNING A CURL**
**...AND IT'S WEATHERPROOF!**



**IT'S A RICHARD HUDNUT EXCLUSIVE....**
**THIS NEW EXCITING PINCURL PERMANENT SOFT-STYLES AND SOFT-SETS YOUR HAIR IN JUST ONE HOUR!**

Who'd ever think a permanent could look so soft, so sweet, so caressable—and be *weatherproof,* too! It's all yours with Richard Hudnut's new "Soft-look" Pin-Quick. None easier, none faster! Easy as pinning a curl . . . takes one short hour! No tight little corks of curls. Just a soft cloud of waves that stay springy in dampest weather! Why wait? Have Richard Hudnut's new "Soft-look" permanent this very day!




NEW *"Soft-look" Pin-Quick*
**RICHARD HUDNUT**




# *this beard* **STAYS!**

■ James Robertson Justice is a man very much attached to his beard. He's had it for twenty-two years. And fought long and hard to keep it.

First, there was his mother. She was dead against it, because a bearded son "made her look old."

Then there was the matter of the talent scout who discovered him. Justice was sitting in a restaurant one day, when a man came over and announced, "You're just what we're looking for," and said he'd like to introduce him to the producer. Justice figured *why not?* and came along.

But on the way, as the talent scout was enthusing about how right he'd be for the role of the headmaster in *Vice Versa,* he went on to say, "But of course, we wouldn't want the beard for every role. For this part, yes, but after that. . . ."

And James Robertson Justice got to thinking. He liked his beard. Although he had grown it originally just because he wanted to save the time and trouble of shaving, now he wouldn't give it up for anything. He even trimmed it himself, entrusting it to no mere barber. He'd tried out different shapes, the classic Van Dykes, the Monty Woolley styles, the Schweppes—and a few of his own.

He hadn't asked to be an actor; didn't care, really. He'd had all kinds of jobs in his lifetime—from school teacher to gold miner. And he didn't need to be an actor. The money would be good, but that's all he cared about. So he made up his mind when he saw this producer, he'd lay it on the line: take me, take my beard.

And now they arrived, Justice and the talent scout.

Determined, James Robertson Justice walked up to the big door marked PRIVATE, opened it, and there was—Peter Ustinov. The bearded Peter Ustinov!

And so, now it's in his contract—that he'll never have to accept a role requiring him to shave off his beard! **END**

*See him now in Rank's* CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM *and next in* SEVEN THUNDERS.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

# LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

**This month I can't call my column 'Good News,' despite the new babies, happy weddings and hard-won awards. We cannot erase the sorrow of Liz Taylor's great tragedy.**



*Her brother Howard at her side, Elizabeth Todd, widow, sobbed her last farewell— "Sweetheart, I can't leave you here. . . ."*

**LOUELLA PARSONS**
**in hollywood**



# THE DEATH OF A SHOWMAN and



The terrible, bitterly tragic crash of his private plane that took the life of Mike Todd cast a pall over the Academy Awards—which was to have been Hollywood's most glittering night—a pall that no attempted gaiety could hide.

The men and women of the industry put on their best finery and the best smile they could muster, but each and every heart wore a band of deepest mourning for the great showman who was gone and his beautiful wife Liz whose heart was crushed in grief.

"Why, why, why did it happen? I wish I had been with him," she kept sobbing over and over.

"I loved him so much and he loved me, more than anyone can know.

"Without him I feel like half a pair of scissors.

"That's what he used to tell me when he was away for just a little while. Oh, my dear God—help me to bear this for the sake of the children."

Instead of the gorgeous gown Helen Rose had designed for Liz to wear Academy Award night, as the lovely nominee of *Raintree County*, she was helped aboard a plane on a murky, overcast morning two days before Oscar night, in mourning, to attend the burial services for Mike in Chicago.

What a difference between this Academy Award and that of a year ago when a deliriously happy Mike had run down the aisle—then run back to kiss Elizabeth—before he vaulted onto the stage of the Pantages Theatre to pick up five Oscars for *Around The World In 80 Days*.

That night last year, I had sat with Mike and Liz and Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher at the party at Romanoff's following the presentations, and I sincerely believe on that night—with his beloved Liz's hand held tightly in his—Mike Todd achieved the happiest moments of his life.

Little Lisa had not yet been born and Liz was expecting.

Mike said to me, "How can one man know such happiness?" When a little daughter was born to them on August 6th, 1957, he telephoned a close friend, "Now I have *two* of Elizabeth to love."

But the intense, bombastic, vital Mike was a gambler at heart—a gambler with great sums of money and with his emotions. He must, at times, have been a little superstitious about his fantastic happiness. He said to a reporter in London, "When I caught up with that little dame I found all the happiness there is in the world. Perhaps, too much happiness.

"I'm a gambler and I have a great respect for the law of averages.

"I'm flying so high—maybe I have to come down!"

How sorrowfully prophetic those words were.

But he ended the interview with a typical Toddism, "What am I talking like this for? I'm gonna live to be an old man in a gold rocking chair."

Even had he lived, Mike Todd would never have been "an old man." He was too alive, too youthfully intense to ever be anything but a young and vigorous man. And his spirit will remain that way always in our hearts.

To Elizabeth we can only say, with a heartfelt prayer in each word, God bless you and give you strength. . . .

# THE DEATH OF A WOMAN'S HEART



# AFTER-THOUGHTS on the ACADEMY AWARDS

Quick tears sprang to winner **Joanne Woodward's** shining eyes when a messenger handed her a huge box of orchids at the banquet following the presentations. She handed the card silently to **Paul Newman,** who in turn handed it to me. It read, I Am So Happy For You. (Signed) **Elizabeth Todd,** And Mike Too.

Except for this poignant moment, what a night! If our town was bustin' its buttons with pride over the great show and the brilliant ball following, it's only natural. For this was Hollywood's own show, without benefit of automobile commercials—and never before have so many great stars taken part in a program.

I am sure you must have seen it and read detailed accounts of the brilliant event. So, from now on I'll just give you some of my personal observations about things that stood out:

**Rosalind Russell's** long scarlet Chinese mandarin coat, under which she wore skin-tight trousers made of black lace over nude chiffon....

The touching humility of **Red Buttons,** clutching his best-supporting-actor Oscar and in a happily dazed manner saying, "Thank you, thank you so much" before some of the guests had a chance to congratulate him. . . .

The verve and sprightly freshness of **Doris Day** before the microphone—and Doris claims that she gets stage fright in public!

That lovely little bit of Japanese porcelain, **Miyoshi Umeki,** so surprised at winning the best-supporting-actress award that she didn't have a speech ready. What a cute thing she was in her native costume....

The wild shrieks from the sidewalk and bleacher fans going up for **Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, John Wayne** and **Jimmy Stewart**—who says the teenagers have to have new faces?...

Biggest pleasant surprise among the masters of ceremonies, **Jack Lemmon,** proving he can wisecrack and keep things going with the best of them. . . .

Too bad **Alec Guinness** couldn't be there to win his best-actor award in person, but when Columbia tried to fly him from London they were told they'd not only have to pay his way—but pick up the entire cost of closing down his current film! . . .

**Rock Hudson** dropping by our table to say he'd never had more fun than doing the *Baby, It's Cold Outside* number with **Mae West.** "She's just great, and I think she's due for a comeback," laughed Rock, "if, that is, she's ever been away. . . ."

I sat with **Joanne** and **Paul,** 20th boss Buddy Adler and Jerry Wald—who produced the fine Academy Awards show and received many compliments—**Hope Lange** and **Don Murray, Cary Grant, Jennifer Jones** and David Selznick and Jimmy McHugh. I thought what a wonderful scout Hope proved herself to be when she was so sweet to little Japanese **Miyoshi Umeki,** who beat her out for best supporting honors. . . .

Who, oh who, picked out that hot maroon velvet dress, trimmed in fur, for **Natalie Wood** to wear when every other woman was arrayed in spring finery?

**Burt Lancaster** and **Kirk Douglas** bringing the house down with their singing. . . .

**Clark Gable** and his pretty Kay stopped by to say *hello,* and Clark admitted to me he got a kick out of his stint of awarding the prize for best script. Never before has the King taken part in an Academy show. . . .

**Kim Novak's** deep blue-purple sequin gown so tightly fitted she had to walk to the stage with the pace of a snail. . . .

I greatly admired **Debbie Reynolds** for her courage in keeping her promise to sing *Tammy* when her heart was so sad over the loss of Mike Todd. . . .

Don't say I said so, but one of the greatest beauties was **Lana Turner,** who hasn't looked as glowing and exciting as she did on Academy night in a long time.

And so the 30th anniversary of the Academy Awards has moved into its spot in history—but it will long be a stand-out in the minds and hearts of Hollywood. . . .





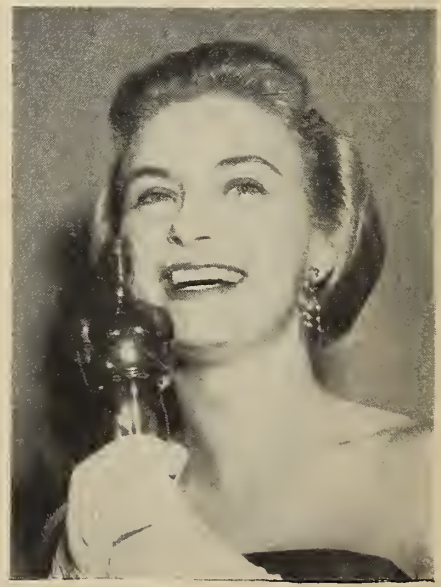
**Above** *"Baby, It's Cold Outside," Rock sang to Mae West.*

**Left** *Director John Bryant told Alec Guinness he won*

**Below, Left** *King Gable and his wife Kay were there too.*

**Below** *And Joanne Woodward got the Oscar—and a heart-warming telegram...*







*Red Buttons and Miyoshi Umeki hug each other—and their Oscars.*

### The House That Marlon Rented

The house that **Marlon Brando** rented from wealthy grocer Robert Balzer for **Anna Kashfi** and himself is something—to say the least. Several years ago Balzer became a monk in an Occult religion and his fabulous home reflects his deep interest in the Orient.

There are objets d'art all over the place, including a gold dinner set valued at $50,000, with gold lacquered chopsticks to eat with! And Balzer left this for the Brandos to enjoy.

Someone asked Marlon if he and Anna sat on the floor most of the time, as there are more pillows than chairs around the place.

"We're sitting on chairs while Anna's pregnant," replied Marlon, providing he has more humor than he's credited with.

This marriage at the moment is doing quite well, thank you. Brando may not be the most orthodox of husbands, but at least much of the early tension is gone.

His father, the very attractive Marlon Brando, Sr., adores Anna. While Marlon was in New York recently, his Dad gifted Anna with a beautiful new car.

Attached to the wheel was a card reading: *From me and my boy. We both love you.*

And here's a little secret. Marlon wants a little girl!



*Zsa Zsa Gabor and her sister Eva surround Noel Coward at that party Zsa Zsa threw for him—where I got that scoop!*

### My Lauren-Frankie Scoop Scoops Up A Hornet's Nest

I love the trade paper columnist's "surmise" that I delayed the announcement that **Lauren Bacall** had admitted to me that **Frank Sinatra** had asked her to marry him, to coincide with the release of my MODERN SCREEN cover-line story, LAUREN BACALL CONFESSES: I'LL SAY YES TO FRANKIE!

Pretty cute idea. But doesn't happen to be true. It's hard enough to hold a scoop a few days in Hollywood, much less the weeks it takes to print a magazine. However, I'm delighted that my newspaper headline broke at a timely date for MODERN SCREEN. (You are welcome, David Myers and staff.)

As a matter of cold fact, my meeting Betty Bacall at the exciting party given by **Zsa Zsa Gabor** in honor of **Noel Coward** and **Eva Gabor** the night they opened in *Present Laughter* was quite accidental—or as accidental as running into the same people at the same parties ever is in Hollywood. I'll have more to tell you about Zsa Zsa's party a little further along.

But getting back to the Bacall-Sinatra scoop: I had been tipped off at the theatre that Betty and Frank had plans to be married and very soon. So the minute I saw her, already glowing with happiness, as I entered la Gabor's residence, I made a bee-line right to her and said, "I hear Frank has asked you to marry him—and you have said 'Yes,' of course."

Betty laughed. "Of course. But why don't you call Frank in Florida?" He was there on a singing engagement.

Why call Frank after Betty had admitted to me it was true and she was backed up by their close friend, agent Irving Lazar, who warned, "Don't say I said so—but it's true. They will be married soon."

That's all Parsons needed. I was off to the races with my prize SCOOP.

What a hornet's nest it stirred up when my story broke in headlines the following day. One columnist even printed that Betty denied she had said what she did to me. She didn't deny it—I'm afraid that charge was just wishful thinking on the part of the femme scribe.

For twenty-four hours, Frankie wouldn't say a word in Florida. Then he came up with his old gag, "I consider my private life is my own. I have nothing to say of a personal nature." You'll notice he didn't deny it!

What their status will be, by the time you read this, I don't know. As I've said before, these two fight and fight and FIGHT. But despite all the scrapping, Betty Bacall deeply loves the Thin Singer and if she gets her heart's desire she'll be Mrs. Frank Sinatra with bells on, and I mean—wedding bells!

### Zsa Zsa Throws a Party

Getting back to the Coward opening and **Zsa Zsa's** party, it was the most brilliant theatre evening our town has celebrated in a long time. All of us adore **Noel Coward,** not only for his sophisticated performances but for his wit and humor, which is as devastating off stage as on. His leading lady **Eva Gabor—**and she surprised everyone with her excellent stage technique—is Zsa Zsa's sister, so of course the occasion called for a party at la Gabor's Bel Air home.

Most of the beautifully gowned women were in long dresses in beautiful pastel colors. Only **Roz Russell,** noted for her fashion daring, showed up in a very short skirt above her knees—but with her excellent legs, it looked chic.

### Zsa Zsa's Party (Cont.)

**Gracie Allen** was having a ball telling everyone that she really meant it when she said she is going to retire. "Then I can sleep later in the mornings and stay longer at these parties," she laughed.

**Mary Benny,** who has done very little work since Jack went off radio and turned to TV, backed Gracie up: "I don't know what the fuss is about that Gracie will be bored after she retires. I'm certainly not bored since I stopped a weekly show. There don't seem to be enough hours in the day to do all the things I want to accomplish. I think Gracie is wise to take it easy."

**Van Johnson** created a near-sensation by not wearing his red sox with his dinner jacket. When he was asked *How come?* he looked puzzled himself. "Must be out of respect for Noel, who is always so impeccably groomed," he ventured.

Everyone was crowding around **Red Buttons** and his pretty wife, wishing Red well in his race for the best supporting Oscar in *Sayonara*. He is such a nice guy and so worthy of winning.

It was getting very late indeed when Zsa Zsa invited her guests to partake of the Hungarian dishes she served for supper.

But I had gone quite awhile before, my **Lauren Bacall-Frank Sinatra** story being much more on my mind than a taste of even the most delicious goulash!

### Debbie Gives Birth to a Son

When young Todd Emanuel Fisher was born, his mother, **Debbie Reynolds,** had a very bad time of it. He was a big baby by modern-day standards, eight pounds seven ounces. She didn't recover nearly as quickly as she did from the birth of little Carrie Frances.

She had planned to accompany Eddie East on a business trip three weeks after the baby's birth, but her doctor wouldn't let her. Of course, this brought on the usual hot rumors that Debbie and Eddie aren't hitting it off, which was too bad. Debbie keeps her chin up about all the gossip—but she's really hurt by it.

Of course she and Eddie are just bustin' their buttons with pride over the birth of a son. Before she even left the hospital there were so many telegrams and letters from fans and friends that they had to be packed in a big box. For a while they were toying with naming the baby Reynolds Fisher, combining the names of mama and papa. But Eddie wanted Todd Emanuel—the *Todd* after their close friend, the late **Mike Todd,** and the Emanuel after the late Mannie Sacks—so Todd Emanuel it is. Anything Eddie likes is all right with Debbie.

When I talked with Debbie after she came home from the hospital, she said, "I'm disappointed I can't go to New York with Eddie. But he's promised I can make the next trip with him."

This girl really loves her guy.

### A Prince for Monaco

The Stork was a busy bird again this month and in the case of **Princess Grace (Kelly)** and Prince Rainier of Monaco his flapping wings made news in headlines. It was a boy—as their Serene Highnesses had devoutly prayed for—an heir to the throne of Monaco.

Everyone got a big kick out of the photograph printed in American newspapers showing Prince Rainier on the balcony of the Palace waving to his subjects right after the birth of his son and holding a *frowning* little Princess Carolyn, their 11-month-old daughter, in his arms. The adorable little chubby Princess looked burned about being shoved off the throne by her brand new brother! Cute.

## PERSONAL OPINIONS:

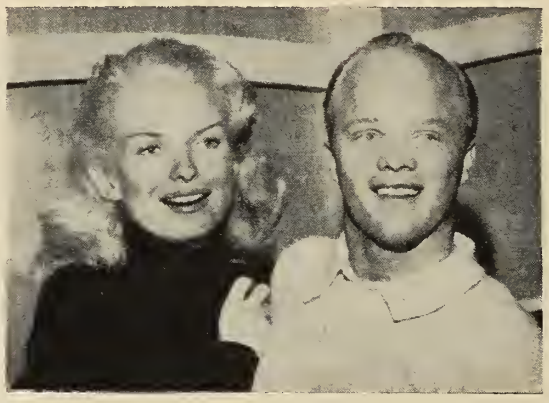
**Joanne Woodward** is starting her married life off right. It was she who suggested to **Paul Newman** that they take a house big enough to have his three children spend their summer vacation with them....

**Bing Crosby** is *not* objecting to son **Dennis** marrying show girl Pat Sheehan, no matter what you hear to the contrary. Bing says, "The boy has to live his own life. We all do." While Bing and Kathy were on a recent trip to Las Vegas, they visited Dennis and Pat and they all had dinner together and by the time you read this Bing probably will be Pat's father-in-law. . . .

My spy in Rome informs me that **Tony Franciosa,** well disciplined in the theatre before his movie fame, is startled by the antics staged by **Ava Gardner** during the making of the *Goya* film. Before the picture ever started, Ava called for a reading of the script in her hotel apartment. After the first five pages, she threw it in the air saying, "This is impossible. I won't do it." But she did....

**Elvis Presley** never takes a plane. When the *King Creole* company returned from location in New Orleans via airliners, Elvis arrived two days behind them because he insisted on the train. What's he going to do, now he's in the Army, if they insist he fly from camp to camp? . . .

Sid Luft is spending a fortune long-distancing **Judy Garland,** begging her to come back to him even though she's filed for a divorce. She's charging him with striking her and refusing to return her separate property. But this time Judy insists she is through and finished. And I believe her.



*Der Bingle's son Dennis is about to make pretty Pat Sheehan his missus.*






*He's in the army now, and here's Private Elvis Presley in his fatigues.*

*Here's that cute picture of Princess Caroline frowning at Rainier's announcement.*



# I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—

**Carolyn Jones,** the brunette, big-eyed, younger edition of Bette Davis, even to her marked acting talent. And Carolyn's wit is every bit as salty as her predecessor's.

Appearing before the TV cameras at a recent swank première, the master of ceremonies greeted her with elaborate surprise, "Well, Carolyn—what a wonderful surprise to see you—"

And, before he could go on, Carolyn said, "It is not. You asked me to appear on this spot with you a half-hour ago!"

She first zephyred across the film sky with an outstanding performance in *Bachelor Party*, in a bit role so sensational, in fact, it rated her an Oscar Nomination in the best-supporting category. Just recently she completed *King Creole* with **Elvis Presley.** Before that, she scored another marked hit as **Natalie Wood's** pal in *Marjorie Morningstar*. This girl can do anything!

Very happily married to writer Aaron Spelling, wedded life is one of the few things Carolyn doesn't joke about. "I don't feel I was alive until Aaron came into my life," she says seriously.

"There's not a moment of my life I'm not grateful for him."

They both came to call on me not long ago and I was impressed with how well suited they are to one another, how they complement each other. She is much more proud of his being the only writer, with the exception of Eugene O'Neill, who has *twice* won the Harvard Award for one-act plays than she is of anything she has achieved.

Born in Amarillo, Texas, her real name is Sue Carolyn Jones. Encouraged by her drama teacher in high school to try her wings on the stage, Carolyn played summer stock in Maine and appeared in small roles on TV in New York before a Paramount talent scout brought her to Hollywood. She had lean days in the beginning and she and Aaron went hungry more than once. But those days are over. They're *both* on their way.

# OPEN LETTER to Shelley Winters:

Girl, no actress ever put so much realism as you have into your role in *The Diary Of Anne Frank*—and I mean putting on forty brutally unflattering pounds in weight!

If that isn't enough, you'll suffer even more for your art by losing the entire forty during the progress of the picture as you become the victim of Nazi cruelty and starvation.

Many actresses previously have had to do some padding if their parts called for plumpness. But never has one eaten herself out of shape and acquired two extra chins because of devotion to realism. Even your close friends don't recognize you with your new matronly—to put it mildly—figure.

But, my friend, the worst is yet to come.

You told me, "I really had a ball putting on this weight. Ate everything I've forbidden myself for years. The most fattening thing I did was to raid the ice box and eat sandwiches and cake just before going to bed."

Remember that, you plump gals.

But taking it off isn't going to be any fun. I feel for you after you told me, "I'll go on a liquid diet for a full week. Nothing but fruit juices and clear broth. This should take off about a pound a day. My doctor says I must then stop for a few days and eat meat in order to retain my strength. Then back to the liquids again—as the Nazi treatment gets worse." *Nazi* treatment?????

I love your little joke with your director George Stevens, who says he never asks a player to do anything he wouldn't. So, you've got him reducing forty pounds along with you.

I don't know—but it seems to me there should be some sort of a special Oscar for this type of suffering, Shell. Good losings!



*Shelley Winters didn't at all mind putting on those extra forty pounds for her new picture—but taking them off!*





**Above** *Ingrid Bergman and Lars Schmidt's romance seems to be disillusioning one fan. . . .*
**Above, right** *Dinah Shore's gown is a dream, and husband George Montgomery looks like he thinks so, too. . . .*
**Right** *One fan doubts Natalie and Bob's marriage will last a year.*



# THE LETTER BOX:

*"So* **Ingrid** *does it again—I mean, announce to the world that she'll spend* ANOTHER *summer on* ANOTHER *island with* ANOTHER *man!"* blasts MRS. PEGGY BARSTOW, PHOENIX. *"The way I feel about Miss Bergman is sheer disillusionment. Anyone can make one mistake, but she seems to make a* HABIT *of shocking Americans. . . ."*

Plenty of cynicism in this month's mail. VIVIAN BEERS—who admits she hails from ST. LOUIS, the city of beer—opines: *"With all this madly-in-love honeymoon publicity we're being fed, I hope* **Natalie** *and* **Bob Wagner** *make it last at least a year!"* Why, Vivian! . . .

EVIE KELLER's letter in the March issue, in which she states she's met several actors and all they can say is "huh" or "yeah," stirred up a protest from BARBARA LUETT, of SAN JOSE: *"Obviously, she hasn't met that very articulate actor,* **Jeff Hunter.** *I had a luncheon interview with him for our San Jose State paper, and he discussed intelligently from the function of the liver to the relationship between Vitamin C and cancer cells."* Good for Jeff—but that would hardly be my favorite luncheon conversation subject, Barbara. . . .

*"I believe that* **Marlon Brando** *and* **Anna Kashfi** *will make a success of their marriage despite his odd behavior as a husband,"* writes DOROTHY DRUMM, of LOS ANGELES. *"Anna, with her knowledge of the Occult and its philosophy, which is as old as Buddha himself, will understand Marlon and eventually bring peace to his restless nature."* Very nice thought, D.D. . . .

Postcards MRS. MYRTLE MULLINS, DALLAS: *"Television stars such as* **Dinah Shore** *and* **Patti Page** *are stealing all fashion honors from Hollywood's movie stars. There's not a star on the screen today who qualifies as a 'best-dressed woman.' On the other hand, it's a pleasure to tune in on Dinah and Patti, who always look dreamy."* Them's fightin' words, Myrt. . . .

*"***James Cagney** *lost me as a fan when he gave out that interview that the older actors should retire and make way for the younger stars,"* protests CHARLOTTE TATUM, MEMPHIS. *"If Mr. Cagney wants to retire, that's his privilege. But don't take* **Clark Gable, John Wayne, Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Gary Cooper** *away from us who love these wonderful guys. . . ."*

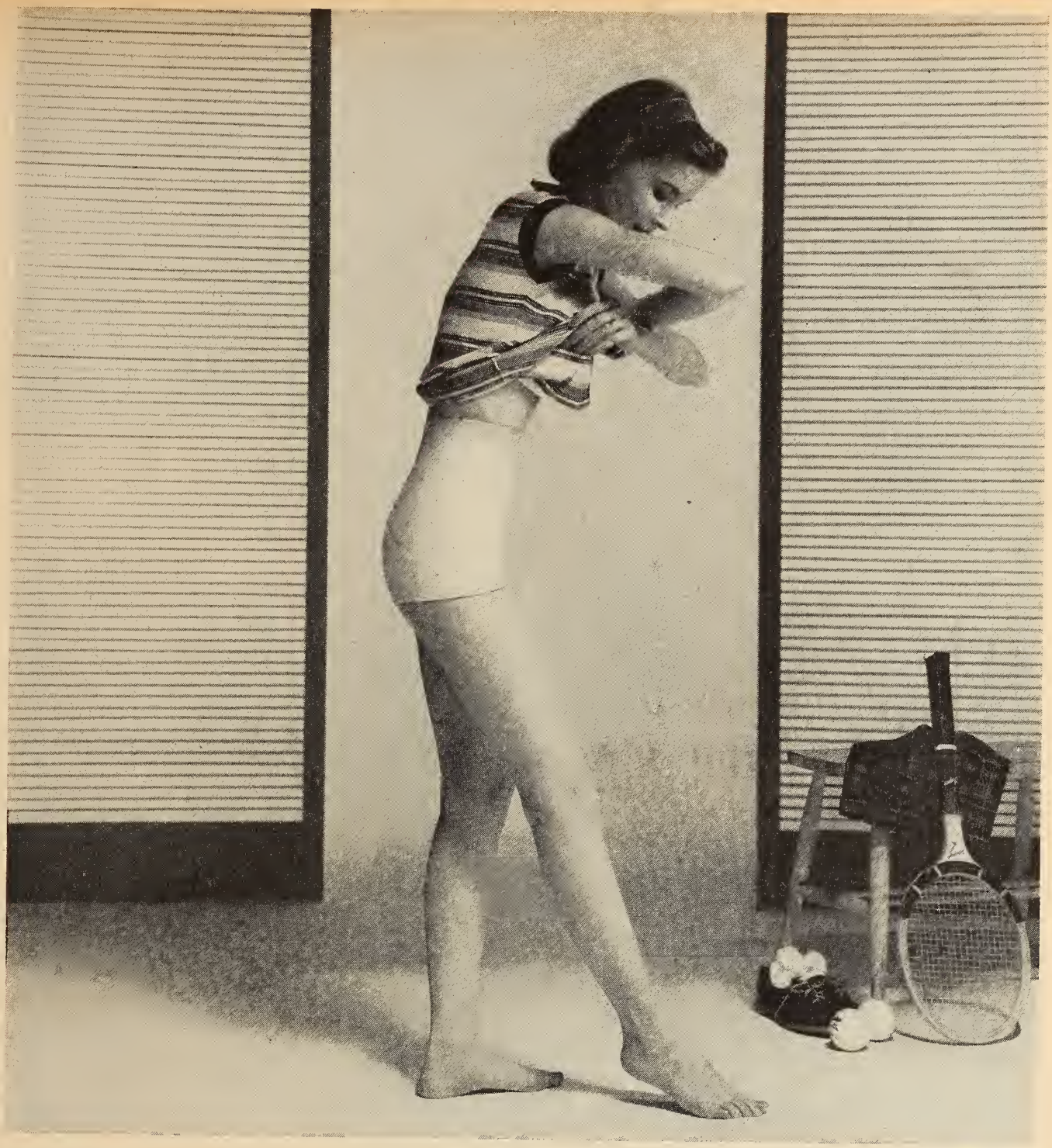
On the other hand, SANDRA TORNILY, HUNTINGTON, W. VIRGINIA, believes: *"Thank heavens for* **Paul Newman**—*a new face, a new talent, a wonderful new actor in that dead sea of old faces Hollywood keeps pushing at us. Please write more about Paul—perhaps an interview."* How about it, DAVID MYERS? . . .

*"I have a feeling that* **Judy Garland** *is suffering unbearably over the turn her personal life has taken,"* writes SAVANAH SMITH, TOLEDO. *"I wish you would print just a bit of this letter to let her know that she is deeply loved by her loyal fans and that she always will be No. 1 star in our hearts."* I'm sure Judy will appreciate those sweet words. . . .

JIM PROSER, NEW YORK, reports: *"I saw an unknown lady walk up to* **Rock Hudson** *in a hotel lobby on his recent trip to New York and tell him she was a fan. Instead of acting like he was impatient and trying to get away from her as fast as possible, as I have seen other stars behave, Mr. Hudson shook hands and stood chatting wtih her for quite a while. He was so polite, he even walked with her to the revolving door and operated it for her when the lady departed. I call that nice manners."* And I agree, Jim.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



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whatever form your special fun takes! And it's such a *comfortable* way to be beautiful on the beach, trim on the tennis court, sliver-slim when you bowl! Kleinert's pantie girdle is made of pure natural rubber. It's velvet-textured outside *and* skin-side...never feels sticky. It's perforated to let your skin "breathe"; has a non-roll top. It slims you the second you slip it on...yet gives you "no-girdle" freedom! Pink or white; small, medium and large. About $2.50.



Debbie (that "Tammy" Gal) is back...more wonderful than ever!

She teaches a bachelor the facts of life... and learns about love from the boy next door!







DEBBIE REYNOLDS
CURT JURGENS
JOHN SAXON

THIS HAPPY FEELING

CINEMASCOPE in Eastman COLOR



Co-Starring
ALEXIS SMITH MARY ASTOR
with ESTELLE WINWOOD

Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS • Screenplay by BLAKE EDWARDS
Based on the Play "FOR LOVE OR MONEY" written by F. HUGH HERBERT
and produced on the stage by BARNARD STRAUS
Produced by ROSS HUNTER • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Universal International

Hear: DEBBIE SING her new hit song "THIS HAPPY FEELING"

GET MORE OUT OF LIFE...GO OUT TO A MOVIE!




# GARY
## takes some lessons

■ When Gary Cooper hired a teacher, he expected to learn *something*—expected some of his teacher's knowledge to rub off on him. But he sure didn't expect to imitate his teacher in one of the most fantastic feats that teacher ever pulled off!

It all started kind of casually.

Gary, his wife Rocky and their daughter Maria were vacationing at Dedondo Beach.

"Hey," big Coop drawled one day, "I hear there's a fellow giving skin diving instruction around here. How about it?"

So the three of them signed up.

And Peter Gimbel started teaching them the ins and outs of swimming around under water like a fish—except for the tank of oxygen that the human fish wore strapped to their backs.

From just about the first lesson on, the Coopers knew there was something kinda familiar about their teacher's face.

They soon found out what it was.

They'd seen it in the papers—the day Peter Gimbel made headlines with his swimming, investigating the sunken remains of that tragic ship *The Andreo Doria* . . . the ship on which Ruth Roman almost lost her life.

So what do Gary, Rocky and Maria do just about as soon as they caught their breath over the news that they were learning from a celebrity? Why, the Coopers go out and find a sunken boat that the experts had once found—and lost again. A boat that had been built at least a century before!

And for a souvenir, Coop got one of the big square nails that they stopped using for ship-building in the middle 1800's!

"Yup," as Coop might drawl, "good teacher, that fellow. . . ."

*See Gary now in* 10 NORTH FREDRICK *for 20th-Fox. After that he'll be in Warners'* SUNDOWN.

# *Danny Kaye's* new diet

■ The secret life of Danny Kaye used to be concerned with diets. The reason? When Danny works, he *loses* weight.

Once when she was little more than a bride, Sylvia remembers, Danny left her to go on a rest cure to gain pounds. After a couple of weeks of five meals a day steadily, he came back with four additional pounds.

But this was too good to last. Another siege of work and again Danny was too busy to eat and the skipped meals added up to more lost pounds.

It was just about that time that Danny came up with a diet absolutely guaranteed. It consisted of nothing but beer and stout. Mr. Kaye proceeded to empty the refrigerator of nearly everything to get room for the beer and stout. Sylvia was in despair—the cook left. After a week of beer and stout Danny lost two ounces and that was the end of *that* diet!

One day Sylvia came home to find the refrigerator cleaned out of everything but milk. Quarts and quarts of milk and a banana tree in the living-room! Sylvia demanded an explanation.

"They tell me that the milk-and-banana diet far outdistances the beer-and-stout diet," Danny explained sweetly.

But the cook said, "Choose the diet or me"—and Danny chose her.

Next came the wine-and-cheese routine. Wine and cheese occupied the refrigerator space until the neighbors wanted to know where that odor was coming from. And of course this wasn't pleasing the cook, either.

And the result? Danny didn't gain an ounce.

But Danny doesn't have to worry about his weight any more. The younger generation took over in his life, and Danny filled out.

This is how it happened.

First it was his daughter Dena. He found her so enchanting that he fell in love with all the other little girls—and boys, too—in the whole world.

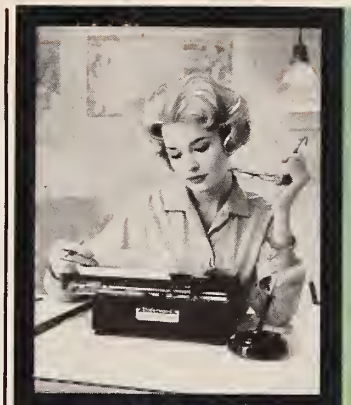
And he went around the world making the kids of UNICEF laugh—the kids being fed and doctored and housed and helped to laugh by UNICEF, the United Nations International Children's Emergency Foundation.

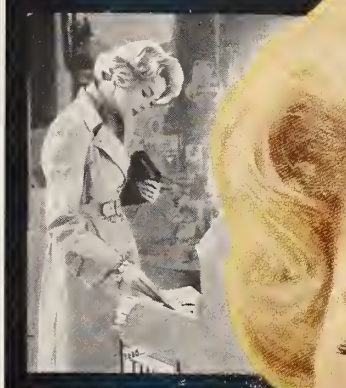
Kids just naturally take to Danny Kaye, and he could reach them when no one else could. Kids whose hearts and minds had been so hurt by war that they had almost forgotten what it was like to have someone care.

He clowned for them and raised money to help them, and he got so many kicks out of it he forgot about diets.

Perhaps it was because he was nourished by the milk of human kindness that these are the pounds which have stuck. . . .

*Danny's latest picture is M-G-M's* MERRY ANDREW.


whatever you do...
be ahead in beauty

The glamorous, natural-looking colortones of your Noreen-rinsed hair will win admiring glances. Whatever you do, wherever you are . . . at work, at play or at formal affairs . . . you know your hair always looks lovely. That's the beauty of a Noreen Color Rinse; surely, yet subtly, it accents your natural hair coloring, blending in unwanted drab streaks and stray gray. Noreen color is easy to apply, takes just a few minutes, and your hair stays color-right 'til next shampoo. Today, introduce gleaming new colortones, new sheen and beauty into your hair. Several of Noreen's 14 temporary rinses are right for you.
Send for literature and free sample offer.
Noreen 450 Lincoln St. Denver 9, Colo. Dept. J-2

at cosmetic counters everywhere

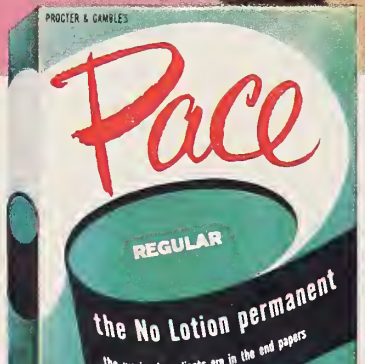
Noreen®
COLOR
HAIR
RINSE



# no lotion!

New kind of
**Home Permanent**
from
Procter & Gamble




Costs no more than lotion permanents—$2 plus tax.
Choice of 3 strengths: Regular... Gentle... Super

**E**very end paper contains its own waving ingredients—just the right amount for each curl

**B**ecause the end papers themselves measure out the waving action, your wave will be perfect

**E**asiest, fastest way yet to a reall lasting wave—just wind, wet wit pure, clear water, and neutraliz

Why didn't somebody think of this before? A home permanent with the wave in the end papers instead of a bottle of lotion. That's Procter & Gamble's new PACE.

**Guesswork taken out.** Because each paper contains just the right amount of waving ingredients—never too much, never too little—you get a perfect permanent *automatically*.

No more waves that take in one place, don't in another. No more stragglers or strays. No mor "first week" frizz.

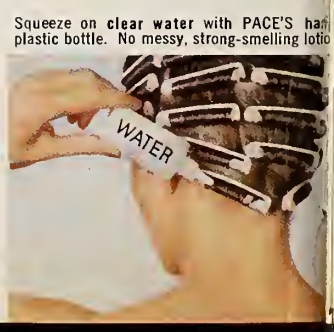
**No messy, strong-smelling lotion.** Just win hair as usual. wet with water. neutralize. and look An even. lasting wave that looks like a gift of nature

So now there's no reason to leave the house fo a permanent. Not when it's next to no fuss at a to get one at home. That's with PACE—the worry free way to a perfect wave. How about today?

Wind curls as usual. Any home permanent curlers will do. (End papers do the waving.)



Squeeze on **clear water** with PACE'S han plastic bottle. No messy, strong-smelling lotio




# Pace

*Procter & Gamble's*
*no lotion permanent*

© P & G, 1958

Night time in Paris, and the husky, square-jawed young man and the delicate-looking girl with flyaway, pixie bangs stood with their arms around each other, looking down on the waters of the Seine River.

The Seine—weaving through Paris —weaving romance—weaving dreams. Here, along the mysterious banks, men have held rendezvoux with love, rendezvoux with life and sometimes rendezvoux with death.

No thought of somberness, no thought of unhappiness floated in the air that night when the two young people in love stood with their arms entwined around each other.

"Paris — this is something I've dreamed about for a long time," said the girl softly. "To be here together—to me that's the perfect proof that dreams can come true."

"You're so right, Vicki," said the boy gently. "Just to be in Paris would be wonderful. But to have you here with me—that makes it perfect."

John Saxon was in Paris to make *The Reluctant Debutante*, and his girl, Vicki Thal, had just flown in from Hollywood (*Continued on page 62*)



# "JOHNNY SAXON IS SECRETLY MARRIED!"

*That was the exciting report that travelled along the grapevine in Hollywood. We heard it, our ears perked up, and we went out to find the truth. This is it.*



Rock came to my door the other day.

For the first time he seemed hurt.

Behind his shy smile was a troubled heart.

He asked me for a favor.

He asked me to tell you

# THE TRUTH ABOUT THOSE ATTACKS ON ROCK HUDSON

by Louella Parsons

If there has been any doubt in Rock Hudson's mind about his having reached the very top in Hollywood—he knows now!

They're firing on him!

This good old American sport is reserved only for those who have reached the loftiest heights—such as Presidents of the United States, prize fight champions, the top football and baseball teams . . . *and* Hollywood's leading movie idol.

On second thought, some European Kings whose brows have uneasily worn a crown can attest to the fact that sitting high on a throne can ofttimes allow an excellent pot shot at a royal *derrière.*

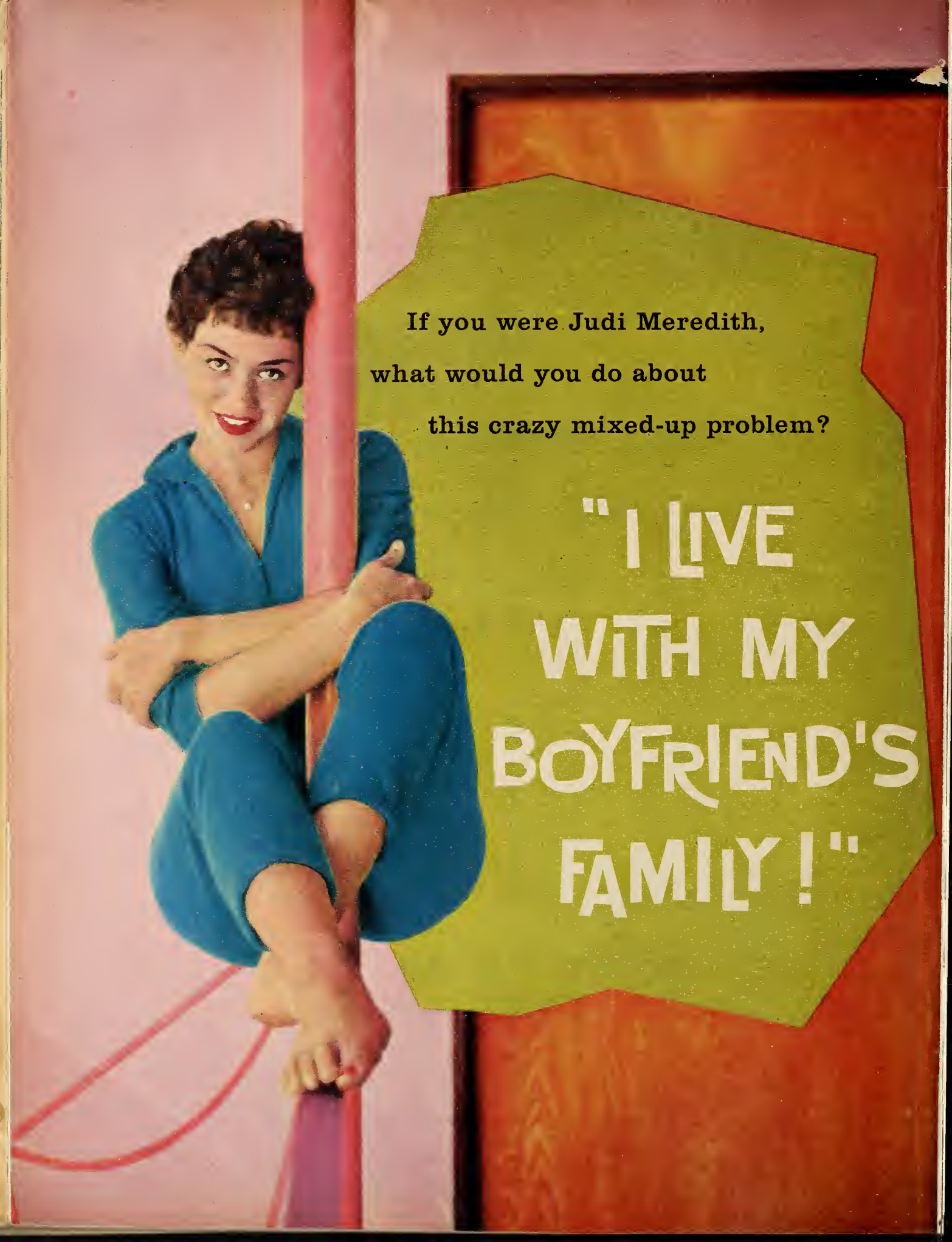
The firing on Rock has been going on for some time underground—where all first class revolutions begin. But it broke into wide public view just recently in a Look Magazine article titled on the cover: *Rock Hudson—Why He's No. 1.* The story inside went on to make you wonder *why* indeed.

The article charged Rock with being a "mechanical man" with little brains and few emotions of his own; a robot who is the successful reflection of an astute and clever agent, Henry Willson. He was depicted as a man without a sense of humor, and even his extraordinary good looks were challenged as artificial because, early in his career, he had to have a tooth straightened!

It was the first serious out-and-out blast on *The Rock,* and without further ado, if you want to know how he feels about it, he's angry!

Even the California weather, which has been glorious this year, had turned bitter cold the day Rock came to see me. Wind, rain and hail beat against the windows as we sat before a warm, blazing fire sipping hot coffee and tea—the coffee for Rock, the tea for me.

Contrary to the magazine's broad insinuation that Rock can't comb (*Continued on page 60*)


If you were Judi Meredith,
what would you do about
this crazy mixed-up problem?
"I LIVE WITH MY BOYFRIEND'S FAMILY!"

Love produces some strange situations. But the position in which Judi Meredith finds herself tops them all.

What's the situation?

Judi's living with her boyfriend's family—and boyfriend Wendell Niles, Jr. is three thousand miles away . . . and will be for the next year or so!

How'd that happen? Well, it all started one hot July afternoon when Judi had a date with Troy Donahue and—

"Whoa!" says Judi, "it started before then—or I'd never have got to Hollywood to meet Wendell in the first place!"

Well, then, it all started with Britain's famed Queen Victoria—because that was the role Judi was playing on TV when Universal-International Studios signed her up to co-star with Johnny Saxon in *Summer Love.*

(*Continued on page 72*)





# an afternoon with Clint Walker (it may be

■ Exhausting? Not for this 6-foot-six, 235-pound hunk of muscle named Clint Walker! He likes nothing better than doing for his five-foot-couple-of-inches wife Verna, and their eight-year-old daughter Valerie. "They keep this Walker on the run!" Clint complained. But we must admit he was grinning when he said it, that day we came to visit and got a look at how this ex-cowpuncher, ex-stevedore, ex-sheriff spends his off-hours. How *does* he spend his days off? Well, building furniture that Verna wants—and shopping with her, too. Or finishing up that tree-house that Valerie got all excited about. Oh, sometimes he may take off for a spot of skin-diving or hunting. But never for long: *his* life is built around his home, his wife, his child . . . and they fill his heart as completely as Verna and Valerie fill his arms. . . .





*Sitting around and strumming on 'the old geetar' may be good fun, but it never lasts long. Sooner or later Clint remembers those kitchen shelves he's building for Verna and it's back to the old workshop. He's a real master builder.*



# exhausting—but it's fun)



*But the best thing Daddy swings is an axe. It provides firewood for Verna, a chance to help for Valerie and man-sized exercise for big Clint. Comes the end of the day, who's tired? Everybody!*



*But this is a family it's worth building things for . . . 'cause they let Daddy play too. He's always welcome in the tree house—he plays elevator so well. And he's always willing to lend a helping hand when you swing.*



# OUR GOING-AWAY GIFTS...




## TO PRIVATE ELVIS PRESLEY U.S. ARMY




Here's a peek into your future, Private. . .



Remember that first pie Kay Wheeler made for you? . . .

TO: Private Elvis Presley
U. S. Army
FROM: David Myers
Editor
MODERN SCREEN

Dear Soldier,

You've been tricked.

You didn't know it at the time—but that lunch you and I had together in Hollywood just before you left for the Army was part of a big fat plot.

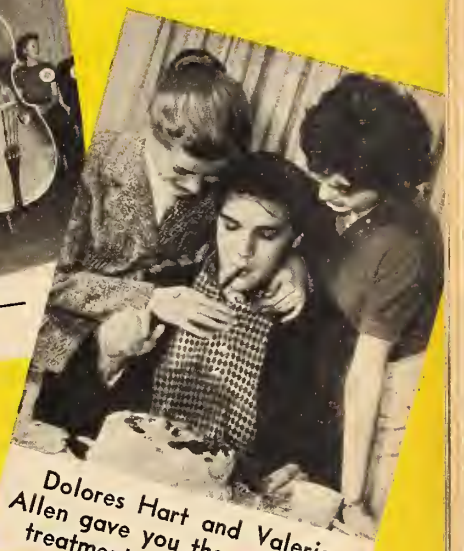
I felt pretty sneaky about it at the time, sitting there asking all those questions, as though it were the most casual of conversations, two old friends getting together, reminiscing about the past and speculating a little on the future.

You ordered, remember?—two grilled

(*Continued on next page*)



Your first public appearance—as a professional. Remember?



Dolores Hart and Valerie Allen gave you the red carpet treatment. Remember? . . .



Anita Wood. Remember? Who could forget! . . .

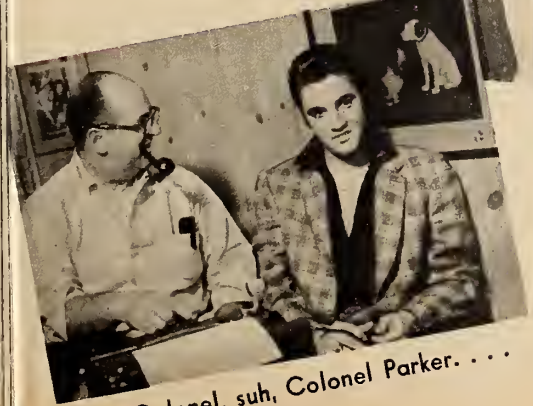


Remember what Cousin Gene said to you and Nicky Adams? . . .

These're for your wallet, Elvis . . . the people—and the things—you love. Especially when you're lonely or blue, pull 'em out and remember we all miss you, too. . . .



Mother and Dad. Remember this picture? . . .



The Colonel, suh, Colonel Parker. . . .



And the first day in the new house. Remember? . . .

(*story continued from previous page*)
cheese-and-tomato sandwiches, a side of french fries, a side of bacon, a double heap of apple pudding and a chocolate malt . . . and then a Bromo-Seltzer for one of us, *me!* And after you ordered—and unknown to you—I began taking pages of mental notes so we here at MODERN SCREEN would know how to fill the box.

What box?

Well, just stop scratching where your sideburns used to be for a second and let me explain.

You see, El, soon as we heard you'd gotten your Greetings from that Uncle you've been helping support in high-style these last couple of years, we decided it would be a nice idea to send you some kind of going-away present—just so you'd know that we were all still thinking about you.

We racked our brains for a couple of days. And then we came up with the one thing all us guys who've been (*Continued on page 67*)





**"Goodbye sideburns, once and for all."**



# ELVIS' going-away GIFT to you

"I might be away for quite a while . . . I don't only want to be remembered on a stage with a flashy costume, and a guitar in my hands, and long sideburns. I'm saying goodbye to *friends.* This is the way I want them to remember me, smiling . . . and with a haircut! This might be my last photograph for a while . . . I'd like to make a gift of it to your readers. It's just the way I want to be remembered. Love to all my friends . . . be seeing you soon,

Elvis Presley



# "...right or wrong I listen to my heart"

by Kim Novak, as told to Marcia Borie

Ever since I was a kid I've liked boys.

"I'll never forget my first official date. I didn't know how to act. You see, my older sister and my mother are the extroverts in our family, my dad and I are the quiet ones. So for days after this young romeo had asked me out, I was both excited and nervous. The night before the big occasion my mother gave me some advice. Advice!! She practically wrote dialogue for me! She told me that all males, regardless of whether they're thirteen or thirty-three, like to talk about themselves. And—she rehearsed me in a whole set of questions to ask, all guaranteed to be conversational icebreakers.

"Five minutes after the evening started my routine went out of the window. Mother had forgotten to tell me one very essential thing—what to do if my date didn't answer!

"To make a sad story short, my first date was a flop, because he turned out to be as shy as I was!

"I asked him a question, but instead of its being the beginning of a great evening, he turned red, mumbled something which to this day I still can't figure out and then lapsed into complete silence.

I was lost, absolutely lost. Today, of course, I'm glad it happened, because that way I discovered at a tender age that *you can't rehearse for a date and learn lines like you do when you study a movie script.* My only salvation that first evening was that we were going to a movie. I kept thinking to myself as soon as we get into the show I won't have to say anything! But to complicate things, my date and I walked to the theater. It took twenty minutes to get there, but our (*Continued on page 88*)





**Q.** *If you were shipwrecked on a desert island—who'd you like to have shipwrecked with you?*

**TONY:** Pumky—my dog—and Sophia Loren!



**Q.** *Is success all you dreamed it would be?*

**TONY:** Nobody who eats breakfast in a restaurant, alone, is a success.



**Q.** *Do you have any hobbies?*

**TONY:** Painting—this kind. The other kind that I do is the wall-painting type. I painted my own apartment on 56th Street, in New York.

# person to perkins... *a TV-type interview*



**Q.** *What's your favorite food?*

**TONY:** Orange juice—I squeeze it by the quart!



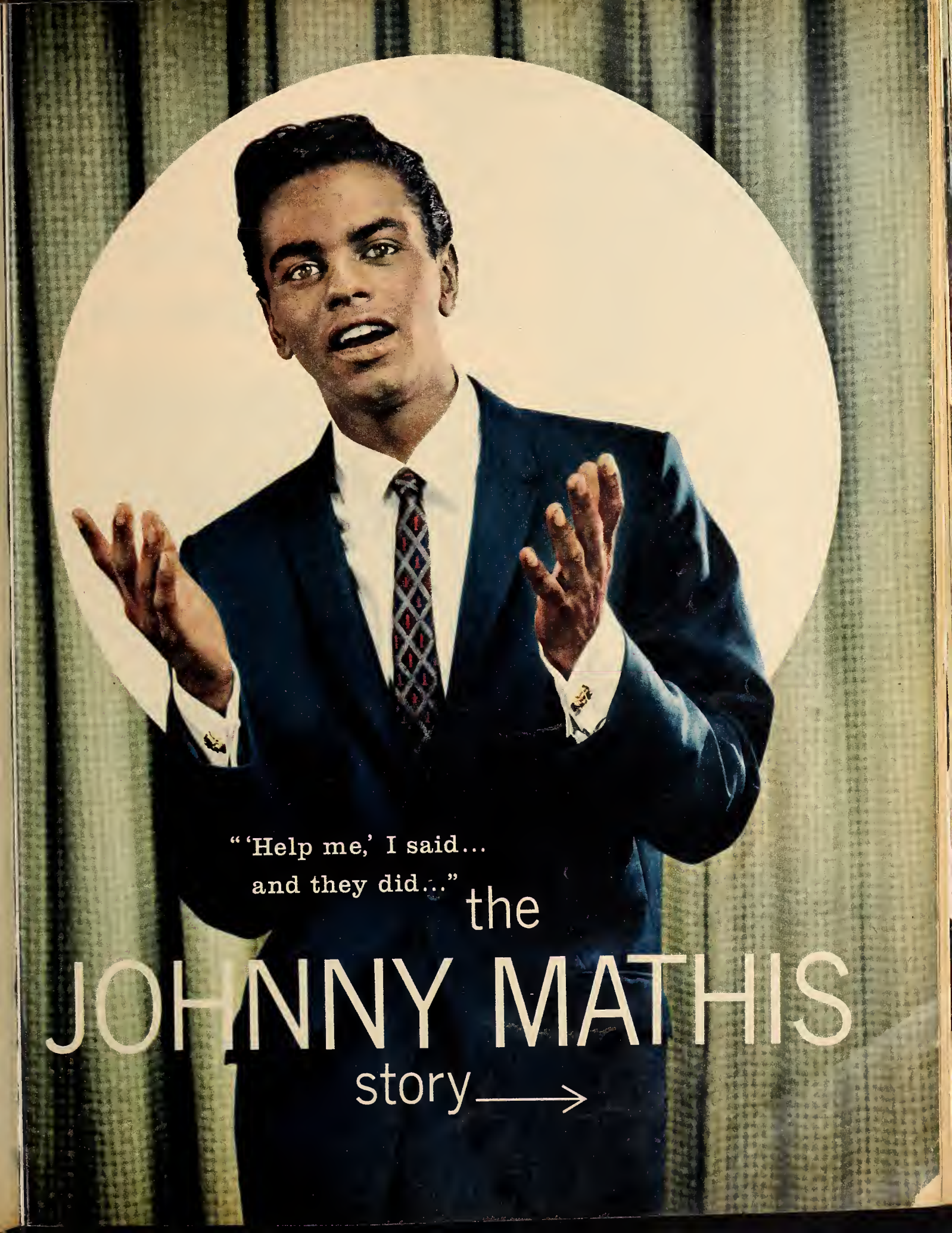
**Q.** *Whats' your pet peeve?*

**TONY:** Kibitzers—unless it's me, of course. But at least I *try* not to tell the other fellow what he should have done!



**Q.** *What's your favorite pastime?*

**TONY:** Browsing in book-shops . . . and browsing for old movies!


"'Help me,' I said...
and they did..."
the
JOHNNY MATHIS
story

the

# JOHNNY MATHIS

story



*Nothing like a pep talk via Western Union when a fellow's getting stage fright.*

## "These telegrams, these people...gave me the



Johnny Mathis reached back, smoothed the wrinkle in his shirt collar—and that did it. He was finished dressing. The biggest night in his life had come—the night of his Hollywood nightclub debut—and he'd arrived in his dressing room about two hours too early, just to make sure he got dressed right and in time. And now, twenty minutes later, he was all through with any dressing he'd had to do. For a minute the thin, good-looking singer wished he hadn't made such a point of explaining to everyone that he wanted to be alone before the opening show. He'd thought he might get nervous if there were a lot of commotion, that he might—for just a little while, at least—like to be completely by himself. But man, he sure could have used a friendly face right now, sure as anything.

For a moment he stared at himself, stiffly, in the long mirror beside the door, and then he walked over to his dressing table and sat and, almost automatically, he looked down (*Continued on page 78*)

memories, these
courage to go on."



*Comes in handy having a brother in the business, figures Ralph, when a guy needs some, professional advice.*



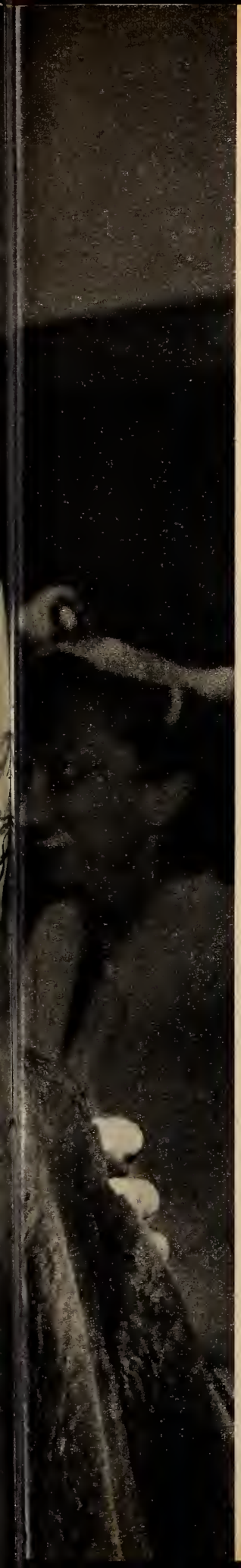
*Johnny comes from a singin' family. That's his dad at the piano, ith sister Linda and five-year-old niece Cathy sitting by. And in back—his brother Ralph, sisters Marguerite and Elizabeth, ohnny, kid brother Michael and Mom—who never lost faith. . . .*



**Above** *Helen Noga, Johnny's manager, explains a fine point about styling. Her house is his home away from home.*
**Below** *Johnny's number-one booster is Sammy Davis, Jr.*







When the moment came, she left Eddie with a smile and a pat on the arm; this was one road she had to travel by herself...

# Debbie's thrilling morning with the Stork...

Debbie Reynolds was just about as impatient a young woman as you could find anywhere on earth as Eddie tucked the blankets around her tired body on the night of February 23.

She sighed out loud. Eddie Fisher, her ever-loving husband, looked apprehensively at her. She managed a smile as his eyes caught hers.

"Don't you worry and fret now, Eddie, it's just that this is getting to be the living end. How much longer will I have to go on wondering what this little bundle under my heart is going to look like?"

"Honey, it can't be much longer," Eddie told her, hoping what he said was the truth. "It just *can't* be!"

Debbie's baby was two weeks and three days overdue at that moment, the longest and most harrowing seventeen days she'd ever had to live through. Recalling those endless days, Debbie quite a while afterward said, "I used to feel that way about Christmas—my goodness, would it ever arrive?—but this was worse. The constant, awful strain of it."

Eddie, sitting in a chair near her bed, dozed away in a fitful nap. And she felt herself slipping into slumber too. And then!

She experienced the first faint warnings of a miracle about to happen!

She sat quickly upright. She was on the point of calling out to Eddie—until she saw his weary head nodding on his chest. (*Continued on page 76*)

*by Florabel Muir*

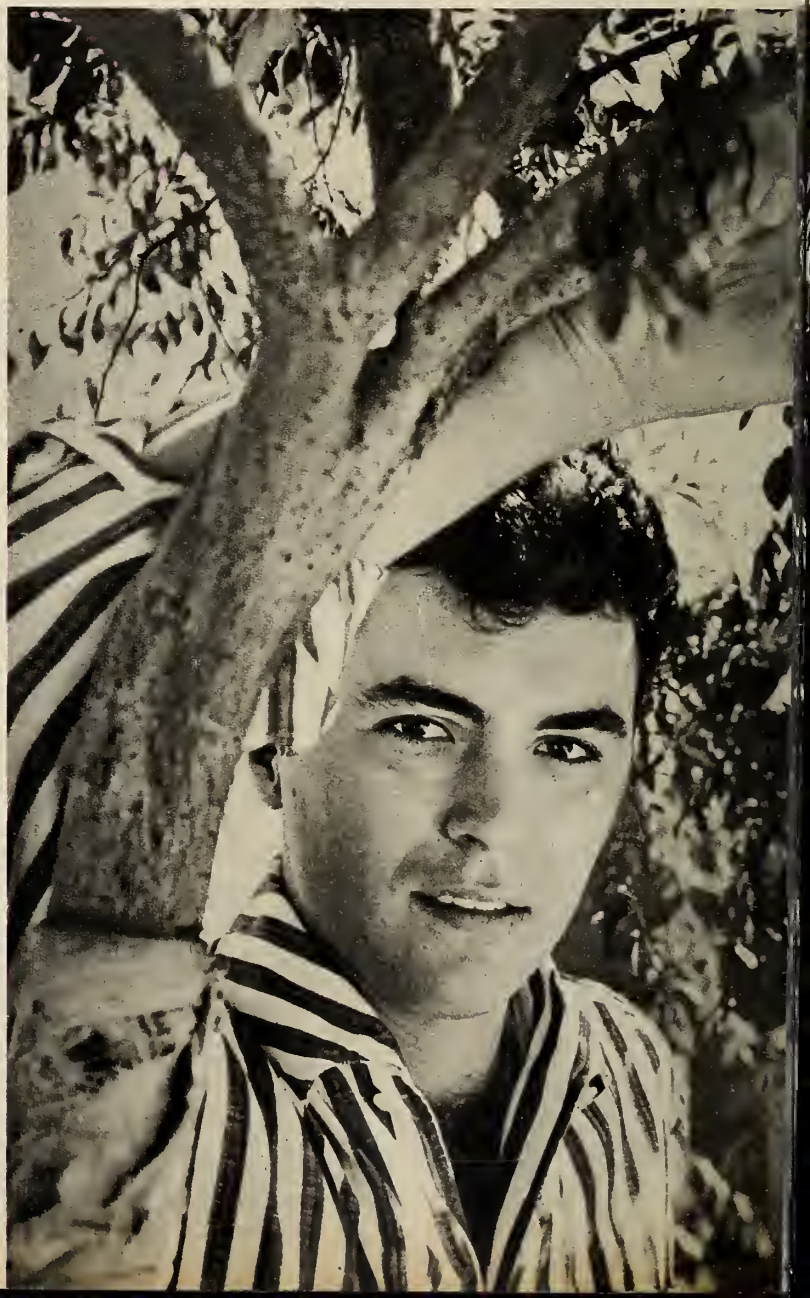


## JAMES DARREN, PART 2

Gloria and Jimmy tried to cheer me up in the amusement park, but I still felt bad. I knew Mama was heartbroken. I had called half an hour before to say:







*by Ed DeBlasio*

# "Mama, I can't come home..."





*Everybody was at Mama's: Uncle Dom, Grandma, Aunt Sara, Mama and Pop, (of course), my brother Johnny, Grandpa, Dom's wife Betty, Aunt Cora, Cousin Vicky, Uncle Mannie—everybody . . . but me.*

Crowded South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, had seen plenty of commotion in its time. But never anything like this! What was up?

James Darren—better known in the old neighborhood as Jimmy Ercolani—was coming home. And this was certainly a cause for celebration. After all, Jimmy and his wife Gloria had been home only once before in the two years since they'd gone to Hollywood—for something like seven hours, between public appearances in Washington and New York—and the fact they were coming in now meant they'd be bringing another Jimmy with them, their year-old-son, to show off to his grandparents and all the other relatives and friends of the family.

Jimmy's kid brother Johnny and Johnny's wife had already arrived early that Saturday morning at the tiny row house where his folks and grandparents lived. As had Jimmy's Aunt Sara, with her daughter, Lorraine.

And a truck from the bakery. And a truck from the big Italian grocery store down the street.

Now, a little after ten o'clock, another car was pulling up—this time with Jimmy's Uncle Mannie, his wife Cora and their daughter Vicky.

And then, right behind it, came another car—with Uncle Dominick and Aunt Betty.

A third truck fol- (*Continued on page 74*)

*The never-before-told story of*



# THE BRIDE NOBODY KISSED

*Sophia Loren's bittersweet wedding day*



The rain had gotten worse through the night and now it slapped hard against the window. Sophia Loren stirred in her bed. Normally she would have popped her eyes open and wondered to herself: *What time is it; it must be five or nearly five; I must get up and get ready to go to the studio.*

But on this particular morning—Tuesday, September 17, 1957—she did not open her eyes. This was a very special morning in her life and she was half-dreaming a very special dream. And nothing, not the rain, not the studio, nothing was going to spoil it for her now.

*It was a beautiful thing, this dream. It was of a wedding morning—her own. Sophia was back home, far away, in Naples. She'd just been awakened, not by rain, but by a ray of golden Italian sunshine that streamed through the tall window and fell onto the bed alongside her and seemed to whisper a warm 'buon giorno, cara, buon giorno.'*

*Then the door opened and Maria, her beautiful young sister, had rushed in and plunked herself on the bed alongside Sophia, ruffling up the sunshine with* *(Continued on page 69)*



*For so long, through so many lonely days, Sophia had waited for this day when Carlo would arrive. . . .*



# I couldn't find a girl in Hollywood...

## *(but I found one in San Diego)*

The evening was balmy and clear. The moon shone brightly on the Pacific Ocean as the waves rolled lazily toward the shore. It was a spring night, made for lovers, and I was determined to make the most of it. . . .

Next to me in my open Thunderbird convertible was one of Hollywood's loveliest and most promising young actresses. My arm was around her waist, her head nestled on my shoulder, her soft blonde hair caressed my cheeks. I bent over her and kissed her tenderly. I was in heaven.

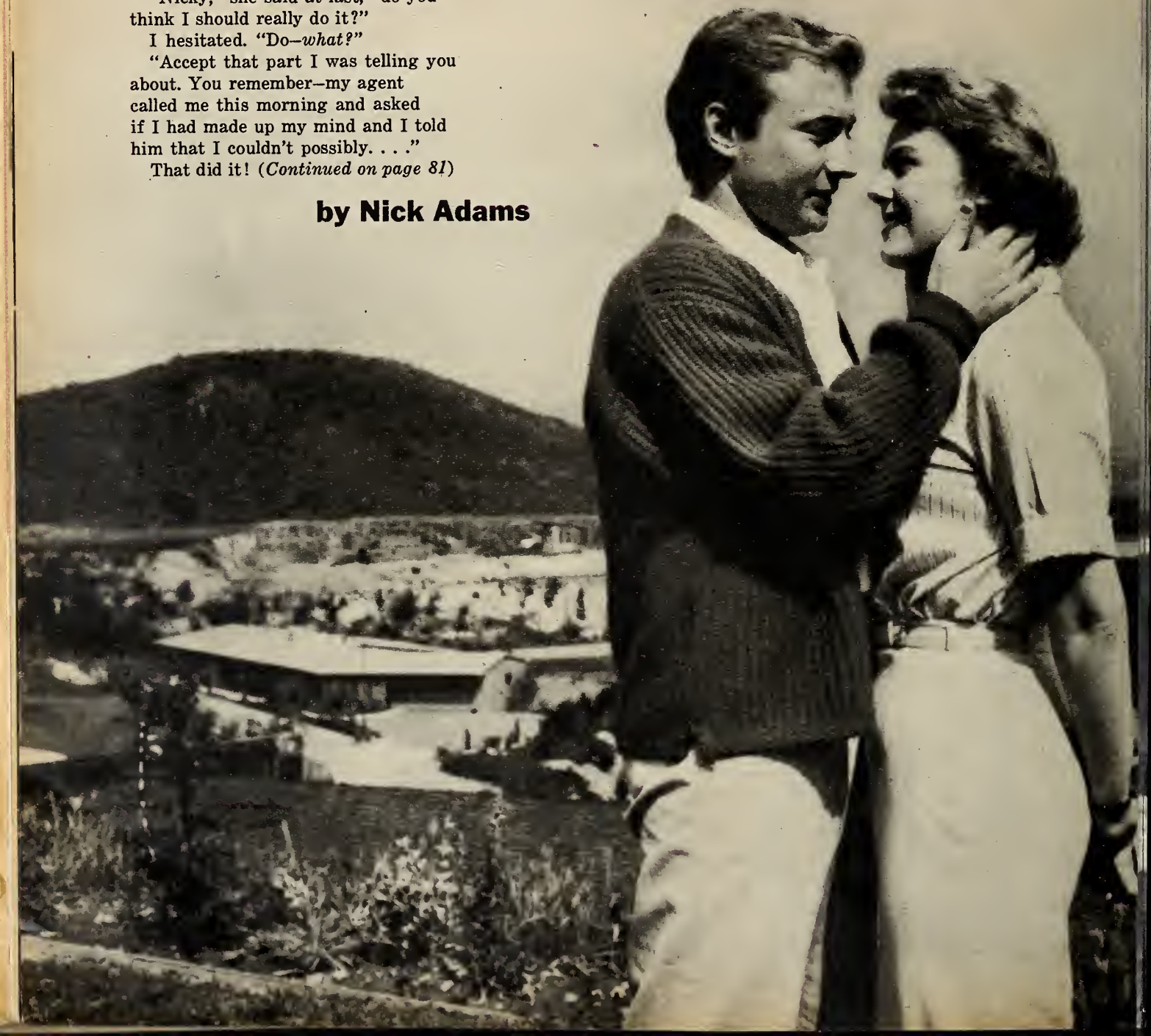
"Nicky," she said at last, "do you think I should really do it?"

I hesitated. "Do—*what?*"

"Accept that part I was telling you about. You remember—my agent called me this morning and asked if I had made up my mind and I told him that I couldn't possibly. . . ."

That did it! (*Continued on page 81*)

**by Nick Adams**





*That's Evelyn Wickland I'm being introduced to—Lois' best friend . . . .*



*Then young Michael and the head of the house, Roger, came out to shoot the breeze . . . .*





*The growl in my stomach told me it was time to head for the hills —and even walking to the car Lois wasn't letting go of that picnic hamper! Ever try helping lady-and-lunch into a car?*



*You know how you feel when you're with the right one—and having a wonderful time?*

# ESTHER and the BLIND CHILDREN

"GOD bless you, Miss Williams," the woman said softly. Her cheeks were wet with tears. "God bless you—"

Esther, tall in her high heels, tried to smile down at her and found herself blushing. "Please," she said, "I haven't really—" she reached out a hand to the woman.

And to her intense surprise, the woman seized it and raised it suddenly to her lips. Before Esther could move, she had kissed her hand—and turned and fled.

And Esther stood staring after her, with the tears beginning to well up in her own eyes.

She was still standing there, motionless, when she felt a hand tug at her skirt. She looked down, and a little girl was beside her—a chubby child with brown braids and a small, shy smile.

"Miss Willyum—now Mommy's gone, will you take me back? I want to change into my swimsuit, all right?"

"Of course it's all right," Es said. The tears disappeared as rapidly as they had come. With one hand she brushed a loose lock of hair from her forehead. With the other she reached for the child's fingers, took them firmly in her own.

"We'll go across the grass," Es said. "In about ten giant steps we'll come to the curb—don't forget it, now."

"I won't forget," the child said. "I hardly ever fall over anything any more."

She got no reply. For Esther Williams, walking hand in hand with the child across the sunlit lawn of the school, was repeating silently a prayer—a prayer she had said once, years ago, and never forgotten. A prayer she repeated now, a hundred times daily: Lord, guide (*Continued on page 87*)







*The first steps . . . slowly Esther Williams leads the blind child into the water—where one day she will plunge joyously ahead.*



*Teaching a blind child to float is the hardest part of Esther's job, because of the fear of having sound shut away. But the new self-confidence of her little swimmers —outside of the water, too—makes the work worth it.*



*You remember her as Allison in Peyton Place*

*Now we take you on a journey into* **the very private world of DIANE VARSI**



*For Diane, 'the bright, sweet thoughts of childhood'— are memories as dark and frightening as the bottomless depths. . . .*

All right, Mother. I'll say something. As soon as I can I'm going to get up, pack my things, and leave. I never want to see you or this town again," Diane Varsi whispered. Then she put the script down and looked up.

Across the room, Mark Robson was staring at her. He licked his lips. He cleared his throat. "You read that," he said finally, "as if it were the story of your life." He shook his head. Then, slowly, he added, "I've been making movies quite a while now. I've heard a lot of girls read for parts. I've never seen one who looked like you or behaved like you. I don't know what sort of person you are. But if you can get your life into a line like that—the part is yours. Congratulations," he said.

And Diane Varsi, who had been nobody five minutes before, walked out of the studio with the key role in *Peyton Place* in her pocket, and headed back for the slum in which she lived.

It was true that no one had ever shown up for an audition looking as she looked. Her round face with its tip-tilted nose, uneven complexion, and serious blue eyes was neither pretty nor winsome—and she had made no attempt to improve it. There was no lipstick on her mouth, no (*Continued on page 83*)



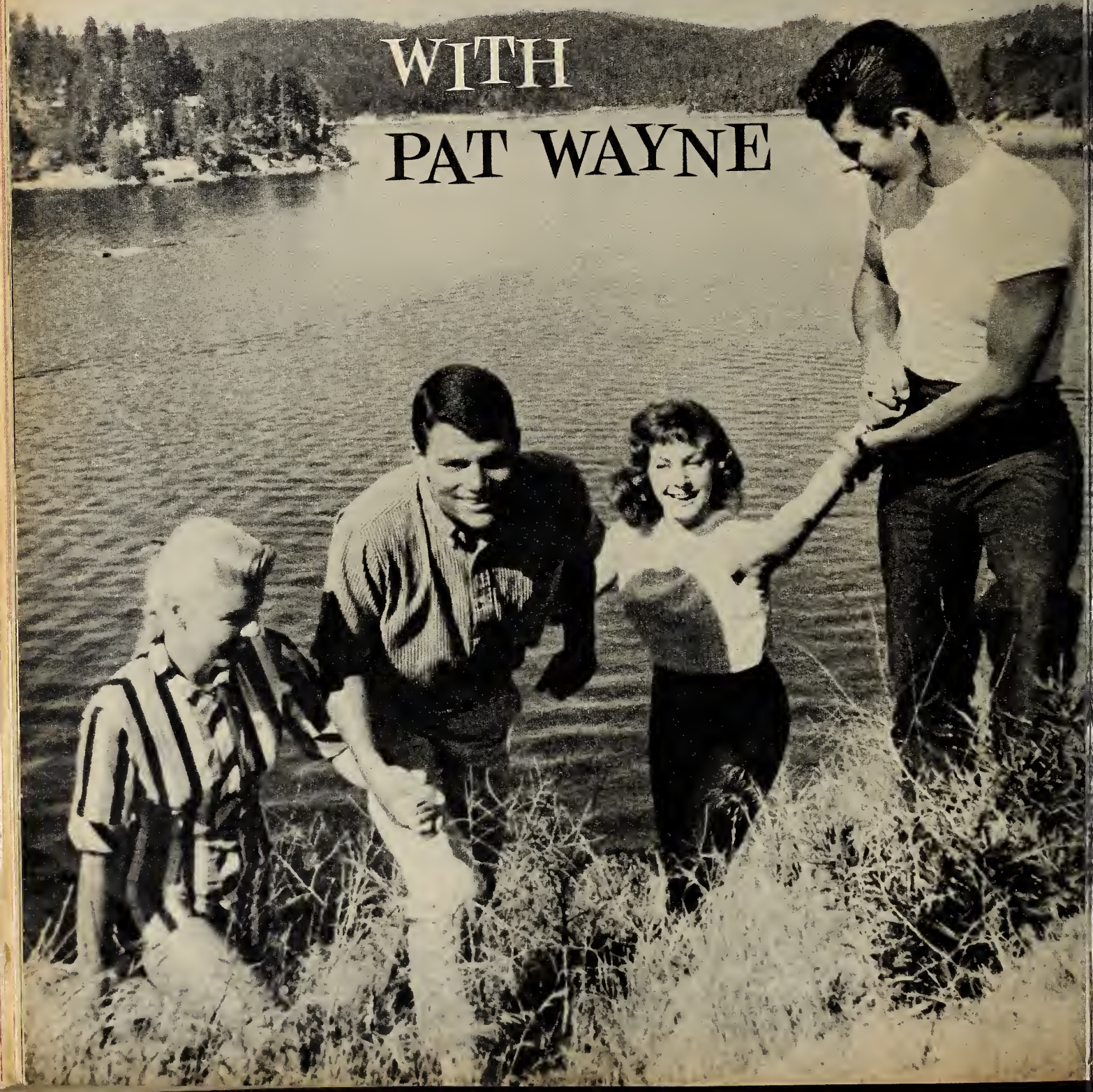
*. . . now there is one joy in her life— her baby, Shawn. . . .*



*Mama and son live simply, and have fun. No fancy clothes . . . lunch is a picnic . . . and pictures he likes get tacked on the wall.*



# A WOODLAND DATE WITH PAT WAYNE





*The MG belonged to Peter. Four people plus supplies and clothing make for a slightly tight squeeze, but squeezing's fun!*



*This rig is called a jungle-gym. The boys showed off their muscles on parallel bars, while their two girls acted impressed.*

IN the winter, Pat Wayne's busy at Loyola University; in the summer, he makes movies. So it isn't often he gets a chance to just take off and smell the roses, soak up some sunshine and gaze at a swallow or two. But one rare day Pat and three of his pals—Gloria Henniger (she's the blonde), Virginia Aldridge and Peter Brown—took off at dawn, drove a hundred miles and invaded Lake Arrowhead. It's got woods, water, everything, and it's up in the San Bernardino Mountains. (Pete's a Warners' player currently in *Darby's Rangers*, Pat's new movie is *The Young Land.*) The kids had fun, the day flew, and the proof is in the pictures. . .

*Gloria complained about being splashed; she was scolded by Pete and Pat. "We're just helping you get wet," they explained.*



more⟶



*More help for Gloria. Pat's holding that horse in place so the lady can climb aboard.*



*Picnic time, with cookies and milk. They all tried to feed cookies to the ungrateful horse, who rejected their offer.*

# A WOODLAND DATE WITH PAT WAYNE *continued*



*Changed from play clothes into street togs, they started off to dinner, stopping just long enough to make wishes at a wishing well. "I wished for another day just like this," Virginia said later.*



*Candlelight at a restaurant called the Chalet, and Pat and Gloria wind up a perfect day perfectly. Soon Pat would be back at school, studying, training for athletics, getting ready for more movie work—but tonight the air was soft, the girl pretty, memories in the making.*

*Pat's appearing in* THE YOUNG LAND *for Buena Vista. Pete's in* DARBY'S RANGERS, MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR, VIOLENT ROAD, ONIONHEAD *and* WESTBOUND, *all for Warners'.*

**END**


tempt me pink
a reckless, explosive Pink that dares him to come closer
You have to be downright daring to risk this temptress pink; like a bolt of pink fire it threatens to ignite all who come too near! Teasing, tantalizing, tempting... your lips never before looked so promising. And always, this new lipstick lives up to *its* promise—to color your lips with a scandalous gleaming *satin finish* that clings for hours... smoothes every second. **only 49¢**
new Satin Finish lipstick by *Evening in Paris*

## those attacks on rock hudson

(*Continued from page 29*) his hair or even ring a doorbell without the guidance of Henry Willson, he came alone.

"I didn't want anyone around, just wanted to talk things over with you," he said soon after his arrival.

I thought he looked very thin and somehow *different*. His hair was cut very short, eliminating the natural wave we've grown accustomed to. In just the few short months since I had last seen him he appeared to have matured by years. Certainly the past year and a half in his life has been sufficiently startling to confuse the most 'mechanical' of men—which Rock isn't, believe me.

It's been a time of great triumph, and of great unhappiness and frustration for him. He's won enough popularity awards to start a gallery, including the Look Magazine (!!) award as Hollywood's outstanding male star; the German *Bambi Plaque*, equivalent to our *Oscar;* several fan magazine polls and an *Academy Award* nomination last year for his fine performance in *Giant*.

He rose to such dizzy heights of financial success that MGM willingly would have paid $750,000 to star him in *Ben Hur*. That's pretty fair going as an actor—for a former truck driver.

On the other hand, his marriage to Phyllis Gates crashed in a far from friendly separation. His nerves were shot from a long and arduous location trip to Italy for *A Farewell To Arms*, followed by an equally exhausting trip to Honolulu for *Twilight For The Gods*.

Last, but not least, he now finds himself in the impossible position of being locked in an ironclad contract with Universal-International, a studio which has temporarily suspended operations of its own. And so far they won't let their biggest money-maker work for any other company.

### The lowdown

Rock told me his first reaction to *that* article was complete bafflement.

"The writer and I spent eight hours together on a plane coming from New York to Hollywood," he said wearily. "She came to my home and talked to my friends and business associates. She kept telling me how much she liked me and what a complimentary story she was going to write. Then—*wham!*"

He shrugged philosophically, poured himself another cup of coffee and said, "I don't expect all articles about me to make me out a tin saint. That would be incredibly dull—and untrue. I have as many faults as the next fellow.

"All I ask is that I be allowed to stand, or fall, on what I accomplish up there on the screen. No one is responsible for that but *me*. I don't mean that to sound boastful or ungrateful to Henry and others who have helped me enormously. But when that camera starts turning, I'm on my own."

He continued quickly, "I want to say just this one thing—and then we'll forget that confounded and confounding story. It's this: of course I listen to Henry Willson. He's my agent and he's my friend. What's the sense of having an agent or a friend if I'm going to ignore his advice and suggestions. Henry discovered me and encouraged me as he has done for many other actors. He even gave me my name.

"*But he does not order my life or my thinking. Nor did he mastermind my marriage or separation from Phyllis.*"

And if you don't believe him about that—then you weren't sitting face to face with Rock Hudson that afternoon, my friends!

The mention of Phyllis gave me the cue to say, "I'm truly sorry about you and Phyllis," and I meant it.

"So am I," he said quietly. "Sorrier about it than anything that has ever happened to me. I guess I'm old fashioned but I can't talk about it. Not even to you."

I remembered that soon after their marriage two years ago, Rock had proudly brought the attractive former assistant to Henry Willson to call on me—and if they weren't sincerely happy honeymooners, then Rock is a better actor than I think and she's as good as he.

### "What can be said . . .?"

"What can ever be said about the break-up of any marriage?" he continued. He seemed to be speaking almost to himself. "Only the two people involved know what happened, and often *they* are confused. Friends side with one or the other, but there is no case where one party is 100% *right* and the other 100% wrong. You know that. You've seen enough marriages go on the rocks in Hollywood to know that neither party is all hero or all villian."

He shrugged slightly and spread his hands. "I made mistakes and I'm willing to take my share of the blame. But it wasn't *all* my fault any more than it was *all* Phyllis'. One thing I do know is that these mistakes cannot now be rectified. That's all I can say about it."

I asked, "Has this unhappy ending soured you on marriage, Rock? Do you feel you never want to marry again?"

"Not at all," he said, "I want to marry again. I have a very good example of *If at first you don't succeed, try, try again* right in my own family. My mother is now very happily married to Joseph Olson, after *two* unsuccessful previous experiences."

This time *I* poured him another cup of coffee before he went on. "My mother and her third husband have a wonderful time together—go fishing, travel around, and enjoy the same things.

"She and my father, Roy Scherer, for whom I was named, parted when I was a small boy. I still see my Dad, fact is I had dinner with him last night.

### A change in fathers

"I was about nine when my mother married Wallace Fitzgerald, who was everything a tyrant-stepfather has ever been pictured as being. I had to take his last name against my wishes and toe the mark to his every whim. Mother was working as a switchboard operator and I used to hang around and run errands for her just to keep out of Fitzgerald's way. He was around a lot. He wasn't working.

"But my point is—if mother and Joe can be so happy and have such good times together, why should I rule out another try at having a good marriage?" He smiled broadly again. "But not right *now*. I'm not even divorced!"

His unhappy childhood may have a lot to do with the charge that Rock is overly placid by temperament and won't fight back. I've seen it happen time after time—children brought up in bickering, unhappy homes becoming frightened apostles of 'peace at any price'—anything, anything to keep from stirring up another hurtful, bitter brawl within the family.

Since Rock became famous, some of his former employers—including the grocer he used to deliver for in Winnetka, Ill., the manager of the store where he sold electric appliances, a few of the men he knew in the Navy, and the head of the food company for whom he drove a truck—are all agreed: *Roy Fitzgerald was an easy-going fellow. He never went looking for a fight.* So, what's wrong with that? Does it make Rock a spiritless dummy?

He said, "When I feel things are going wrong I try to do something to correct them, not explode all over the place. I suppose I could have thrown a temperamental tantrum because U-I wouldn't let me do *Ben Hur*. But what would it have got me? Nothing but a suspension. So I'm disappointed about *Ben Hur*—but I'm not blowing out my brains, or anybody else's."

"But Rock, what *are* you doing about this frustrating spot you are in, with your studio temporarily at a stand-still and yet they are not giving you the right to do outside pictures?" I asked.

### Something good

A slight grin spread over his face, "I'm still looking for something good, another great story like *Giant*, for instance. And another director like George Stevens to direct me. That was my best picture.

"I honestly believe U-I wouldn't turn me down if another great chance came along, I mean a big picture that wouldn't keep me tied up a whole year as *Ben Hur* would have done. After all, they loaned me out for *Giant* didn't they?"

They sure did, and my fellow Illinoisan got an *Oscar* nomination out of it!

Like most *Californians* who actually originate in other states, Rock and I have always felt closer because we shared the bond of hailing from the same state—Illinois. He was born in the southern part of the state in the small town of Olney, but was raised in Winnetka, a suburb of Chicago. Having first seen the light of day myself in Freeport and been raised in Dixon, we found out some time ago that we speak much the same mid-West language.

I *admit* I had departed from Illinois quite a while before Rock was born, but when we get together we have a tendency to reminisce, a marked trait of mid-Westerners. We had already agreed that this stormy day was a lot like Chicago weather.

Rock mused, "Do you remember one of the first times we met out here? You were taping your radio show at the Hollywood Photographers Ball, and Vera-Ellen and I were among the guests you interviewed."

I did, indeed, remember. I also remembered that Rock and Vera-Ellen were very much in love at the time.

"I was never so scared in my life," he laughed. "It was my first big social event in Hollywood and I was scared to death of *you*, of speaking into the microphone and of being in high society!"

"You must have many, many invitations to parties these days," I laughed with him. "You are successful and eligible, the hostesses' delight in this town."

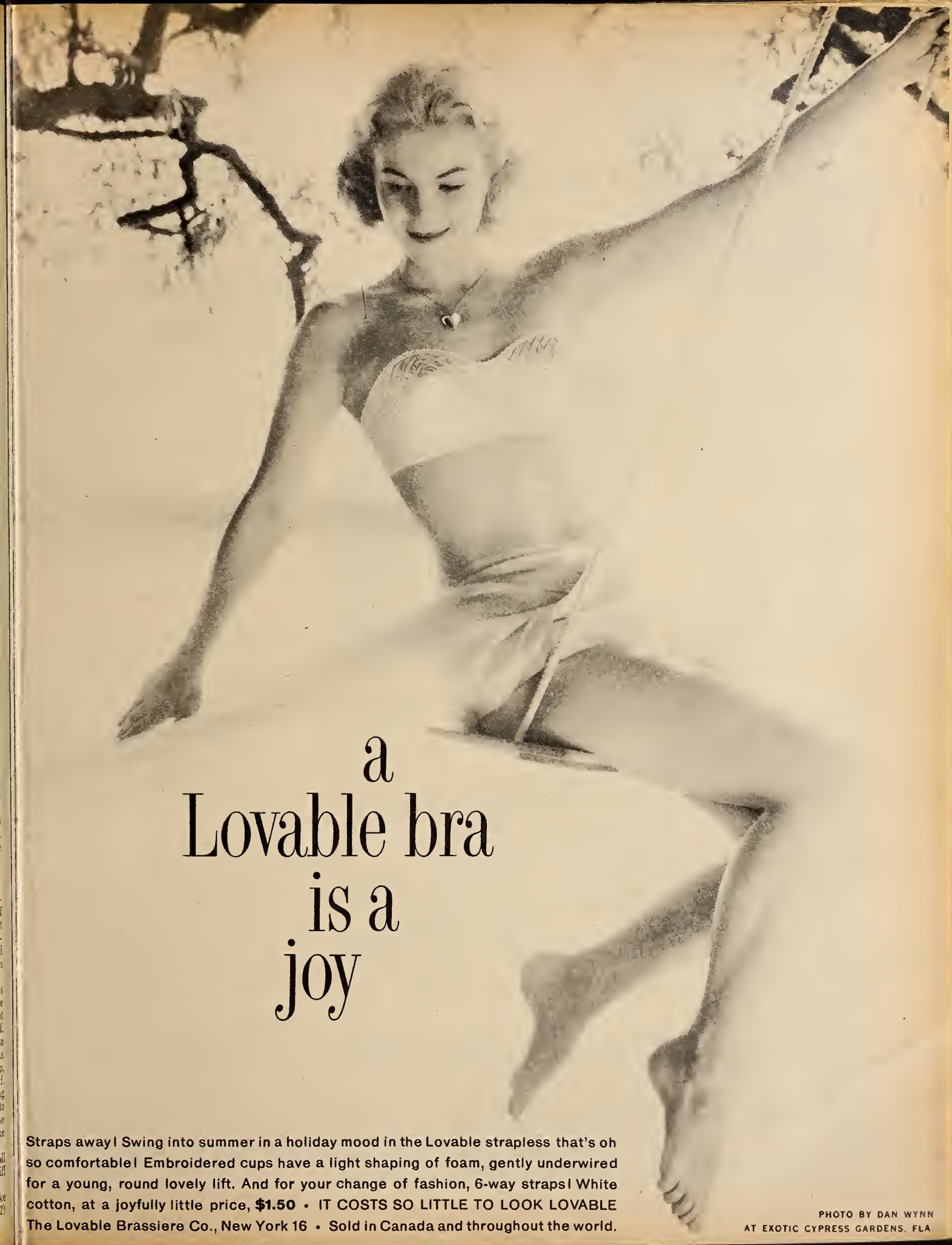
### Not quite a hermit

"Yes, I get invited," he admitted frankly—there doesn't seem to be an ounce of guile in his make-up, "but I don't accept too many invitations for two good reasons. When I'm working, I'm worried about my work; and when I'm not, I'm worried about not working!"

He reached for the coffee again. "This not going out much socially is getting me the reputation of being a hermit, also not true. I spend very little time by myself. I enjoy my friends, and I like going to their homes for small dinner parties. As soon as I get my new apartment fixed up, I want to do some entertaining myself. But I just don't happen to like getting in this racket of taking a glamor girl to a première or to a big party just because she can use an escort or something like that." Never say this boy isn't honest.

"Isn't it true you dated Lauren Bacall in New York while she was having a tiff with Frank Sinatra?" I kidded him.

He grinned, "I wish it *were* true. I like her. We had a lot (*Continued on page 62*)



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AT EXOTIC CYPRESS GARDENS, FLA.



## JODY McCREA

*learns his Bible lesson*



*Brother David helped Jody rig his gear.*

■ "How'd it all happen?" Jody McCrea repeats your question, grinning, scrounging his six-foot-two, khaki-uniformed body into the chair that looks much too small for him—like all chairs always do.

"Well, I'd been practicing bustin' broncs for a couple of years already, without telling Mom or Pop about it"—'Pop' is actor Joel McCrea, and Jody's mother raked up quite a few screen credits herself before she gave up being Frances Dee to become Mrs. Joel McCrea.

"That business of riding untamed horses sounds pretty far from learning Bible lessons, doesn't it?" Jody continues, mostly like he's just thinking out loud, "but one Sunday in a local rodeo—that's where I really felt the Lord's teaching become a part of my life, and I haven't forgotten it to this day!

"This fellow had a spread about twenty miles from our place, and every Sunday he used to put on a little rodeo. I'd got kind of in the habit of going over there, and after a while I realized that most times I'd come away with at least a couple of the prizes . . . and I was feeling pretty proud of myself.

"Well, this particular Sunday the local TV station was going to broadcast the rodeo, and I figured it was time for Mom and Pop to see how good I was.

"So just before David and I left the house—David's my brother; he mostly came to the rodeos with me and helped hold the broncs, and things like that—anyway, just before we left the house I yelled out to Mom and Pop to keep their eyes glued to the TV set. Man, was I going to show Pop who was the rider in the family now!

"Well, I wasn't feeling so happy when we drew our broncs: I got Rattlesnake. Nobody'd *ever* stayed on Rattlesnake the full forty-five seconds till the whistle blew! I didn't mind him throwing me—just minded my parents seeing it happen!

"Well, to make a long story short—that crazy Rattlesnake near killed me in the chute—before we ever got out into the arena—bucking and almost falling on top of me. David grabbed me by the scruff of my neck and hauled me clear. I got on him again, and I was scared!

"But when we got out into the ring—I don't know—I just stayed on him!

"And then I heard the whistle blow, which meant that I'd stayed on him the forty-five seconds and won.

"And I heard David *yahoo*-ing like crazy—and I yelled over to him, still riding that bucking bronc, 'Guess old Rattlesnake just wasn't trying very hard'—you know, trying to sound kind of modest because I was just about busting from pride at riding him.

"Of course, that's when it happened.

"I just shot straight up, twenty feet easy, and landed flat on my levis in the dust.

"Pop told me later I looked real pretty, all laid out—all I needed was a rose in my teeth.

"Yeah," Jody grins, squirming maybe just a little in his private's uniform. "I sure learned my Bible lesson for *that* day—*Pride goeth before a fall. . . .*"

*See Jody in Warners'* LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE.

(*Continued from page 60*) of fun making *Written On The Wind!* But I have a suspicion her interests are—" Rock laughed "*—elsewhere.*"

However, he had a very good time in New York. He told me he had seen some wonderful shows.

"I'd like very much to do a show on Broadway myself," he confessed. "I have picture experience behind me now and with some expert coaching I think I could do a play. At least, I'd like to try." You can bet it would be a hit. The Hudson fans would beat the doors down to see Rock in even a critics' flop.

Speaking of Broadway shows reminded me of something I've always wanted to ask Rock. "Did George Axelrod have you in mind when he wrote *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*"

He answered, "Let me tell you about how George named that show. He was flipping through a fan magazine when he came across a story about me titled *Will Success Spoil Rock Hudson?* His play was about the movies and he absolutely flipped over that title. Said he had to have it. Later, his lawyer told him he was open to a law suit. So he changed *Hudson* to *Hunter.*"

"And you helped him to make a fortune," I said.

"Even better—the play gave a little girl named Jayne Mansfield her first real break, and now she's a famous movie star," he smiled.

Then he added a strange remark:

"I hope she got what she wanted," said the No. 1 Man in Hollywood. . . . **END**

*You can see Rock in* TARNISHED ANGELS *and soon he'll be appearing in* TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS, *both for U-I.*

## johnny saxon

(*Continued from page 27*) about two weeks after he had arrived. Supposedly, Vicki had come to see the fascinating cities of the Old World, and also to visit old friends of her family.

Or was there another, more romantic reason? Many of their friends in Hollywood asked openly, "Did Vicki go to Paris for a secret honeymoon with John?"

Ever since John achieved his first great success in Hollywood—he has been pursued by most of the attractive young actresses in Hollywood. But except for an occasional publicity date, he has ignored all of them to devote himself exclusively to being with the girl who worked at a Beverly Hills ice cream parlor—Wil Wright's—at night, and who went daytimes to a nearby university, UCLA.

Because her time was so much taken by her university studies and John's time was in such great demand for interviews and acting roles, they couldn't see each other nearly as often as they would have liked to. Still, whenever there was a cocktail party, a dinner at a friend's home to which he was invited, or just a quiet evening when they could go for a late stroll after her work at the ice cream parlor was over, Vicki and John were together.

Sometimes John and the young actors, writers and grip men he knows would all gather together at Vicki's home, and Vicki would put on percolator after percolator of coffee, so that they could all sit around and talk and dream and drink gallons of coffee.

Sometimes one of the crowd would get up and play bongo drums, or put on a favorite record, or Vicki would roll up the rug and they'd all dance the latest steps or the most sentimental steps to the music

of a waltz. Like John, Vicki loves progressive jazz, but not exclusively. Rhythm was part of her life and still is—and somewhere along the road they fell madly in love with each other and reacted to the oldest and newest rhythm in the world—the rhythm of love as it courses through the blood of two handsome young people.

**An unusual girl**

They planned to wait until he was well-established in his career. By that time, they believed, Vicki would be through with her college courses, and the two of them could have a wonderful life together.

Everyone who ever saw them together was aware of the strange, beautiful, electric bond between them.

Once John brought her to visit his friends, Jess Kimmel, head of U-I's talent school, and his lovely wife, Toni.

John and Vicki sat together beside the open fireplace in the Kimmel home, very close to each other. "Vicki," says Toni, "hardly spoke a word. Vicki as usual, listened rather than talked—and yet there seemed to be a special bond of tenderness between them, *the kind that one usually finds between two people who have been married for a long time.*"

What was it that drew them together in the first place?

At the time John met Vicki at a party, he was still one of Hollywood's youngest, most brooding rebels. He had fought hard to get somewhere in his career, and the fight had left him bitter and confused. He was an introvert, wrapped up in his own emotions. He had gone to a psychiatrist to break down some of the walls he had built up to shield himself from a world he considered hostile.

**A different kind of rebel**

Into his rebellious young life walked this unusual young woman—Vicki. Although he recognized a fellow rebel in her, hers was a quiet, different kind of rebellion. Instead of being bitter, she was her happy, outgoing self. To the quiet, morose young man, she represented peace and understanding.

In her he found a combination of all the girls he had ever known and loved. She had the warmth and loyalty of his mother, the good companionship of his sisters.

Vicki accepted life, she accepted people, she accepted and trusted John. In the warmth of her tenderness his fears melted, and he began to accept himself as well as to love Vicki.

To his amazement and delight, Vicki's father, a fine artist named Victor Thall (he added the extra 'l' to his name to maintain his own individuality) also accepted him, and even started to give him painting lessons. Vicki's father and mother saw that John and Vicki were falling in love.

They also saw the protectiveness of John; they saw him coming out of his shell, and their daughter growing more quietly radiant every day. And so Vicki's mother and father were happy for them.

With their mutual interest in art, Vicki and John would sometimes spend hours together, each working at painting. When they were too busy to see each other during the week, weekends became very precious to them. Driving his MG, John would take his girl on trips to the beach. There they would sit in the sand, and John would talk of life and love and art.

"Binky," he'd say, using his pet nickname for her, "if dreams could come true, do you know what I would dream right this moment?"

"No," she'd laugh.

"Well, I'd dream that you and I were married, and that we were sitting like this side by side."

But dared he marry her?

**Reasons why not**

When a young actor is going up because of his teenage fans, how will the fans react if he dares to marry? Many frightened young actors count the cost—and postpone the decision.

Certainly, if John turned to his agent Henry Willson, or to his studio, they would counsel him to remain single while his career was still in the stage where it was being built up. But John had always been a rebel. If this was the advice he received, we do not believe that it was the advice he followed.

What happened to the best of our knowledge is that these two young people agreed to a compromise. To please John's studio, they would not marry openly—but secretly.

Whether they kept that promise only they know, but many people close to them believe that they did marry.

A boy who works at Wil Wright's and knows both Vicki and John said, "I think they're secretly married. I wouldn't be surprised if she married him about a month ago. She's a sweet kid and she wouldn't go to Europe and see so much of him unless she was his wife, you can bet.

"Don't ask me how I know, but I'm as sure as anyone can be that they're married. About a month ago she took a night off from work. She told one of the girls here that something wonderful had happened in her life. I'm sure that she and John were married that night."

**There was an old truck, rusty, rotting from the southern-exposure weather, with flat tires almost hidden in the weeds growing up around it. The truck was standing just off the road near the summer stock theatre at Barter. A sign on the side of the truck had faded, but lettered in scenery paint under the words Barter Theatre was: *Gregory Peck Drove This Truck.* Scribbled in much fresher paint was this: *So did Ernie!* And he had, of course. I suspect Ernie wrote this himself. Ernie who? Ernie Borgnine, of course.**

One of our reporters reached Mona Thall, Vicki's mother. Currently we couldn't reach Victor, her father, for he was in an undisclosed town in Mexico.

We asked Mrs. Thall if Vicki and John were secretly married. Said Mona, "I can't answer that, really. I'm not at liberty to talk. You know what I mean. I'm just not allowed to tell you whether they're married or not. I'd love to co-operate but my hands are tied. My husband and I are crazy about John and we're glad that Vicki and he are serious about each other. But I'm not saying a word about whether they're married. I just can't. She's having a wonderful time in Paris, and she's going to visit several old friends of ours there."

Not once did Mrs. Thall come out and say, "Vicki and John are not married." Her answer was evasive, as though she'd been warned not to talk. It makes the possibility of their marriage stronger.

**Other opinions**

Another boy who works at Wil Wright's also thinks Vicki is secretly married to John.

"If they're married, why doesn't Vicki admit it to the world?" asked our reporter.

"Because," said this boy, "she'd never want to do anything that might conceivably hurt John's career. If John's studio feels that his teenage fans might be alienated by his marriage at this time, Vicki would agree to postpone marriage, or to marry John secretly—whatever the two of them decided was best.

"Of course, I couldn't take an oath to the effect that they're married, but most of us here think she married the guy. So do most of her classmates at UCLA."

Nevertheless, his studio still maintains that Vicki and John are not married. One of our reporters talked to a close studio contact of John's.

She said, "They're not married. The fact that they're in Europe at the same time is just a coincidence. Vicki's father and mother have many friends in Europe, and she's been wanting to go there for a long time. In fact, her parents lived in Paris for two years, and her sister Mona was born in the south of France. For a long time Vicki's had a yen to see the places her parents have talked about all these years.

"For years, Vicki has saved her pennies and dollars so that she could make this trip. As far as we know, it's not a honeymoon trip. John had to go to Paris to make *The Reluctant Debutante* there, and Vicki's staying in Paris for a while. Then she'll take in some other cities. She didn't go over with John. He went on ahead, and she met him there two weeks later."

It is perfectly true that John and Vicki did not go to Paris together. But wasn't this all part of an elaborate plan to convince us that he is not married? Some friends think that the coincidence of their being in Paris at the same time is a little too well-timed to be mere coincidence.

Why do many of the people who have observed them think they're married?

These two are not just a passionate boy and girl. They are two people who know what love is in the deepest sense, who live to protect and help each other.

**Reasons why**

Why shouldn't a boy and girl get married when they love each other as ardently as these two do, and when their love is deep enough and real enough to crave the reality of marriage—not the sham of a relationship that sometimes passes in Hollywood and elsewhere for love.

Only marriage can offer the kind of protection that every man offers his girl when he loves her to the deepest depths of his being.

And so we say: if you're married, why keep it secret?

We believe that your fans love and understand you well enough, John, so that they won't hold it against you that you've found the kind of love each of them is seeking. Perhaps there was a day when teenagers were so shallow and silly that they only 'went' for a star as long as he was single; when each of them visualized herself as some day becoming the wife of the actor on whom she had a crush.

Today's teenagers are much more sensible, we believe. Admit, John, that Vicki is the girl you love, and that you chose to risk your career because you loved her so much that nothing short of marriage was good enough. We'll bet you anything you can name that your fans will respect and love you for your choice, and that each of them will hope that some day she'll meet a man just like the man who married Vicki Thal. **END**

*John is in* SUMMER LOVE *for U-I and will soon appear in MGM's* THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE, *U-I's* THIS HAPPY FEELING *and U-I's* THE WONDERFUL YEAR.



it's easy to draw a man with

# PINK 'N ORANGE

**not pink! not orange! Max Factor's outrageous new color creation that captivated all Paris!**

Got designs on a man? Then this is for you: The soft flattery of pink plus the brilliant excitement of orange—all in one shade. It's bold. It's feminine. It's the shade Paris says will make him yours, and the one shade daring enough to flatter you in all your new bright fashion colors. Max Factor brings you this different, delicious lipstick color! In his creamy, rich Hi-Fi formula that stays on . . . stays lovely 'til you take it off. $1.25 PLUS TAX

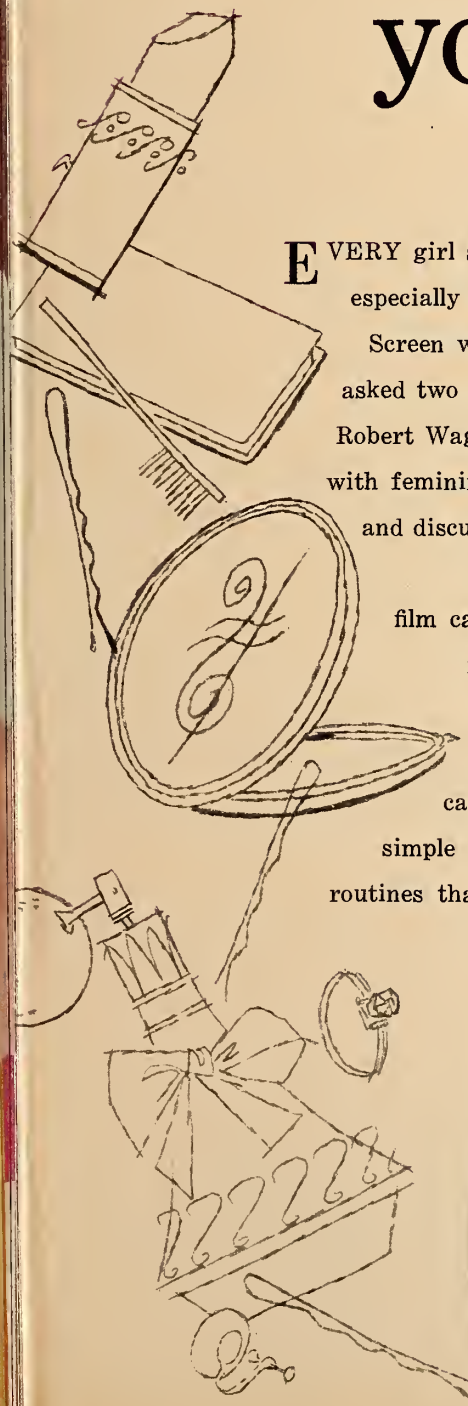
## only in Max Factor's new hi-fi Lipstick

*modern screen panel tells:*

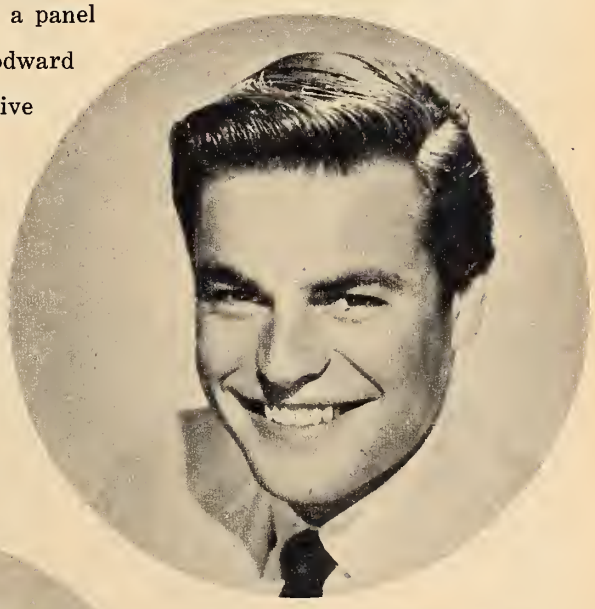
# How to get and hold your man



*The eyes have it—the lips, too—but don't forget make-up, even with a summer tan.*



EVERY girl secretly yearns to know what men—especially her man—really think about her. Modern Screen went to work on this quandary and asked two of Hollywood's most popular male stars, Robert Wagner and Richard Egan, to sit on a panel with feminine and sophisticated Joanne Woodward and discuss these intimate questions and give you the answers direct from the film capital. In a nutshell, what really pleases a man about you is *you*. This *you* must at all times be glamorous and you can be, by adopting some simple ultra-feminine rules and routines that will (*Continued on page 66*)



*Secretly every man is very sentimental about the rings he chooses for you*



*Perfume is a real beau-catcher and every girl should know this secret.*

*Photos by 20th*

# $100 for you!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questiannaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Mail your ballot to: **MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, N.Y. 16, N.Y.**

Please check the space left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

**1. I LIKE JOHN SAXON:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**2. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**3. I LIKE JUDI MEREDITH:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**4. I LIKE CLINT WALKER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**5. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**6. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**7. I LIKE TONY PERKINS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**8. I LIKE JOHNNY MATHIS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**9. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**10. I LIKE JAMES DARREN**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**11. I LIKE SOPHIA LOREN:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**12. I LIKE NICK ADAMS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**13. I LIKE ESTHER WILLIAMS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**14. I LIKE DIANE VARSI:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**15. I LIKE PAT WAYNE:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

17. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

**AGE**.....**NAME**.....

**ADDRESS**..... STREET

**CITY**.....**ZONE**.....**STATE**.....

Here are the poll prize winners for March: Cecil Batsford, Verdun, Quebec, Canada; Gail Gregory, Downers Grove, Ill.; Dorothy Decator, Pottstown, Pa.; Anna Hreha, Seattle, Washington; Mrs. J. P. Rudy, Reading, Pa.; Suzette Roche, Syracuse, New York; Miss Ruth Morse, North Lima, Ohio; Mrs. M. Cristina Perez, Whittier, Calif.; Leslie Ellen Staloff, White Meadow Lake, Rockaway, N. J.; Margie Rende, New Rochelle, N. Y.

## How to get and hold your man *(continued)*

(*Continued from page 65*) surely make you irresistible and attractive to men.

Our MODERN SCREEN panel feels that the most important rule to be followed if you want to get and—or—hold a man is to be feminine. Being feminine is not difficult if you realize that this captivating attribute is achieved by being charming and thoughtful in all ways, not only in your mannerisms. Be sure that your hair-do is soft and luscious and most surely becoming. Choose make-up that is flattering and not bold and bizarre.

Above all select fragrances for your perfumes that are enticing and subtle—and yet commanding. Remember that fragrances stir the emotions and so be certain that those you wear are intriguing and captivating and not overpowering and bold. Buy good name-brand perfumes that are tried and true formulas that will help you to get and—or—hold your man. Another important tip about perfumes—change fragrances often. Match or make your mood with several different fragrances. All men respond to perfumes. You will find them one of the major boons to your program of increased femininity.

When you are buying at the perfume counter stay right there and shop for the newest in make-up. Give special thought to the newest colors—there is nothing so lacking in femininity and so unappealing to a man as untidy make-up. Even though it's Summertime don't think you can win your man and—or—hold him by depending on your tan and slapping on a little lipstick. Give special attention to your eye make-up—your lipline—your powder.

Be sure and choose clothes that are just as pretty and feminine as you are—men love pretty clothes. Going steady, engaged, married or hoping to be—be sure and add to your charms if you want to get—and hold—your man!

The MODERN SCREEN panel really knows its business. Joanne Woodward is lovely because she is so feminine—sophisticated because she is smart enough to be feminine. As Mrs. Paul Newman she couldn't be happier. Richard Egan has been captured by very alluring Pat Hardy. Bob Wagner is already tied up, and happily so, to appealing Natalie Wood. See Joanne in *The Long Hot Summer;* see Dick and Bob in *The Hunters.* Both are great 20th productions that you won't want to miss.

*Let your man know you are sentimental—ask him to give you a set of Keepsake rings. Here we show the very magnificent new white gold and diamond set, the "Baldwin".*



## to elvis presley

(*Continued from page 36*) in the service getting the biggest charge over—a gift-box from the family. Or, as in this case, from your friends—filled with lots of little things that help a guy forget for a little while that he's away from home and away from the people he loves . . . that help a guy *remember* things and places and people when he wants to remember them most.

Now I figure you should get this letter on a Monday.

**It's on the way**

Cookie, my secretary, and a dozen adoring fans of yours from our bookkeeping and circulation departments, are still putting the finishing touches on the box—so it probably won't get to you till Wednesday or Thursday.

But whichever day, when the mail sergeant calls you boys together and growls *"Presley—Elvis, Aaron!"* and holds up a big package tied with a giant silver ribbon—the girls' idea, not mine—well, that'll be it, El, a boxful of our affection and best wishes, the affection and best wishes of our millions of readers, too, who've been following your career ever since that first article we printed about a good-looking boy with a guitar and a wiggle who people in-the-know predicted would become the most sensational show business personality ever.

If you want to be surprised by what's in the box, stop reading this letter right here and now!

But if you're curious about things—as I happen to know you are—and would like to know not only what you're getting *but how* I tricked you into giving us hints about what to send you, then just loosen your khaki tie, Buddy, settle back on your bunk and read on.

First of all, there's a strip of snapshots we've put together for you to keep in your wallet.

There are seven snapshots in all, and behind each of them is a story and a memory—all your own.

**Why this one?**

The one of you and your folks, for instance. There have been hundreds and hundreds of pictures taken of the three of you together, and people might wonder why we picked the one we did to send you.

But we know—from what you told me at lunch that day—that this particular picture was taken at a homecoming rally given for you in Tupelo, Mississippi, the town where you were born; that not far from the spot where it was taken is another spot, one that brings back the very first clear memory in your life and your first realization of the great love you had for your mother and father.

"It reminds me," you explained it, "of that day when I was four years old. My daddy had whipped me for something I'd done. I cried an awful lot, and after I cried I made up my mind I was going to leave home. I packed a couple of sandwiches into my pocket, I remember, and I took off. I didn't get far, though. In fact, I had just stepped out onto the road when a truck came zooming down at me. Young as I was, I thought sure as anything it was going to strike me down. But by some miracle it stopped, just a couple of inches from me. I remember, too, right after that, running back into the house and my daddy whipping me again because I'd tried to run away. But instead of crying this time I hugged him while he was trying to whip me and then I ran to hug my ma, who'd come in from


Your hair
has hidden highlights
only egg can reach



Sense something healthy happen as your fingertips feel this protein-fresh lather – that's the first luxury of egg.



Only SHAMPOO PLUS EGG can give lather like this – lather that rinses instantly, completely, leaves hair radiant.



Feel first day control – no more "fly-away" hair! A touch of egg restores natural oils other shampoos strip away.



Know an inner glow of beauty – a radiance less luxurious shampoos can't match! It takes the magic touch of egg.




Hidden highlights come to life—a thousand thousand natural highlights yours only with the protein-fresh lather of Helene Curtis SHAMPOO PLUS EGG.

the kitchen to see what was going on, and I kept telling them over and over again how I'd try to be good and stay with them always and never get mad at them or leave them again. . . ."

Then, El, there's a picture of you singing at one of your first public appearances. Recognize the two fellows with you, by the way? They're members of the Jordanaires, the outfit that was with you when you started—and still is.

Anyway, this particular picture was taken at the City Auditorium in New Orleans. And we thought you'd get a chuckle from it because it was taken on the night you'll never forget.

**Your first show**

"That night," you told me, shuddering at the recollection, "there were more people on stage, in the band and chorus, than in the audience. I think they counted seventy-five paying customers in all. And I *know* there couldn't have been many more because came time for me and the fellows to collect our money so we could at least buy our train tickets back to Memphis, and there just wasn't any!"

Speaking of Memphis, El, we figured we'd send along a snapshot of the most famous structure in that city—the mansion marked down as *Graceland* in the official register but as *Elvisville* in the hearts of your local fans there. It's the beautiful home you plunked down $100,000 for just about a year after you got started in the big-time—for yourself and your ma and dad.

And speaking of Memphis, too, we've included a picture of Anita Wood, your favorite gal in that city. Actually, we have a hunch Anita may be your favorite gal in *any* city. At least, that was a pretty big grin you handed me when I mentioned her name to you. And that was a pretty sly grin a trusted buddy of yours gave out with when I mentioned Anita to him after our lunch.

"Won't surprise me a bit," he said, "if this is the girl Elvis ends up marrying. And if you were a betting man, I'd wager you that wedding might take place before he gets out of the service."

**Get rid of one!**

Of course, if you do get hitched there's one of the other three pictures we're sending along that you'd better get rid of.

No, not the one of you with two of your best friends—your cousin Gene, and Nick Adams, the young man you helped once by signing to accompany you on some of your tours because you knew at the time that this now up-and-coming actor seemed to be more down-and-going than anything else and needed some dough and encouragement.

And no, not the one of you and Colonel Parker, the manager who helped discover you and helped make you what you are today.

But *yes*, the picture of you and those two lovely Hollywood dolls—Dolores Hart and Valerie Allen—taken on the *King Creole* set at Paramount Studios during a farewell party the cast and crew gave you the last day of the picture.

*I* know and *you* know that, despite the fact Dolores had her cuddly arms around you, despite the fact Valerie had just held a tender match to your cigar, there was nothing between you and either of them.

But your wife-to-be—if there is one—*she* won't know. Believe me!

Now, El, that about takes care of the pictures. And if, after you've looked at them, you notice something strange and vapory—like smoke—beginning to curl up at you from the box, don't go yelling for the Fire Brigade.

'Cause that won't be any fire at all, but dry ice—just part of another gift we're sending you.

Let me explain from the beginning:

Remember how I asked you what favorite food you'd miss most when you went into the Army?

Your answer was, "Any one of lots of things, I guess. But if I had to pick one it would be banana cream pie. Man, it's fattening, I know—but give me one anytime and I'll eat the whole thing in fifteen minutes flat."

**Kay bakes a pie**

Well, sir, when word of this got to Kay Wheeler—president of your very first fan club—she asked if she couldn't bake one for you to be sent along in our package.

Kay, furthermore, had an idea; a good one, too—dry ice to keep the pie as fresh as if it were right out of the oven.

And then our girl went us one better.

As Kay herself will tell you in a letter she's written to accompany the pie:

*Dear El,*

*We fans know it won't be much, Elvis. But we know you like it and that's all that matters. And so, for every month you are in the service, you are going to receive a great big fresh banana cream pie from us. And all we ask is that while you eat it, you remember how much we love you. For it was you who gave us emancipation —and recognition—'way back in '56, when we were nothing but a bunch of anonymous little monsters to most of the world. We fought for you—but you fought for us, too! When they called us juvenile delinquents, you said we were just healthy normal kids who would grow up and have normal families. And that we needed to get rid of too much energy—and what's wrong with screaming? They never condemned us for screaming at ball games, you told them. Oh, you* TOLD *them, all right, you* TOLD *them!*

In a less-excited P.S., Kay adds:

*P.S. And don't go eating whole pies in fifteen minutes anymore—or else you'll get indigestion something awful! —Kay*

And now for the contents of the rest of the box, letters, a horoscope and a book.

The letters—and there must be two hundred of 'em—are from fans who didn't know how else to contact you so they sent them to us, marked *Please Forward.* We're doing just that, hoping you'll be able to glance through them and enjoy them the first Sunday you have some free time.

**What the future holds**

The horoscope was prepared especially for you by Rita Delmar of Horoscope Magazine, as well-known in her field as you are in yours. It's good reading and full of *significant* predictions.

For instance, it says in one place: OPPORTUNITIES FOR ROMANCE WILL BE MANY—AND YOU WILL EXPERIENCE SOME SUDDEN AND INTENSE ATTRACTIONS WHICH ARE NOT LIKELY TO BE LASTING. THEREFORE, MARRIAGE SHOULD BE APPROACHED CAUTIOUSLY, AND ANY IMPULSE TOWARD A HASTY PLUNGE SHOULD BE HELD IN CHECK.

And: IT WOULD APPEAR STRONGLY ADVISABLE THAT YOU KEEP IN AS CLOSE TOUCH AS POSSIBLE WITH THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD DURING THIS TIME. TAKE EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE RECORDS OR ENTERTAIN.

And: YOU ARE TREMENDOUSLY AMBITIOUS AND WILLING TO WORK HARD TO SUCCEED. SELF-DISCIPLINE IS NECESSARY, BOTH FOR CONTINUAL CAREER SUCCESS AND FOR MAKING WORTHWHILE FRIENDS. YOU SHOULD KEEP IN MIND THAT YOUR STRONGLY MAGNETIC PERSONALITY IS VERY LIKELY TO ATTRACT TO YOU A CROWD OF HANGERS-ON WHO CAN SAP YOUR TIME AND ATTENTION LIKE LEECHES. LEARN TO BE DISCRIMINATING IN THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS, CHOOSING ONLY THOSE WHO ARE WORTHWHILE—THOUGH NEVER FROM ANY SENSE OF SUPERIORITY OR EXCLUSIVENESS.

There are lots more predictions and suggestions—but why don't you read the rest, in private, when the package arrives.

Because now I'd like to tell you a little about the Book we're sending you.

**The book you love**

It's a copy of The Holy Bible.

You know, El, people have said all kinds of things about you ever since you made the big-time—lots of it pretty bad, too.

But nobody has ever dared say that you didn't believe in God or love Him.

And there's a reason for that. It's a hard reason to define. But let me put it this way.

When I talked to you the other day you could have gotten pretty brash and sassy when we began discussing your future in the Army. You could have been thinking the way lots of guys do about how you were going to get out of certain details, how you were going to maneuver for extra leaves, how you were going to make an *in* for yourself with the right people.

But—and I *know* a sincere guy when I hear him!—instead you talked very simply about why you were glad you're going into the Army, *actually glad!*

"For one thing," you said, "this country has been very good to me and it's a way for me to pay back what I owe, just for having been born here, for living here, for being able to follow whatever career I wanted to follow.

"Naturally," you added, "there are going to be some fellows who are going to resent me, and I guess if I wanted any special treatment they'd have a right to resent me. But believe me, I don't want it.

**And after the army?**

"By the way," you went on to say, "a story was printed in a magazine recently—MODERN SCREEN, in fact—saying that some people said that when I got out of the Army I was going to go into active church work, singing Gospel songs and maybe even preaching. Well, truth to tell, I haven't got any plans along that line, even though I've always tried to be active as possible in church work. But then again, who knows about anything in the future, really?

"They say a wise man changes his mind, a fool never does.

"Not that I'm saying I'm a wise man—but who knows what's in the mind of the Lord who created us and directs our every move?"

Those *were* wise words, El.

And they were the words of a young man who believes, in all true wisdom and humility, in the faith he's always lived by.

And so, with that in mind, we are sending you The Bible you love so much and know so well—to keep by your side through the many good times and some of the bad times you will undoubtedly know during the next two years. . . .

Well, I guess that's it for now, El.

Soooooo—

Be good.

Keep in step.

Enjoy your pies.

Don't talk back to the Sarge, *ever.*

And remember—there's not one of us who won't miss you, not one of us who will forget, not one of us who won't be waiting for you to come rockin' and rollin' home!

All the best from
Your friend,
**David Myers**

*Elvis' last picture was* KING CREOLE *for Paramount.*

## the bride nobody kissed

(Continued from page 49) *her laughter and her happy bounce, and they'd talked and giggled the way sisters will on such a morning about the big day ahead. And then the door had opened again and in had walked Mama, holding the beautiful white gown and veil Sophia would wear in a little while and warning her daughters in her best mother-of-the-bride fashion that it was time to get up and stop all the confusion, to get dressed and make ready to go to the church. . . .*

*And then, suddenly, Sophia saw herself carrying a bouquet of white roses and riding through the streets of her native city in the horse-drawn carrozza she had sworn she would ride in ever since she was a kid, from that day during the war when, skinny and half-starved, she had stood on a curb with the other kids in the neighborhood watching that rich, overplump signorina from the ritzy Via Partenope up on the hill riding to her wedding in the lovely-looking carriage. . . .*

*And then, suddenly again, though so softly, she heard the giant organ of the Basilica del Carmine, the oldest and most beautiful church in all of Naples, playing the first strains of the Gounod* Ava Maria. *And she knew now that she was in the church, following her sister in her pale-blue dress down the long aisle; that at the end of the long aisle* he *stood there waiting for her, to take her hand and to lead her to the altar and to all that would be truly good and beautiful in her life.*

**The man waiting for her**

*Her eyes were fixed down, barely noticing the flowers in her hands or the tips of the white satin shoes she was wearing, as she made her way toward him. But she knew, she was certain, that it was Carlo who would be standing there, waiting for her—Carlo Ponti, the man who had discovered her seven years ago, when she was fifteen years old; the man who had pushed her up from the depths of a poverty-stricken, lonely hell to a place near the top of everything, where counts and dukes and big-time industrialists elbowed one another for the privilege of kissing her hand; the man who, people whispered, was too old for her, too fat for her, too short, too everything-wrong, too nothing-right to ever be her husband.*

*But Sophia didn't care what anyone thought as she walked down the aisle that morning. She only cared that* he *would be there when the walk was finished, when she looked up finally, first at the centuries-old crucifix straight aread, then to her right, at the man she would soon marry.*

*No, Sophia didn't care what the people whispered.*

*For* this *was all that was important to her.*

*This was the most beautiful part of her beautiful dream. . . .*

When Sophia did open her eyes, she opened them slowly.

For a moment, she peered at the door across the room, wondering if maybe by some miracle Maria might not come rushing in through it, then Mama with the gown and veil.

But then she snapped on a light alongside the bed. And that was all it took to make her laugh a sad laugh, as she realized that she was awake and that her dream was over.

Yes, this was September 17, all right—the day of her wedding.

But Sophia was in Hollywood, not Naples; in the bedroom of Bungalow Four at the Bel-Air Hotel. And Maria was in Italy, with their mother.


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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK

Sophia reached for the cablegram which had arrived from her beloved the night before, just before she'd gone to sleep.

What it boiled down to was this:

Carlo was having a tough time persuading Italian officials to recognize his divorce from Giuliana, the woman he'd been married to for ten years, and separated from for the past five, and had divorced in Mexico nine days earlier. In fact, the Italian officials had said they did not recognize divorce at all and would certainly never recognize a Mexican divorce.

### No trouble

There was only one thing left for them to do, the cablegram went on—to get married anyway. And soon. Of course, it would have to be done so nobody would know, or suspect. And so arrangements had been made with a judge in Mexico who would marry them by proxy at 12:30 p.m. of

**JOB: Florence Reed, the veteran actress, told the *Twelfth Night Club* yesterday about her recent assignment in California. She played the nurse in *Romeo And Juliet*—the play takes place in Verona, Italy—with John Barrymore Jr., at the Pasadena Playhouse. Miss Reed caught cold, and stayed in bed between performances. One noon she was awakened for a matinee, and noticed it was raining. "Isn't it dreadful," she said to her maid. "I have to go all the way to Verona." . . . The maid said, "Oh, it's not too bad, by the Thruway."**

*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*

this very day. Then they would be husband and wife. And then, for as long as they could, they would keep their secret—between just themselves and their very best friends—so there would be as little trouble as possible for as long as possible.

"No trouble," Sophia whispered, sadly now, as she finished re-reading the cablegram and ran her fingers across the blue-inked letters that spelled his name. "No trouble," she whispered again, thinking only of her loneliness on this day when Carlo should have been there, by her side.

*No trouble. For Sophia could not even have imagined the anguish she would know later on this day, her wedding day. . . .*

At Paramount Studios later that morning, Sophia hid her nervousness.

As usual, she arrived all smiles, kidded with the old gateman as he parked her car; with the make-up man and the costume girls as they tried hard to deglamorize her for her role as a maid in *Houseboat,* the picture she was then working on; with Cary Grant, her co-star and, of course, with her three most adoring fans.

### The little ones

The fans were three of the children working in the picture. And on this particular morning they were excited.

"Aunt Sophie," one of them cried out as the three of them went rushing up to her. "We want to be the first ones to wish you a Happy Birthday."

"What?" Sophia asked, trying to pat all their heads at the same time.

"Yes," another said, taking over. "We heard yesterday that today was your birthday."

Sophia shook her head. "You are wrong," she said "*È venerdì.* It is Friday, the twentieth of September."

She couldn't imagine what was wrong until she saw the children's faces drop, as one. Then she knew.

"Tell me," she said to one of them, a little girl, standing, sadly, alongside her. "What is that you are hiding behind you?"

"Just a little box of cookies," the girl said.

"For me?" Sophia asked.

"Well," the little girl said, "we chipped in for the stuff yesterday and I made the cookies for you last night because I thought today was your birthday. But it's not.... And they'll be all stale by Friday."

Sophia got down on her knees and took the box from the little girl's hand. "How pretty it is wrapped," she said. "May I open it?"

The girl nodded.

"Ohhhhhh, *ma come sono belle* . . . how beautiful they are," Sophia said when she saw them—big, uneven mounds of cake specked with chocolate pieces straight from a giant-sized Hershey bar.

She looked at the children's faces and thought for a moment.

### A special holiday

"Hear now," she said. "On Friday I will bring you all a big birthday cake and we will eat it all together, all right? But for now why don't I take this present from you and just make believe that today is a holiday for me and that you have given it to me for that holiday."

"Like the Fourth of July?" one of them asked.

"Or like it was some kind of big anniversary in Italy?" asked the other.

"Or like it was a secret celebration—only for you?" the little girl chimed in, a touch of delighted mystery in her voice.

"Like that," Sophia said, nodding.

Then she saw that Mel Shavelson, the director, was ready to start his camera rolling.

"We better go," she whispered to the children, kissing them all and shooing them off. "Our boss is waiting."

With a signal to the assistant director, she begged off for a minute in order to rush to her trailer-type dressing room and leave the cookies there.

Then she rushed to the set again, to begin the morning's work. . . .

Sophia was back in her dressing room a little after noon, moments after the break for lunch was called. For the past hour she'd found it harder and harder to control her nervousness and she wanted, desperately now, to be alone.

She sat down and looked around the tiny room. *If this were Italy and it were my wedding day and there were no trouble,* she thought, *how many people there would be, how much laughter there would be.*

She picked up a phone and ordered lunch from the commissary.

The young boy who brought it a few minutes later smiled. "This is the first time you're not eating in the dining room with everybody else," he said.

Sophia nodded. "I have a tiny headache," she said. "I will be all right."

She stared at the tray after the boy left—at the cottage cheese salad, the small glass of white wine, the piece of plain pound cake, her usual light lunch.

She sighed. No, she didn't feel like eating.

Then she looked down at her watch.

It was twenty minutes after twelve.

"In ten minutes," she thought.

### Getting it over with

She could see it now, half-smiling as she visualized what was going on a thousand miles away at this moment, in a quiet judge's office somewhere in sprawling Mexico City, the judge wiping his glasses and getting ready to read the wedding speech, the two lawyers who would stand in for the bride and groom tweaking their mustaches—Sophia was certain they would both have large, black mustachios.

"I wonder," Sophia thought, still smiling, "if one will give the other a ring?"

Then, suddenly, it dawned on her.

She had no ring. In a few minutes she would be a bride—and she had no ring.

"*L'anello di Mama* . . . Mama's ring," she said aloud, remembering the wedding band her mother had given her once, telling her to wear it on her right hand. "I just have a feeling that someday it might bring you luck," her mother had said, "that you might be able to use it for something someday."

"*L'anello,*" Sophia said again now.

That was it! She would wear the ring her mother had given her.

She looked down at her right hand.

No, it was not there. Of course, it was not there. She wore it all the time, yes; but she could not wear it while she was shooting a scene in a picture, naturally.

She reached for the purse. As she did, she looked down at her watch. It was two minutes before 12:30 already.

"Quick," she told herself as she searched.

Finally, she found it.

She looked at the watch again.

It was 12:29.

For a full minute she remained rigid, waiting for the second hand to finish its final time 'round.

Then, finally, it was 12:30.

She slipped the ring onto the fourth finger of her left hand.

### "I do, Carlo, I do"

And then, closing her eyes, imagining that she was kneeling at the altar, that a priest of her faith had just asked if she, Sophia, took Carlo to be her lawful wedded husband, to love him, honor and obey him, forever—she nodded and whispered, "I do, Carlo, I do."

**Janet Blair says her husband, Nick Maya, still is nat over the shock af meeting her family far the first time: "I taak him to my hame tawn of Altaana, Pa., naw with 150,000 papulatian, and intraduced him ta my parents, uncles, aunts, grandparents, all of whom are happy, gusty, musical falk.**

**"Nick's first reactian was, 'They dan't talk . . . they sing.' And then he was introduced ta grandma, wha grabbed him by the waist, gave him a big hug, and lifted him up . . . And she must be over 90. Nick said later, 'I'm glad I didn't meet her when she was yaunger.' "**

*Paul Denis*

"It all started out so beautifully that night, it was so much fun, that none of us expected that anything awful would happen—as it did," said a close friend of Sophia's recently. She was one of the few friends the actress had called and asked to come over to the hotel to hear something special.

"I remember we got to the Bel-Air at about eight o'clock," she went on. "Sophia looked radiant.

"Carlo would be phoning in a little while, she said then, but meanwhile we would sit around and drink some champagne, she said.

"So we did—and it was wonderful. I could imagine what Sophia had been through earlier, being so alone, not being able to tell anybody that the biggest thing in her life had happened, that she had become a bride. But she'd obviously gotten over any anxieties she'd had by this time. And she was, as I said, radiant.

"Well, it must have been a little less than an hour later when the telephone rang.

"Sophia jumped up. 'This must be Carlo,' she said, 'calling from Switzerland.'

"She rushed for the phone, picked it up and nodded. 'Yes,' she said, smiling, 'the operator says it is Europe calling.'

"She didn't smile for long, though. Because it wasn't Carlo who was calling from Switzerland, but an agent of Sophia's calling from Rome.

"It was obvious from the beginning that he was telling her that word of the wedding had leaked out already, that the Italian press had already come out with stories about it, scathing stories.

" 'Tell them I do not care what they say,' we heard Sophia tell him. 'Tell them we did not commit a crime. . . . Tell them that Carlo and I *are* married, yes, and that we plan to have five, six, *seven* children!'

**The denunciation**

"She hung up and turned around. She was crying. And the next day we would know exactly why, when we read the reports from Rome: the Church denouncing her and Carlo as public sinners, one official stating that 'they cannot receive the sacraments until they have repaired the scandal,' another advising everyone to ban her pictures from this date on, 'to ignore Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti, remembering them only in prayers for their redemption'—still another telling them in no uncertain terms ever to return to Italy, because they were not, would never be, welcome again."

The friend remembers then how she and the others decided that the party was over and that it was time to leave.

They said their goodbyes, she remembers and Sophia was walking silently toward the door with them when the phone rang again.

For a moment Sophia seemed dazed, as if everything that had happened that day, that had just been said to her on the phone, was unreal, like the wedding dream she had dreamed earlier, like a scene from a movie she had seen once, a long time ago.

But then, the friend remembers, slowly, a smile began to show through her tears and she listened to the phone ring a few more times and then her smile grew broader and happier and she wiped away the tears, unashamed, with the back of her hand.

"You will all excuse me," she said, very proudly, "but now I must go back and talk to my husband."

When MODERN SCREEN spoke to Sophia the other day, she and her Carlo had been married for a little more than seven months. And, good to report, many of the problems of those early days had begun to iron out and Sophia—working now on *Black Orchid*, with Anthony Quinn—seemed happy to take a little time out and talk about her life with Carlo since that day last September.

**The happy time**

"I give thanks," she said, "that we have been able to be together most of the time. Carlo came to be with me shortly after the wedding by proxy and I do not think we have been separated more than a couple of days since. Even now, here in Hollywood, he is with me.

"Of course, I must work hard all day on the picture and Carlo works hard on many production details. But at night, when we are finished, we go back to the hotel and then it is just the two of us. There are stories that at the hotel I do all the cooking for Carlo and me. I wish this were true, because I like to cook. But unfortunately it is only sometimes that I do get to the stove. Why? Well, as I said, it is tiring working all day at the studio. And second, I am from the south of Italy and Carlo is from the north and we fight sometimes about the different styles of food we are used to. Me, from the south, I like much tomato sauce and spice. But Carlo, from the north, he likes more the plain food, not too much seasoned or with too much tomatoes.

"Anyway, after dinner—no matter who cooks it, me or the maid—we both go into the living room and we sit and relax. Many people say we do not go out much at night, as if that were something bad. But I say why should we? For us, it is just fun to sit around our apartment and talk. Or listen to our records—we like Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra and now Johnny Mathis, too, the best. Or to watch television. That is one of our favorite things, to watch the TV. We have a color set we rented and sometimes we have great fun turning the dials and making the faces on the screen turn all red or all green. Especially when it is somebody we do not like too much, we enjoy watching them in green.

"And then, after a few hours, we go to bed and before we fall asleep we always talk about what we will do when Saturday and Sunday comes and we do not have to work. Sometimes I tell Carlo that on Saturday I will start to be a real wife, to press his shirts and things like that. . . ."

She shrugged a hearty Neopolitan shrug and looked down at her wedding band, a new one Carlo had brought from Europe.

". . . So far I have not been able to do things like that," she went on, simply. "But I want very much to learn how to be a good wife. Because I have a very good husband. And for this I thank God, very much." **END**

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# I lived with my boy friend's family

(*Continued from page 31*) And by that time Judi was seen on TV—she'd already been a top *professional* figure skater with the Ice Follies!

"Figure skating went when I leaned against a window," says this kid with the crazy mixed-up problem. Seems she *fell* through the window she was leaning against . . . and broke her back. That ended ice skating as a career, and started her at the Pasadena Playhouse . . . and that got her TV, a movie contract—and her strange situation. . . .

Okay, Judi?

"Okay."

It all started one hot July afternoon when Judi had a date with Troy Donahue, a six-foot-three giant whom she'd met on the set.

While eating dinner, Troy—whose interest in Judi showed—suggested they pay a visit to a friend of his, who had just come back from the hospital after an operation.

Troy is still regretting that suggestion!

The convalescing patient was Wendell Niles, Jr., son of the well-known radio announcer.

Judi and Wendell took one look at each other, and they liked what they saw. However, Troy being a friend of Niles' rather complicated matters.

But not for long.

The next night they made a double date, with Gretchen Foster coming along with Niles. Sensing what was happening between Judi and Wendell, Troy gave them little chance to be alone together. But Wendell did manage to whisper into Judi's ear a plea about seeing him later that evening, alone.

**Ingrid Bergman said about Ernest Hemingway: "It's easy to act the roles created by Hemingway. An actress can digest the words easily, and doesn't need salt or pepper."**
*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*

### The intrigue

Taking her home after the date was no problem for Troy. who lived in the same apartment house, a floor beneath Judi. Since the apartment walls are quite thin, she wanted to make sure he "knew" she was asleep by clumping up to her room, loudly dropping her shoes on the floor, and turning out the lights—just in case he was watching the reflection on the building opposite them.

Twenty minutes later she sneaked out of the house barefoot, and tiptoed downstairs. Her car was parked right in front of the entrance. Fearing Troy would recognize the sound of her engine, she got behind the car and pushed it down the driveway, which wasn't too tough since the driveway was a sharp down-hill. But a few seconds later she found herself stuck when she hit a bump in the road. As she leaned against the trunk with all her strength, she suddenly noticed another pair of shoulders straining to help her. When she turned her head—she saw Troy.

"You didn't have to do that," he said quietly.

"I'm sorry," Judi replied. She wanted to explain, but the words wouldn't come. And so she simply got into the car and took off.

Wendell had been waiting for her in front of his parents' house. He took her into the living room and poured her a cup of coffee. Then they sat on the couch and talked till four in the morning. They had found in each other the kind of person to whom they could pour out their hearts, to whom they could talk easily, about anything. Wendell never tried to kiss her, even hold hands.

Starting the following day, they became a steady two-some. And last Christmas, Wendell gave her the ring.

Because in his own mind Wendell was not certain what he was going to do—he was with the William Morris Agency when they met, but quit his job shortly afterwards—and because Judi's career was at the point where it required all her concentration, they decided not to get formally engaged. They simply had an understanding that if they felt about one another in a year as they did then—and do now—they would get married. In the meantime Wendell would go to New York where he had several offers in advertising.

And then came the crisis.

Wendell didn't want Judi to stay at her apartment, by herself. And that feeling didn't spell out Troy Donahue either.

He just had no intention of leaving "the little urchin" or "his poor little thing"—those're his nicknames for her—by herself without anyone to look after her.

Judi didn't go along with his line of reasoning.

"Move in with your parents?" she had cried out the night he first suggested it, "that's ridiculous!"

Wendell looked hurt. "Don't you like them?"

"I love them," Judi insisted, seriously. "And that's all the more reason why I wouldn't want to move in. I couldn't accept their kindness because I'd have no way to repay them.

"Besides—"

He looked at her speculatively. "Besides —*what?*"

"A girl just doesn't move in with the parents of the boy she hopes to marry some day. It just isn't done."

Judi's decision was final—she thought.

Wendell was just as determined to have his way. And if he couldn't be persuasive, he could be persistent. He had two weeks before he left for New York. He used almost every hour of it trying to wear her down. And Judi did change her mind, but not just because she got tired of saying *no*. Wendell's parents, particularly his mother, proved a strong ally in changing her mind. She had grown fond of Judi in the previous months. In addition to looking forward to the day Judi would be her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Niles welcomed the opportunity of having someone else around the house, now that her son would be gone for a whole year.

### The problems

But after Wendell left, Judi became more and more worried that they were being kind and considerate only because she was going to marry their son. And as the days went by, the harder they tried to please her, the kinder, the more gracious they became, the more uneasy Judi felt.

They were always doing something for her—like Mrs. Niles having the bathtub full of water and ready for her to hop right into when she got home from work, or Mr. Niles putting a TV set in her own room or installing a remote control attachment into her car so she could open the door by just pushing a button.

She wanted to do something to repay them. Yet anything she thought of seemed inadequate.

From the very beginning she took care of her own room and helped with the dishes and much of the housework. But that, she felt, she would have done anyway, living in anyone's house.

She knew the Niles were well enough off so that they didn't need any financial help. But whether they needed it or not, Judi was determined to contribute to her upkeep anyway.

Every one of her attempts failed miserably.

One evening as she dried the dishes for Mrs. Niles, she hesitantly brought it up. Mrs. Niles didn't seem to understand what she was hinting about; Judi was convinced this was intentional. And she was too embarrassed to say it outright.

If she couldn't pay a certain amount each week, she decided, there were other ways. One day when she came home from the studio, she stopped at a market and bought a beautiful roast. The moment she put it on the kitchen sink, Mrs. Niles rushed for her purse.

**Marlon Brando bleached his hair blond for his role in *The Young Lions*. At first a blond wig was made for him in Hollywood and sent to Paris, where the movie was filmed. The wig didn't fit, and not even Paris' foremost wig-maker, Bertrand, could fix it. Bertrand, in despair, asked Brando: "Do you think, possibly, that your head has shrunk since you were measured in Hollywood?" "Many things happen to a Hollywood actor's head," replied Brando. "But shrink? Never."**
*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*

"Oh no, that's on me!" Judi protested.

Mrs. Niles refused to discuss the matter, simply insisted Judi take the money—and that was that.

Not that Judi didn't appreciate everything, even though—as she thought—they were doing it only for Wendell . . . not for *her*. She wanted to cry out, time and again, *Thanks, I love you for it. I love you very much.* But the more she thought of it, the more in the way she felt.

And it started to affect her whole relationship with them. When she had first moved in she could talk to them easily, kid about this or that or horse around. As the weeks went by she got quieter and quieter, trying to fade into the background as if she weren't there. When the Niles had guests, Judi turned into a silent observer because she didn't want to "intrude." *It's their home*, she kept telling herself, *their friends, their guests. Their lives. I am not even officially engaged to their son, and here I am sleeping in their bed, eating their food, mingling with their friends. . . .*

So when she and Mrs. Niles had coffee together in the morning and Judi wanted to say how at home it felt, how it reminded her of being with her own mother when she still lived at home—instead she'd make some meaningless remark about the weather. Or when Mrs. Niles went to the hospital for a couple of days and she wanted to ask Mr. Niles to let her take over the cooking—somehow this seemed presumptuous to her, and she said nothing.

Her situation became still tougher be-

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cause Judi is the kind of girl who periodically has to let go of her emotions. When she had her own place, on the spur of a moment she would sometimes scream or holler—or laugh out loud when something struck her particularly funny. She had loved her privacy, because she could get up in the middle of the night as noisily as she wished, and head for the refrigerator for a midnight snack. Now, although she knew she was welcome to anything she wanted, she would sneak through the house and quietly open the refrigerator in search of a piece of cheese or an apple.

Yet her stay had many advantages too.

**Plenty of advantages**

Since Judi had left home at fifteen to join the Ice Follies, no one had ever cared if she got enough to eat, sufficient rest or ample exercise. When she was ill, it was her tough luck. No one else even knew.

Not any more. Mrs. Niles makes sure that she has enough to eat, sufficient rest, and worries about her like she would about her own daughter. What's more, she is careful never to disturb her privacy—nor when it comes to dating, to impose on her social life or in any way criticize or play detective in behalf of her son.

Judi's philosophy on the subject is typically female. Before Wendell left, she insisted that her profession required her to go to premières, parties, and other official functions. Since he wasn't there, she'd just have to go with someone else.

"That's all right with me," Wendell had promised, like he meant it.

**Zsa Zsa's lament: "I've been known for my looks, my diamonds and my romances. Now I want to be admired for my acting."**

*Walter Winchell in the New York Mirror*

"Aren't you going to be jealous?" Judi asked in surprise.

"Should I be?"

"Of course not," she insisted. "Just go on loving me. But," she added, *and she meant it,* "I don't want to hear about you going out with any girl in New York!"

**A few privacies**

While Judi's life has become an open book for Wendell and his parents, she eagerly clings to a few specks of privacy. One of them is her own telephone, which she had installed in her room. While she had no secrets to keep from the Niles', she looks at the phone with almost the same fond attachment that she feels toward Niles' letters—which she carries in her purse and reads over and over and over again. Yet most of the local calls are short and to the point: from her studio, her answering service, her few friends, boys whose dates she accepts but not particularly enjoys because her heart belongs to Wendell. Mostly she waits for his calls, and her thoughts and her love for him, and to hear his assurance that he misses her, and loves her.

Wendell himself is most concerned about how she is getting along at his parents' home.

"Fine, just wonderful," Judy will tell him, because she knows how much it means to him.

Because, in spite of some awkward moments, of wondering at times how she ever got herself into such a fix, she has convinced herself that under the circumstances she is a lot better off *with* them than on her own.

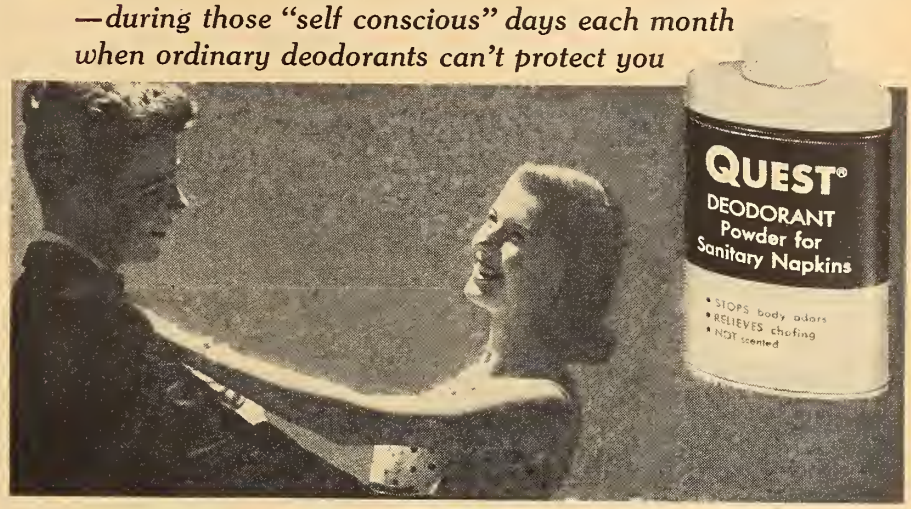
Besides—it won't be forever. . . . END

*Judi is in* SUMMER LOVE *and will appear in* WILD HERITAGE, *both for U-I.*


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Dr Scholl's KUROTEX A Superior Moleskin

# mama, I can't come home

(*Continued from page 47*) another car was pulling up—this time with Jimmy's Uncle Mannie, his wife Cora and their daughter Vicky.

And then, right behind it, came another car—with Uncle Dominick and Aunt Betty.

A third truck followed, a very fancy red truck with a giant stork painted on its side and with a crib and highchair tied to its back, both of which were removed by the driver and his assistant and carried into the house.

And then came still another car—this one carrying Uncle Stanley, his wife Mary, and their infant son, Stanley, Jr.

"By eleven o'clock," said an old man sitting with a crony on a stoop across the way, "I bet you there are thirty people in there."

"Fifty," his friend said, contradicting him. "Maybe even fifty-five!"

Actually, the second old man was closer to the truth.

But at the moment, inside the bustling house, Jimmy's folks and grandparents weren't concerned about whether there'd be fifty-five or a hundred-and-fifty-five people visiting that day. All that was important to them was that Jimmy, Gloria and the baby had left Hollywood on the midnight flight, that they were going to be home at about noon—and that they had to be ready for them.

"Now everybody relax nice in the living room while Mama and I start preparing the lunch," Mrs. Ercolani was saying to the gang of new-arrivals when the phone rang.

"Jimmy?" she cried into the receiver, surprised, a moment later. "But Jimmy, you're supposed to be on the airplane, I thought. What are you doing calling from California?"

She listened as Jimmy explained. Just before they were supposed to leave last night, he said, he'd gotten a call from the studio to stand by for a conference the following day, Saturday. It was almost 3 A.M. Philadelphia time when this happened, he said, and that was why he hadn't phoned then.

"But you *will* come?" Mrs. Ercolani asked now, "hah, Jimmy?"

### Jimmy said "Sure"

She nodded to the others, relieved, and Jimmy said sure he would. The conference was scheduled for a few minutes from now, he said. He had no idea what it was about. But it surely wouldn't take long, he told her. And then, right after it was over, he, Gloria and the baby would dash out to the airport and make it home just about in time for supper.

"Oh, good," Mrs. Ercolani said, all smiles again. "A lot of us are here already. And don't worry about the baby not being comfortable when he gets here. Because we bought a nice crib for him and a highchair and everything." She sighed. "Oh Jimmy," she said, unable to hide her excitement, "how we're looking forward to seeing him after all this time."

Then she glanced to her side where her mother was standing now, obviously anxious to talk to her grandson. She handed her the phone.

"Hello, my movie star," the old woman said as she took the receiver and cupped it to her ear. "Listen, come home right away because we make the ravioli for you. *Si*, the ravioli like you used to like them when you were small, with the ricotta cheese and the spinach in them. And we make the pizza—not the frozen kind you have to eat out there in California, but the real kind with the dough we make ourself. And tomorrow morning, Jimmy, *I* make you the eggs, nice —sunny-sides up. Remember, Jimmy, how when you were small you said I was the only one who could make the eggs good?" She laughed. "Now hurry up and get on the airplane after your business is finished. And *wey*, don't forget to bring my great-grandson with you. Remember, I never seen him and I wait all this year to see him."

The hours after that went by swiftly. By noon, everybody who had showed up already sat down to lunch—in shifts. And then, starting at about one o'clock, the rest of the crowd began to appear . . . in twos, fours and what-have-yous . . . more relatives and old friends of the family from the neighborhood, pals of Jimmy's from school, some of Gloria's girl friends from her old neighborhood . . . practically everybody from that part of Philadelphia, it seemed.

### Remembering Jimmy

It was about three o'clock when Mr. Charlie showed up. Mr. Charlie was manager of the Colonial, a movie house around the corner from the Ercolanis, a big jolly man who had known Jimmy since he was a kid.

"That Jimmy of yours," he laughed, after Mr. and Mrs. Ercolani had greeted him, "I remember having to shoo him out of the movie house practically every Saturday afternoon because he was too noisy. And now here it is, a Saturday afternoon a few years later, and I drop by to say hello to him—a big actor, just back from Hollywood!"

Mr. Charlie looked around the crowded room.

"Where is he, anyway?" he asked.

Mr. Ercolani had just begun to explain what had happened—how Jimmy had been delayed, but how he was probably on the plane this very minute, headed East—when the phone rang again.

Mr. Ercolani excused himself and picked it up.

Then, a few minutes later, after talking over the loud festive chattering, he hung up and called out for everybody to please be quiet.

"That was Jimmy again," he said, softly, signaling his wife over and taking her hand in his. He tried to smile, "Jimmy told me he has some good news. He said that he just talked to a big vice-president at the studio where he works and the vice-president told him he's got an important part in a big new picture. It's called *Gunman's Walk*, I think Jimmy said." He cleared his throat. "Only thing," he went on, "is that the picture starts shooting next week and so Jimmy can't come home."

"He can't?" Mrs. Ercolani asked.

"No," her husband said. "But . . . but he told me not to send the crib back to the store because he and Gloria and the baby would definitely be here when the picture's finished, in a few months."

"In a few months?" Mrs. Ercolani asked.

Her husband nodded.

### Keep the crib

"Of course we don't send the crib back," Mrs. Ercolani said suddenly, looking around the room and trying to smile, too. "And so what they don't come home today like we expected they would? After all, a big part in a picture is important. And you don't get them every day. Do you?"

But she didn't wait for an answer from the silent crowd. Instead she turned and rushed out of the living room, to her own room, where she could have a good long cry.

At that moment, in Hollywood, Gloria was giving the baby his lunch.

"Jimmy," she called out to her husband as she wiped the last traces of strained prunes from young Jimmy's face, "are you ready, honey?"

"Yeah. Whenever you are," she heard her husband call back.

She shook her head. She was disappointed about the trip being called off suddenly, sure. But she'd never seen her husband act so sad about anything in his life. In those last few minutes she'd tried to lighten things a bit, reminding him how important this new role would be to his career, how lucky he was to land a part in a Grade-A western. But Jimmy wasn't buying any career-talk now, not for all the tea in China or all the Grade-A westerns in Hollywood. "They'd counted on seeing the baby, finally, so much," he'd said instead, over and over. "It's gonna break their hearts now that we can't make it."

### The tonic car

Gloria had waited just a little while, and then she'd suggested they go for a ride somewhere. She knew from experience that Jimmy's car was his best medicine, that an afternoon behind the wheel would help take his mind off his big disappointment.

As it turned out, this was one time Gloria couldn't have been more wrong. Because Jimmy wasn't a sulker by nature—but he certainly did a lot of sulking for the rest of that afternoon.

Gloria noticed it as they drove to the beach first—how her husband didn't say a word all during the drive. Then on the beach, as he sat making little sand castles with the baby—how he still didn't say anything. And then, all through the snack they stopped for at a drive-in, how he acted just the same, quiet, unsmiling, thinking of how things *would* have been in Philadelphia at that moment if they'd been able to make the trip, thinking of the happy faces, the big long hugs, the laughter, the excitement over the baby.

Even when they got to Kiddieland—an amusement park for children and Jimmy, Jr.'s favorite spot in all California—Jim, Sr. remained glum.

He went through all the usual motions, all right. He took the baby on most of the rides. He bought him a frozen custard cup. He picked him up when he was tired. He put him down when he wanted to start running around again.

But he did it all slowly, mechanically, with about as much spirit as a heart-sick puppy—and it wasn't until just before they were ready to leave when something happened that changed everything for Jimmy.

It started with the baby.

Jimmy, thinking his son had really had it by this time, had picked him up for what he thought was the last time that afternoon and begun to head back to the car, when suddenly the baby began to squirm.

"What is it, Buddy?" Jimmy asked.

"Wan' go," the baby said. "Wan' go."

"You wanna go where?" Jimmy asked.

He watched as the baby pointed to the one ride he hadn't been on that day—the airplanes.

"Well, Buddy," Jimmy said, "that's very funny, because you almost went on an airplane today. You and your Mommy and me, we all almost—"

"Plane," the baby nodded, interrupting him. "Me on plane, Da-Da."

Jimmy shook his head. "You *almost* on plane—" he started to say again, when all of a sudden he stopped walking and stood there now, thinking about something and beginning to smile.

"Wan' go," the baby kept saying, over and over, as Jimmy continued standing there, as the smile on his face grew broader and broader, until Gloria—who'd been walking alongside them, not paying

any particular attention to what was going on just then—turned to Jimmy and asked, "What are you grinning about?"

"Glo, I just got an idea," Jimmy said.

"What's that?" Gloria asked.

"Glo," Jim explained, his voice triumphant, "the baby—he just gave me a great idea!"

**And this is it**

Things were quiet at the Ercolani house in Philadelphia the next morning. Jim's folks and grandparents had gone to early Mass at the church down the street and they were back home by ten o'clock. Sunday was normally a pretty lively day at the house—with maybe Johnny and his wife invited over to dinner along with some other relatives and some friends, too. But this particular Sunday had started quiet and, as far as the Ercolanis were concerned, it would have been silly to try to liven it up. The wonderful fun they'd expected to have the night before—and now, today—just wasn't going to be. That they knew, and there was no sense in kidding themselves that anything could make up for their disappointment.

Even when, shortly after one o'clock, Mrs. Ercolani's brother Dominick and his wife Betty showed up unexpectedly—a little out of breath *and* smiling to beat the band, for some strange reason—the Ercolanis and Jimmy's grandparents couldn't rouse much enthusiasm.

"Nice to see you," Mr. Ercolani said, shaking his brother-in-law's hand.

"Good to see you, Ray," Dom said. "Any phone calls yet?"

"What do you mean any phone calls?" Mr. Ercolani asked.

Dom looked down at his watch. "Oh, I just thought maybe you got a phone call or something this morning," he said, turning to Betty and winking.

The others looked at each other, confused.

"Dominick," Mrs. Ercolani asked her brother, "you sure you're feeling all right today?"

"Sure," Dom said, looking down at the watch again, "I'm feeling fine."

Then he looked over at the phone and pointed to it. And sure enough, suddenly, it rang.

"What's going on here?" Mrs. Ercolani asked, more confused than ever now, as she went to pick it up.

"Hollywood?" she was asking into the receiver a moment later. She nodded and looked at her husband. "It must be Jimmy again, to say hello," she said.

"Hello, Jimmy?" she called into the receiver, after another moment.

"Hello, Mom," she heard Jimmy's voice greet her, "how are you?"

"Fine, Jimmy, fine," she said. "And you and Gloria and the baby?"

"Great, Mom," Jimmy said. "But boy, I sure feel bad about what happened yesterday, us not being able to show up."

**The vinto**

"Oh, well—" Mrs. Ercolani started to say.

"I know how much you all wanted to see the baby, huh, Mom?" Jimmy interrupted her.

"Well, sure."

"You'd really *like* to see that grandson of yours, wouldn't you, Mom?"

"Of course, Jimmy, but—"

"Mom," Jimmy said, suddenly, "do me a favor. Go open the door."

"What door?" his mother asked.

"The front door," Jimmy said. "Go ahead, go open it."

Mrs. Ercolani sighed. First her brother acting cuckoo. And now her son. "Jimmy, you haven't started drinking since you've been out there in California, have you?" she asked, worried.




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"Mom," Jimmy said, chuckling, "please . . . just go open the front door."

She opened it.

"Hello," a pretty young woman said to her.

"Hello," Mrs. Ercolani said—not recognizing the young woman at first, nor the baby she was holding.

Then, suddenly, she did recognize them. And she shouted, "It's Gloria! *And Little Jimmy!*"

**A long long-distance**

As Big Jimmy himself describes what happened after that:

"I must have been on the phone for three or four minutes, just hanging on; listening to all the shouting and yelling and crying when the family saw Gloria and the baby standing there. Mom was too excited to come back to the phone to talk to me. Honest, I think she forgot about me altogether those next few minutes. But when my Pop got on the phone I explained to him what had happened, how I'd decided the night before to let Gloria and the baby come even if I couldn't make it, how I'd called Uncle Dom and Aunt Betty and told them about the plot, how they'd met Gloria at the airport and then how we had it all arranged that I'd phone at 1:15 on the dot and have Gloria and the baby waiting behind the door.

"It all worked out perfectly. And even though my Mom never came back to the phone, I remember my grandmother did at one point.

" 'Hey, you,' she said, after raving for a few minutes about *Jiminootz*, her little great-grandson, 'why *you* no come home?'

"I explained again about the picture I had to start working on.

" 'But we got some of the ravioli left over from yesterday, still nice and fresh,' she told me.

" 'I tell you what, *Nonna*' I said, 'in a little while, just when you're all sitting down to eat, I'll go to a restaurant around here and I'll order a meal just like yours and then I can make believe we're all together. All right?'

Jimmy was in the restaurant about an hour later, a little Italian eating place on Sunset Boulevard, not far from his and Gloria's apartment.

Sitting alone, he ordered the meal his grandmother had said she and his mom had prepared, item for item.

Then, closing his eyes, he lifted his wine glass and began to whisper a toast.

"Did you say something?" a waiter who was passing by asked.

"Uh, no," Jimmy said.

"Oh, just practicing for a movie?"

"Yeah, that's right," Jimmy said, smiling, "just practicing."

Still smiling, he looked around the table—at the places where he imagined his dad was sitting, and Gloria, and Grandma and Grandpa, *and* Mom, proudly holding the baby in her lap.

Then, making sure the waiter was gone, he lifted his wine glass again, took a sip and whispered *buon appetito*—hearty appetite—to a very happy group of people, three thousand very far miles away. **END**

*Watch for Jimmy in Columbia's* GUNMAN'S WALK.

## debbie's thrilling morning with the stork

(*Continued from page 45*) *No,* she told herself, *I won't do it.* No point in waking him, hours before she'd have to go to the hospital.

I thought her philosophical attitude was pretty sane when she described just how she felt—"Men are so excitable about childbirth because they are actually so outside of what's happening. After all, there isn't a thing in the world they can do but just stand by and pray God that everything will go all right. So all they do is get themselves in a turmoil, which is pretty frustrating."

Through the long night hours her pains, at first slight, increased gradually. It was about 5 A.M., she recalls, when she began to feel pretty certain that February 24 was to be her second baby's birthday. She telephoned Dr. Charles Levy, who had delivered her daughter Carrie, and he told her to get ready for a trip to St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank.

"Keep in close touch and call me right away if there are any important changes," the doctor ordered.

Not until then did she wake Eddie up. His reaction was characteristic of the expectant father. He jumped out of bed and yelled, "Let's go! Just put on a robe and we'll be over there in nothing flat!"

"Cool it, cool it, honey," Debbie admonished him, quite the unperturbed young matron—who'd been through all this before. "There isn't that big a hurry. I'll have time to dress and eat breakfast."

But Eddie was in a flutter of excitement. He couldn't understand how she could be so calm, even though fatherhood wasn't a new experience to him either.

**Remembering Carrie**

When little Carrie was ready to make her bow into the world they'd had to drive all the way from Palm Springs to Burbank, a hundred and twenty miles, and it had seemed like five hundred. And the doctor had been so matter-of-fact about it that Eddie had almost hated him. But—well, do fathers ever learn? Now Eddie was facing the same ordeal again and he was dead sure the baby would arrive before they could get to the hospital.

Again Dr. Levy was taking it all in stride.

"Be at the hospital around ten o'clock," he advised calmly.

Debbie was beaming, happy that her anxious waiting was nearly at an end.

"A good thing," she remarked, "that this didn't happen while you were doing your television show."

"Pretty good timing, I'd call it," Eddie grinned. "But it wouldn't have made any difference; I'd have been with you anyway."

That's one point they had talked over together. "You're not to worry if I have to go to the hospital while you're on the air," Debbie had insisted. "The chauffeur can drive me."

"Not in a thousand years," was Eddie's retort. "Nobody but me will drive my wife to the hospital, and I'll have a stand-by ready to pinch-hit for me if it should happen that way. I'm going to be right with you, all the time."

While they were preparing to start for the hospital she kept telling him that Dr. Levy knew perfectly well what he was doing and that he'd take good care of her.

"Oh, I know that, I know that," Eddie said. "But something might go wrong and we can't take any chances."

Starting out of the driveway Eddie shoved down hard on the pedal and the speedometer needle climbed like mad.

"Now let's not get a traffic ticket, and don't run any lights, and watch out for boulevard stops," she warned.

"Wish I'd remembered to get a motorcycle escort. We could have arranged it."

"Oh, there's plenty of time, no hurry. Dr. Levy thinks the baby will arrive about noon. There's hours."

"Say, what if we had to stop and let the baby be born right here in the car? Gee!"

"Silly! Nothing like that's going to happen. Come on, let's sing and forget it."

**A duet**

She began and Eddie did his best to join in, but for once his voice came out a little cracked. Debbie's tones throbbed with her happiness.

They made good time, with most of the traffic going in the opposite direction. Toward the end Debbie began to be a little excited too, and she stopped singing because her pains were coming with a quickening intensity that told her time was running out for her. It was with a great surge of relief that she walked into St. Joseph's and glimpsed Dr. Levy's reassuring smile as he took her arm and led her to the room prepared for her.

She felt forlorn and alone, for this was one road she had to travel by herself—only his love could he send with her.

And how did Eddie spend those hours? Sweating it out until the nurse came to tell him, "It's a fine big boy!"

Eddie's grin stretched from here to there.

"Dean said it would be a boy," he said, remembering happily what his pal Dean Martin had told him: "If you don't set your heart on a boy too much you'll get one." So Eddie, wanting a son, hadn't let himself get too keyed up about it. A son was what he really wanted deep inside. And now he had his wish.

**Dean knows**

Dean, the father of seven, was speaking from experience. Eddie was tempted to get right on the phone and tell Dean, "I've got a son!" And that's exactly what he did, but not until after he had followed the nurse and stood mutely happy at Debbie's bedside. After a little while he found his voice. The hospital nurse told me Eddie's first words about his son were, "My, what a whopper he is!" And then, "Look at those legs! Long! Say, he ought to be a great basketball player!"

Debbie's mother arrived then and she and Eddie got on the telephone to call friends and relatives.

After all his good intentions, when Eddie got Dean Martin on the phone he told him, "It's a girl! No, I mean it's a boy." Dean said "You'd better go back and take another look to be sure. And listen, when you've gone through this as many times as I have you won't get all hot and bothered. Cool down, man! Cool down!"

Naming the baby, if a boy, had been pretty well decided in advance by Debbie and Eddie. And so he's Todd Emanuel, after two of their dearest friends, Mike Todd and Mannie Sachs—both so tragically taken from them. Mannie, a potent influence in Eddie's early career, died a few months before Mike's ill-fated plane crash.

How did that thrilling morning end? With a disappointment.

Just as soon as she was rested, Debbie began clamoring for baby daughter Carrie. So when Debbie fell asleep, Eddie drove home to fetch Carrie. That's when Eddie found out there was a strict rule against allowing young children in a hospital, where there are so many other babies whose health must be guarded. So Carrie had to wait in the car. Her mommy sent her a fluffy doll, delivered for the new baby, so Carrie didn't mind too much. But Debbie did! Maybe that's why in just four days Debbie went home, an amazingly brief time of recuperation considering the difficult time she'd had. The hospital people would have preferred another week for her, but she couldn't wait to show off the baby brother to Carrie.

"There is no problem of jealousy," Debbie assured me. "Carrie loves the baby so much she wants to be kissing him all the time. When babies are so nearly the same age it isn't so difficult for the older one to accept the new one. That's why we planned to have them as close together as possible."

**What the future holds**

Although they've made up their minds to have more children later on, Debbie and Eddie are going to wait a while before they put in their order for No. 3.

"I want to get back to making pictures now," she explained. "I'm to star in *The Boy Friend*, which was scheduled to start in April at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—the musicians' strike had forced a delay. Perhaps I shan't be able to work until late summer, which is all right with me because I'll have more time to prepare."

There are two nurses on duty all the time in the Fisher household to keep watch over the babies and to be prepared for any emergency. But Debbie loves to look after them herself. The other day I was talking to her over the phone and little Carrie was crying in another room. Debbie said "Excuse me" and then I could hear her call out, "Just a minute, darling, Mommy is coming as soon as she can!

"We have an intercom system in the house," she explained to me, "so I can talk to the babies from wherever I happen to be. They're always reassured when they hear my voice because it means everything's all right in their little world."

I went to the baby shower that Lita Baron—Mrs. Rory Calhoun—gave for Debbie a few weeks before little Todd Emanuel arrived. Judging from the wondrous gifts I saw, this youngster will not have to worry about not having a stitch to wear!

"I had a lot of baby things left over that Carrie never used," Debbie told me. "And you saw the package we carted away from Lita's house! Most of the gifts were pretty practical, too. Little shirts and things babies wear, and enough blankets and comforters to raise a family of eight or more," she laughed.

One thing Debbie told me that her fans will be interested to hear is that she doesn't want to play any more innocent-young-girl roles even though she still looks like a teenager. Her comment was, "I've had it with that kind of acting, and now I want more sophisticated parts, something I can get my teeth into.

"Another thing, I don't want to go on any long out-of-town locations. I had quite a scare when Eddie and I came back from Europe after several weeks away from Carrie and she didn't know me. I don't want that to happen again. Eddie wants to stay around home as much as possible, too. With his weekly television show, he won't have time to accept any night club engagements until midsummer. Then he'll be going into the Las Vegas Tropicana for a few weeks, but we can all be in Las Vegas and not separated.

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**ON SALE WHEREVER POCKETSIZE BOOKS ARE SOLD**


## the johnny mathis story

(*Continued from page 42*) at the newspaper that lay on the table. It was opened to the entertainment page, folded so that only two items showed, announcements of the two big openings for that night—his, Johnny Mathis', here at the Crescendo; and Sammy Davis Jr., across town at the Moulin Rouge.

He smiled when he saw Sammy's name there. He didn't care a hoot about some of the whispers he'd heard during the past few days, like *tsk-tsk, wasn't it a shame that Sammy was opening on the very same night as Johnny;* and like *wasn't it too bad that even though Johnny's show was practically sold out, all the big names in town—stars and newspaper people—were going to be over at the Moulin Rouge for the first show and would probably remain there for the rest of the evening.*

Well, Johnny had heard all these whispers. He'd even known there might be some truth to them. But now, right now, the fact that he and Sammy were opening the same night didn't seem to bother him.

*Why should it?* he thought, his eyes shifting from the newspaper to the pile of telegrams on the other side of his dressing table, then focusing on the telegram on top.

### The telegram on top

It was from Sammy himself. It was full of best wishes. It was from a guy, a star, Johnny had never met but who'd taken time out that day to wish him well—and it made him feel good.

He read the telegram, over and over again.

And then, slowly, to pass the time, he began to re-read the other telegrams that had come that day, the other messages that had made him feel good, that had relieved some of the big tension of that big all-important and nerve-wracking moment in his career. And for a little while at least they helped make him forget that soon he'd be standing outside the little lonely dressing room, in the glare of the big lonely spotlight with the nine-piece orchestra behind him and the two hundred blurred faces before him—and for a little while at least, picking up the telegrams, one by one, he was reminded of people and places and things he'd almost forgotten for the moment and he began to remember back, way back, to the early days, the calmer days, the days of laughter and sadness, of hoping and sweating and wondering. . . .

The first telegram, from a grade school teacher in San Francisco, brought Johnny back to that day sixteen years ago, when he was six. And what a day! Johnny had been in the teacher's 1-A class for a couple of weeks when she called him to come forward and draw a girl's picture—Goldilocks, to be exact—on the blackboard. Johnny had been a shy kid, very shy, and the thought of having to stand up in front of all the other kids now for the first time in his school life made his knees shake. "Johnny," the teacher kept calling as the tiny little boy slowly walked down the aisle, "will you *please* hurry?" Johnny began hurrying, all right, but this didn't stop his knees from shaking. And when he got to the blackboard, he found that his fingers weren't acting so steady either. Carefully, the teacher handed him a new piece of beautiful golden-yellow chalk and told him to begin by drawing Goldilocks' tresses. Johnny began, and he'd drawn all of three big curls when suddenly the chalk slipped from his hand and fell to the floor. "Johnny," the teacher snapped, "the Board of Education pays lots of

money so we can have this pretty colored chalk. Now pick it up!" Johnny nodded, scared stiff. But, just as he was bending to retrieve the valuable stuff, he tripped and fell and *crunch* went the chalk, right under his elbow. "Johnny," the teacher snapped again and, for some reason, she got so angry now she bent over and slapped the frightened, wide-eyed boy hard in the face. This was when Johnny figured he'd had it. Because, shy, or not shy, he got up, kicked the squashed chalk aside and slapped the teacher right back. Of course there was a fuss, what with Johnny's family being called up to school and Johnny being punished plenty good and the teacher being pretty ornery to him for the next couple of months. But gradually, as the term wore on, she got to like him, and he her, and by the time Johnny was ready to leave the school for junior high a few years later, they were very good friends.

And now, many years later, this night had come and a couple of hours earlier the same teacher had sent Johnny her wire from the old home town: KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, she'd written, AND SLAP THEM ALL HARD TONIGHT WITH YOUR SONGS!

**A poem for Johnny**

Then there was the telegram from Juanita. It was a sweet telegram, a poem, obviously composed by Juanita. It reminded Johnny of another poem she had written once, when they were both back in eighth grade. Johnny, to put it simply, had been in love with Juanita. "She had," he recalls, "long black hair, always in pigtails, and since she sat in front of me in class, I'd pull them all the time. Also, she was the prettiest girl I'd ever seen in my life." Well, Juanita had thought Johnny was cute enough, too, but it just so happened that she'd had a king-size crush on somebody else. And so, to try to get Johnny off her neck—literally and otherwise—she wrote him a poem one day which she slipped onto his desk and which read:

*I know Johnny that you like me*
*But it's really Sylvia you should see*

Johnny's curiosity was piqued. *Who's Sylvia?* he wrote back. *Meet me outside at three* o'clock, Juanita answered, *and I'll show you.* It turned out that Sylvia was Juanita's best friend. "She was sure nice," Johnny recalls, "but she wasn't half as pretty as Juanita. And besides, she had short hair." The introduction, then, was a flop. And so was Johnny's further pursuit of Juanita. And then, just a couple of years ago when Johnny was attending San Francisco State College, he'd bumped into a beautiful girl student one day who looked awfully familiar to him, and vice versa. It took them only seconds to recognize each other, and after cries of "Juanita!" and "Johnny!" and a long affectionate hug, they went down to the school cafeteria for a sandwich and coffee and talked and laughed about the old days, about the pigtails and Sylvia and school and everything else they could think about. Before they left Johnny had said something about the fact that he was doing some singing in his spare time, that he didn't know how good or bad he was but that he hoped some day to find out. "Well," Juanita told him, "when you make it and you make your debut—your real important debut—I'm going to send you a big fat telegram. Okay?" "Okay," Johnny said. And now, the important debut was about to take place. And Juanita hadn't forgotten her promise.

**"I always told you . . ."**

Nor had Connie Cox. God bless her always. Connie had sent a very simple telegram to Johnny that night. It read: I ALWAYS KNEW TONIGHT WOULD COME. I ALWAYS TOLD YOU I'D BE SENDING THIS WIRE SOMEDAY. But as Johnny read it, he remembered how—behind the simply-worded message—lay those years of faith and kindness, those years that began that Saturday morning when he was twelve years old. . . .

"Miss Cox," he'd said after he walked, unannounced, into her music studio, "my name is John Mathis and my daddy used to be in vaudeville when he was young and he thinks I might have a good voice and somebody said you're the best teacher in San Francisco to help me find out."

"Well!" Connie had said, catching her own breath. "Why don't you let me hear you sing something?"

Johnny cleared his throat. "Do you know *Sunny Side of the Street?*" he asked. "That's the one I sing most with my daddy."

Connie nodded, sat at the piano and played the intro. Then Johnny began to sing.

And right off, Connie knew.

When he was through, Connie smiled. "Yes, young man, I'd like to teach you," she said.

Again, Johnny cleared his throat. "Can you tell me what you charge?" he asked.

"Three dollars an hour," said Connie.

Johnny didn't say anything.

"Two dollars an hour, maybe?" Connie asked.

Johnny shook his head.

"A dollar?"

Johnny turned to go. "My family's poor, Miss Cox," he said. "We're seven children, all told—and we can't afford to pay anything. But I was thinking. . . ."

"What were you thinking, Johnny?" Connie asked, stopping him at the door and putting her arm around his shoulder.

**Payment for the lessons**

"I was thinking," Johnny said, "that maybe if you needed somebody to do some work for you, like sweep the floors and take out the garbage and take care of the grass outside in the summer—I thought maybe I could work for my lessons, if that was all right with you, Miss Cox."

"That's a very good idea, Johnny," Connie said, without a pause and smiling again. "That's the best idea I've heard in a long time. Now, why don't you come here next Saturday afternoon at two o'clock and we'll begin our practice."

Johnny was there that next Saturday, at two on the dot. And at three on the dot, he made his way to the broom closet and got down to another kind of work. And so it went that afternoon, and the following Saturday afternoon, and for Saturday after Saturday for the next six years. And then the day of the last lesson had come. Johnny was just about finished with high school now. He'd done brilliantly in his studies and in sports—it's a little known fact that Johnny was one of the best athletes in California school history, basketball and track specifically—and he'd just won a scholarship to San Francisco State, where he planned to major in English and, eventually, teach it.

"I've taught you everything about music that I know, Johnny," Connie had told him that last afternoon. "Now it's up to you. You're a good singer, Johnny. You can be a great singer. I don't blame you for not wanting to take the chance, for wanting to go to college just in case nothing pans out. But try to divide your time as best you can, boy. Try to get out there on Saturday night, any night you have free, and sing in clubs and get yourself heard. Because if you do, Johnny, it's go-


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# JUNE BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in June, your birthstone is a pearl and your flower is a rose. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

*June 1*—**Marilyn Monroe**

*June 3*—**Tony Curtis**
**Paulette Goddard**

*June 4*—**John Barrymore, Jr.**
**Rosalind Russell**

*June 7*—**Dolores Gray**
**Dean Martin**

*June 8*—**James Darren**
**Dana Wynter**

*June 9*—**Robert Cummings**
**Mona Freeman**

*June 11*—**Richard Todd**

*June 12*—**Vic Damone**
**Bill Lundigan**

*June 14*—**Dorothy McGuire**

*June 17*—**Ralph Bellamy**

*June 18*—**Eva Bartok**
**Maggie McNamara**

*June 19*—**Pier Angeli**
**Charles Coburn**
**Louis Jourdan**
**Marisa Pavan**

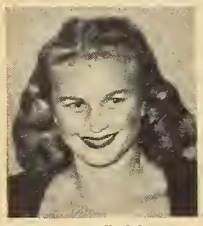
*June 20*—**Errol Flynn**
**Audie Murphy**

*June 21*—**Judy Holliday**
**Jane Russell**

*June 22*—**Gower Champion**

*June 26*—**Eleanor Parker**

*June 30*—**Susan Hayward**



**Joan Caulfield**
*June 1*



**Carol Ohmart**
*June 3*



**Carlos Thompson**
*June 7*



**Gene Barry**
*June 14*



**Rosanna Podesta**
*June 20*



**Charlotte Greenwood**
*June 25*

ing to be tough, sure—but chances are it's going to be worth your while, worth all the hours and years we've put into all this."

And now, just a couple of years later, it made Johnny feel good to be able to sit there in the dressing room at the Crescendo that night and read Connie's telegram, the words: I ALWAYS KNEW TONIGHT WOULD COME.

Connie was a person he'd never be able to thank enough, no matter how hard he tried. And her telegram—plus two others there in that little pile—were the ones he'd treasure always.

One of them was from his family. The other was from his managers, Helen and John Noga.

### Johnny is discovered

Helen, a short blonde woman who looks twenty years younger than the grandmother she is, is responsible for discovering Johnny.

It happened on a cold, drizzly Monday night. Helen, who owned the Black Hawk nightclub, walked into her place that night to hear the new jazz-and-vocal combo that had come to try out.

She'd just checked her raincoat and was still standing in the lobby when she heard the voice.

"I stood there listening to this boy singing *Tenderly* for a few minutes," she says, "and then I turned to my husband and I said, 'This is it!' We walked in and sat down to get a look at him now. He was about nineteen, I figured, but he looked like a little baby standing there, his eyes closed, his hands at his sides. You know, he still keeps his eyes closed a lot when he sings and I bawl him out for this once in a while. In fact, the other night I watched him at home on TV and all through the first song his eyes were closed most of the time and then they popped open suddenly and later he told me, 'I knew you were watching, Helen, and I figured I'd better keep 'em open for a while at least.'

"But anyway, that first night we heard Johnny sing we rushed over to him after the show and asked him who was managing him. He said nobody was. I asked him to bring his parents to see me the next day; we all had a long talk together and we signed him.

"Then, right away, I picked up the phone and called George Avakian in New York. George is an executive with Columbia Records, one of the smartest in the business. 'George,' I said, 'I've found something great.'

" 'Okay, Helen, okay,' George said, 'send me some tapes of him and I'll listen.'

### The big break

"But then, before we had a chance to tape anything, I found out that George was coming to San Francisco that very next week to visit some relatives. I got him on the phone a little while after he arrived and pestered him to please come hear Johnny sing in person. He said all right, he'd try to make it some night soon.

"Well, George made it, but we were sure things weren't going to be good when we saw *how* he made it. He'd contracted a case of poison oak the day before and he was sick-feeling and uncomfortable and I thought, 'Oh oh, this is no condition to hear Johnny sing in.'

"But for a minute I must have forgotten about Johnny's voice. Because as soon as he began to sing, George stopped looking sick and uncomfortable and he looked over at us in the middle of the first song and made the Ballantine sign—and that was it, Johnny was signed up with Columbia that night.

"Of course," Helen goes on to say, "things weren't smooth as gravy right away. I took Johnny out on the road for some engagements—all over the country—right after this and more than one person told me, 'Why don't you just take him and yourself back to San Francisco and forget all about it?' I remember in New York one night, sitting at the Blue Angel with a bunch of booking agents, and when Johnny came on they looked at me as if to say, 'This woman's lost her rocker, leaving her husband and family and business in California just to try to make something of this skinny kid.'

"But I knew, I knew Johnny was great. And even though I blew my top with some of these perennial debunkers at times, I managed to hold my thoughts in pretty well most of the time.

"And then came Johnny's batch of hit records, and then that night of his opening in Hollywood at the Crescendo and I suddenly wished I could send plane money to these people throughout the country who'd wondered what I was doing with Johnny, just so they could come that night and all sit at one big table and see for themselves...."

Another group that would have filled a big table that night was Johnny's family—his folks and his six brothers and sisters. Actually, they all wanted to be there, and *would* have been there, if Johnny hadn't been home for a while just a few weeks earlier and, frankly, if transporting eight people by air from San Francisco wasn't such a darned expensive proposition.

But they were there in spirit, anyway, very much in spirit....

### His sister Elizabeth

"It's a great family I have," Johnny says, "and we're so many that when I talk about them I don't know where to begin. I guess you can say that the one I've always been closest to is Elizabeth, my sister, two years older than me. We'd talk a lot together when we were kids, all the time, about everything; me about girls, Elizabeth about boys, everything. And we'd fool around in the kitchen all the time, too. I remember we used to get the urge to make brownies every once in a while, and we'd make so many that even *our* big family couldn't eat them all. And I remember how once we were making taffy, real hot taffy, and it spilled from the pot onto Elizabeth's feet. She wasn't wearing any shoes that day and wow, did she cry.

"And of course," Johnny continues, "there are my wonderful folks and all the rest of my brothers and sisters—I'm the fourth child, by the way, smack in the middle—and if I were to pinpoint the best times we all ever had, I guess it was the picnics we used to go on together a couple of times every summer; and Christmas, every Christmas.

"I remember one Christmas especially. I was nine years old. I'd saved pennies all that year so I could buy my mother something nice and when December finally came I counted my money and I had a little over a dollar. I didn't know what treasure I was going to buy her with that and so I'd go out every day looking in all the stores so I could get just the right thing. Then one day I came to this flower shop and I saw a snake plant on sale for $1.10. It was so beautiful, I thought, all green and shiny—and I thought, 'Gee, even though it's a few days *before* Christmas, if I don't buy it now somebody else might and then it'll be gone.' So I bought it, brought it home and—so excited—I gave it to my mother right then and there, three days in advance. The reason that particular Christmas comes to mind is that when I was home for the holidays this year my kid brother Mike—he's nine years old—walked into the house one day, three days before Christmas to be exact, carry-

ing a big package. I asked him what he had there and he said, 'A snake plant for Mama.' Then, just like I was years before, all excited, he ran into the kitchen and handed it to my mother and said, 'I've got to give it to you now or else somebody else might have bought it!'

**Homesick . . .**

"The whole thing made me kind of homesick—you know what I mean?—homesick for when I was home, always around the people I grew up with and love. . . ."

Which is exactly the way Johnny felt right now, in the dressing room that night, waiting to go on and slowly reading the telegram from home.

And then, suddenly, his reminiscences were interrupted by a loud knock on the door.

"Who is it?" Johnny called out, snapping to.

The door opened. It was a porter. "Just to let you know, Mr. Mathis," he said, "the show begins in about twenty minutes."

Johnny looked down at his watch. He couldn't believe it, but the time had really flown. "Thank you," he said, looking back up at the porter, "thanks a lot."

"Sure thing," said the porter. "And, Mr. Mathis," he added, as he got to the door again, "I've been hearing people say how things might get spoiled tonight because Sammy Davis is opening, too. Well, I wouldn't let that worry me if I were you, Mr. Mathis. After all, what happens happens and there's nothing nobody can do about it. Right?"

"Right," Johnny said, smiling and watching the porter leave. But as he said it he noticed his voice quiver a little and that the smile was gone from his face quick, real quick. And then he realized that some of the I-don't-care attitude he'd had before about the simultaneous openings that night was going a little, that in twenty minutes he'd be making the most important appearance in his life and that maybe there *was* something to all those whispers he'd been hearing.

And, alone again, ignoring the new wrinkle in his shirt collar, the telegrams piled up at the end of the table, he sat and he wondered now if maybe there wasn't something to worry about, if maybe it wasn't going to take some kind of miracle to get things going for him that night.

**A miracle, and Sammy Davis**

It was at exactly 10:20 p.m. when a miracle did happen—at least, a show business miracle.

Johnny, at the Crescendo, was in the middle of his opening act at that moment, bowing to applause for *Wonderful, Wonderful!* and getting set to go into another Mathis hit, *Chances Are.*

Sammy Davis, Jr., at the Moulin Rouge, who'd been playing to a cheering crowd for the last hour or so, was in the middle of his act, too, when suddenly he stopped the act midway and brought up his arms for an announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I appreciate you all being here, more than you can ever know. But I'd like to tell you—just in case you haven't heard—that over at the Crescendo tonight there's another boy opening his show, a young boy named Johnny Mathis. Now I don't know Johnny personally, but I've heard him sing on records. And believe me, if any of you want to get up right now or soon as I'm through so you can get over there in time for his second show, I won't mind at all. Because, ladies and gentlemen, this boy has got it. But got it!"

Nobody will ever really know just how great an effect Sammy's words had on Johnny's opening that night.

But, for the record, if the first show at the Crescendo was packed, the second—the big, important show of the night—was jammed.

And, for the record, too, that second show has gone down as one of the most triumphant in nightclub history.

WHO CAN FORGET, a columnist wrote the next day, THE LOOK ON JOHNNY MATHIS' FACE WHEN, AFTER THE SHOW, HIS DRESSING ROOM WAS FLOODED WITH PRACTICALLY EVERY BIG NAME IN HOLLYWOOD—JUNE ALLYSON, LOUELLA PARSONS, KIRK DOUGLAS, DICK POWELL, JOAN COLLINS, VAN JOHNSON, DOZENS MORE—ALL OF THEM RUSHING HIM WITH CONGRATULATIONS, KISSES, PATS ON THE BACK, UNABASHEDLY SHOUTING OUT THAT THEY'D NEVER HEARD A VOICE OR A STYLE LIKE HIS BEFORE!

And who can forget the look on Johnny's face when in the midst of all this acclaim somebody whispered something in his ear, when slowly Johnny made his way through the crowd, excusing himself as he went, when reaching a wall phone near the door he dialed a number and mumbled something into the receiver, when a moment later he whispered:

"Hello? Sammy Davis? You don't know me, Sammy, but my name is Johnny Mathis. . . ."

After that, his voice trailed off and it was impossible to hear just what else he said.

But he talked a very long time—right up until the time his eyes began to fill with tears and he began to cry and couldn't talk anymore. **END**

*Johnny will appear in* A CERTAIN SMILE *for 20th-Fox.*

## I couldn't find a girl in hollywood

(*Continued from page 50*) I started the engine, shifted in reverse, tore back a few feet, then swung back toward town.

"What's the matter with you, Nicky?" she exclaimed. "I don't understand you. Are you mad at me or something?"

She didn't understand. None of them did. I didn't blame her any more than the other actresses I have taken out. Some new and aspiring, full of hope and ambitions. Others well established, with a big fan following all over the country. The rest someplace in between.

I have dated them; I have kissed them; I've been seriously in love with at least two. But it never worked out. I just couldn't find a girl in Hollywood—at least not the kind I'd want to marry, to spend the rest of my life with, to be my wife and the mother of my children.

Preoccupation with their careers is just one of the many reasons. There are others, equally disadvantageous to what I would consider a happily-ever-after.

Opportunism is one of the worst. It comes in every form, shape and size—and is ever present in Hollywood.

I remember one girl I took out who made me think I was a pretty good guy while we had dinner at one of the better restaurants on the Strip. She seemed a little dubious when I suggested going to a party at a friend's house afterwards, but her enthusiasm increased considerably when I informed her the fellow was one of the top directors in Hollywood.

She was still charming and full of attention to me at his house till a fellow


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joined us who told her he was a casting director for one of the major studios. I'd known him for a long time. He was no more a casting director than I'm head of Twentieth Century-Fox, but had caught a lot of fish with his gimmick the last three years. He was about to hook another one.

"Nicky, darling, will you get me another drink?" my date asked coyly.

**The brush**

By the time I got back he was just jotting down her phone number, and with it killed most of her enthusiasm for me!

Usually I found the girls to be a little more subtle—but in the end most give themselves away nevertheless.

Just before Christmas I visited a friend of mine at NBC. With me was a young actress who had just finished her first lead in an inexpensive production.

When we walked into his dressing room he and a reporter were making a tape recording for a local radio station. A few minutes later my friend had to get back on stage for rehearsal, and I went along with him while my girl stayed behind with the reporter.

When I got back both looked overly innocent to me. They acted like they hadn't said three words to one another. But when he left he turned to her and inadvertently let the secret slip out. "I'll call you when we put the tape on the air. . . ."

She didn't realize he had given them away till he had closed the door. Then she turned red as a beet. "After all, Nick, he is from the press and he can be helpful. There's nothing personal about it, honestly."

I believed her, and that's where part of the trouble comes in. There is nothing personal about it. There is nothing personal about most of the relationships between fellows and girls when both are in show business. It's all so darn calculated.

Also, this business breeds the kind of phoniness that is hard to take. I'm not criticizing the girls for what they are, or trying to be, because I know that it is born of insecurity. They don't believe people like them for *who* they are, only for *what* they are, and I can well understand it for I have often felt the same way. At times I still do.

I remember a girl who had but a couple of small parts in minor pictures to her credit. Unable to impress me with her professional success, she tried to make up for it by constantly talking about her father's wealth in Texas. Frankly, if anything, her old man's fortune would have scared me away, but apparently she figured the opposite was true, because every few days she mentioned a letter about another oil well that had just come in.

If they were that wealthy, they certainly had odd tastes.

I happened to run into them one afternoon on their recent visit to Los Angeles. They were just parking their car near Sunset and Laurel Canyon—a 1946 Chevrolet. I've never seen a Texas millionaire drive a twelve-year-old car. A model T, maybe, but not a '46 model!

**Who you?**

And then there's the opposite type, who's going to show you from the very beginning that she isn't impressed by you. And how she's going to show you! I met such a character once again a week before I finished my latest Zane Grey Theater show. . . .

We were invited to the same party in the San Fernando Valley. She promptly informed me how she was interviewed that afternoon for one of the plum parts of the year, but modestly pretended she didn't think she'd have much of a chance since she had only half a dozen TV shows to her credit, "all top parts, of course." Finally she came around to asking what I was doing in Hollywood.

"I'm an actor," I said irritably.

"Is that so?" she replied pleasantly. "Of course. Now don't tell me—wait a minute—I'll get your name. . . ."

No matter how hard she tried, she simply couldn't remember. And when I told her it was Nick Adams and that I had been in more than a dozen films, she was equally convinced she couldn't possibly have seen any of them because if she had, "I'd surely have remembered you."

That she had seen me became quite evident a few minutes later when we were talking about *Picnic*, and she let it slip out how much she enjoyed the scene where Bill Holden bounced a basket ball off my head!

And then there's the type who never notices you—till you're successful.

When I first came to Hollywood I had quite a crush on a girl who moved into the studio club after she was signed to a term contract by one of the studios. Two or three times she let me buy her dinner, but generally treated me like a little boy. More nuisance than man and certainly no one to be taken seriously. After that, whenever I called her for a date she turned me down.

I didn't blame her. Maybe I was just a fresh kid and if she preferred the Clark Gable type, who am I to put up a fight?

**Oh, now I remember!**

What did annoy me was a call I got the day after a local columnist wrote about seeing a sneak preview of *No Time For Sergeants*, which he predicted would establish me as one of the top comedy stars of the year.

I'm not saying this to give myself a pat on the back, nor am I modest enough to disclaim any credit. In fact, I love him for his opinion and hope more people will join the ranks—but that isn't the point. The morning this girl read his notice she promptly called me up—I don't have the faintest idea how she got my number that quickly—and told me how proud she was of me, and that she'd be delighted to have dinner with me that night.

I told her I was busy.

On the other hand, there is always an undercurrent that your own motives are misconstrued. And not necessarily by the people involved.

I first dated Natalie Wood, for instance, long before she attained her present prominence. Yet as she climbed in popularity, a lot of writers took cracks at me, called me a leech, an opportunist, a hanger-on. And everytime I dated another so-called name star, the same accusations started to fly around. First I got hurt, then I denied them, then tried to ignore them. But you can't, completely. And so every time a reporter used to ask me, "And whom are you dating now, Nicky?" —I had the uneasy feeling that he was cynical about the whole thing—even if he wasn't.

Thanks to some fortunate breaks in recent months I am now at the point where I can get my name into columns on my own, if I wish to do so, and no one is making cracks like this about me anymore. But I haven't forgotten that time, and I don't think I ever will.

And then there are the known facts and statistics with which I'm all too familiar: the percentage is against two people, both in show business, making a go of their marriage. I can't see myself married to a girl who reads the movie columns—looking for her name in print—before kissing me good morning. Maybe I'm the jealous type—but I wouldn't want my wife to make love to a handsome leading man before she comes home to fix my dinner. And heaven forbid if she gets to be a bigger name in the industry than I am! I want to be the boss in the family, and would lose my self-respect the first time someone called me Mr. whatever-my-wife's-name-would-happen-to-be.

Nor do I want a wife who gets up at five in the morning and comes home at eight at night, so dead-tired she hardly recognizes me!

What do I want?

**Qualifications**

I want her to rest up for me all day and when I come home, slide down the bannister and rush into my arms to welcome me! I want her to have the hi-fi set on and the bathtub full of hot water and a martini with two onions mixed and chilled and ready to serve.

No Hollywood actress would ever fall into this category. But I did find a girl—20,000 feet up in the air!

I'm not saying that Lois Raymen and I are going to get married or that we're engaged or that we're even in love. Quite frankly, till the proper time comes for such an announcement, that's my business. But I can tell you that she personifies all the qualities I like to see in a girl. And not the least of her assets is the fact that she lives not in Hollywood—but in San Diego!

We met about six months ago, when she was a United Airlines hostess on the New York-Los Angeles flight.

She was so attractive, so natural and so refreshingly honest I immediately fell for her.

"I saw you in *The Last Wagon*," she told me when she finished serving the first round of drinks to the other passengers.

"You did? How'd you like it?"

"I thought you were cute."

*Cute!* Of all the descriptions about the most dramatic part I've ever played! That was my first reaction. But then I couldn't suppress a grin. At least she didn't use show business terminology.

We talked for almost six of the eight hours in flight, which probably short-changed some of the other passengers. But no one complained. Lois proved to be equally good at listening and talking.

Before we landed at International Airport I learned that she was born in Iowa, had been with United Airlines for a year and a half, was single, unattached, and hoped to get out of the airline service as soon as she could find a permanent job because, while she enjoyed flying, she preferred to settle down in one place. She also told me about a girl friend in San Diego who had a secretarial job lined up for her in a lawyer's office, and that whenever she stopped over in Los Angeles—New York was her home base—she stayed with a young couple and their children in Westwood. And that she would be delighted to have dinner with me the following evening but that we would have to eat early because she was due out on the eleven p.m. flight back to New York.

**A different evening**

When I brought her to the airport the following night, I tried to figure out what made this evening so different from so many others. Suddenly I realized that for the first time in years I had spent hours without talking about show business!

I saw her several more times before she quit her job with the airlines and moved to San Diego, to go to work for the lawyer. And always we had a good time together.

We didn't consciously avoid discussing my work. We talked about it, just like

her job, when it fitted into the conversation. But it didn't become an issue from the moment we met till I kissed her good night.

We seldom go to expensive restaurants or night clubs; never to premières. She loves Mexican food and, when I see her in San Diego, we usually cross the border into Tijuana to see the Jai Alai games and bull fights and spend money on a lot of silly little gifts for one another which we'll never be able to use.

Lois is never too preoccupied to listen to my problems nor has any of her own which we can't discuss and settle by talking about them, just the two of us. Not like a couple of girls I used to date.

I remember one in particular who always brought her problems to me but never gave me an opportunity to discuss mine. One night, in particular, I was quite concerned about a part, and wanted her opinion on it since she'd been in show business a lot longer than I. But when I picked her up at her house and saw her discouraged expression, I couldn't bring myself to talk about me. Obviously something had gone wrong with her career.

"Trouble at the studio?" I asked.

We spent the entire evening going over her problem; I never got to tell her mine.

I don't think I'm so selfish that I have no compassion for other people's worry. I do. And I'll try to help as much as I can. But in this business, where crisis follows crisis, people can become so immersed in their own problems that they never have time for the other's.

Just as important to me, Lois likes my friends because of the kind of people they are, and not because of their success or standing in the Hollywood community.

I remember a New Year's Eve a couple of years ago, when I had two invitations—one to a famous producer's house, the other to Aaron and Carolyn Spelling. Mrs. Spelling is actress Carolyn Jones, of course, but that was before Carolyn won acclaim for her performance in *Bachelor Party* and before Aaron became the successful screenplay writer he now is. Because they are among my closest friends, I wanted to go to the Spellings. But my girl was impressed by all the important people who were to be at the other party; her choice was the producer's house.

The last time Lois came up from San Diego I promised to take her to one of Beverly Hills' most expensive eating places for the first time. She was delighted. But when I picked her up at the Wicklands' I suddenly remembered it was the birthday of a close friend—a policeman. "Do you mind if we get a bottle of chianti and some cold cuts and go to his house?"

"What a silly thing to ask, Nicky," she came back. "I'd love it."

When we got there she cooked the meal for them and then insisted on baby-sitting while I took my friend and his wife to a movie, since it was his birthday. In one evening she had brought more happiness into their lives than they'd had in months.

That's what I like about Lois. That's the kind of quality I want in a girl, a girl I'm going to be serious about.

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not knocking Hollywood actresses. Some of my closest friends are in the business. Most of them, in fact. And I understand and appreciate their preoccupations, their ambitions, their insecurities, their concern. It's part of the job.

I just don't want to get married to a job. I want a wife! **END**

*Nicky's in Paramount's* TEACHER'S PET *and soon will appear in Warner's* NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.

## the very private world of diane varsi

(*Continued from page* 54) powder on her nose. Her cropped, cinnamon-colored hair looked as if it had been coiffeured by an electric fan. She wore beach shoes, drab black stockings, a shaggy turtle-neck sweater over a plain grey skirt. Around her neck she wore her one piece of jewelry, a wave-washed rock she had found on a beach, drilled a hole through, and suspended on a string. She had walked in to read for Mark Robson looking like that, and she had not smiled, she had not chatted; she had mumbled, "Hello," stuck out her hand, and then retreated into a corner with the script until he was ready to begin.

But at the end of the reading, she had read, "All right, Mother, as soon as I can, I'm going to pack my things and leave"—and all of her strange, tortured nineteen years spoke in it. And the part of Allison in *Peyton Place* was hers.

### Two marriages finished—at nineteen

Hollywood has known many 'different' people, from many different worlds. The stories their biographies tell range from the gypsy background of a Yul Brynner to the criminal youth of a Rory Calhoun, the loneliness of a Barbara Stanwyck.

But never before, even in Hollywood, has there been a story like that of Diane Varsi.

She was nineteen, and already she had been married twice, separated twice, and borne a son.

She has been literally starved, both for love and for food, literally beaten within an inch of her life. She has lived in tarpaper shacks and slept in box cars, expelled from schools and picked up by the police. She is in Hollywood today only because one morning in 1955 she told her mother, "I'm going out for a walk. I'm going to walk and walk and walk. And I may not come back." And she had added: "It's a pilgrimage—of a sort."

She took her sleeping bag that day and packed a wicker basket full of hardboiled eggs, lemons and apples—and some songs she had written. With a girl friend she hit the highway, heading south, hitching rides. She slept on beaches, and talked to other kids on the loose who told her, "You'd better go back—they'll put you in jail." But she kept on, flagging trucks, working here and there, and one day at the age of sixteen she found herself in Hollywood, where she hadn't the slightest intention of being.

And even then, it was a long time before life began to look any less like hell for Diane Varsi.

All her life she has been sure of one thing and one thing only: anything she loved would be taken away from her. So she had decided that it was better to learn young not to love at all.

She was born—sixteen years before she started out on that long walk to Hollywood—in St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco. That was February 23, 1938. Her parents, an Italian-American florist named Russell Varsi and his pretty French wife Beatrice, received her with joy. She was their first child, and they welcomed her. Thirteen weeks later they learned that their baby daughter had developed a blood disease. They dug into their small savings to provide transfusions to be in-




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## TAB HUNTER BECAME A MAN



■ All his life Tab Hunter had looked forward to that very special day when he would have all the rights and privileges of manhood—his twenty-first birthday. But when that day came, a couple of years back, well—here's the story of Tab's big day. . . .

Tab had always been in a hurry to grow up. He was big for his age, tall and handsome, and that helped a little in his haste to grow up. He did manage, for instance, to get into the Coast Guard at fifteen-and-a-half by exaggerating his age.

But he was restless, and when he got out, he wished he could find something he could sink his teeth into. A career that he could really get interested in. Then he met Henry Willson, the famous agent, and *he* thought movies would be the ideal thing for Tab.

So there he was, Tab Hunter, on the beautiful Caribbean island of Jamaica, working hard on his first film. It was *Island of Desire* and he was Linda Darnell's leading man. He felt very lucky to be playing opposite such a great star. He could learn a lot from her.

Linda took an interest in him and felt he should get his nose off the grindstone once in a while and get out and enjoy himself.

"You work too hard, Tab," she'd say. "You're still a young boy; you should go out more and have more fun."

But Tab was too busy studying his lines and trying to perfect his acting to want to take in the sights of the tropical island or join in the parties the cast would have.

And Linda would try once more.

"Plenty of time for such hard work when you're older, Tab," she'd say.

But he'd just smile that engaging grin of his and go right on studying.

And that's how the days passed.

Linda seemed to give up trying to get him to take some time off and relax.

And then one afternoon it happened. They had just filmed the latest take, and the Technicolor men were getting ready to set up the next.

It grew very still; all conversation had ceased. And Linda had disappeared. Then suddenly, there she was—carrying a cake, with lighted candles. She stopped in front of Tab and said, "All right, my boy, blow them out. Since today you are a man, you may as well stop a minute and enjoy it!"

It was Tab's twenty-first birthday, this very day, and he had been so busy making a success of his role that he had forgotten all about it!

*Tab's in Warners'* LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE, *and will soon appear in Warners'* DAMN YANKEES *and Columbia's* GUNMAN'S WALK.

jected into Diane's ankles to keep her alive. As long as they were together, the Varsis never begrudged her whatever money they could spare—or couldn't spare.

**Never enough time**

It wasn't that Beatrice DeMerchant Varsi was a neglectful mother or a cold one. Diane remembers her as loving, gentle, and so patient that even when she was in a hurry to go somewhere, she'd let the baby Diane achieve the dignity of tying her own shoelaces, though the struggle might take half an hour. But somehow there were so many places that Mama did have to hurry to. With good reason, of course. Times were bad for the Varsis. Daddy sold his flower store to try his hand at contracting. Gradually, he made a go of it. A few years later, he was making an excellent living. But at first he needed all the help his sensitive, intelligent wife could give him. Of course, she gave it. But Beatrice Varsi was not a strong woman. Her health had suffered when Diane was born. When a second baby, Gail, arrived two years later, she was almost an invalid.

So it was a good thing Diane knew how to tie her laces. By the time she was three years she was putting on her shoes to start out for Grandma's house—five long blocks away—alone.

**To Grandma's house**

It was a trip she made often, in search of someone to watch over her.

At Grandma's and Grandpa's there was love, and in abundance. They clucked over their high-strung, pale little granddaughter, tried to fatten her up, to comfort her woes. They curled her long blonde hair, told her how pretty it was. They gave her a little china figurine one day, to play with. Diane stared at it with awe. So delicate—so pretty—and all her own. She saved her pennies to buy another. Daddy came home from his long, hard hours with, sometimes, a tiny glass animal to add to her collection. Even at five, Diane took care of them, washing them, polishing them reverently with a soft cloth, spreading them out on the floor to admire. One morning she arranged them in the hall of her parents' home to catch the morning sunlight on their shining surfaces. A neighbor opened the front door suddenly, and smashed them all to bits.

She was only five, but Diane didn't cry. She stood up with tight lips, stared at what had been her most-loved possessions—and walked away.

"After that," she says now, "I never kept anything. Nothing. Not even dolls."

When Diane was four and a half years old, Russell Varsi landed a construction job in Salt Lake City. Because his wife was almost helpless at that time with asthma, barely able to look after two-year-old Gail, he took Diane to Utah with him and put her in St. Mary's of the Wasatch Convent.

**To live with strangers**

She had barely time to realize that she was to say goodbye to her mother, to the only home she had ever known, to the grandparents she had grown to depend upon. She left them to live, not for the last time, with strangers.

And the first thing the nuns did, to welcome the frightened child, was to clip her long, beautiful hair close to her scalp.

"I guess the sisters had to do that to me," Diane reasons today. "They couldn't be bothered with taking care of curls. But it was a crushing blow."

Her family was gone. Toys she no longer dared to keep, to love. And now the hair her Grandma had so lovingly combed —that was gone too.

She lived in the convent for two years. She was the only child anywhere near so young, so she had no playmates. The older girls puzzled and frightened her, especially when they played rough games outdoors. She had never played games, having been a frail child.

She learned to be alone in the convent. She began to grow up very young.

And in her loneliness, she dreamed of many things . . . of being older, of being a ballet dancer. But mostly, she dreamed of home.

And then one day her father, who had always come when he could on week-ends, came with good news. She was to come home with him for a visit, home to see her sister, her grandparents, her beloved mother. She was almost ill with excitement. No one thought to warn her that the convent years had made their change in her, young as she was. So it was with horror that she realized, once home, that she had grown unaccustomed to love.

But she had. She didn't know, any more, how to respond to warm arms around her, loving voices. She didn't know how to play with Gail, how to talk to her Grandpa. She found herself longing to go back to Utah, to the sisters who left her to herself, to think her odd thoughts, dream her odd dreams.

Except, of course, that when she did return, the most beloved dream—that of home—was gone.

For her sixth birthday, that year, her mother packed a huge box full of toys and sent them to her. She took them out, one by one, looked at them soberly—and returned them to the case. All but one—a tiny flower encased in glass, which would never die. That she put in her room.

**A new home, with ghosts**

They brought her home, finally, because she had had scarlet fever and had almost died in the convent infirmary, despite the care of the nuns. Her mother came herself, her third visit to the convent, to bring Diane back to San Francisco. She brought her back to a new home, the symbol of Daddy's new prosperity. It was a rambling, three-story, sixteen-room house furnished by Beatrice in extravagant French period furniture, all blue-satin love seats, gilded chairs, rococo bric-a-brac. There was not a sign of the furniture Diane remembered from her infancy. And after the simplicity, the barren whiteness of the convent, it was more than unfamiliar—it was a fright house. There were paint spots on the twisting stairs, and a superstitious servant assured her that that meant there was a ghost in the house. All about her were perfect places for ghosts to live: a big, musty attic; a dark cellar; hidden nooks and crannies from which she was sure a hand would reach out to grab her. For seven years she lived in that house, too tall, too thin, perpetually stifling screams and freezing inside with an unreasonable horror. Another child would have gotten used to it. But Diane Varsi had long since lost her chance to be like other children. For those seven years she lived in terror.

And her life outside the house was no better. When she had recovered enough to begin school, her sister Gail came down with scarlet fever and their home was quarantined. Diane was still weak and pale when she finally set out for the public school in the neighborhood to meet, for the first time, children her own age.

So she stood alone on the playground that first morning, with the sun touching her ridiculously short hair, her ridiculously tall frame, and looked about her with hope. And sure enough, a boy came over to challenge her.

"Who are you?"

Diane gulped. "I'm new," she blurted out. At the silly rhyme, her taut nerves snapped, and she burst out laughing. She laughed for twenty minutes, hysterically, before she could stop. The other children gathered around, to stare and to jeer. The boy who had spoken to her thought perhaps that she was laughing at him. "She's nuts," he said with disgust.

It brought Diane up short—her hopes tumbling around her. She gulped down the laughter that was turning rapidly to tears and flung back at him the worst taunt she could think of: "Scaredy cat!"

It was thus that she got her first beating. She was taken home with a broken arm, and both knees ripped open almost to the bone.

And the lonely little girl who had wondered how people could want to hurt each other learned that she herself would have to fight in order to survive.

But she went back to school. It wasn't easy, either for her or her teachers. If the children wouldn't have her—all right, she'd show them. She wouldn't have *them* or their old rules, either. She refused to stand in line, to take off her coat when the others did, to come on time. They wouldn't let her be like them—well, she'd be different. She stared out of the window by her desk all day until they painted it dark green so she couldn't see out. It did no good. She bore home note after note to her mother:

*Dear Mrs. Varsi,*

*Diane is an exceptionally bright child, but she refuses to concentrate . . .*

But what did the teachers know of Diane's home, of her bedridden, helpless mother's inability to do anything about it? She got by somehow. She asked only to be left alone.

**Friends to walk home with**

When she reached San Mateo Junior High a strange thing happened. With their new sense of maturity, their new privileges, the youngsters became more tolerant. Suddenly Diane had friends to walk home with, someone to whisper to and exchange notes with in class. At first she thought it was a miracle; then she thought she had died and gone to heaven. When she was actually elected vice-president of her class she could easily have walked on air.

And then a new girl entered the school. With new confidence Diane made friends with her, liked her. She told the gang about her—and they cut her short. "Not her—she's cheap."

Diane didn't stop to decide if they were right or wrong. It didn't matter. All she knew was that someone else was about to take over the role she herself had played so long ago, the outsider to be ostracized, tortured, and lost.

It was too great a price to pay for her own acceptance.

"I like her company better than all of yours," she snapped. And she turned her back forever on her hopes.

"I knew then that I'd always be an outsider," she says now. She had good reason to know it. Bad as her school life was, her home life was worse. Her mother's health broke completely. Her father had troubles and was often away. "Everybody was getting sicker. I had to be completely self-reliant all of the time." For four straight years her mother never stepped outside of the terrible house. Blinds were drawn. Housekeepers came and went. When Diane met boys—as she did in her lone-wolf ways—she shrank from bringing them home. She took dancing lessons and found occasional comfort in moving her body confidently in bizarre rhythms, in winning contests. Her loneliness, her shyness, her overpowering need for love and protection, were covered deeper and deeper by the veneer of not


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## "I'm No Actor" says VIC MATURE

■ There's a veddy, veddy swank Hollywood country club which once upon a time was quite determined about one thing—Victor Mature was not getting in.

But Victor Mature did get in. In fact he was the first of his friends to manage it. . .

Victor had put in his application—and was turned down. And the more he thought about it, the madder he got. If he was going to be turned down, he wanted to know the reason why. So he wrote a couple of letters, and arranged to have it out with the screening committee.

"Please don't misunderstand," the good-looking, well-muscled Victor was told. "It's nothing *personal*. It's just that—well, Mr. Mature, we just don't accept actors for membership. Nothing personal you understand, Mr. Mature. We just don't accept *actors* for membership."

"Oh, is that all," Victor smiled. "Well—I'm no actor, and I've got twenty pictures to prove it!"

The funny part of the story is Vic *was* accepted for membership after that!

caring, of giving back as good as she got, of needing no one. She knew she was strange. She knew the life she was leading was unconventional, that she was being brought up oddly. She told herself over and over that she liked it that way, that she preferred being on the outside.

### Sent away again

By the time she was sent to still another convent, to get her away from her deteriorating home, she believed that she stood alone against the world. Pushed to the wall at once by the girls at the new school, she offered to fight anyone of them. On the way downstairs one of them pushed her, and a nun picked her up with her lips bleeding.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Diane.

A few months later she was expelled from school. Someone had passed her a 'purity test.' It was a truth quiz: *Have you ever smoked a cigarette, stayed out all night, necked with a boy,* and so on. Diane was caught with it, and refused to tell where it had come from. To her everlasting gratitude, her mother rallied and came herself to collect her daughter.

"My dear Mother Superior," said Beatrice Varsi calmly, "my daughter has always been taught to be loyal. I think she did right."

At a time like that she did not sound like a sick woman.

But she could offer her daughter no more than these brief bits of help—and the life her child led remained the same. "By then," Diane recalls, "I was a fighter. I fought any and everything."

She had to. She fought the girls at San Mateo High because "They called me a tramp, and I wasn't." She fought discipline, cut classes—but passed her exams. She fought her way through a month or two in high school in Oroville, Washington, where her mother took her for a stay with relatives.

### Diane runs away from home

And from there, for the first time, she ran away.

She went with another girl—another oddball. They hitchhiked together through Oregon and almost made it to California before the police found them, and brought Diane home—or to what passed for home.

She went back to San Francisco with Beatrice, back to the house she hated, to the knowledge that her father was leaving home for good. She had dried her tears; she bore herself stoically through two more months in San Mateo High School—and then she quit school for the last time.

"I had been free," she says. "I wanted more—"

She was all of fifteen years old by then.

She and her mother moved to a small apartment. Diane got a job, first modeling in a local dress shop, then in a restaurant.

And one day—

"I went to a girl I knew who was very smart. I told her, 'I can't pretend I can't think any more. I feel guilty because I've been pretending I'm stupid for too long.'" The girl introduced Diane to two other young women, one a writer whose father was a painter. The writer told Diane to go out and discover libraries. She did. For three months straight, she sat up night after night, reading everything she could.

And she knew that above all, she had to get away from home.

### A final flight

It wasn't easy to leave her mother, now so alone. But she did it. The writer invited Diane to come live at her house, where the writer's mother kept a home for senile old ladies. It would have been a dreadful prospect for most people—but not for Diane. She said goodbye to Mrs. Varsi. She broke clean. She left all her clothes at home except what she wore. She cut her hair, which she had never allowed to grow long lest it be taken away from her again, down to an inch all over her head. "So I couldn't be identified as a girl or boy or anything except just a person." A person in search of herself. Then she moved into the old ladies' home, paying for her bed and board by helping with their care.

And she talked. She talked and listened and read and thought, trying to catch up on the world before it could pass her by. She wouldn't date—it was too frivolous, too pleasant. On nights when other young couples walked hand in hand, kissed, fell in love, Diane Varsi read her books and wrote her poetry and slipped alone or with a friend into the smoky San Francisco bistros where the avant-garde, the odd balls the homeless—the unhappy—hung out.

"Then," she says laconically, "I said a terrible thing and the lady didn't want me to live there any more."

It didn't surprise her. She was used to giving up anything that had made her happy.

She went home to see her mother and to tell her, "I'm going for a long, long walk—"

She was beginning her pilgrimage.

And a few weeks later, she was in Hollywood.

Why she stayed there she never really knew. She had had no intention of staying anywhere, of getting attached to anything that she might lose again. What she wanted was to travel all over the country as a vagabond folk singer. No ties. No loves. No—losses.

But her friend wanted to stay in Hollywood. Diane shrugged and agreed—for a while. She found shelter with some weavers in a ramshackle Hollywood house. And there—she met a boy.

### A first love

She will not talk about him now. She will not even tell anyone his name. But she cannot hide the fact that she, who had starved herself so long for love, fell in love. She married him almost before she knew him. She was pregnant before she knew the marriage was a failure.

And yet—out of that marriage, so quickly annulled, came the one great joy Diane Varsi has known—the one beloved that no one and nothing can take from her—her son, Shawn.

It was five months before his birth, her husband already gone, that Diane wrote the letter that changed her life. A very simple letter, indeed, to the one person who had never failed her: *Dear Grandpa, I want to take acting lessons. So send me some money for them, please. Also, send me some more. Because I'm starving.*"

It was not dramatics, just a simple statement of fact. She was down to skin and bones from malnutrition; her face wore blotches of acne from the wrong kind of diet and too little of it. She has vestiges of it left today—carefully hidden under make-up for *Peyton Place*, just as her cropped hair was hidden under a wig. But when the money came, the dramatic lessons started.

She had gotten interested one night when she went to a Hollywood acting school to pick up a friend. It was challenging, a way of expressing herself—and she had never turned down a dare in her life. She had no particular ideas of a career; movies she despised, glamour she loathed. But acting intrigued her. She started at the school—and quit it, because it reminded her of every other school she had been to: classes to attend, lessons to learn. But she studied by herself until an acting coach named Jeff Corey met her and was stunned by her. He took over her training, told her she was "highly exciting as an actress, amazingly able to act without making it complicated." And by the time he sent her to her first audition, for the key role in *Peyton Place*, even Diane admitted "I knew what I was doing."

Brave words. She meant them—and yet, after the picture had begun, every day she greeted Mark Robson on the set with the same question: "Am I still in the picture?" And she meant those words, too. Something so good could not last.

In January, she filed for her second divorce. This time from a young producer, James T. Dickson. She will not talk yet about how they met, why this marriage too has failed. They were married in November of 1956, shortly after Diane had decided to act. He wanted then to manage her as a folk singer—now he manages her as an actress. More than that about him, no one knows.

And about Diane today, with an Oscar nomination in her pocket, with two more movies behind her and an unlimited number ahead?

### Diane today

She still lives in a four-room apartment

with just enough sticks of furniture to sleep and sit down on. She gets around town in a '49 Ford, fast, cutting the corners. She doesn't own a knick-knack, a luxury, or a decent wardrobe. She has added no jewelry to her one surf-pounded rock. She has not been to one glamour party, and has accepted no invitations for the future. Her health is still shaky, but she's working to build it up with a diet of fruit, vegetables, juice, raw eggs—and no candy. At home she does body exercises, piles into bed at 9:30 almost every night after two hours of heavy reading. Her friends are obscure people "I meet every day here and there" who sometimes drop in for coffee and talk—and to hear Diane pat her Cuban drums and sing her folk songs. She knows that others gossip about the way she dresses, and she says, "I don't care. As to the way I live—well, I guess I do some strange things."

Ask her why she does them now, now when she might live for the first time as other people do, now when she might be surrounded with friends, and she will tell you, "I want simplicity. I want to strip my life down to the essentials."

But those people in Hollywood who are coming to know Diane Varsi and care about her have another reason to offer. They say that she is still afraid, still lives in fear of growing to love anything, any place, any life too much—because if she does, it will be taken away from her as her mother was, her grandparents, her toys, her curls, her dreams. They say she allows herself nothing so that she can lose nothing. They say she has been hurt too much to try again.

And yet, when they see her bending over her baby, hear her talk of his bright, independent mind, see her eyes light up when he stretches out chubby arms for her—they know that Diane Varsi cannot possibly keep herself from loving. She cannot keep from loving forever. . . . **END**

*You can see Diane in* FROM HELL TO TEXAS, 10 NORTH FREDERICK *and* PEYTON PLACE, *all for 20th-Fox.*

## esther and the blind children

(*Continued from page 52*) this baby's steps. Let her never fall, if that is Your Will—but if she does stumble, Lord give her the strength to pick herself up and start to walk again. . . ."

For the child who walked so confidently by Esther's side—was blind.

And only months ago, only a few short months before, she had not walked this way, head up, lips smiling. She had tottered instead, staggering on unsure little feet, her arms stretched out before her, feeling for walls that she could not see, for people that she should not bump into. She had fallen then once for every few steps she took, and her voice was a whimper of pain, of confusion, of loneliness. Her life at seven years, was one long groping in the dark—a dark in which she could not begin to dress herself, to eat alone, to play.

She had never seen. She would never be able to see, And it had seemed then, when her mother brought her to the school, that in the deepest sense, she would never be able to live.

Esther, seeing her for the first time, had stood stock still in the room. She had whispered to her friend, Merle Loft, who stood beside her, "Do you remember? Do you remember when—"

And Merle had nodded.

They both remembered—remembered when so many children in the school had looked like this one. Had it been so long ago? It seemed, in the presence of this child, as if it were yesterday. And yet—it had been several years.

### Calling for help

The school was asking for aid then, as it was so often forced to do. A national sorority, Delta Gamma, had begun it, had taken in three blind children who came every day to learn to exist in their black world. That was in 1938. By 1949 there were not only more day students, but six resident pupils, a Cradle Club of twelve blind babies—and a waiting list that seemed to stretch on and on forever with no money to support it. Harold Lloyd, the great star of silent movies, heard about their plight and threw his home open for a benefit for the school. Esther Williams was one of the stars who came to take her bow, to put her arm around one of the school's children, to give her check—just as others did.

But there was something special about Esther then.

She was going to have a baby of her own.

A baby who might, if God willed it, be born blind.

Two months later, in a quiet hospital room, a nurse bent over Esther to say, "Mrs. Gage—you have a son."

Esther opened her eyes.

And in that split second, there flashed across her mind a memory—a memory of a wan little face, a motionless body, a pair of unseeing childish eyes. . . .

"A beautiful, perfect, healthy little boy," the nurse said now, to Esther Williams.

She smiled. She closed her eyes again. God had been good to her. God would go on being good. And she would repay him if she might, by ministering to the children of other mothers—who had not been so lucky.

### A purpose

She had planned a long rest after Benjy's birth, a time to play with her baby, laze around in the sun, swim to her heart's content, think of nothing. Now her free time had another purpose. She owed it to God.

Three weeks later she walked across the lawn of the school for the first time. And came across five children, sitting on a grassy bit of ground, silent, motionless.

"It's a play period," Merle Loft, the school's director of education explained softly. "Other children would be chasing butterflies, playing tag—but these children are new here. They've been protected so much at home—parents are afraid, quite naturally, that they will hurt themselves if they're too active They come to us almost afraid to move. It takes time—sometimes a lot of time."

Esther thought of Benjy at home, wriggling his plump healthy body, beginning already to smile, to turn his head for a noise, a new sight. Her heart turned over inside her.

"Why are these little ones so thin?" she whispered, "don't they get enough to eat?"

Merle shook her head. "There's plenty of food. But the children who are born blind don't know how to eat it. Chewing isn't instinctive, like sucking, Miss Williams. A baby learns it from watching its parents. These children—the children *born* blind—don't even know how to eat. They have to learn everything—right from


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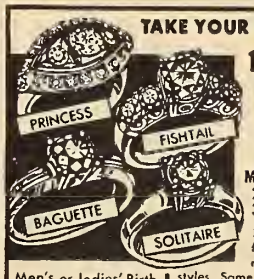


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the beginning. To eat. To walk. To laugh. To get along in the world."

**The gift**

"I came to bring you money," Es said softly. Her eyes traveled slowly across the solemn little faces. "Now I have something else to offer you as well. Please—would you let me teach them to swim?"

Merle stared at her for a long moment. Then she wet her lips. "Oh, Miss Williams," she said, "if you only would."

That same afternoon, they had bundled half a dozen youngsters into Esther's car. Towels and bathing suits, hastily dug up, cluttered the back seat. An hour later, in the Chase Hotel swimming pool, the water carefully heated to just the right temperature to cradle a thin little body—Es held a blind child in her arms for the very first time.

And through sudden tears, she began her lesson.

For an hour, she introduced children who could scarcely walk to the water which would bear them up. She moved little arms, accustomed to hanging quiet for fear of breaking something, to the wide expanse of the swimming pool, where they could wave and reach and splash—and there was nothing to break. And she stretched her own strong arms out beneath them, to let them lie on the water for the first time in their lives, bury their faces in its depths.

And when the lesson was over, when the last child, rosy with unaccustomed exercise, had had his hair towled dry and combed into place, when the last suddenly excited, chattering baby had been helped back into her clothes, she turned to Merle and said, "I've taught children before. I'm going to teach my own. But I've never taught children like these—I don't think I'll ever find more like them. They take to water as if they were born to it. They're not handicapped babies in this pool. They're little gods."

That was the beginning. Nine years ago. And for the children of the nursery school—it was also the end—the end of fear. What Esther had said in awe and wonder was true—they were born for the water. Their sensitive ears told them somehow how far or near the sides of the pool they were. Their high young voices, calling to each other in newfound pride, told them when other children were close. And their legs, grown strong with kicking the foam, learned more quickly to walk with strength and confidence on dry land.

**Fun in the water**

They learned to float, to dive, to do the back stroke and the dog paddle, the Australian crawl and the side stroke. They learned to bump into each other and ricochet off without tears. They learned to splash each other with mock fury and give back as good as they received.

They learned to laugh out loud.

And one afternoon, years later, when the children no longer swam at the hotel because Esther Williams had given them two pools on the school grounds——a young father brought his four-year-old son to the school for the first time, and walked away from the swimming pool with fury on his face.

"I was told this was a school for blind children," he snapped. "Those children in that pool aren't blind!"

Merle Loft smiled at him. "Go back," she advised. "Take a closer look at their faces."

A minute later the man was back in her office, his son in his arms. "It's a miracle," he said, without any trace of joking in his voice. "Please—when can my son begin?"

A miracle, he had said. A miracle that these children were learning at last not only to swim but to eat, to dress themselves, to walk with firm steps in the world of sighted people. A miracle wrought with patience and love, with the help of educators and doctors and one tall movie star—a miracle of hope and of God.

A miracle that had reached out to the little girl who trotted so confidently beside Esther now, to her mother who had whispered, "God bless you—" and to another mother who had taken Esther's hand as she stood beside the pool only a week before.

"Miss Williams," that woman had said. "I want you to know, as far as I'm concerned—you're a saint. A saint in the eyes of God. . . ."

*You can soon see Esther in U-I's* RAW WIND IN EDEN.

---

## I listen to my heart

(*Continued from page 38*) mutual silence made it seem more like two hours. Since my first question had laid a bomb, I was afraid to ask another, so we walked all the way without saying a word. They were showing *Nob Hill*. For two hours we both relaxed and watched. I remember thinking that after seeing the actors and actresses talking to each other, our own conversation might come more easily on the walk home. I was mistaken. All the way home not a word was spoken—we both fell back into our original state of blankness. And that's the real lowdown on my very first date. I was just thirteen at the time, but even this flop of a date didn't discourage me from wanting to go out.

**Movie idols**

"I guess I was never a typical teenager, even when it came to drooling over movie stars. I only had two favorite actors: Tyrone Power and Anthony Quinn. But what I lacked in quantity of idols I made up in intensity. I was so fond of Quinn that one of the first boys I started dating was practically a double for him, physically. That was one of the main reasons I kept dating him!

"I went steady for the first time when I was thirteen-and-a-half, during my last year in Junior High. My first steady was older than I—he was already in high school.

"That's pretty much a pattern with me, dating older fellows. For as long as I can remember I never went with kids my own age. I was never at ease with them. I went steady that first time for about a year. It finally broke up because both of us ran into parental objections.

"When we'd first started dating regularly our folks felt that, like with most teenagers, it would be a fast romance, forgotten after two or three weeks. But when we kept seeing each other for months, then they discouraged us. They felt we were too serious, while we, on the other hand, really believed that ours was a deep and lasting love. After the year went by our folks forced us to stop seeing each other.

"I don't want to mention his name, since he's not in show business and his life is a private affair and it might embarrass him. But I can tell you that we still correspond now and then, or I should say I exchange letters with him and his wife. Yes, he got married. They have two beautiful children. In the last letter I received, his wife told me that he still carries my picture in his wallet, but that at the moment a snapshot of their latest baby was squeezed in on top of mine. I wrote back and told her I was flattered to still be included in his wallet, even if I did take second billing to their baby!

"After that first 'serious' romance broke up I fell into a pattern of going steady with a lot of different boys, but the steadies lasted only a few weeks before calling it quits.

"I've often thought about why I did fall in and out of love so often and also why I felt the need for even labeling a date 'my steady.' I guess going steady, even for only two weeks at a time, gave me the kind of security I needed.

"Incidentally, I'm like this in other things besides dates—I mean my likes and dislikes run in spurts. I get all excited about something and then cool off just as fast.

"The second time I went steady for any length of time was during my freshman year in high school. My sister Arlene was a senior and head of a riding club. One day I went out to the stables with her and I met one of the other club members. He was the best rider in the group. Naturally, I noticed him right off. I was flattered when he seemed to notice me, too, because you know how 'big time' seniors can act around freshmen.

As I said, one of my first crushes had been on a boy who looked like Tony Quinn. Well, this one was physically just the opposite. He had very curly light brown hair and was nice looking but not in a rugged Quinn way. He was a good singer. I always thought he should have made a career of it. We went steady for nearly two years. It was very romantic. We used to go to a recording studio and he'd make records for me—you know the amateur kind where you go into a little booth and just sing. He sang only dreamy, romantic songs. I still have one of those records. Matter of fact, I came across it just a while ago, the last time I went home for a visit. On the outside of the record jacket he'd written *To Mickey*—that was my nickname—*the girl I'll love for always.*

"You know something? He's still not married. Hmm, I'll have to look into that!

"The next fellow that came along was completely different from any one I'd ever dated. He was a football player, only he had more than muscles. He was studying to be a lawyer. The real intellectual type. That certainly was an intriguing combination—brawn *and* brains. But rather than his physical appearance I think the thing that really swept me off my feet was the way he treated me. My football player

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gave me a real rough time. All the other boys I'd gone out with had put me on a pedestal—but not this one. Quite the opposite. He used to do things and say things to irritate me—but it only made him more attractive in my eyes—I guess because he was a challenge or something. Anyway when we first started dating he always used to manage to wind up an evening hurting my feelings. Like for instance he'd make up pet names for me, sweet (?) things like *Miss No-Personality!* At first I tried not to let him know that things like that could bother me.

**On again, off again**

"But I wasn't good at hiding my emotions. Our romance was an on-again-off-again thing. He'd make me so mad that I'd hate him. I hated him so much that I . . . I loved him.

"So we kept seeing each other, and for the first time my folks really liked a boy I was dating and they encouraged me. They thought he was good for me because he kept me on my toes, constantly trying to improve myself, concerned about how I looked and things. For quite a while I was off that pedestal the other boy friends had put me way up high on. But then we stopped seeing each other and I climbed back up on that pedestal. . . .

At least temporarily!

"The football player and I went steady for close to two years. After him, I went through a stage of being footloose and just dating a lot of different boys. Strange as it seems almost every new beau I dated was completely different from any other boy I'd dated before. For instance, when I entered my freshman year at Junior College, I met someone who was absolutely unlike anyone who had ever appealed to me before. He was slight and on the frail side. Ever since that time, although I haven't always stuck to it, I think my preference has been for men of this type. He was studying to be an engineer. The first thing that fascinated me about him, was his voice. He was a Southerner. He had so much charm and such a wonderful accent. I'd never really known any Southerners before I started dating him. I saw him pretty steadily for a year and a half.

"He asked me to marry him.

"We became sort of engaged.

"I thought I was in love with him.

"But then he actually got to the engagement ring buying stage, and I got scared.

**Trapped**

"It was awful. I really sincerely thought I was in love, but when he told me he was going to buy me a ring I got a funny feeling deep inside of me. It's hard to put into words—the nearest sensation I can describe is that I felt trapped—closed in. When that happened, I knew he wasn't *the one:* if he had been I wouldn't have felt the way I did. In all fairness to him and to myself we decided to stop seeing each other.

"The next thing I went through was what could be called the rebound stage. I even got engaged again to someone new. This second engagement was also more in the talking stage than anything else. This time I fell for a businessman. When I first met him I was convinced that I was not emotionally ready for any serious relationship—that I was just dating for a lark, not because I intended to settle down.

"But after a while I realized that he wasn't just someone to take lightly; he was a serious type. My original idea of just going out for a few nice evenings gave way to the feeling he was right for me. He was tall—I know I said that by then I'd grown to prefer the slight, frail type, but I also said I didn't *always* date that type—anyway he was the tall, dark, brooding type, but a fine gentleman.

"After a while, he proposed and once again I was sort of engaged to become engaged. By that time, college was over for the summer vacation and in the midst of trying to decide whether or not to make it an official engagement, I was offered a summer modeling job.

**How to be glamorous**

"Along with three other girls I was to tour the country for a washing machine firm, demonstrating how glamorous the American housewife could look while piling her dirty laundry into an automatic washer. I took the job because I thought it would be a good chance to get away and think about things. Off I went.

"We toured through New York, Georgia, Texas and wound up in San Francisco. I wasn't ready to go home when the tour ended and, since I was already on the West Coast, one of the models and I decided to go to Hollywood and see what it was like. We pooled our resources, rented a cubby hole of an apartment and then it all began.

"From there on the stories have been printed over and over about how I registered with a modeling agency, got a walk-on in Jane Russell's picture, *French Line,* and a few weeks later met Louis Shurr, got a contract at Columbia, the lead opposite Fred MacMurray in *Pushover,* and moved into the Studio Club.

"Yes, the summer that I left Chicago to think about my tall, dark, brooding beau was the beginning of a new life for me. I've never really returned to Chicago since. Oh, I've been home to visit—but that summer was the beginning of an entirely different way of life. I've sometimes wondered what would have happened if I hadn't needed to get away to think about the possibility of marrying. The only conclusion I can come to is that I really knew even before I left home that he and I weren't right for each other; if he'd been the one, I'd have known it immediately.

"Maybe I thought it was very exciting and glamorous to say I was leaving town to think about a man. But I guess I was just in love with love. . . .

**My faith**

"Now, don't misunderstand me. With my tall, brooding business man, as with

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**During the shooting of *The Tin Star,* the studio assigned one worker just to keep track of twelve-year-old Michel Ray—to prevent him from crawling along upended camera booms, sneaking his pony out for a ride into the rattlesnake-infested hills of the San Fernando Valley where the company was locationing, and to get him to school! . . . Young master Ray had to sandwich in his schooling between scenes, getting in the laws' four-hour minimum requirement. But Ray wasn't crazy about school, so like most kids he'd try to sneak away as soon as a scene was shot. Which is why the loud-speaker would frequently boom: MICHEL RAY, PLEASE GO TO YOUR SCHOOLROOM . . . One day Henry Fonda discovered that his gun was missing. "Hey, who has my gun?" he shouted. Almost immediately, the loudspeaker chimed out: "MICHEL RAY, PLEASE BRING MR. FONDA'S GUN BACK!"**


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See Page 5 For Full Details

the others I've mentioned, I loved them—but not with the kind of love strong enough to result in marriage. I am a Catholic—to me marriage means a lifetime of love for one man and as of this moment I have never met a man who is everything to me, a man who made me feel as if he were absolutely essential to my life.

"I just had not yet met a man who made me feel that unless I married him my life would be unhappy or incomplete, and this is what I am looking for.

"I have no regrets about any of the romances I've had. I've learned from all of them.

"Incidentally, there's one thing I'd like to clear up—my relationship with Mac Krim. Everytime I've dated someone other than Mac I've read an item that usually goes something like this: 'Kim Novak was seen at the Mocambo last night dancing with Mr. So-and-So. Poor Mac Krim! Believe me Mac himself doesn't feel this way; we understand each other and our relationship perfectly. We've been seeing each other off and on for nearly four years and though it may have seemed like a steady romance, we have never had any 'agreement' or understanding between us.

**Much about Mac**

"There are so many wonderful things I could tell you about him, but I think they can all be summed up by saying that just from being around Mac I've learned more than I ever learned from any other person I've ever met.

"Then came my next 'romance,' after not dating anyone aside from Mac for almost two years.

"I went back East on a personal appearance tour. On my trip I met a ski instructor, Tony Kastner, at a resort called Grossingers', which is right outside of New York. He was a very sweet person, very charming. He gave me skiing lessons. I thought he was very nice and that was that. But when I left the resort and returned to the city, I was greeted with headlines saying I'd been swept off my feet and was practically at the altar with my skiing friend. I tried denying it, but in my profession the line of least resistance is to close your eyes to the erroneous items in gossip columns and not bother denying them because then the writers suspect you're trying to cover something up, and print the rumors anyway.

"And that covers everything on the subject of *that* 'romance!'

"Soon after this episode, I made my first trip to Europe. I was sent by the studio to plug a couple of my current films as well as to represent Columbia pictures at the *Cannes Film Festival.* During the trip I visited Italy, and while there, many of the local Italian people, both in and out of the picture industry, were kind enough to invite me to parties in their homes. I met Mario Bandini at an afternoon cocktail party. I must admit that when I entered the room he immediately caught my eye; to be honest, I was attracted to him at first glance. During the next half hour people were milling about and eventually we were introduced. I really thought him most attractive, but after exchanging a few polite words I walked away.

**Everyone nice is taken**

"I had assumed that he was married.

"It just seemed that most of the people at the party were husband-and-wife. I thought to myself *he's attractive, but he's already taken,* and I didn't let my mind wander any further. A little while later, he came over and we talked for a few moments and he asked me what I planned on doing when I left the party. I said I was going shopping and he looked at me and said, 'May I come along?' Before I could even think, I blurted out. 'Oh, aren't you married?' He laughed, and said seriously, 'Why, that's very interesting, Miss Novak, do you always ask a man's marital status before allowing him to go shopping with you?' I started to answer him, but before I did, I noticed that although he'd said that last sentence with a straight face, his eyes were laughing.

"That was my introduction to Mario's marvelous sense of humor.

"Then, since Italy is his country, Mario offered to show me the sights. I took him up on it fast, and teased him by saying that to make up for his generosity he'd have to promise to let me give him a Cook's Tour of Chicago and Los Angeles sometime.

"Mario is very much respected in Italy. His is a very old and prominent family. He is not a Count, as was first reported, but almost everyone calls him Count. Maybe it's because of his regal bearing. I even find myself saying Count Bandini now and then. Mario was another complete departure from any type of man I'd ever known before. True, he is a businessman; so is Mac Krim; so was my tall, brooding ex-steady. But there was another dimension to Mario.

"There's just something about European men . . . they're so . . . so continental, is the only word I can think of, and that's so very inadequate. I found Mario sophisticated, worldly, at ease on the dance floor, behind the wheel of a sports car, in a gondola for two, just walking, just talking. He is always completely at ease, in every conceivable situation. He has a great deal of appeal. Let's face it, Mario is a very attractive man!"

(EDITOR'S NOTE: AS WE GO TO PRESS, MARIO BANDINI HAS YET TO ARRIVE IN HOLLYWOOD.)

"I would never marry anyone, or even seriously consider it until I'd had a chance to spend time with him on my home territory, so to speak. I want Mario to see my family, my home in Chicago. . . . I want him to see me as I am when I am working in Hollywood. I want him to know me as I am in my own surroundings, and not on a brief European jaunt. Here in America, I want to see how he reacts to *my* world. Until these things happen I can only say that for our relationship to ripen into a serious thing, we must first have a chance for romance without the continental backdrop.

"That's why, right now, I can't tell where my friendship with Mario will eventually lead.

"But if there is really something there, I will know it. I know I feel something toward him; just how deeply that feeling goes is something only tomorrow can answer. . . .

"Have I found him? All I can say is that at the moment, *no.* But he may be only as far off as tomorrow. . . .

"And each boy I've known, each boy I've loved has helped teach me how glorious tomorrows can be . . . when you're in love. . . ." **END**

*Watch for Kim in Paramount's* VERTIGO *and Columbia's* BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE.

---

**"When I was doing a TV show in Philadelphia and was looking for a girl singer, I was told of Edith Adams, a blonde who had been on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts . . . and lost," says Ernie Kovacs.**

**"We phoned her in New York, and she came and auditioned. She sang one song, 'Would I Love You?' and everybody flipped. We heard some other girls, and then called her back, and she did another song, and again we flipped. . . . and hired her.**

**"Then she told us that she had studied at Juilliard and Columbia University, and knew the classics . . . but knew only two pop songs . . . the ones she sang for us!**

**"Fortunately, she learned fast and stayed on our show . . . and I married her."**

*Paul Denis*

---


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**Judy Holliday's big break in Movieville was the result of Katharine Hepburn's generosity. Miss Hepburn urged her to accept a minor role in her flicker, *Adam's Rib.* During the filming rumors "leaked" concerning the amazing job Miss Holliday was doing. The source was Hepburn. She informed reporters: "This Holliday girl is stealing the picture. She's running away with the film." As a result of the propaganda, the studio boss (who didn't believe Miss Holliday was suitable for the film version of her stage click, *Born Yesterday*) changed his mind. Today, Judy Holliday is that studio's top asset. And Katie Hepburn gave her greatest performance—by acting like a human being.**

*Walter Winchell*
*in The New York Daily Mirror*

---

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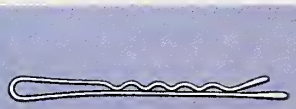


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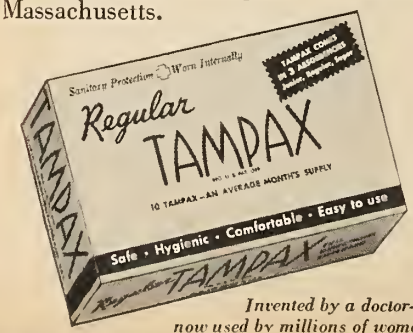

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# modern screen

## STORIES


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The cover portrait of Liz and Mike is by Hans Knopf of Globe. Liz can be seen in MGM's RAINTREE COUNTY and will soon appear in MGM's CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF. Other photographers' credits are on page 74.

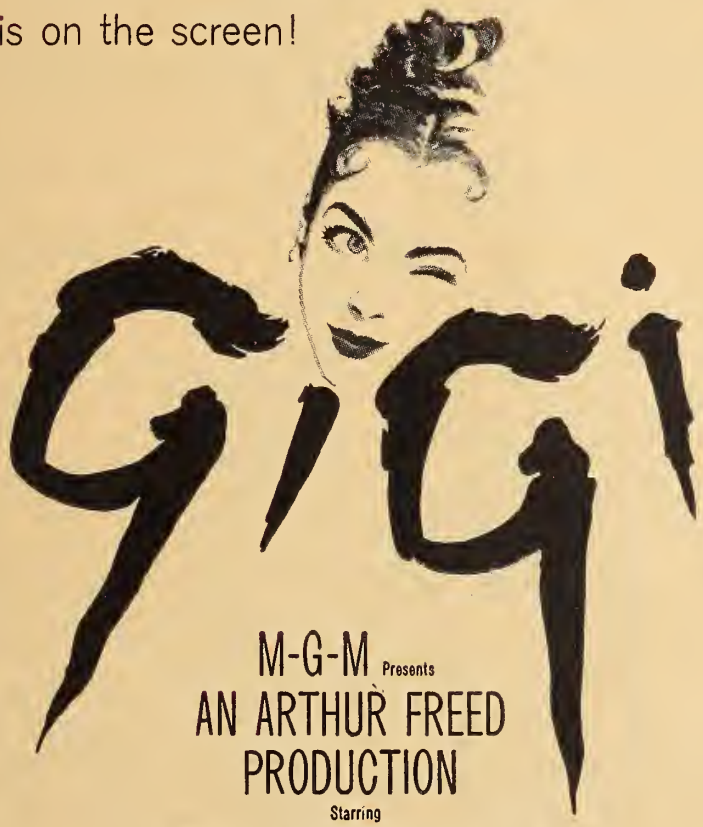
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**POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579, to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York.**

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 52, No. 6, July, 1958. Published monthly except Jonuory by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office 221 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Poul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions, and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years; $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Reentered as second class matter March 25, 1957, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1958 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.

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# THE INSIDE STORY

**Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N. Y. 36, N. Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.**

Q Is there a chance that **Judy Garland** is sick?
—H.T., Baltimore, Md.
A *Judy is very sick financially.*

Q Is it true that Noel Coward turned down *My Fair Lady,* which is why **Rex Harrison** got the part?
—R.T., Miami, Fla.
A *Yes.*

Q What's happened to **Gary Crosby**?
—J.T., Reno, Nev.
A *Will soon appear in a film,* Mardi Gras.

Q Who taught **Kim Novak** to act?
—R. T., Chicago, Ill.
A *Mostly drama coach Benno Schneider.*

Q Is it true that **Rossano Brazzi** will never again act in a film with **Ava Gardner** or **June Allyson**?
—K.D., Denver, Col.
A *Not if he can help it.*

Q Can you tell how much **Doris Day** earns per film?
—C.R., Bangor, Me.
A *$250,000 against 10% of the gross.*

Q Is there a **Burt Lancaster-Tony Franciosa** feud?
—V.E., Raleigh, N.C.
A *Only on Franciosa's part.*

Q Where is **Howard Keel**? What's he doing?
—A.T., Boston, Mass.
A *Keel is in Hollywood, mulling over a 5-year pact offered by CBS-TV.*

Q How much was **Liz Taylor** and family left by **Mike Todd**?
—L.D., Columbus, Ohio
A *Eventually Liz will get approximately $2,000,000 from the estate.*

Q Will **Esther Williams** and **Jeff Chandler** get married?
—T.T., Lincoln, Neb.
A *Yes, probably next April.*

Q What is **Yul Brynner's** real name?
—K.F., Frankfort, Ky.
A *Julius Bryner.*

Q Is **Loretta Young** divorced?
—V.R., Rochester, N.Y.
A *No, but she and her husband are apparently separated.*

Q Does **Eddie Fisher** get his hair fixed at a beauty parlor?
—O.B., Mason City, Iowa
A *No.*

Q Are there any actors of Lebonese parentage?
—N.C., Seattle, Wash.
A **Danny Thomas,** *for one.*

Q How many times has **Alan Ladd** been married?
—S.W., Burbank, Calif.
A *Twice.*

Q Can you tell me what religious denomination the **Ozzie Nelson** family is?
—P.P., Memphis, Tenn.
A *Protestant.*

Q Will **Pat Boone** ever have to go into the Army like **Elvis**?
—T.T., Camden, N. J.
A *Chances are small.*

Q How tall is **Elvis Presley** in his bare feet?
—G.C., San Francisco, Calif.
A *Six feet, one-half inch.*

Q Are there any Mormon actresses in Hollywood?
—B.T., Provo, Utah
A **Laraine Day** and **Rhonda Fleming** are two.

Q How many children does **Jennifer Jones** have?
—P.T., Dunellen, N.J.
A *Jennifer has three children.*

Q If I come to Hollywood, is it possible to visit some movie star's home?
—Y.T., Yakima, Wash.
A *Not unless you're invited.*

Q Who are the richest actors in Hollywood?
—B.D., Mendotta, Calif.
A **Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Burt Lancaster.**

Q Is it true that **Burt Lancaster** used to sell lingerie and that his partner Harold Hecht used to be a chorus boy?
—E.T., Buffalo, N.Y.
A *True.*

Q Did **Marlon Brando** recently pay to have a friend of his cured of narcotics addiction?
—V.M., N.Y.C.
A *Yes.*

Q Was **Mickey Rooney** slated for a big part in **Mike Todd's** *Don Quixote?*
—K.D., Durango, Col.
A *The biggest.*

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# KIM NOVAK
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# 'VERTIGO'

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# ROCK gets recognized

■ It hadn't been so many months ago when he had been one of the regulars here.

Rock Hudson eyed the ground round steak. It used to taste just fine in the old days—less than twelve whole months ago. Rock had stopped here every night after the day's run on his trucking route. The Drive-In food was nourishing, the service was quick, and the waitresses had a cheery word now and then for a young man who was occasionally downhearted and discouraged.

He wasn't Rock Hudson in those days, twelve months before. He was just plain Roy Fitzgerald, and he was still fairly new in Hollywood, still homesick for Winnetka.

Then, things had started to happen to him with a dramatic suddenness. An agent saw him, was impressed by his acting potential and managed to get him a film contract.

He appeared in several small roles—nothing very impressive. But the fans started noticing him . . . and they started writing letters. These letters began like a tiny snowball rolling down hill, and ending in an avalanche.

Rock was still practically a nobody, career-wise, that night he came back to the diner, though he did eat his dinners in fancier places. It was the Brown Derby now, and occasionally La Rue and Chasens.

He had come back to the drive-in partly for sentimental reasons and partly because movie making was still new to him and confusing and sometimes discouraging. If he could only feel that he was *getting* somewhere!

His life was easier, true enough. And the food was better and the girls were classier. But was he making any real dent on the public?

While he was occupied with these thoughts, a bus-boy walked up to him and said, "Hey, haven't I seen you somewhere?"

Rock's face relaxed into an easy smile. Here it was, a real, live fan. Not just a statistic chalked up by his studio's fan mail department.

He turned, smiled pleasantly, but played it very cool.

"Could be," he said.

"Your face is sure familiar," the bus-boy said as he mopped up the counter and carried several tray-loads of dishes to the kitchen before returning.

"Beats me," he said then, looking closely at Rock and shaking his head.

Rock wanted to tell him, *I'm an actor; you've seen me on the screen.* Rock wanted to shout it from the housetops. Idly Rock wondered which of his pictures it was that had made an impression on this youngster. *Fighter Squadron? Undertow? Bright Victory?*

He finished his steak and polished off a piece of apple pie à la mode. Leaving an out-size tip as a gesture of gratitude to the world at large for his revived self-esteem. Rock was paying his check when the bus-boy came bounding back.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed. "now I know where I've seen you before! You used to drive a truck for the Budget Pack company, and you ate your dinner here every night!"

*You can see Rock in 20th Century-Fox's* Farewell To Arms *and soon he will appear in U-I's* Twilight For The Gods.



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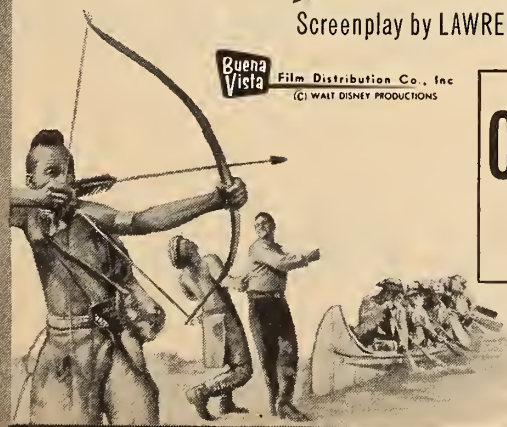
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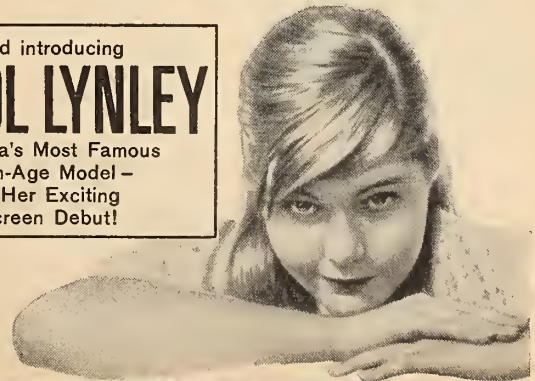
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# MY STRANGE MARRIAGE TO DEBRA PAGET

*by DAVID STREET as told to May Mann*



Debra is the nicest girl I have ever met, even though she is mixed up. But when you know our story, perhaps her reasons will come to light and perhaps make sense. For she is basically a very honest girl—a girl who doesn't drink or smoke or understand a dirty joke.

I was in Las Vegas last December singing in the Celebrity Lounge at the El Cortez Hotel. I was signed for six weeks and was held over for twenty-two. I attended the opening night at the Flamingo to catch Debbie's act. I thought she was very beautiful. And I thought nothing more about her. I recalled at the time that I had first met her back stage at the Biltmore Theatre in Los Angeles when her mother Maggie was playing in *Rain*. Debbie was at that time twelve years old. Shortly after that I left Fox and she signed a contract there.

I was singing a benefit at the Sahara and I was told that Debra Paget and her mother and entourage were out front to hear me. When Debra requested *All The Way* I naturally complied. And after the show I joined them. I like her—but (*Continued on page 12*)

JIMMIE RODGERS, SINGING STAR OF ROULETTE RECORDS



# "You can always tell a HALO girl"

## Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
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# JULY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in July, your birthstone is a ruby and your flower is a larkspur. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

*July 1*—**Olivia DeHavilland**
**Farley Granger**
**Leslie Caron**
**Charles Laughton**

*July 3*—**George Sanders**

*July 4*—**Eva Marie Saint**
**Gina Lollobrigida**
**George Murphy**

*July 9*—**Bob Hope**

*July 10*—**Nick Adams**

*July 11*—**Tab Hunter**

*July 14*—**Dale Robertson**

*July 16*—**Barbara Stanwyck**
**Ginger Rogers**

*July 18*—**Chill Wills**
**Red Skelton**

*July 20*—**Natalie Wood**

*July 22*—**Perry Lopez**

*July 23*—**Michael Wilding**
**Gloria DeHaven**

*July 25*—**Walter Brennan**

*July 26*—**Janet Leigh**

*July 27*—**Keenan Wynn**

*July 29*—**Richard Egan**
**Bob Horton**
**William Powell**

*July 30*—**Jacques Sernas**



**Jeff Donnell**
*July 10*



**Polly Bergen**
*July 14*



**Sonny Tufts**
*July 16*



**Joan Evans**
*July 18*



**Patricia Medina**
*July 19*



**Stephen McNally**
*July 29*

# my strange marriage to debra paget

(*Continued from page 8*) I didn't fall in love with her. After that I enjoyed their company many times for they all often came in to hear me sing. I was never alone with her, never touched her hand or held her.

At this particular time I was having a problem of my own. My recent divorce from Mary Beth Hughes had become final, and a girl I had been going with for some time suggested that we should now get married. I told her that I didn't think, in view of our differences, we could make a go of it. However, we were married . . . and quarreled and broke up immediately. That was just before I met Debra. And after Debra had returned to Los Angeles this other girl returned to Las Vegas and got a divorce. Certainly the headlines were most untimely. Not to mention the subsequent column items. I returned shortly after that to Los Angeles and I accepted Debra's invitation to call.

We sat watching TV that first evening in their big house in Beverly Hills. It is a very elaborate house that once belonged to Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland. Debbie's two sisters and her mother and father also live there, and Debbie has a large suite of her own with a den, sitting room, bedroom and bath.

### A hint of a problem

Debbie's mother excused herself and Debbie and I talked together for two hours. We discussed pictures—and her feelings about people. Debbie talked of her devotion to her mother, who is more than a pal to her. Although Debbie is quiet, and not a conversationalist—when she does say something, she is sincere. You count on its being exactly what she thinks. She isn't like the average woman who says *yes* when she means *no*. However, her shyness is a problem: even if she feels strongly about something, she may not say anything—and you are left entirely in the dark. That was our real problem later.

But to get back to the first evening I visited her, after a most enjoyable time I finally arose to leave. Debbie held out her hand to say goodnight. And suddenly we were holding each other. Maybe we were already in love without knowing it. She had sought me out in Las Vegas. I had sought her out on my return. We didn't suspect our feeling until we touched. And to touch was to kiss. And suddenly Debra was not shy now. She was all woman returning kiss for kiss—warm, vibrating, thrilling.

There was only one thing to think of—marriage. To my surprise and my delight, she said, "Yes."

Debbie and I both knew that this was all very sudden—and it seemed sudden. But it also seemed right.

I told Debbie I would like to wait—for I was in the middle of a big business deal and until I had it—I didn't feel I had the right to offer her marriage.

Debbie drew away from me. She looked up into my eyes with hurt plainly showing in hers. Then she turned and ran downstairs—leaving me alone. Her mother came up and I asked, "Where's Debbie?"

"She's downstairs. She feels upset," her mother replied. "It doesn't make sense to her to wait."

I ran downstairs to Debbie and I took her in my arms. "All right," I said, "we'll do it your way." She said, "If we can't marry now, darling—let's not wait longer than a week." And that is the way it was.

### Wedding plans

There was a lot of excitement over the wedding plans. A dressmaker quickly made a lovely ivory satin wedding gown for Debbie. We rushed the wedding up to within three days.

The wedding was at her home, with the minister of Christ Church Unity officiating. We had chosen our wedding rings—a plain band for me and diamond-and-platinum engagement and wedding rings for Debbie. After the ceremony, we hosted our guests at a buffet dinner. Then we slipped out the back door and drove to Apple Valley and a bridal cottage. We were far away from everyone. And we were all alone.

Debbie was all I ever dreamed of. She was the one girl who had everything I had ever looked for in a woman. I was the first man in her life. She is beautiful before she awakens in the morning—with her lovely skin and her beautifully shaped face and her lovely lips. Her lower lip fascinated me. She has an exquisite neck and lovely shoulders, and I liked to look at her as she lay there asleep. What plans I had for her—for us.

She has the most beautiful body I've ever seen. And she's responsive and warm and cuddling—but not in a simpering way. She has a tremendous sense of humility, and she's graceful, charming, honest, and . . . yes, she is very romantic.

I never quite caught her perfume—it was so delicate. And then the long walks we took. And the drive to the trout hatchery where we watched the fish. But she was quiet. She didn't laugh much.

Debbie would wake up early each morning. This comes from a long schedule of early studio calls. We had a wonderful honeymoon—except it lasted only two days. She had to return for a TV film—*Wagon Train*—and I had to go to New York for a TV show.

**When Sophia Loren arrived in Rome after her trip to America, customs inspectors peering into her little overnight bag found a copy of *The Plague* by Albert Camus, a pair of gold slippers, a black brassiere and four packages of chewing gum.**
*Dorothy Kilgallen in the New York Journal-American*

### Debbie's house

We had both agreed to pursue our careers separately—and never to interfere with each other's work—just to enjoy it and be proud. But it was hard to leave her so soon. We moved into her house since we had no time to find a place of our own. I could scarcely pull her out of her home—for it was built around her. Her pink satin bedroom and her marble bath were the most beautiful I had ever seen. But still I felt like a guest living in her house. She knew the household routine; I did not. I was anxious for our own home.

I had to go to New York for ten days. Instead of staying at the hotel, a friend asked me to move in with him. Debbie called the hotel, but they did not give her my friend's number as they should have. When I called, she was upset over it. I told her how much I missed her, and that I had two other commitments in New York. She told me she was leaving in three days for Mexico to make a picture and she'd be gone for six weeks. I cancelled everything and flew home to Debbie.

Debbie and I were close again, except we were never alone. We always had dinner with the family. And even her wonderful family is not (*Continued on page 14*)




# BOURJOIS BRINGS YOU THE TALL VALUE IN COLOGNES

**ON THE WIND • FROSTY MIST • SPICE 'N' ICE**...three refreshing moods in fragrance...crisp, spicy or tangy. Each in the towering 6-ounce decanter, beautifully gift boxed. And for the first time in these summer cool fragrances; matching cologne stick and new cloud-soft, dreamy dusting powder. $2.00 values, **each 1.00.**




. . . and the hope that the pounding of their hearts could drown out the sound of chaos that thundered about them!

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A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE

The great love story of World War II by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

A Universal-International Picture starring

JOHN GAVIN • LILO PULVER

co-starring JOCK MAHONEY • DON DeFORE • KEENAN WYNN

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK • Screenplay by ORIN JANNINGS • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

CINEMASCOPE in Eastman COLOR

Universal International


## my marriage to debra paget

(*Continued from page 12*) conducive to a couple working out problems. Debbie was also dieting for her new picture. This makes her highly nervous—in a way that doesn't show—but is within her; and it builds up. She told me of being in Mexico three years before and getting a fever that changed her metabolism. This makes her constantly have to fight weight. Sometimes she goes all day on just a little ice cream.

I had a night club engagement in Hollywood when she went to Mexico. We talked a lot on the telephone.

Then to my tremendous surprise, one day she called and said, "I don't know why, David; I just know that it is what I want. I want a divorce. It isn't right and it isn't fair to you—but I feel that until I am free I'll never get to know you, really fall in love with you the way I should for a lifetime together."

I flew to Mexico and I held her in my arms. "Debbie," I pleaded, "I have to know you and you me. We haven't had a chance. And the slightest misunderstanding can pull two people apart. Marriage means love, friendship, complete honesty. The only thing that you do which concerns me—is that you are so quiet. You don't tell me what bothers you."

### More trouble

In a strange way another woman who professed she had once loved me and who threatened she'd break up my marriage to Debbie was the real hazard. She constantly gave out press items to harass me. All vicious and lies. But that saying, *Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned,* was too true. My first wife was influenced to sue me for money, and now she tells me she is sorry. It was all bad taste—and terribly confusing to a lovely girl like Debbie.

Debbie returned from Mexico and I felt we were now more like strangers. She had a bad cold and she stayed in bed. There was little chance to talk to her. She said quietly, "David, it is not going to work. I feel now that I have to be a wife, and I don't want to be a wife. You're too good to me—too nice. What you do is right—but I look for little things. If you send me a sweet card it upsets me—and if you don't it upsets me. I know it's not you. It's me. If we were not married, we could get to know each other. It all adds up to this: I have to be free. Maybe then we can start over again some day. I am so nervous and tired—that is all I know.

"I want a divorce."

I could not blame Debra. We didn't dare leave the house, because of prying reporters and press items in the papers.

This was not the ideal thing that a sheltered girl like Debra had dreamed of. I do know that when she came to me as my wife—she was a pure, lovely girl. This is surprising for a girl of twenty-four living in a glamourous place like Hollywood where love is too often too lightly taken and given.

I am in love with this girl. And our parting was not bitter. "I can't tell you how sorry I am," Debbie said when we said good-bye.

Debbie's mother was also sad, and expressed her deep regret that our marriage had to end.

Debbie went to Mexico and got the decree. All I can say is, our marriage never got off the ground.

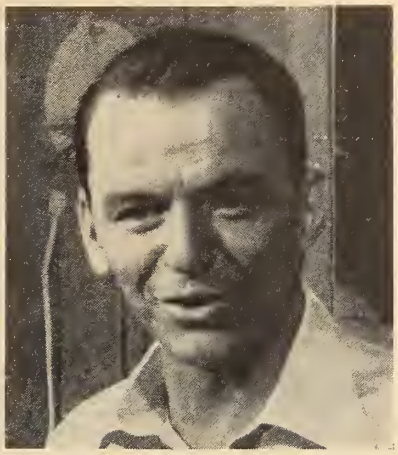
I am going ahead with my plans, and one day soon, when they are completed—I hope to return to Debbie. She has a heart of gold—and I think perhaps, if God is willing, we can recapture those first happy times we knew on our honeymoon.

And she will again be my wife. . . . END

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

# LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

**IN THIS ISSUE:**



**FRANKIE** makes a secret visit



**LIZ** goes back to work



**JANET** prepares for her second baby

**LOUELLA PARSONS**
**in hollywood**



# louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

*I hear some surprising news about Frank Sinatra, and attend Dean Martin's fabulous opening at the Cocoanut Grove*



*That Frankie! No matter what some people say about him, I say he's the first to help a friend in trouble.*

**It Was So Thoughtful of Frankie . . .**

I couldn't believe it when I first heard it either—but it's true!—and has been verified: the first person to see **Lana Turner** in her house of tragedy the Saturday evening after the stabbing of Johnny Stompanato by fourteen-year-old Cheryl Crane on Good Friday was **Frank Sinatra!**

Of course when I say the *first* person I make exception of the police authorities, lawyers and other authorities, and Steve Crane and Lana's mother.

How such an attention-getting visitor could have eluded the attention of the reporters and photographers swarming around Lana's home I shall never know.

But Frank arrived at 6:45 p.m. and stayed fifteen minutes, giving what comfort and courage he could to the stricken Lana.

I say this is a big surprise because for years Lana and Frank have not been on good terms. Dating back to the time he blew a fuse and called the Palm Springs police to evict his (then) wife **Ava Gardner** and her guest Lana Turner from his house, the feeling between Frankie and Lana hasn't been friendly—to say the least.

But who really knows this complex Sinatra character? When he first heard the awful news about the tragedy of Lana's little girl, he was at home with a friend of his. "This is awful," he kept saying over and over. "This is awful."

The truth is that anything involving a child gets under his skin. That night he went to the home of Nancy Sinatra and visited until bedtime with his own brood of three, as though to assure himself that his kids were happy and well.

But he couldn't get the tragedy of Lana and her child off his mind. "I'd just like to see Lana and let her know we're standing by," he kept repeating to his pals.

Some of them advised Frankie to keep out of it. He could write Lana a note. Or telephone. Or send flowers—if he *had* to do something. "All right, all right!" he said impatiently.



*Debbie and Eddie came to Dean Martin's opening—and Dean couldn't have been happier.*

*Lauren Bacall said some angry words about Frankie before stepping off with Leo Durocher.*









**Above** *Dean Martin and his pretty wife Jeanne look sooo in love—and celebrating!*
**Right, Above** *Hugh O'Brian certainly gets around! But mostly with Joan Collins these days.*
**Right** *Is Jacques Bergerac falling under the spell of lovely Venetia Stevenson?*

But to Frankie that wasn't good enough. Not nearly good enough. Giving all his cronies the slip, and without trying in any way to hide his visit, he drove right up to Lana's home and walked in!

What he said to the dazed and heartbroken Lana no one will ever know. But it must have comforted her and helped in her blackest hour. And just how tragic those hours were you'll understand when you finish reading the story on page 28.

That Frankie! Just when you think you want to kill him for something or other—you want to kiss him!

### But Lauren Doesn't Like Him!

One belle who did *not* feel like kissing **Frankie** was **Lauren Bacall.** At least not last month when it looked as though their on-again off-again romance was *off* for good.

"Do me a favor. Never mention my name again in the same breath with Frank Sinatra's," she snapped to a reporter the night **Dean Martin** opened at the Cocoanut Grove. It was the same night Frankie Boy was opening at the Sands in Las Vegas.

Betty—as her intimates call Lauren—was in Dean's party, sitting at the ringside with Jeanne Martin and Irving Lazar. All dressed up, perfumed and glamorized, she looked about as happy as Sad Sack.

And I hear the first thing she did when she arrived home was put in a long distance call to some friends in Las Vegas to find out if Frankie's opening was as great as she hoped it was!!?????

### Dean Martin Did So Well

Getting back to **Dean's** debut at the famed Grove, it was a "gasser"—as his pal **Sinatra** would put it. Dean never sang better, and he's very amusing. "I have a new opening for my act—sober," he kidded as he came on.

**Venetia Stevenson** and **Joanne Moore** were two of the most beautiful girls in the room although so different in type. Venetia's mother, by the way, tells some rather startling things about this young miss on page 64.

I don't know why **Joan Collins** and **Hugh O'Brian** made such a fuss about arriving separately and departing separately. They *sat* together the entire evening.

**Debbie** and **Eddie** stopped by my table to tell me they were leaving the next day for a cigarette manufacturers' convention in Florida. And then on to New York to see a show or two. These two need a little fun. The Fishers have really been crushed by the death of Eddie's close pal, **Mike Todd.** When Dean sang *Around the World In 80 Days*, Eddie wrung his hands to hide his emotion.

I also saw **Dale Robertson** with his new girl Mary Markham.

But most of all it was a big night for Dean.

### The Party Of The Month

Glamorous **Zsa Zsa Gabor** may enjoy playing up her feather-brained side and her cute *bon mots*, but she's rapidly developing into one of our most important formal hostesses —and that takes brains.

Close on the heels of the brilliant party she gave last month for **Noel Coward** and her sister **Eva** after their stage opening in *Present Laughter*, Zsa Zsa came up with another social dilly. This time she honored the two South American millionaires, Francisco 'Baby' Pignatari and Jorge Guinle.

She chose the Beverly Hilton's Escoffier Room to do the catering and she herself turned her lovely home into a bower of spring flowers for this affair. "I arranged every zingle flower," she said, proud of her handiwork.

As always when Zsa Zsa entertains, the girls wear their best and most expensive gowns. And usually something happens.

It started off immediately when **Ginger Rogers** walked in followed moments later by her ex, **Jacques Bergerac**—in separate parties. As Ginger and Jacques had *not* parted the best of friends, everyone was surreptitously watching to see how this encounter would come off.

The first thing Jacques did was walk over and chat with Ginger. Then he asked her to dance—cheek to cheek—and they proceeded to laugh and talk with one another as though they were the best of friends! In Hollywood, you never know!

Following the delicious dinner and dancing, the impromptu show started.

The one and only **Bea Lillie** sang number after number, with **Van Johnson** and **Shirley MacLaine** chiming in. I had a wonderful talk with Bea, the priceless English comedienne, who is a good friend of mine. She always loves coming to Hollywood and seeing her good friends.

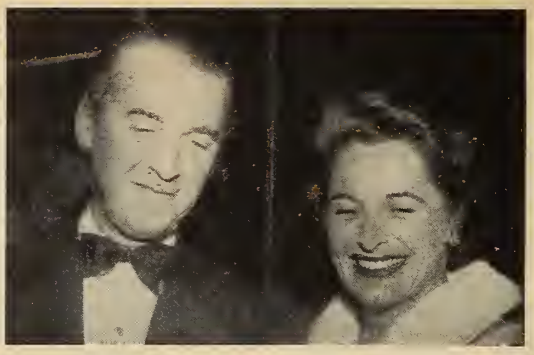
Helen Grayco—Mrs. **Spike Jones**—wore the latest gasp in a loose fitting sack. But she's pregnant, and on her it looked good.

Flitting from table to table was Zsa Zsa's mother, the indominitable Jolie, who kept insisting she was eating too much—while urging others to do the same!

**Jimmy Stewart** and his wife Gloria alternated dancing—they look like pros on the floor—with long and serious discussions with David Selznick. David came alone, explaining that his wife **Jennifer Jones** wasn't feeling well—but I've never felt she cares too much for Hollywood parties.

As for the honored guest, Baby Pignatari, he is one of the most charming men I have ever met in my life. I can well understand how **Linda Christian** fell for him—even if I can't understand how *he* fell for *her*. I think her recent headline shenannigans involving him and another rich South American were disgraceful.

But Baby proved himself a gentleman. He said nothing about—or against—Linda, the headline hunter and millionaire chaser. Perhaps the less said about her, the better.





*It's always wonderful to see them together—Jimmy Stewart and his wife Gloria. But we were all holding our breath to see how Ginger Rogers would act when her ex, Jacques Bergerac, came in. . . .*

### Janet and Tony Have the Happiest News!

The two happiest people in Hollywood are **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis** who, as this is written, have just learned that they'll welcome their second baby in November.

Long before they knew they were on the Stork's list, they'd picked out a name for their second child. If it's a girl it will be Corey. If a boy, just plain Cory.

Maybe you're wondering where they got so hepped up on such an unusual name. It dates back to about two years ago when Tony starred in *Mr. Corey* for his home base, U-I.

This was the first picture in which Tony himself was completely happy about his performance. Although his first dramatic role had been *Six Bridges To Cross*, and he got very good reviews, Tony personally liked his role of the young gambler in *Mr. Corey* best.

Of course Tony and Janet hope the expected baby will be a boy. Their bouncing baby daughter Kelly is now a snappy two years old. When they moved into their beautiful new Beverly Hills home—a large place right around the corner from Pickfair, the fabulous home of America's sweetheart, Mary Pickford—Janet said she hoped they had a lot of babies to fill it up. It's so wonderful when children come to young parents who want them as much as Tony and Janet.

If you ask me, I shouldn't be in the least surprised if, following the birth of Cory or of Corey, Janet retires from her career. She has hinted for some time that if she has another child—or two—she'll be content to be just Mrs. Tony Curtis, mother of Kelly and Cory Curtis—and any other little Curtises that come along.

Tony and Janet say a lot more about their marriage on page 35.



*Janet and Tony have picked out a name for their next baby that will work if it's a boy or girl!*

# I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—



**Lee Remick,** who belongs to the new, brittle, self-assured school of young actresses from the Broadway stage who refuse to look upon themselves as movie Cinderellas and have no awe of Hollywood.

Well-trained before they ever hit Hollywood and sure of themselves and their talents, they are a far cry from the beautiful, big-eyed, big-chested dolls who came up to stardom via the 'extra' route or were discovered sipping sodas across the street from their high schools.

Lee, the girl with the boy's name, belongs rather in the young dramatists group which now numbers **Joanne Woodward** and **Susan Strasberg,** among others coming up fast.

Already the out-spoken Miss Remick has knocked the critics cold with her playing of the lovesick young bride in *The Long Hot Summer.* So pleased is 20th Century-Fox with her work, she's been put under long-term contract.

Hollywood she can take or leave. "I prefer New York," she says. She's also been quoted as remarking, "I'm never able to distinguish clearly where the movie sets end and the real living begins."

Her handsome TV producer-director husband William Colleran just laughs indulgently and says, "Pay no attention to her. She's really movie struck and reads her fan mail like crazy!"

Born in Boston, she acquired the acting bug early in life and was majoring in dramatics all through her Barnard College (New York) days.

Then Lee stepped from the classroom right into a top role in the show *Be Your Age,* which lasted one week. But from this start she stepped very successfully into TV and was chosen by star-maker Elia Kazan to play opposite **Andy Griffith** and **Tony Franciosa** in her movie debut, *A Face In The Crowd.*

Like it or not—and I bet she does—she's on her way to movie stardom.



# OPEN LETTER to Johnny Saxon:

If you are secretly married to your long-time sweetheart Vicki Thal, what's the secret about?

Oh, I know you've been advised that 64% of today's movie ticket buyers are teenagers and you are one of the teenagers' delights. But I honestly thought this business of screen favorites keeping marriages from the public went out with Francis X. Bushman.

**Pat Boone** is also a teenagers' idol. He's married. **Jimmie Rodgers,** another young man who sets 'em squealing, is married and so proud of it he frequently refers to his bride on TV shows. **Eddie Fisher** is married and so is that most popular idol of TV, **Perry Como.**

My point is this, Johnny: if you love Vicki and *want* to marry her, don't be afraid that you'll lose a single one of your sincere fans. And you won't miss the neurotic ones.

If you are already married to her, as almost the entire *Reluctant Debutante* company believes, just step right up and tell the world about it as I just know you must want to.

One of my friends who was in Paris while you were making *Debutante* with **Kay Kendall, Rex Harrison** and **Sandra Dee,** wrote me:

> *Johnny missed Vicki so much he sent for her to join him in France. While he was busy on the picture, Vicki went sightseeing in London and Rome and had a wonderful time. Johnny was supposed to come right back to the USA on completion of the film, but he bought a foreign sports car and asked for three weeks' grace to do some traveling himself.*
>
> *My guess is that this trip is actually a honeymoon with Vicki. They are both nice kids, very much in love, and I hope he won't let any nonsense about hysterical fans keep him from his real happiness.*

See what I mean, Johnny?

## They're Just Vicious Rumors, Hugh—

**Hugh O'Brian** is sick at heart over the recent TV magazine story accusing him of being a tight-wad and an eager-beaver opportunist. The article states that Hugh once invited seventy-five guests to his beach home for a party and failed to provide food or drink, "Because he expected his guests to bring their own."

"There's not a word of truth in it," Hugh told me glumly. "In the first place, my house at the beach isn't big enough to accommodate ten comfortably, much less seventy-five. And never in my life have I expected a guest to bring food and drink to my place.

"Sure, I try to save some money. I've got a healthy regard for it. The luxuries I feel I can now afford haven't come to me so easily that I feel I'm in the throw-it-away class.

"I've tried to show some sense and make some good investments with the money I've made from TV and the movies.

"But I don't think any girl I've ever taken out would say I've tried to skimp on the evening or that I've been remiss about sending flowers."

I can be a first-hand witness, Hugh, that you certainly did not skimp on that whoopla surprise birthday party you gave for Nancy Sinatra! You rounded up fifty people at Romanoff's for cocktails, then piled the group into a huge double-decker bus equipped with food and drink and a five-piece combo before descending on Nancy . . . who hadn't dreamed such a gala celebration was in store for her until you and your guests arrived!

As for being an opportunist, you aren't the only young actor I've known doing all he can to promote his career.

Forget the criticisms. You're doing okay.

### Watch Out, Kim!

Speaking of visiting millionaires, Lt. General Raphael Trujillo, Jr.'s visit to Hollywood and the USA, during which he's dated such beauties as **Kim Novak,** has stirred up a big fuss in Congress. One of our Congressmen told the world, "While the son of the head of the Dominican Republic is in this country dating beautiful movie stars and living it up to the hilt, his country is asking our Government to give it millions and millions of dollars. Roughly, I would say that the way Junior is spending money, his trip here will cost a million!"

## IN MY OPINION...

Whether **Shelley Winters** threw that perfume bottle at **Tony Franciosa,** beaning him behind the ear, or not—there's no doubt that Shell's intensive dieting to lose twenty-five pounds for *Diary of Anne Frank* has shattered her nerves. . . .

I'm just a bit fed up with these belles from Broadway taking pot-shots at Hollywood. For instance, **Suzy Parker's** crack: "Hollywood is like a beautiful kindergarten. All the people have such simple interests—*themselves*." Well, you sassy beauties aren't chained here. . . .

**Marlon Brando's** performance in *The Young Lions* is superb. It's going to take a great, great acting job from someone else to keep *this* young lion from winning the Oscar next year. . . .

It's good news from Italy that the scar on **Ava Gardner's** face which had her and her friends so worried seems to have completely disappeared. Only Ava is still conscious of it, having her cheek massaged for an hour every day, "Just in case". . . .

No single story has ever made an actress as rich as *Auntie Mame* is making **Rosalind Russell.** The stage play, the movie and future TV rights have put millions into Roz's personal bank account. She's also co-owner with her husband, Freddie Brisson. . . .

**Paul Newman** must be a very sweet guy. Words do not come easily to him, but he keeps patting **Elizabeth Taylor's** hand after every scene they do in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*. . . .



*Oh, for the dear slim days gone by, Shelley Winters might be saying—and husband Tony Franciosa is yearning for them too!*



*Marlon's one young lion who certainly deserves that Oscar. . . .*



*Ava's face is all right—but the glamorous actress can't believe the danger to her beauty is in the past. . . .*

## Our Gallant Liz Is Back

Every heart in Hollywood saluted **Elizabeth Taylor** the morning she came back to work on *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* exactly two days short of a month following the heartbreaking crash of **Mike Todd**'s plane.

It had been previously agreed between director Richard Brooks and co-stars **Paul Newman** and **Burl Ives**, and the crew which had worked on all Liz's pictures since she was a little girl, that there would be no sad speeches.

But it was clear to all that the woman who came back to them was not the girl who had left!

Eight pounds thinner—she had to refit many of her clothes—still breathtakingly beautiful, there was a new maturity, gentleness and understanding about this Elizabeth that the gay, spoiled darling whom Mike called his "baby Liz" had not had.

Her first words were, "Thank you, thank you so much. I love you all." She was referring to the red roses and the low bowl of her favorite flowers, violets, which the company had put in her dressing room.

Work began almost immediately. If Liz was conscious of being saved from too many demands on her, she gave no indication. Director Brooks had made the opening scenes as easy as possible. They were a series of scenes showing her reacting to dialogue spoken by the other players.

It was obvious that she was still far from well. The very long-drawn-out cold and touch of the flu which had kept her from accompanying her adored and adoring Mike on that tragic trip to New York still hung on.

"I don't know how she got through that first day," Richard Brooks told me. "In addition to the cold, there's so much about death in the script of *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*.

The second day, Elizabeth couldn't work—because of the cold, not because her courage had failed her.

She returned to the set the following day and, as this is written, she has been able to continue. She wants so much to finish the picture for a heartfelt reason.

Liz told me, "The prime reason I came back is that Mike was so terribly proud of me in this picture and he was enthusiastic over what I was doing. He saw the rushes every day and liked them so much. I know he would want me to go on."

When I asked Elizabeth what her plans for the future are, she said, "I have no plans for the future. I may work or I may not." I believe that was just the mood of the moment. To other friends, when she is not so bowed down by grief, she has said she would like to make a comedy, perhaps in Europe. But for the moment, she is just putting one day on top of another. To get by . . . is enough.

Away from the studio, she spends all her time with her two sons by her marriage to Michael Wilding, and with little Lisa—the infant daughter who will never know her fabulous father. The only outsiders Liz wants to see are a little circle of close friends: Helen Rose, press agent Bill Lyon, hair stylist Sidney Guillaroff, and her young doctor, Rexford Kennamer. They were all close friends of Mike's, too.

Sidney told me, "Liz wants to talk and talk about Mike. We let her. It's good for her."

One thing they have all learned *not* to tell her is: *Time heals all wounds. You are young. There is much in life for you.* This, she bitterly resents. When you read her love story in the special sixteen-page section starting on page 42, you will understand completely why her violet eyes flash with fire and anger as she says, over and over again, "Don't hold out hopeless hope to me. There was and is only one Mike Todd!"

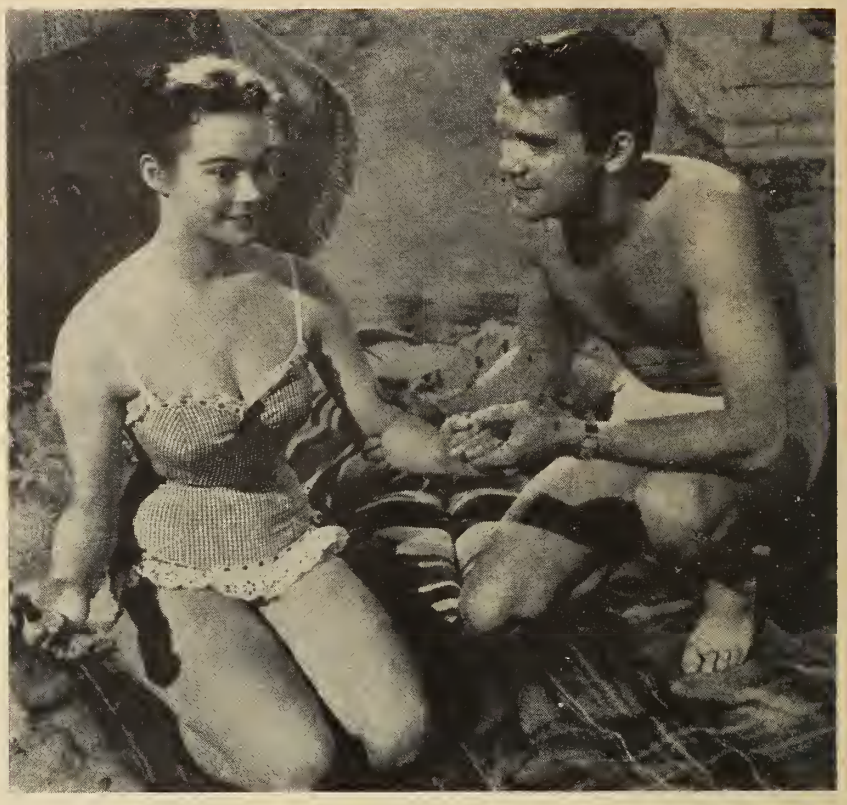
God bless you, and help you, Elizabeth.



*Our hearts are filled with prayers for Liz Taylor, as she picks up the threads of her shattered life. . . .*







**Above** *So many readers have been moved by the tragic plight of Lana Turner that we're printing several of their letters here.* **Right** *One fan thinks Heather Sears is far and away the greatest young actress.*

## THE JURY BOX:

So many letters poured in on the **Lana Turner**-Cheryl Crane tragedy that I am turning over half of *The Letter Box* this month to *The Jury Box*:

*"As Lana fought for the freedom of her child at the coroner's inquest, my eyes wept for her. My heart wept for Cheryl,"* writes DODIE BASKIM, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

GRACE MCGILL, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS, asks perceptively: *"Are we, the public, entirely without blame? I think not. We force no discipline on our multi-married, multi-divorced glamor girls and then we are shocked when a sordid tragedy strikes!"*

*"There's hardly a woman alive who at one time or another hasn't loved an unworthy man. Only Lana got* CAUGHT. *I hope her mother gets custody of Cheryl,"* postcards EVIE GOMEZ, SAN DIEGO. *"I sincerely believe Lana would be the right kind of mother to Cheryl* NOW."

HELEN K. ORGILL, HAWTHORNE, CALIFORNIA: *"I am furious over columnists' comments that Lana Turner's career will not be affected by this terrible thing. Think deeply, you writers, of what you are asking the public to forget!"*

*"Cheryl Crane is the innocent indictment of every broken marriage in the world,"* says MRS. MAUDE MARTIN, KANSAS CITY. "If these people can't stay married, why do they have children?"

Sixteen-year-old CATHY MCCORMACK, TOLEDO, writes: *"Please, Miss Parsons, remind those who would crucify Lana Turner of those beautiful words, 'LET HIM WHO IS WITHOUT SIN CAST THE FIRST STONE.'"*

*"It is not necessary to pass judgment on Lana Turner or her tragedy-stricken daughter. No matter what the verdict of the public is on Lana or the juvenile authorities on Cheryl, the only thing that can heal both their souls is prayer and right living,"* says DONALD SPELLING, CHICAGO.

All you readers will be interested in Dave Myers' open letter to you. Turn to page 28.

## THE LETTER BOX:

Many beautiful letters of courage and sympathy to **Elizabeth Taylor Todd,** one of the loveliest from MRS. BESSIE BEERS, eighty-six-year-old lady from SAN ANTONIO:

*"If the dear child can just keep these beautiful words in her heart constantly: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.'"*

Personal to MRS. BETTY LOU T, KANSAS CITY: I am shocked that you have so thoroughly transferred Elizabeth's real suffering to yourself to the extent that you haven't been able to keep your home running or care for your husband and children since the death of **Mike Todd.** If this unrealistic condition still exists, you must consult a psychiatrist.

DUANE W. MCGINNIS, U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION, NAVY NO. 3835, has never written a letter to a movie magazine before. But he saw *The Story of Esther Costello* and says, *"Heather Sears is far and away the greatest of the young actresses.* **Pier Angeli, Diane Varsi, Carol Baker** *can't be mentioned in the same breath with her."* Okay, Duane—but Carroll Baker can at least have her name spelled correctly!

FROM NEW LONDON, TEXAS, MRS. HOWARD LEVERETT, writes: *"***Marlon Brando***'s southern accent in* SAYONARA *was perfect! I've lived in Texas and all over the South and his accent was great. Those Eastern Southerners who criticized him talk like they have a mouthful of hot molasses."*

*"Does* **Venetia Stevenson** *have a sister?"* asks LOUISE FULLER, SALT LAKE CITY. *"I have an old movie magazine, about sixteen years old, showing Venetia's mother,* **Anna Lee,** *with* TWO *little girls captioned as her children. One was named Venetia and the other Caroline. Yet a recent interview in* MODERN SCREEN *says Venetia is an only child. What happened to Caroline?"* David Myers has all the facts on that, Louise, and he gives them to you in a story by Venetia's mother, Anna Lee. Turn to page 64.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



## shave, lady?...don't do it!

**Don't risk "razor shadow" on legs and underarms.** It's so easy to avoid "razor shadow", that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you *cream hair away the beautiful way* with NEET. New baby-pink NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach . . . leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft. And there's never a hint of "razor shadow" because when the hair *finally* does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET: either lotion or cream—you'll never want to shave again!




**cream hair away the beautiful way** Neet®

**WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH**

**FOR LAUGHS**
*This Happy Feeling*

**FOR THRILLS**
*Cry Terror*

**FOR DRAMA**
*The Old Man And The Sea*
*A Time To Love And A Time To Die*
*Kings Go Forth*

**FOR TEARS**
*Another Time, Another Place*
*Too Much, Too Soon*

**FOR MUSIC**
*Gigi*

# NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



*Maurice Chevalier regrets his youth just a bit as he and Hermione Gingold see Leslie Caron and Louis Jourdan in love.*

## GIGI

**Leslie Caron**
**Maurice Chevalier**
**Louis Jourdan**
**Hermione Gingold**
**Eva Gabor**

*a brilliant musical*

▪ *Gigi* is absolutely delightful. The men who wrote the music and lyrics for *My Fair Lady*—Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe—wrote the book for this, and the result's the same: it's great. The setting is the beautiful green, gold and pastel city of Paris when the ladies wore costumes that knocked your eye out and the gentlemen not only dreamed of romance but pursued it constantly. It's the city that dazzles narrator Maurice Chevalier, who looks back on a rich, full life and sings *I'm Glad I'm Not Young Any More*—although, in his case, age is no obstacle. Gigi (Leslie Caron) is being carefully trained by her grandmother (Hermione Gingold) and her aunt (Isabel Jeans) in the ways of an expensive courtesan. "We don't get married at once," says Auntie, "we get married *at last*." Leslie is a charming, outspoken schoolgirl who amuses a usually-bored playboy (Louis Jourdan) with her lack of feminine wiles. Jourdan is the best catch in Paris—Eva Gabor took him for diamonds until he discovered she'd been two-timing him with ice-skating instructor Jacques Bergerac. The day comes when Leslie is ready to enter a life of luxurious sin with Jourdan. She's willing—because she loves him; but sad—because she's simple enough to want marriage. Go see this sparkling, lilting, enchanting film. —CinemaScope, MGM.

## ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE

**Lana Turner**
**Sean Connery**
**Barry Sullivan**
**Glynis Johns**
**Sidney James**

*wartime love story*

▪ Lana's a wartime correspondent but that's not the story. The story is that she falls in love with a British newscaster, who's been away from home too long. At home he has a wife (Glynis Johns) and a son, neither of whom he wants to hurt. But Lana doesn't want to be hurt either. She wants to marry him. Her boss (Barry Sullivan) has been in love with Lana for years. When the newscaster is killed in a plane crash, the grief-stricken Lana decides to make a pilgrimage to his home. And unexpectedly she becomes a guest in the seaside home of the newscaster's widow. Knowing nothing of her dead husband's love affair, Glynis becomes friends with Lana, and thrills to the idea of Lana's writing a book about her late husband. *Don't you see what you're doing?* Barry Sullivan drops in to ask Lana. Lana doesn't see. Not until the shocking realization that Glynis has discovered the truth. —Paramount.

## KINGS GO FORTH

**Frank Sinatra**
**Tony Curtis**
**Natalie Wood**
**Leora Dana**
**Karl Swenson**

*the social side of love*

▪ Even a nice GI like Frank Sinatra can be somewhat taken aback when he discovers that the girl he loves (Natalie Wood) is part Negro. He meets her in 1944 on the French Riviera, where she lives with her white mother (Leora Dana). Even though Sinatra rallies manfully from the blow, he can't marry Natalie; she's in love with his buddy Tony Curtis, a rich, reckless lady-killer. When he and Sinatra are not up in the Alps shooting at Germans, they are down on the Riviera taking Natalie to nightclubs. Curtis even goes so far as to file a marriage application with the Army. But you have to watch that boy—he has no character at all. When Sinatra finds out how little character Curtis has he swears he'll kill him. Of course the Germans may get there first, because there *is* a war going on. The movie treats this touchy subject of mixed marriage in an honest way.—United Artists.

(Continued on page 26)

# A VIOLENT LAND ...TORN BETWEEN LAW AND OUTLAW!





For the young land...

for the young lovers...

this was the day of destiny!



C. V. WHITNEY PRESENTS

# THE YOUNG LAND

starring



Too young to wear a badge... too smart to wear a gun!

PAT WAYNE



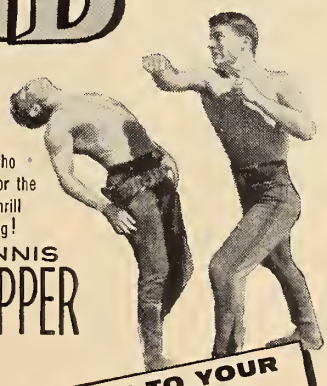
The girl who was too proud to be afraid... but not too proud to be a woman!

YVONNE CRAIG



The trigger happy youth who killed for the sheer thrill of killing!

DENNIS HOPPER



From the Producers of that multiple award winner "The Searchers"

DAN O'HERLIHY

with Roberto de la Madrid • Cliff Ketchum • Ken Curtis • Pedro Gonzales Gonzales • Screenplay by NORMAN SHANNON HALL

From a Story by JOHN REESE • Music Written and Conducted by DIMITRI TIOMKIN • Directed by TED TETZLAFF

Produced by PATRICK FORD • Color by TECHNICOLOR®

Directors of Photography WINTON C. HOCH, A.S.C. and HENRY SHARP, A.S.C.

Distributed by Buena Vista Film Distribution Co., Inc.

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!



## new movies

(Continued from page 24)



THIS HAPPY FEELING



KINGS GO FORTH



A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE

### A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE

**Lilo Pulver**
**John Gavin**
**Keenan Wynn**
**Don DeFore**
**Erich Maria Remarque**

*love in Nazi Germany*

▪ The time is World War II and a young German soldier (John Gavin) is on his way home after two years at the front. He is glad to leave his outfit: now that the Russians are steadily forcing the Nazis to retreat, the war is not what it used to be. When he leaves the front, Gavin discovers that home is not what it used to be either. Allied bombers have leveled the city; his parents are missing; the civilians are no longer very proud of their warriors. And all is confusion. More and more Gavin wonders what he's fighting for as his desperate search for his parents continues to lead nowhere. In his search, Gavin seeks the family doctor; he finds the doctor's daughter (Lilo Pulver). The doctor is in a concentration camp—for having mentioned that the Germans might lose the war. When the frightened Lilo and the doubting Gavin begin to search together, they pluck love and marriage out of the ruins. But the Gestapo, daily bombing raids, and a sense of national shame invade their private world. When Gavin's former professor (Erich Maria Remarque), who is in hiding and harboring a Jew, tells him that Germany must lose in order to recover its honor Gavin thinks of deserting the army. This is a sensitive, well-made film—from the novel by Remarque. Graphic scenes of war on the front and in the city highlight the poignancy of this love story.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

### THIS HAPPY FEELING

**Debbie Reynolds**
**Curt Jurgens**
**John Saxon**
**Alexis Smith**
**Estelle Winwood**

*romance in Connecticut*

▪ Lovely things happen in Connecticut. Up there, a girl from Brooklyn (Debbie Reynolds) can meet a Continental charmer like Curt Jurgens, become his secretary and be swept off her feet by love. Jurgens is a horse-breeder; once he was a famous actor loved by sophisticated actress Alexis Smith, who keeps trying to lure him back to Broadway. But Curt's feeling his age—until he meets Debbie, who was at a party next door and crashed into Curt's home to escape the attentions of John Saxon. Debbie makes Curt feel vibrantly young, even though he slips a disc in his spinal cord every time he stoops to conquer. Never mind. Debbie wouldn't recognize the sound of grinding bones . . . particularly since the romance's burning up John Saxon. The movie's light-hearted and gay, full of snappy dialogue and handsome people.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

### TOO MUCH, TOO SOON

**Dorothy Malone**
**Errol Flynn**
**Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.**
**Ray Danton**
**Neva Patterson**

*life of a Barrymore*

▪ If you've ever envied the daughters of the rich and famous, this'll teach you. Here's a movie of the life of Diana Barrymore, based on her own book. Mama (Neva Patterson), a novelist, was succesful and strict; Daddy (Errol Flynn) was John Barrymore, a charming high-liver who hardly remembered he had a daughter until she was about seventeen, and then he was a little bored by her. Mama and Daddy were divorced. The Barrymore name opens a career for Diana (Dorothy Malone) and takes her to Hollywood and the gloomy castle of her increasingly alcoholic dad. She tries to reform him. No go. When he dies she marries a young actor (Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.) and fails again. He is followed by a sadistic tennis-player (Ray Danton) and then by another actor, an alcoholic (Edward Kemmer). By this time she too is having a brandy for breakfast, and is in no condition to work. Down, down Dorothy goes and when she wakes up it's in a hospital. Then she starts thinking.—WARNERS.

### THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

**Felipe Pazos**
**Spencer Tracy**
**Harry Bellaver**

*Hemingway's classic*

▪ In this film adapted from Ernest Hemingway's prize-winning novel, nature and man meet in a moving drama. Man's kinship with —and his struggle against—nature are expressed in a simple story about an old fisherman (Spencer Tracy) and the sea. Tracy lives alone in a Cuban fishing village. He has but one friend, a young boy (Felipe Pazos) who loves and admires him. But Felipe can't fish with him any more, because Tracy has not caught a fish in eighty-four days and the villagers scorn him. One morning before dawn, Tracy pushes off into the sea, alone, with nothing but a jug of water and his fishing lines. Far out, he puts down his lines . . . and a monstrous fish is lured by the bait! But Tracy is not the fisherman he once was. For three days the fish pulls the skiff further out to sea and all of Tracy's strength, faith and pride are called into the battle. Finally the fish—a marlin weighing more than 1,500 pounds—is harpooned and lashed to the skiff. But on the way home sharks attack and strip it to the bone. The old man has failed, but he has failed in a magnificent attempt that wins him the villagers' respect . . . for he failed only because he was old and went out too far and was alone. It is a movie of classic beauty.—WARNERCOLOR, WARNERS.

### CRY TERROR

**James Mason**
**Rod Steiger**
**Inger Stevens**
**Neville Brand**
**Kenneth Tobey**

*a thrill a minute*

▪ James Mason is tinkering around in his electrical shop when he comes up with a marvelous little gadget, a powerful explosive no bigger than your thumb. His wartime buddy (Rod Steiger) asks him to make up some samples for the government. How was Mason to know that Steiger was a lunatic? Steiger's plan is to interest an airline company into giving him half-a-million dollars to stop planting bombs in its planes. So now Mason, his wife (Inger Stevens) and their little daughter are kidnapped by Steiger and his sadistic little trio (sex-fiend Neville Brand, tiger-lady Angie Dickinson and just plain Jack Klugman) and forced to cooperate. Steiger's so clever that the airline company has half-a-million bucks ready for Inger to bring home to Steiger. But don't think Mason's just twirling his thumbs in his prison penthouse. He's busy escaping from Angie and Jack. And Inger's busy escaping from Steiger and Brand. And the FBI is pretty busy, too. It's quite a thriller.—MGM.

### RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW SHOWING

**SOUTH PACIFIC** (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): A big three-hour film, in a fascinating new color process. This is the familiar Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, starring Mitzi Gaynor as the young Navy nurse and Rossano Brazzi as the older man she finds a new life with. Songs you know and love and exciting dances.

**MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR** (Warners): Natalie Wood plays a nice Jewish girl whose mother expects her to marry a good catch. Instead, she falls in love with an ex-boy wonder (Gene Kelly) who composes beautiful music but doesn't want to get married. Even Uncle Ed Wynn cannot save the situation. Gene almost succumbs to the respectable life, and Natalie almost succumbs to his way of life, but at the end everyone is sadder though wiser.

**10 NORTH FREDERICK** (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): Gary Cooper is a well-to-do lawyer, aiming to be a good husband and father—and the president of the United States. He doesn't manage any of these, but makes a good try. Diane Varsi is his unhappy daughter, and Suzy Parker is her roommate who brings a bittersweet love to his middle age.

**ST. LOUIS BLUES** (Paramount): Here's a big treat for anyone who loves rhythm-and-blues. It's the life story of W. C. Handy (Nat 'King' Cole), who wrote the title song and many others. Eartha Kitt, Mahalia Jackson and Pearl Bailey are wonderful to hear.

**THE GODDESS** (Columbia): Kim Stanley gives a shattering performance of a little girl, lonely and rejected, who grew up to realize her dream of being a glamorous movie star. On the way up, everyone gets hurt, including Kim. Steve Hill and Lloyd Bridges play her husbands, and Betty Lou Holland is excellent as her mother, aging from a frivolous, pretty young woman to a tight-lipped unmoving religious fanatic.

PETAL HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS ©1958, MAX FACTOR & CO




# Now...a fluid make-up that's streak-proof! Looks petal perfect every time!

Here, at last, is a fluid make-up so easy to apply it glides on smoothly, perfectly every time. *So* smoothly, even a rose will envy your new, petal perfect complexion. Max Factor's Hi-Fi never streaks, never looks at all "made-up." That's because it's not watery or greasy like ordinary make-ups.

Its featherlight texture actually blends the instant it touches your skin. Suddenly your complexion is lighted with a radiant, rose petal finish. And every little flaw seems to melt away. Now, in 8 flattering Hi-Fi skin tones, $1.75 plus tax.

For a "Try Size" send your skin tone (fair, ivory, medium, ruddy, olive or tan) and 25¢ to Max Factor, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 941, Hollywood 28, California.




Max Factor's
hi-fi Fluid Make-up

# TRY THOUGH SHE DID, LANA COULD NOT PROTECT CHERYL... TOO MANY FATHERS, TOO MUCH TROUBLE CREATED THE INEVITABLE TRAGEDY.

We're asking you to do this even though we don't even know what you think of Cheryl today—whether you believe she is a heroine or a fool, a credit to her age or a disgrace to you all.

We believe she is none of those things—not really.

We believe she is a kid who doesn't need the support, the praise, the blame of grown-ups, parents, teachers. We believe she is a kid who needs *you* today, as no one has ever needed you; you who are her age, of her world—to tell her she can live again.

Will you do that for her?

You see—you've been so lucky. She hasn't.

Otherwise—it might have been you.

Cheryl was born in 1944. Maybe you were, too—or a couple of years sooner, a couple of years later. It doesn't matter. Whenever it was, you've surely heard stories about the time just before your birth, when your parents (*Continued on page 66*)



*Her parents had been divorced and would be again . . . and Cheryl was only eight weeks old.*





**Left** *Then she had a new father, Bob Topping; but Cheryl couldn't get along with him.* **Above** *Her next father was Lex Barker, and Cheryl—and Lana—had a happy life with him . . . while it lasted.* **Right** *Soon after, her real father had to pick her up at the police station . . . and send her back to her mother.*







*Childhood—and the joys of being young—were behind Cheryl already. Instead, she was going to grown-up parties . . . and living with the grown-up fears that brought death to Johnny Stompanato—and heartbreak to the mother she killed for. . . .*





# Hope was scared, but Don was gentle and patient...

# Love takes a long, long time

The first thing Don Murray noticed about Hope Lange was her legs.

In an academic way, of course. There wasn't the slightest reason in the world for him to notice anything at all about her, much less care.

In the first place, she wasn't his date; she was with the other guy on the double date, and Don was with a cute kid named Carry. In the second place, he was already in love—and it wasn't even with Carry; it was with a still cuter kid who was in California, thinking over his proposal. And in the third place, as if all that wasn't enough, this Hope Whatever-her-name-was was an infant of seventeen, a good five years younger than Don.

And nobody ever accused Don Murray, up-and-coming young star of *The Rose Tattoo,* Broadway's biggest hit, of cradle-snatching!

All in all, he paid very little attention to her that night. They went back to Roddy McDowall's apartment where Don was bunking for a while, and while he made scrambled eggs and (*Continued on page 77*)

*by Barbara Mayer*





# WHICH KIND OF MARRIAGE DO YOU WANT?

## *One blood, one flesh...*

"The Siamese Twins" is what their friends call Natalie and Bob these days, and Mr. and Mrs. Wagner don't mind a bit.

Because as far as they're concerned, when the minister intoned, "Whom God hath joined together . . ." those words meant *together* in everything: every moment, every activity, every joy—and every chore.

For instance. . . .

A short while ago Bob and Natalie came down the stairway of their Beverly Hills apartment, hand in hand, followed by their friend Barbara Gould and Natalie's sister Lana.

There was a brief but touching good-bye scene as Bob embraced his bride tenderly before he got into the Chevrolet Corvette with Lana, and Natalie and Barbara sank into her Cadillac. Five minutes later, Bob came to a stop at the rear entrance of (*Continued on page 71*)



# *Two separate free souls...*

"Many people have a wedding," Janet Leigh said just after celebrating her seventh anniversary of marriage to Tony Curtis, "but few have a marriage. . . . I think we do." Then she promptly admitted, "We didn't when I became Mrs. Tony Curtis. It took us years. . . ."

Years of living together—and remembering always that marriage was a union of *two* people who loved each other . . . *two* people who learned they could be happiest by remaining two individuals.

Their marriage started about three months after that June day when Tony carried Janet over the threshold of their suite at the Waldorf in New York City. Those first months they'd been on their model behavior, trying to continue the honeymoon atmosphere. Whatever one suggested, the other one agreed to willingly, enthusiastically—if he or (*Continued on page 72*)



# MEET
# Frankie Avalon

## The little guy with the great big heart!



*Sometimes he seems to blow his heart out. . . .*

"Lots of these kid singers," an old music man was grumbling the other day, "they make one hit record and maybe a movie and then right away they learn to curse and drink and stay up late, and at seventeen and eighteen they try to act as if they're pushin' thirty."

From what we'd heard recently, we had to agree. Then we met Frankie Avalon. Some people have described him as the Saint of Rock 'n' Roll. Others have said he's the nicest kid to hit the business in twenty years. We have a hunch they may be right.

Why?

Well, let's start way back, that day nine years ago when Frankie was all of nine, the day his mother took him to the tailor shop where she worked to see the beat-up boxer.

"Frankie wanted to be a prizefighter ever since he was born, I think," (*Continued on page 73*)



*Sometimes he seems to give his heart away, here to Marie Ochuida, president of his fan club. . . .*



*But Frankie's heart is always whole and full of love for his home, his family. . . .*



**The story Carolyn Jones never told before**

# THEY CALLED ME "HALF-BREED"

Carolyn Jones has gone on the warpath over and over again—to conquer hatred . . . hunger . . . death . . . sorrow. . . .

The first fight started long before her name appeared on the Academy Award nominations list for *Bachelor Party* and *No Down Payment*; it started just about the time she was old enough to know what the word half-breed meant. It ended when, *literally*, she almost scalped a schoolmate with a penknife!

People in the Panhandle—where Carolyn was born twenty-five years ago—had no love for Indians. There were still too many grandfathers around Amarillo, Texas, with an arrow scar, or a tale of death at the hands of whooping Plains Indians—Apaches and Comanches. The Indians still around when Carolyn was born were despised and looked down on as poor and shiftless. Indian blood was considered a taint. And Carolyn Sue Jones was one-eighth Indian . . . a descendant of the great Indian chief Geronimo.

So, all through elementary school and the first years of high, she couldn't walk down the halls without collecting every taunt in the book. The kids called her *Redskin . . . Squaw . . . Papoose. . . .* They patted their mouths when she passed, and hooted *Woo-woo-woo-woo.* They tripped her, pushed her face into the *(Continued on page 79)*

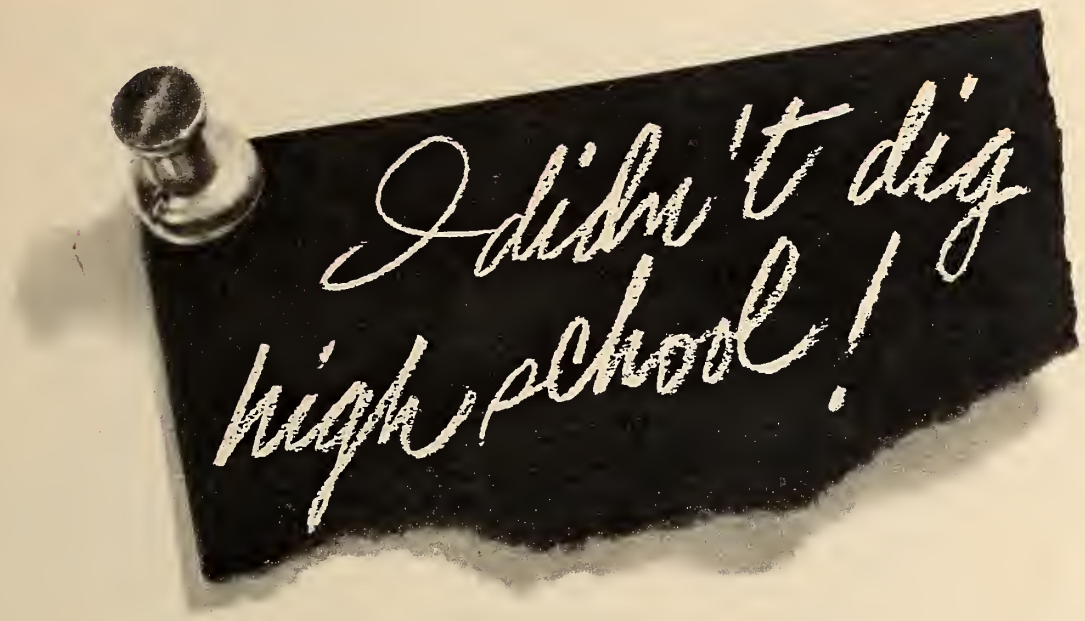




*Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Spelling, at home—and at peace. . . .*



# TOMMY SANDS CONFESSES:




The English teacher cleared her throat for the big announcement. "This morning's exercise will be to write—in full—the lovely Shakespearean sonnet you all memorized over the week end."

After she'd shushed a unanimous groan from the students, she sat back in her chair and watched to see that none of them pulled any of their old tricks—like cheating, to be exact—and that they all sat there and concentrated the way proper high school sophomores should.

She was, it turned out, particularly impressed this morning by the concentration being shown by that new boy—the nice-looking, skinny one named Thomas Sands—who sat way at the end of the fifth row. He'd only been in school for two weeks now and while he'd been a little difficult at the beginning—always late, for one thing; his homework always only *half*-done, for another—he seemed, suddenly, to be showing a nice spurt of interest in his studies.

And it pleased the teacher to see Mr. Sands sitting there, all engrossed in his work, printing the great English poet's immortal words with so much care, closing his eyes hard, then popping them open suddenly, writing, then erasing, then writing again, obviously so careful to get all the punctuation just so, to present a paper he would be proud of.

It pleased the teacher, too, that young Mr. Sands had come to cope with his problem of the past two weeks, and so quickly.

The problem had been a simple one. Sands was a poor boy in a rich man's school. He'd arrived in Houston, Texas, from Chicago with his mother a little less than a month before and, as luck would have it, they'd managed to find a nice, inexpensive apartment in one of those sections of town that actually had very few low-rent rooming houses and that was made up mainly of big-lawn private houses, all, it seemed, owned by doctors, lawyers and (*Continued on page 59*)



SPECIAL 16 PAGE BONUS STORY

# SO MANY JOYS... SO MANY TEARS...

... The story of a woman who could no longer face life, who thought no man alive could revive her heart so very, very long dead....



*Little Mike Wilding Jr.*
*was used to the sound*
*of angry voices . . . the sight*
*of Mommy in tears . . . .*

Our story begins two years ago . . . two years and two hours before Elizabeth Taylor met Mike Todd. . . .

Then Liz was at the end of her rope. All meaning had gone out of her life and day dragged along after day, with no end, no happiness in sight. She felt as if her nerves were so much on edge that if she went to the party she'd been invited to that night she would probably break down in the middle of it, as she had one terrible night a couple of weeks earlier, and begin to cry helplessly in the middle of a crowded room.

As she sat alone now on an easy chair near the window of her half-dark bedroom, staring at the wall, she heard the angry footsteps of her husband, Michael Wilding, rushing up the stairs on his way to the guest room that had recently become *his* room. He was getting his hat and coat, she knew, and would soon be out and away for the rest of the night.

She began to cry as she remembered the scene with him in the dining room only half an hour ago, the argument—that she knew was as much her fault as his—and the awful moment midway during the argument when their small son, Michael Jr., had come toddling into the room to ask *what's wrong, Mommy? what's wrong, Daddy?* and Liz' realization when it was over that her marriage to Michael Wilding was over too, really over, all wrapped up with black sorrowful ribbon and glued together with tears.

She would never love again; she wouldn't know how. Would she ever really live again? Sitting there in the half-darkness she began to cry—and eventually she cried herself to sleep.

And the night seemed over, as everything seemed over for Liz.

But actually the night, at least, was just beginning. . . .

A couple of hours later, she walked into the nightclub. She hadn't wanted to come. She'd fallen asleep. Her fatigue and her tears had been good to her and had allowed her to close her eyes and forget everything for a while. But then the others had driven up to the house, laughing and blowing the car horn, over and over. And finally Liz, who'd tried to send them away without her, realized she didn't have the strength to keep saying *no* and so she'd gotten dressed and joined them and now she was here.

She walked to her table looking around the crowded nightclub, but not really seeing anyone or anything. She sat on the chair someone pulled out for her and locked her fingers together, hard.

The people at her table immediately, thankfully, became interested in one another's jokes and laughter and left her alone.

A few people from some other tables nearby came over to say *hello* and Liz looked up at them and nodded and said *yes* and *no* to their questions,

not caring that she was being rude, that they would leave her soon and go back to their tables wondering what was wrong with this girl, what was becoming more and more wrong with her.

And then he came over.

She'd been sitting there for the past half hour telling herself that the big room was too hot and noisy, that she didn't know why she'd come in the first place and that she wanted to get up and leave—when he came and plunked himself beside her. "I'm Mike Todd," he said, smiling a mile-wide smile.

Liz nodded. "How do you do?" she managed to say.

"And you're Lizzie Schwartzkopf, aren't you?" Mike asked, trying to pretend to be serious for a moment. He scratched his head. "It *is* Schwartzkopf, isn't it?" he asked, waiting for Liz to laugh. She didn't.

"All right," he said, trying again, "so you're Elizabeth Taylor and you're insulted I didn't know right off. Well, it happens I know you very well. In fact, my governess used to take me to see all your pictures when I was a kid." Again he waited for the laugh. Or at least the smile.

But, again, neither came.

A little uncomfortably, but undaunted, Mike reached for two glasses and a bottle of champagne.

"A little wine is good for the spirit," he said, staring at Liz while he poured. He stared so long he poured right over the rim of the glass.

Liz watched him roar as he mopped up the spillings with a napkin and then handed her the glass. "No, thanks," she refused.

"Come on," Mike said, "just a little. Come on."

Automatically, like a beautiful robot, she reached for the glass and took a sip.

"There," Mike said, smacking his lips and helping her enjoy it.

But Liz wasn't enjoying it and she laid down the glass.

Mike tried for a while longer, with the funny stories, the gags, the yaks, all the laugh-making paraphernalia he had at his fingertips.

But no matter what he said Liz didn't respond.

And then suddenly the mile-wide smile disappeared from Mike's face.

"Do you enjoy suffering alone?" he asked.

Liz looked into his eyes. They were blue eyes, she noticed suddenly, very blue and very strong. For a moment she thought these eyes might understand her, know her, suddenly know everything about her.

But then, just as suddenly, she told herself *no, no, they didn't understand . . . how could they understand?*

"Mr. Todd—" she started to say.

"I may be twice your age," Mike interrupted, "but the name is Mike."

*"A little wine is good for the spirit,"*
*Mike said to Liz,*
*"or do you enjoy suffering alone?"*









*Trinkets and gadgets,*
*baubles and jewels . . .*
*Mike would have given his life*
*to win Elizabeth Taylor*





"Mike," Liz said, her voice weary, "I really think I'd better be going."

"Why?" Mike asked.

"I can get a taxi," Liz said, avoiding the questions, "and I'll be home in a little while."

Mike looked around the table. The others were all gone now. They'd all gotten up to dance and he and Liz were alone.

"I'll be the only one here at the table," Mike said, looking back at Liz. "Won't you stay a little while and keep me company?"

"I'm afraid I can't," Liz said. She was about to get up.

"So you go suffer in your taxicab," Mike said, a strange sad look crossing his face, "and I'll sit here and suffer at the table. All right?"

*This man who was supposed to be so funny and gay*, she thought to herself—*why did he say what he'd just said; why did he say it the way he had?*

She started to say *no* again, too. But this time she found that she couldn't, that the simple little word wouldn't come out.

"Well, all right," she said instead, "but for just a little while. . . ."

Mike Todd faced the greatest challenge of his life when he set out to bring Liz Taylor, the woman he'd fallen immediately in love with, back to life. He started, a few nights after they met, by asking her out for dinner.

Liz said *yes* the first time. But then *no*, the second, third and fourth times.

Now he tried sending her gifts, all of them beautiful, all of them expensive. Liz returned every one of them.

One day he sent a bracelet, studded with what must have been a hundred diamonds. That day Liz phoned him.

"Mike," she said. "I can't accept this. It's wonderful, but—"

She listened to his interruption for a moment.

"Mike," she said, "look. I want you to stop this. I'm not good for this kind of thing any more. You're trying to make me fall in love with you and you don't deserve me, nor my troubles—not anything about me."

Again she listened.

"Please, Mike," she said, interrupting him now, her voice desperate, "please. I'm miserable. I feel all miserable and wilted inside. Please don't make me want to love again. Yes, we went out once. I enjoyed it. Maybe I enjoyed it too much. I don't know. But please don't make me want to love again. Not now. Not now. . . ."

She shook her head as he took over on the other end.

"No." she said.

"No."

"No."

"No."

She was about to hang up, when suddenly, as if she were afraid he might not call again, she cried out, "Mike? . . . all right . . . dinner . . . tonight . . . all right!"

Then she did hang up.

The next few months had a miraculous effect on Liz. The headaches that had been so frequent were now so rare. The spinal pains that had plagued her these last few years seemed to become less and less agonizing. And the barren, battered hurt in her heart was gone, wiped away by Mike and the hundred days and the thousand hours he'd spent with her.

She loved Mike Todd. And he loved her.

And he had asked her to be his wife when her divorce from Michael Wilding became final.

And what could be more beautiful?

Except tonight, as she sat there alongside Mike watching him play gin rummy with three of his cronies—while their wives sat talking on a couch on the other side of the room—the ugly doubt swept suddenly through her mind.

It was strange that it should come just now, while watching Mike puffing casually on his cigar, his sleeves rolled up, thinking about nothing more serious than what card to play next—strange in a way that it should have come at all.

But it came, and it came with a fury, this doubt of Liz'! And as much as she tried to snap it from her mind, she couldn't.

*I love him, yes* . . . she thought, as she looked at him.

*But . . . my husband-to-be?*

*There have been other husbands in my life.*

*Two.*

*And with both of them it was fine, before the wedding; not wonderful like this, but good enough, I thought.*

*But then, after, there was nothing.*

*Was there respect after a while?*

*No.*

*Was there love?*

*No.*

*What was there but fighting and crying and bitterness?*

*And why should it be different with you, Mike?*

*Why should it turn out to be any different with you if I'm still me and you're a man and it turned out so bad with the other two men I'd thought I loved?*

*Why, Mike?*



*She loved Mike Todd,*
*and he loved her;*
*but ugly doubts kept*
*sweeping through her mind.*

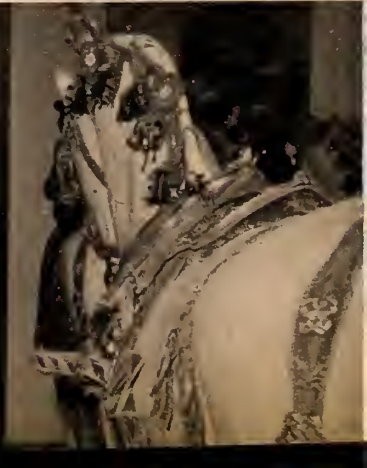


*The trip to Moscow*
*had been fun . . .*
*but now was the time*
*for big decisions.*







*Why?*"

The doubt kept pushing from within her brain, against her forehead, like an invisible knife trying to carve a warning on it, till finally the edge of the knife got sharper and sharper and sharper, and not able to stand it anymore, she said, "Mike, I'd like to leave."

"What, honey?" he asked, not looking up from his hand.

"I've got a headache, Mike," Liz said, "and I'd like to go home and go to bed."

"We've got to stay awhile," Mike said. "I'm not finished playing yet."

Liz' headache seemed to grow worse by the minute.

"Mike," she said, getting her dander up, "I'm saying that I want to leave."

"Yeah?" Mike asked, angry-sounding. "Well, I'm saying that you should shut up. You hear? Shut up!"

The room was suddenly very quiet as everyone stopped what they were doing and turned to look at Liz. For a moment she sat there rigid; then she stifled the tears that had begun to pour into her eyes.

Mike leaned over and reached for her hand.

"What's the matter honey?" he asked, "did I hurt your feelings?"

Liz shook her head.

"So what's the matter?" Mike asked.

But all Liz could do now was continue to shake her head.

The time would come, maybe, when she would tell Mike what she really felt at this moment—that there had been other men in her life who'd shouted at her, and she'd resented it and been hurt by it and been made furious by it; but when Mike had come along, she found she might resent it and might be hurt or furious, but she obeyed him, willingly, and had continued to sit there beside him and wait for as long as he wanted her to wait.

No, she couldn't tell him that now, not in front of all these people.

Maybe she would never tell him.

But she would always remember it, she thought to herself, for the years and years and years she would be Mrs. Mike Todd. . . .

They were exhausted. But that didn't stop them from smiling as they drove up the driveway and heard that old familiar crunch of gravel under the wheels of the car again, as they drove into the garage and smelled its old musty smell again, as they got out of the car and—leaving the baggage in the trunk till morning—held hands and walked back into the house.

The trip to Moscow had been fun. As had been the stops they'd made in Paris and London and New York and Chicago on the way home. But now, finally, they *were* home. And it felt good, so good.

Mike snapped on the living room light and Liz threw her arms around him.

"Happy homecoming, Mr. Todd," she said.

"Happy homecoming, Mrs. Schwartzkopf," he said back.

"Come on," Liz said then, excited, taking his hand and rushing him upstairs. It was after midnight and the children were all in bed. But there was no law saying that they couldn't be peeked at by the two people who loved them very much and had missed them very much these past three weeks.

First they went to peek at Liz' two handsome sons by Michael Wilding, Michael Jr. and Christopher, snug in their little twin beds next to the nursery.

Then they tip-toed over to the nursery itself for a good long peek at tiny Liza, their baby, named after her mother at Mike's insistence, seven months old now and all pink and pretty and fast asleep on her little round stomach.

And then Liz took Mike by the hand again and led him back downstairs.

"Some hot chocolate before we go to bed?" Liz asked.

Liz bounced into the kitchen and Mike stayed in the living room to get a fire started. When it was just right, he turned out the light.

A moment later Liz came in, carrying two steaming cups.

She put them on the cocktail table, then pulled him down on the rug alongside her, by the fire.

For a few minutes they sat there, saying nothing, just sipping their hot drinks and looking at one another, half their faces dark with shadow and the other half brightened beautifully by the flames.

"Mike," Liz whispered, trying to control her voice, her happiness, "I would like you to know I am the happiest woman on the face of the earth."

"Good for you," Mike said, trying to hide his own smile.

"I am home," Liz said.

"Uh-huh," said Mike.

"I am home with my husband and my children."

"Uh-huh."

"And I love being home. And I don't ever want to leave it again."

"This husband of yours," Mike reminded her, "he does a lot of traveling."

"I know, I know," Liz said, putting down her cup and snuggling close to him. "And where you are, Mike, that's home for me. . . . But I mean being back—it makes me want to *stay* with you and the children."

Ever since they'd been married, Mike had been trying to talk Liz into giving up her career in pictures. And always she'd said *no*. And now he had a hunch about what she was leading up to.

"You want to quit the business?" he asked, trying to be very casual about it.

"Yes, Mike," Liz said, emphatically, joyously. "I've had the business. I've had being away ten, eleven hours a day from you, from the children,



*Maybe it was old-fashioned of Liz,*
*but all she wanted now*
*was to stay home and be Mike Todd's wife*
*and the mother of his children.*

*On the morning*
*of March 21*
*Liz woke up with*
*a cold, and kissed*
*Mike goodbye–*
*forever . . .*







taking quick holidays between pictures, having to get back in time so I can get back—to what? To what?

"Well," Mike said, "you've got a picture that starts rolling next month."

"I'll do that," Liz said. "And then I want to do one for you. I want to make one wonderful, sign-off, farewell performance—for you. . . ."

For the next half hour they sat and talked about just how wonderfully different everything would be now that Liz had decided to give up her career, once and for all.

"Think, Mike," Liz said at one point, "I'll be able to learn to cook, finally, and I won't burn steak anymore or make the French fries too crisp anymore. . . ."

"And, Mike," she said, "there's another thing. The baby. I'd like to tell the nursemaid tomorrow—that will give her *plenty* of time to find another job—that as soon as I've finished the picture, *I* want to take care of Liza, just me. Is that all right, Mike? Is that all right with you?"

Mike didn't even have a chance to say *yes*.

Because Liz already had her arms around him again, and she began to kiss him again.

"I'm a woman now, Mike," she cried, kissing him. "I'm alive again and I'm a woman and I'm going to be even more of a woman to you from now on. You'll see, my darling. You'll see. . . ."

On the morning of Friday, March 21—about two weeks later— Liz woke up with a cold, what seemed to be a common cold.

By mid-afternoon her doctor told her it was worse than that, that she had a fever of 103 and that no, she couldn't go along with Mike on his important week-end trip to New York in their new private plane, the *Lucky Liz*.

That night at eleven o'clock, Liz kissed Mike good-bye and told him to take care and to hurry back.

And a few hours later, the *Lucky Liz* crashed in the mountains near Grant, New Mexico, and Mike was suddenly dead.

Liz sat in the living room, waiting for the car from the studio to come pick her up. A few days before Mike had been killed, she'd started work on what she'd planned would be her next-to-last picture . . . the one before her absolute last one . . . with Mike. . . . Now, this Monday morning, a week and a half after the funeral, she was ready—or as ready as she would ever be—to get back to work.

She sat alone now, waiting for the car. She looked tired from crying all day and all night all those long, long days since she'd heard the un-



*Suddenly there was no place to go but back . . . to the big, lonely world of Elizabeth Taylor.*

believable news about Mike. And her eyes—those big purple eyes Mike had always bragged about—were red and weary-looking.

But Liz, finally, had made herself stop crying. She knew, as people had told her, that this was the way Mike would have wanted it—her going back to work as soon as possible . . . that Mike was a showman; that Mike would be the first to remind her that nothing must ever stop a show from going on.

So she sat alone now, waiting.

And then after a while there were footsteps and little Liza's nursemaid came rushing from upstairs on her way to the kitchen to fetch something.

The woman stopped short when she saw Liz.

"Do you really feel well enough to go to the studio today, Mrs. Todd?" she asked, concerned. "Yes, thank you," Liz said, nodding slightly.

The nursemaid was on her way again when Liz asked her to wait.

"I told you a couple of weeks ago," Liz said, softly, "that I wouldn't need you any more after the first of July. If—if you haven't made any other plans, I'd like you to stay on to help me take care of the baby."

"Of course," the woman said.

"I don't know," Liz said, "but I may be starting another picture soon. . . ."

"Of course," the woman said again.

At that moment, the doorbell rang. Liz knew it was the chauffeur from the studio come to pick her up.

She reached for a coat and went to the door.

"Hello, Mrs. Todd," the chauffeur said.

"Hello," she answered, unsmiling, her eyes blank as she walked slowly past him to the long black car that waited to drive her, the widow of Mike Todd, back to the big, lonely world of Elizabeth Taylor. . . . **END**

*For you who have followed the course of Elizabeth Taylor's life for years through the pages of* MODERN SCREEN, *we have prepared a special magazine, an entire Dell publication devoted to the story of her thrilling romance and marriage with Mike Todd, and the tragedy that left her a widow at twenty-five. Called* LIZ AND MIKE, *it is on sale now at your newsstand—a beautifully written, profusely illustrated tribute to a great love. You'll treasure it always.* **The Editor**

## I didn't dig high school

(*Continued from page 41*) oil-well tycoons.

So it was kind of natural that on Tommy's first day of school he'd felt a little out of place when he was thrown in the midst of these big-shots' kids. Sixteen is a funny age, a sensitive one, and Tommy —just past sixteen at the time—got to feeling sensitive about a lot of things—like his six-dollar brown shoes instead of expensive white buck. And especially like what happened during the first lunch period in the cafeteria when a few of the fellows in his home class had come over to the table to talk for a while, and one of them had asked Tommy what college he planned to go to after school and Tommy told them he had no plans for college, that he wanted to be a singer and a songwriter. And then another fellow had bluntly asked Tommy about his parents and Tommy had said very honestly that his folks were divorced, that his dad was a musician and that his mom had just got a job as a saleslady over at Foley's department store. After that the fellows hadn't hung around very long.

This had all affected Tommy pretty badly. And so, in just two short weeks, he seemed to have lost all interest in school —that is, up until this particular morning when his English teacher noticed him sitting hard at work on Shakespeare.

*All's well that ends well,* she thought as she looked down at her watch and noticed suddenly that ten minutes had passed.

"Time," she called.

It was when she got to the head of the fifth row that she noticed that one of her students was still writing.

"Thomas Sands," she called out, "*time!*"

But Tommy didn't seem to hear her.

"Mr. Sands," she bellowed, "did you hear the assignment correctly?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said Tommy.

"As I recall," the teacher said, "the sonnet begins:

*'Tell me where is Fancy bred,*
*Or in the heart or in the head?'*"

"That's correct, Ma'am," said Tommy.

"Then from which poem of Shakespeare," she asked coldly, "are *these* the first lines?

*'I know a gal named Linda Sue,*
*The most sugar-coated chiclet you ever knew.'*"

The class roared with laughter.

**DIRECTION: A veteran Hollywood director said to some novices: "In movies the three most difficult things to direct are (1) children, (2) animals and (3) Charles Laughton."**

*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*

### No place for talent

"Well?" the teacher demanded, shushing them down and facing Tommy again.

"I . . ." Tommy started to say, "I was sitting here, Ma'am, and paying close attention, when all of a sudden I got this idea for a song and—"

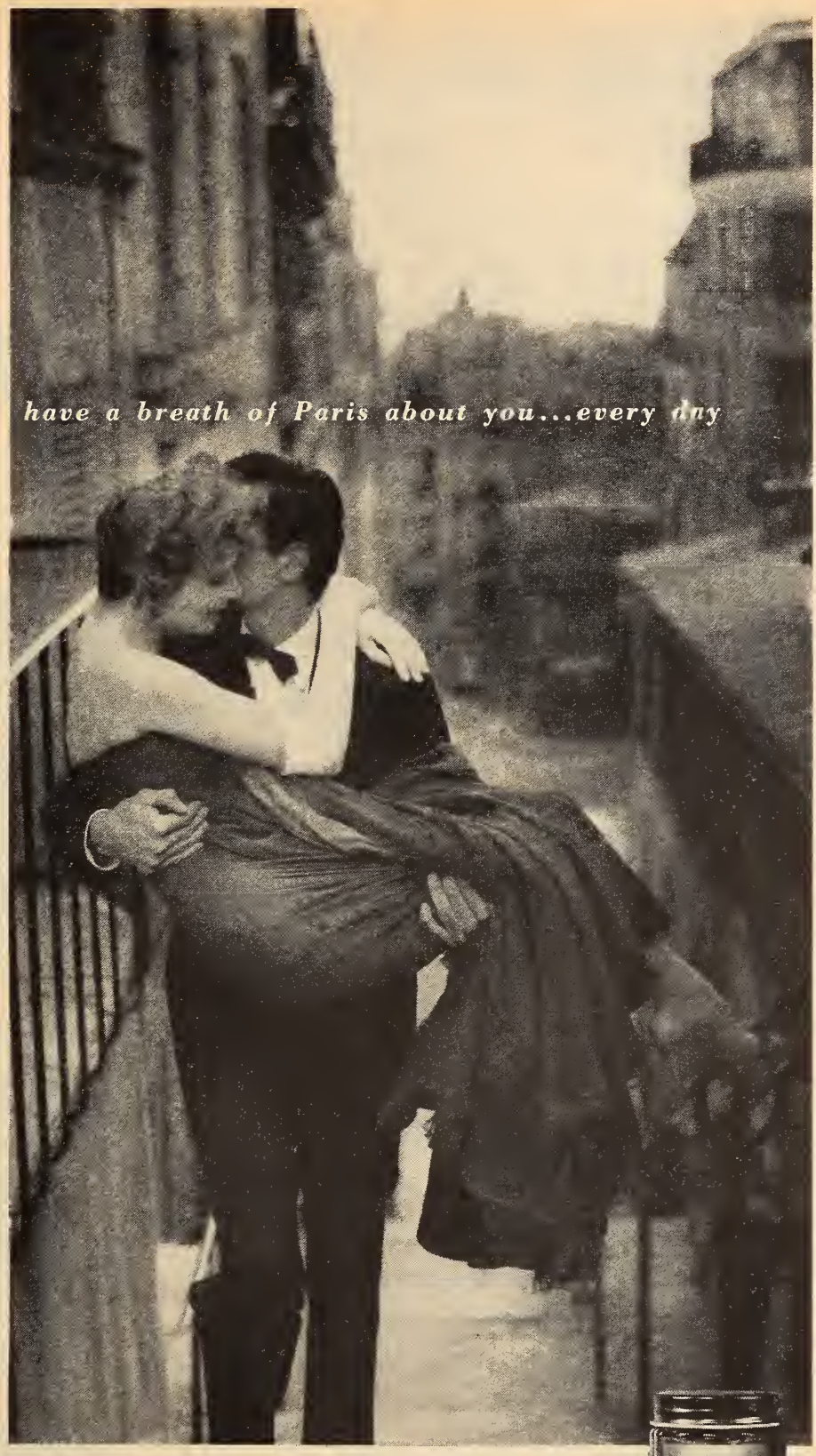
"A *song?*"

"I like to write songs," Tommy explained, softly.

The teacher nodded and at the same time reached for Tommy's pencil. "And this," she said, "is what *I* like to write on the papers of inattentive students."

Then she scrawled a big, fat F right over the lyrics.

Just to make things worse, Tommy had a little folded-up (*Continued on page 61*)


Discover the only deodorant in all the world that does *everything* a good deodorant *should,* gives dawn-to-dawn protection, and *then* imparts an irresistible glamour by surrounding you with the fabulous fragrance of Evening in Paris. Makes you so nice to be near! Try it tonight.




**Easy-to-pack vacation size, 33¢ New price for reg. size, 69¢**

**EVENING IN PARIS · DEODORANT STICK**

CREATED IN PARIS BY BOURJOIS . . MADE IN U.S.A.

# STAY AS YOUNG AS YOU ARE

*Rules for summer skin care*
*Tips on the new look in make-up*
*News about hot weather fashions*



Exciting Janet Leigh—whom you will soon see co-starring in the Kirk Douglas Production, *The Vikings*, a United Artists release—is our choice of a glamorous young wife, career girl and mother, who keeps the youthful beauty of her teens. Janet is a challenging example to every girl to make a determined effort to always retain the enviable look of youth. Beauty begins with an exquisite skin—clean, clear and glowing. To have a beautiful skin is not enough; it must be cared for—always. The skin care rules of the Hollywood stars are sure-fire, speedy and successful. The time to start the routines of skin care is now—when you (*Continued on page* 70)

*Photo by Hesse Studios, Embree*

## I didn't dig high school

(*Continued from page 59*) note thrown on his desk a few minutes later by one of the fellows sitting somewhere on his right:

*That's F for Foul-up, hah hah!*

Tommy looked around, trying to catch the eye of the guy who'd written it. But suddenly all eyes were back at the front of the classroom, and till this day Tommy doesn't know who flung the encouraging little passage at him.

"It hurt," says Tommy, thinking back. "I guess when you look back a lot of those little things aren't important anymore. But at the time . . . they were tough to take. . . ."

### Tommy's big ambition

Then there was that coach at school, the one who gave him the toughest and—as he says—the most heart-breaking time he's ever had.

This all centered around football and the then-biggest wish in Tommy's life: to make the school team.

Earlier, as a kid—both in Chicago and Shreveport, Louisiana, where Tommy had attended grammar and junior high schools, respectively—he'd had a big thing with athletics and had, in fact, made quite a reputation for himself in basketball.

But football was always his number-one love, and every night he'd pray to God to make him big and heavy by the time he got to high school, just so he could play.

Well, God at the time was busy making some pretty big plans for one young Tommy Sands—but unfortunately, for the moment at least, they had nothing to do with filling out his skinny little frame.

And so, when Tommy got to Houston and second-year high, he weighed all of 108.

But try is a big word with Tommy, and came the middle of that summer between junior and senior years and he got an idea.

"I knew that some of the fellows on the team were starting to practice early on their own, before school started," Tommy remembers, "and I thought that maybe if I went to practice with them I could show what stuff I had in me, despite my weight, and really impress the coach when he came back from vacation. That week end before school started and the coach came back I didn't think I could stand it, I was so excited to hear what he was going to say.

"What he said was, 'Who's that toothpick?'

"And he said that if I wanted to, I could stick around as practice man.

"That's the guy who stands there during warm-ups while everybody else charges and tackles him!

"At first, I felt pretty good about this—or, I should say, I tried to feel pretty good about it. But it was just about this same time that I started to do some local television work with my singing and my guitar, and I'd end up going on the air after an afternoon of practice with a split lip or two broken fingers, and I came to realize that I'd have to give up football.

"Believe me, it was the biggest disappointment of my life not being allowed to stay on the first-string team.

"And it hurt me, way down, for a long, long time. . . ."

High school was nearly over with now, though, with just a little less than a year to go—but there was one phase of Tommy's troubles that was only just beginning.

It concerned a girl, a very pretty girl with long black hair and very blue eyes and with something about her that made Tommy flip, from the moment he first met her. But he was to have only heartbreak.

To begin with, she was rich. And, secondly, her parents didn't like the idea of their daughter dating the young singer from the rooming house down the avenue.

But the girl liked Tommy and Tommy liked her and, because Tommy was doing more and more TV work now and managed for the first time to have some spending money, they went out lots, to the movies, to local snack bars for a hamburger and coke after the show, to the bowling alley not far from the school, driving in the used—"*Real*-used," Tommy laughs—'48 Hudson Tommy had saved to buy.

And, once in a while, they went to parties; small parties given by the few pals Tommy had made during the last couple of years, and big fancy parties given by the big fancy friends the girl had known all her life.

It was at one of these big parties that the trouble came.

Tommy and the girl had just walked into the house where the party was being given when a young wise-guy from school came walking up to them, put his hand on Tommy's shoulder and said, "I've just got to say *hello* to this big celebrity.

"I saw you on TV the other night," the wise guy went on, "and let me tell you, that makes you a celebrity. Why just look!" he pointed to Tommy's date. "You never would have stood a chance of going out with a girl like *her* before you—"

### The bitter end

He never got a chance to finish, though. Tommy's fist shut him up—and a minute later Tommy and his girl found themselves standing outside the house, walking back to Tommy's Hudson, the girl saying not to worry, that everything was going to be all right; Tommy saying sure, sure, everything was going to be just fine.

But what Tommy feared—and was expecting—happened the next night.

He was out with his girl again, driving around, when the girl whispered, "I think you'd better take me back home, Tommy."

"Your parents found out . . . about last night?" Tommy asked. "Yes," she said.

"I can't see you any more," she added.

Tommy knew there was no appeal to that verdict from her parents.

"But I want you to know, Tommy," the girl said, after a pause, "that when I'm older and it comes to looking back at senior year, at this time of my life . . . you're the person I'm going to remember."

"Senior year," Tommy sighed. "Man, I've got something to remember, too. Like some of the teachers being crazy about me. And the kids liking me so much. . . ."

The girl put her hand on Tommy's arm. "You've learned one thing," she said, trying hard to keep back the tears. "I don't know if you learned it in school, Tommy, or at home—or if you were born with it. But somewhere you've learned what it is to be a gentleman. . .and this is the part of you I'll always remember."

"A gentleman?" Tommy asked.

"The nicest," the girl said. "You're a good person. . .a worthwhile person. And someday, Tommy, everyone will know."

Tommy continued staring at the road ahead. . . .

*Remember, Tommy? Remember those lonely days back in high school, those uncertain, empty days—when you were just a sad-hearted boy driving his best girl home for the last time one night, wondering if what she was saying about you being a good guy, a worthwhile guy, was true. . . .*

Tommy can't deny that he's gone places. The record proves that. But he may still have some doubts about those high school years that he didn't dig.

If he has, we just hope he gets to know some of the post-graduate impressions he's made in the last year or so.

We're sure he'll dig them fine. **END**

*Tommy is in* MARDI GRAS *for 20th-Fox.* 61


# Don't be a borderline blonde!

**Be as blonde as you were born to be!**

If your hair was born to be blonde—and isn't—or if you're a brownette with blonde ambitions, Light and Bright by Richard Hudnut is for you. It's a home hair-lightener designed to bring out all the hidden gold in your hair . . . make you as blonde as you were born to be.

Light and Bright is so simple and easy to use; simpler, in fact, than setting your hair. No messy mixing. No complicated testing. No worrisome timing. And Light and Bright gives you genuine "color control"!

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Get a bottle today—be a blonde beauty tomorrow. Only $1.50 plus tax for Light and Bright at cosmetic counters.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

For everyone who loves little people:

*Jane Russell's heart-warming true-life story--*

# MY 4,003 CHILDREN

Jane Russell put out her finger and the beautiful, sad-faced baby grabbed it.

"What's his name?" she asked the nurse.

"Klaus," the woman told her.

"Klaus." Jane repeated, looking at the baby again. She played around with the name a little. "Klaussss?" she asked, her voice shrill. Then low, like a foghorn: "Klauuuus . . . Klauuuus."

Slowly, the baby began to smile. He was beautiful, indeed, one of the most beautiful babies Jane had ever seen. And she'd seen hundreds of babies here in Europe during the past two weeks—in practically every orphanage in still-war-ravaged Italy, France and Germany; a few fat babies, lots of skinny babies, a few happy babies, lots of sad babies, a few babies with rosy cheeks and energy in their little limbs, a lot of them sallow-skinned and sick and lying in their make-shift cribs twenty-four hours a day, barely moving, barely eating, knowing at even their young ages that nobody was ever going to come take them, that it would be like this—lonely and without love—forever.

"I'd love to have him," Jane said now about Klaus to the nurse at the last orphanage she was visiting in Frankfurt, Germany.

"He looks," the nurse said, "as if he shares your feelings."

Jane kissed the baby. Then she shot up from her knees. (*Continued on page 76*)






**THIS IS THE ARTICLE**
*(April issue of Modern Screen)*
**that started a storm in Hollywood**



**And this is the sister Venetia never admitted having . . . the half-brothers she never mentioned . . . the mother whose heart is breaking because of her daughter's words. . . .**



AN OPEN LETTER
TO VENETIA STEVENSON
FROM HER MOTHER:

# *"I can't understand why you want to hurt me, darling"*

My dear Venetia,

I think the time has come to give my side of the story. . . .

Up until now I have refused to answer any attacks on me that have supposedly been made by you. However, there were some glaring discrepancies in the story you wrote for the April issue of MODERN SCREEN—

I'LL NEVER MARRY AGAIN
*by Venetia Stevenson*

I hope, Venetia, that you will believe me when I say that I would not willingly hurt you for the world. And I just cannot understand why you would want to hurt me.

Perhaps the reason is that you have been hurt by the failure of your own marriage, and that—maybe without even realizing it—instinctively you want to hurt someone else in return. And obviously your mother makes a most vulnerable target.

But blaming your broken marriage on your parents' divorce—this is not a very brave attitude, Venetia, to blame your mistakes on other people. I remember as a baby you'd trip over something, and you'd stamp your foot and say, "See what you made me do."

In the past, Venetia, I have tried—and failed—to get across to you many important facts about us . . . about you and me as mother and daughter.

I've failed. . . .

I'm trying again, now, by taking your own words in MODERN SCREEN—and trying to clarify what seems to be exaggerated and built up from an imaginative childhood memory. Some of this childish misconception is not too unusual. I remember the entrance hall of my childhood home in England as tremendously large. When I returned as a grown-up, I was surprised to find it was of average size. . . .

Perhaps I can help you see yourself now, and then, in real-life size, by showing you the truth. . . .

Your words, Venetia, from the story you wrote: IF I SEEM TO FEEL SO STRONGLY ABOUT THE TERRIBLE RESULTS OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE, IT'S (*Continued on page 81*)

# $100 for you!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Mail your ballot to: **MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N.Y. 17, N.Y.**

Please check the space left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

**1. I LIKE DEBRA PAGET:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**2. I LIKE LANA TURNER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**3. I LIKE HOPE LANGE:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her

**I LIKE DON MURRAY:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**4. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her

**I LIKE BOB WAGNER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**5. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her

**I LIKE TONY CURTIS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**6. I LIKE FRANKIE AVALON:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**7. I LIKE CAROLYN JONES:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**8. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**9. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**10. I LIKE JANE RUSSELL:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**11. I LIKE VENETIA STEVENSON:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her

**I LIKE ANNA LEE:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**12. I READ:** ☐ all of LOUELLA PARSONS **IN HOLLYWOOD** ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

**AGE**.....**NAME**.....

**ADDRESS**..... STREET

**CITY**.....**ZONE**.....**STATE**.....

Here are the poll prize winners for April: Mary McCulloch, Chicago, Ill.; Margit Knudsen, Missoula, Montana; Irvin Winters, Torrance, Calif.; Mrs. Doris Alexander, Sanford, Fla.; Helen M. Smith, Rockville, Md.; Peggy Walsh, Philadelphia, Pa.; Grace Gains, Waterford, Calif.; Joan A. Tucher, Wilmington, Del.; Judy Page, London, Ontario, Canada; Bettie Burns, Valley Station, Ky.

## here's how you can help cheryl

(*Continued from page 30*) knew you were on the way. How excited they were; how happy! And your father came home with a huge toy you wouldn't be able to play with for years; and your mother pored over names for her baby, while your grandmothers sewed curtains for the nursery and Sunday carriage covers. It was a time of rejoicing in your house.

But there wasn't much to rejoice about when Cheryl was on the way.

**A baby—but no marriage**

You see, her mother had just found out she was not legally married.

Maybe it was nobody's fault; maybe Steve Crane really believed his divorce had come through before he married Lana Turner; maybe his not-quite-ex-wife thought so too. It didn't make much difference to Lana whose fault it was.

All that mattered was that her first baby would be considered, by most of the world—an illegitimate child.

Heartless? Unjust? Yes. But people are like that, some of them. To prevent them from hurting her baby, the mother-to-be had her marriage—which was no marriage legally—annulled. Then, when Steve's divorce finally came through, she remarried him. Whether they were still in love, whether any love could have survived the scandal, no one could say. But they married again, and the baby had a name.

You would have thought that then, at last, there would be time for plans, for joy. There was no time for anything—but prayer.

For the doctors told Lana she had an RH negative factor in her blood; that she should not have this baby at all; that she should end her pregnancy with a legal operation. For if she went through with it, she could very possibly die.

"Then I will die," Lana said. "But I'm going to have my baby."

She meant it. She has made mistakes; she has done the wrong thing many, many times; she has brought harm to her baby—but no one in this world can ever accuse her of not wanting Cheryl, of not loving her every minute of her life—and even before.

Love there was. And even hope.

But not the kind of happiness that preceded *your* birth. Not joy.

**The child is born**

On July 25, 1944, Cheryl Crane was born.

And almost died.

They had to give the baby transfusion after transfusion, pump new, living blood into her to replace her own, to keep her alive. The RH negative factor almost took Cheryl from Lana. It did keep her from seeing her baby at all for three full days after she was born, days when other newborn infants were lying content in their mothers' arms, being loved and caressed. For Cherry, only needles and syringes and the anxious faces of doctors. Only fear.

But she lived, and of course Lana did too. Lived to ride home in a big limousine to a nursery in a mansion, and a nurse who would look after her while Mother was away.

And Mother was away a good deal.

Maybe your mother had to work too, when you were young. But probably not. Almost surely, you were not bathed by strangers' hands, put to bed with a stranger's kiss. Surely, your mother's face was the one you gave your first smile to; her outstretched arms were the ones into which you took your first, unsure steps.

But Cherry was with her nurse mostly.

Again, it was nobody's fault. Not Steve's fault that his star had not yet begun to shine, that he wasn't earning much. Not Lana's fault that she was the one to buy the groceries, working at the only job she knew and loved. And really, not their fault that being young, and having had more than their share of trouble, they hadn't put aside a nest-egg they could have lived on for a while.

Besides, the studio would have had harsh words for a woman who stays home for months at a time, letting her public forget her while she played with a baby.

So while your mother was changing your diapers and coaxing curls on top of your head, Cherry's mother was making movies and posing for stills—and rushing home at night for a few precious minutes with her child, for a kiss and a hug and an attempt to cram all her love into one embrace, one lullaby.

And all the while her marriage was falling apart about her ears.

"I always tried," Lana told a reporter once, "never to let Cherry hear a quarrel or get involved in unpleasantness."

### No real secret

But there are no walls thick enough to keep the sound of angry voices from the ears of a year-old girl. There are no smiles broad enough to hide the tension and the terror from the knowing eyes of a child. Any psychiatrist will tell you that. Any child whose home has been destroyed will tell you, too.

At the age when your parents were taking you for your first short walks, one on either side, holding your hands in theirs—Cherry's parents were battling for her custody in a divorce suit, dragging her name through the papers.

And now, another battle for her custody is going on; her name is again dragged through the papers, as she faces the agonizing decision of who she loves more—her mother or her dad.

### Everything kept changing

Time went by; years passed; Cherry started school. How many schools have you been to? Probably only three: a grammar school, a junior high, a high school.

Cherry has lost count of how many she has attended. Or why she left.

There were the schools where the children tormented her whenever her mother's name was in the papers—which was almost every day. Lana—loving her little girl, trying to give her some sort of normalcy—would visit the teachers and ask that they treat Cherry like any other little girl, not give her privileges because of who she was. But she couldn't visit the children and ask them not to torment her daughter for the same reason.

There were the schools where all the children were stars' offspring, and some of them wore pint-sized mink coats to class. There were the private schools and the Catholic schools, the schools in Hollywood, and in England and in Mexico and in Switzerland; there were the schools she almost went to, but not quite. And always, every time there was a change—there was the terror.

Would the kids like her? Would she lose a grade? Would the work be beyond her?

It isn't easy, never to know.

And there was more that could change.

There were the men in Lana's life—and therefore, in Cherry's.

What can you say about that? Lana was young and beautiful; she needed love. Perhaps she was looking for a good man [illegible] to her child and to give her more babies and a home. A woman can understand that.

But a little girl, wide awake at three in the morning doesn't understand. She knows only that Mommy has gone out again, all perfume and furs, with a man named Mr. Jaeger, or Mr. Bey or Mr. Power—or even Uncle Something-or-other. She knows only that if she can keep her eyes open long enough, eventually there will be a crunch of tires in the driveway below her window, and her mother's soft voice saying *goodnight* at the door. Then Cherry could roll over at last and pull the covers up and go to sleep.

Mommy was home safe again.

But in the morning, the old questions would rise to haunt her. Other little girls' mothers stay at home at night. Other little girls' mothers don't kiss any men but Daddy.

But Cherry's mother could be seen on any movie screen, in any magazine, kissing lots of different men.

And Cherry's daddy comes over only in the morning or afternoon. And though he and Mommy are polite, they never kiss. They don't even seem to have much to say.

Why, why, why?

Sometimes, gradually, the men would narrow down to two or three—and then there'd be only one coming to dinner, calling for Mommy. Around then, he'd start getting friendlier with Cheryl. They'd go on picnics together, take a boat ride, play games. Sometimes he'd bring her presents. Sometimes he was awfully nice.

Cheryl would get to like him, to look forward to his coming. She would tell Mommy so, and Mommy's eyes would sparkle. Once or twice she even came into Cheryl's room late at night to put her arms around her, and whisper, "How would you like a new Daddy, darling? Would you like to have Uncle come live here with us?"

Sleepily, Cherry would nod. Happily, she would wait.

But Uncle never came.

All of a sudden, he wasn't around any more. And Mommy went around red-eyed and gloomy; Grandmother couldn't cheer her up, the whole house seemed to grow dark.

The newspapers would then print that Lana Turner had jilted another man. But Cherry, with the sure knowledge of a child, knew that Mommy had not left, but had been left, by a man. That Mommy was hurt and lonesome and cried in the night.

### Loneliness again

Finally Mommy would begin to brighten. The furs and the jewels would come out of their hiding places again. The phone would start to ring, the cars would begin to appear at the door at eight—and Cherry would resume her lonely vigils at the window till Mommy came home. . . .

At the age when your mother was your God, who knew everything, saw everything, could make anything right—Cherry knew that her mother needed protection and help. And that there was no one to give it—but Cherry.

And then Lana married again, and they went to live with Bob Topping in his big house.

It should have been wonderful. But it wasn't.

Of all the men Mommy had ever brought to meet her, Bob Topping was the least likely to succeed with Cherry.

Why, it's hard to say. He tried hard. He talked to her and asked her questions; he patted her head and brought [illegible]

(*Advertisement*)

# The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

**By Valda Sherman**



**Did you know** there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

**Doctors say** this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by *special* glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this *kind* of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

**Science has discovered** that a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this offensive "emotional perspiration" odor. And now it's here . . . the remarkable ingredient Perstop*—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

**Use ARRID daily** and you'll be amazed how quickly this new ARRID with Perstop* penetrates deep into the pores and stops this "emotional perspiration" odor. Stops it as no roll-on, spray-on, or stick could ever do.

**You rub ARRID *in***—rub perspiration *out* . . . rub ARRID in—rub odor out. When the cream vanishes, you know you are safe, even when you are nervous or stimulated by emotional excitement. Doctors have proved that this new ARRID with Perstop* is actually 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested.

**Remember—nothing protects you like a cream** . . . and no cream protects you like ARRID with Perstop*. So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID with Perstop* to be sure. Only 43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

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her presents. He bought her dresses and toys and even a little pony to ride.

Maybe he just wasn't good with children. Maybe there was something in his voice, something in the feel of his plump hand on Cherry's shoulder, that said plainer than words that he'd rather be with grown-ups, that he wished Cherry wasn't there.

#### It just didn't work

She just didn't like him. She just couldn't help shrinking a little into herself when he came by. She knew she should be happy because Mommy was happy, because this man wasn't going to go away. But she couldn't help comparing him with her slender, handsome, easy-going 'real' daddy. She couldn't help wishing for what she already knew was impossible.

She had a new dress for the wedding, but no one noticed. Mommy had said it would be quiet and pretty, but the room was suddenly jammed with reporters and cameramen, and there were loud voices and laughter that wasn't nice, and Bob—whom she was to call Pop—got red in the face and Mommy, for all her smiles, looked like she was going to cry.

It was a mess.

After the wedding Cherry tried to settle down. But the tension between her and Bob got worse instead of better. Lana, watching it, grew tense herself and found herself taking sides in ridiculous arguments. Sometimes, Cherry knew, Lana and Bob fought over her in their room. Once she even heard her mother say, "For heaven's sake—keep your voice down or the baby will hear!" Then a door slammed, and that night she heard no more.

She didn't have to hear.

She knew what was going on, and she was afraid.

Then, suddenly, everything was all right again.

Mommy was going to have a baby!

Lana walked about, wreathed in smiles. Bob's voice lost its harshness. The joy was contagious. Cherry didn't even object when Mommy asked her if she would mind going to stay with Grandmother for a while, so Mommy could rest completely while she waited for Cherry's brother or sister to arrive. Cherry didn't mind. She loved Grandmother.

So she went, and Lana went to the country. She wrote all the time. One day Cherry overheard someone say that Lana didn't look well, didn't seem to be feeling so well either.

Cherry took pencil and paper, drew a picture of a bird. "I wish I could fly to you," she wrote, "because I love you so much."

But it was Lana who flew to Cherry a few weeks later. She had lost the baby....

And soon after, her marriage died too.

Life went on, but not in any way you would recognize, not in any form you have ever known. Lana's work took her far afield; when she was going to be away for a long time, she had a choice of uprooting Cherry again, moving her, changing her school—or leaving her with Grandmother and the servants, to grow up without her mother. Whichever she did, she was sure to be criticized for it. Whichever she did, her mother's heart told her it was wrong.

#### It all begins again

But there was no help for it.

And of course men came and went. The most important of them was Fernando Lamas. He had children of his own, back in South America, and he was easy and good with Cherry. "He loves my little girl, and she's devoted to him," Lana told reporters, glowing again.

But she was wrong.

Cherry liked him, admired him. But love him? She didn't dare to love. She had tried that, and lost, before.

Nonetheless, she did fall in love. With a big, good-looking man named Lex Barker.

She just couldn't help it.

He was kind. He was fun. He could teach a little girl to ride a horse or swim or—hadn't he been Tarzan?—to swing from a tree. He was smart; liked to help with homework. He had children of his own, and one of them, Lynn, was just about Cherry's age. Lynn, too, was the child of parents who had been married and divorced, married and divorced. She knew what it was like. You could be yourself with Lynn, talk over your problems, giggle together. She became Cherry's best friend. Together they would gang up on Lynn's little brother, Zan, to tease him, to feel secure and grown-up.

Lana saw more and more of Lex. Breathless with hope, Cherry tried to hold herself in, not to get hurt. In her effort to resist, she was positively standoffish to Lex. But all the time, her eyes followed him about, pleading silently *Be good to my mother. Love her. Marry her.*

**NEXT MONTH**

*The loves, problems and tragedies of Hollywood's youngest stars . . .*

*watch for*

**MODERN SCREEN'S SPECIAL YOUTH ISSUE**

*with*

**Nat and Bob**

*on the cover*

*on sale July 3.*

#### Never mind the scandal

That hope kept her going all the while Lana and Lex toured Europe together, scandalizing the world. It kept her going no matter what anyone said.

And when, finally, word came that Grandmother Turner was to bring Cherry and Lynn and Zan to Italy for the wedding, that they were wanted to actually go along on the honeymoon—for the first time in her life Cheryl knew the meaning of joy.

The world began anew.

Nothing could go wrong.

The house was filled with laughter and with love. Lex's children came to stay for a whole year. Lana and Lex couldn't be home all the time, but they never missed a birthday, never missed a Christmas. If they were going to be away for long, they never failed to send for the kids. Changing schools didn't matter much when there was Lynn to change, too. There was talk about a house in Acapulco, where the beach rolled right down from the door and the water was so blue you could die.

There were little things like Lex making Mommy relax her rules—Mommy had always been pretty strict, maybe because

she worried so when she wasn't at home. Now she let Cherry go on Girl Scout over-night hikes and ride taxis alone.

There were big things, like having a home at last.

Try to imagine yourself in Cheryl Crane's place.

And then try to imagine learning that there was going to be a divorce.

Maybe she should have guessed. Things had gone wrong for a while. Mommy had lost another baby. Lynn and Zan had gone home to their real mother. Cherry had gone for a vacation on a Wyoming ranch and fell off a horse and had a concussion that brought Mommy out in a hurry, looking strained and worried.

How shocking would all this be to you?

**The beginning of the end**

Enough so that a few months later, on your way back to school with a girl friend after vacationing at her house, everything suddenly becomes too much for you? So that you can't bear to go back to school, to the prying eyes, the nasty questions—and you can't go home, because all the things that made up 'home' have suddenly disappeared? Enough so that you could grab your suitcase and climb out of the taxi and tell your friend, "Go on without me—I'm not going back?"

Could you have been the girl wandering the streets of one of the worst slums in the world, your suitcase in your hand, frightened and lonely, with nowhere to go and nothing to do? Could you have been the one picked up by a kindly man, asked who you were?

"Why don't you go home, honey?"

"Because—because I haven't got a home! My folks have split up!"

Could that voice, those tears, have been yours?

It was Cherry, of course, whose mother and 'real' father rushed to the police station to pick her up. It was Cherry who went home with Lana, numb and shaken, who knew life had to go on, who changed schools still another time, and tried again.

But couldn't it have been you?

And if it were your life, your mother—wouldn't your heart have been too tired, too numb, by now, to care who the next men were? Wouldn't you have looked at their gifts with a slightly jaded eye? Would it really have helped to be suddenly growing tall and beautiful, to have evening gowns and jewelry, to have your picture in the paper?

Not very much. It didn't help Cherry.

It didn't help either that her mother's newest beau was handsome Johnny Stompanato. It didn't help that he really seemed to like Cherry, that he gave her bigger gifts than he could afford, that he wrote her notes and took her places.

And it didn't help a bit to have the kids at school tell her just who and what they thought Johnny was: a gigolo, a bodyguard for a crook, an underworld character.

It didn't help to wonder what Mommy saw in him, why he went to England with her.

And then, because Lana could never bear to be separated for long from her daughter, Cherry came to England too. She made the flight alone, dressed in a grown-up suit, looking older than her fourteen years, feeling as she always felt, both older and younger than she was. She moved into the house Mommy had taken in London while she made a movie.

And she made friends with the servants in the house, the housekeeper. She liked them. They seemed to like her. They seemed to want, as so many people want, to protect her.

But they couldn't help talking among themselves.




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And Cherry couldn't help overhearing their stories.

Imagine yourself learning slowly, with ever-growing horror, that your mother's boyfriend had threatened in this very house to beat her to a pulp. That there had been the sounds of blows and of cries; that the neighbors had called the police.

Imagine finding out that the servants were afraid sometimes to go to your mother's room—because they thought they might find her dead!

Would another pony make up for that?

Wouldn't you ask and ask and ask yourself, as Cherry did, why her mother let this go on; why she went on writing to this man after he got thrown out of the country? Wouldn't you torture yourself wondering what was wrong with your mother that she kept on seeing this awful man?

Wouldn't you imagine to yourself, as Cherry did, that when your mother went off to Acapulco with him it was because he must have some terrible hold over her that not all the smiles could hide?

And then one terrible night in March, suppose you heard voices—your mother's voice, Johnny Stompanato's voice—screaming out things that brought back terrifying memories, servants' stories, never-buried fears. Suppose you heard:

"I'll kill you! I'll ruin you so no man will ever look at you! I'll get you sooner or later—"

**What else was there to do?**

Suppose you heard your mother gasping in terror, choking—and even in the midst of her fear, trying to silence this man *lest you should hear*—

Wouldn't you be overwhelmed, swept away with pity and terror, raised to your feet by emotions you should never have known, responsibilities too heavy for your shoulders?

Mightn't you have run to the kitchen and grabbed the first weapon your hands touched—a knife so new the price tag was still on it?

Couldn't it have been you rushing to your mother's room . . . seeing her white face, seeing the man standing over her with his arms raised—

Couldn't you have been the one to shout, "Mother, you don't have to take that!"

*Mother, you don't have to live like this, be afraid like this. Mother, everything in the world has gone wrong! Mother, you can't help me but I can help you!*

Could your hand have killed a man?

If you had been Cheryl Crane?

The kindest, most understanding words of all, they say, are these:

*There, but for the Grace of God, go I.*

Can you bring yourself to say those words, to feel that love? Can you count your own blessings, and feel pity for those who have lived without them? Can you understand that no matter how legally this was 'justifiable homicide,' no matter what disposition the court makes of Cheryl now—she will live with this tragedy for the rest of her life . . . have to.

More than anyone else, you who are near her age, who have lived the life she should have had, you can help her now.

Only you can tell her *We understand. We wish you a brighter future.*

Will you write to Cheryl today? Will you say to her:

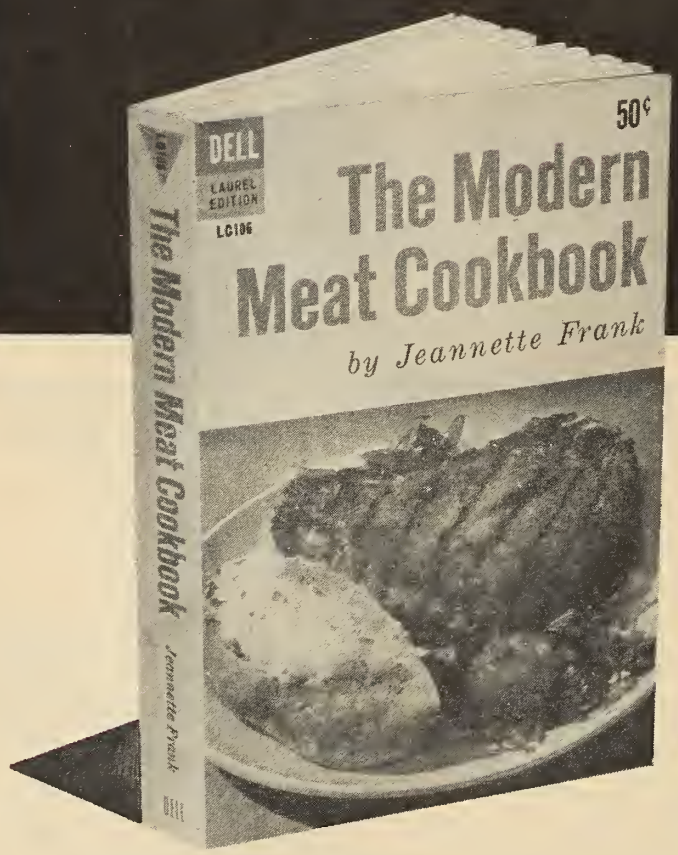
*There, but for the Grace of God, go we all. . . .*

Yours,
Dave Myers

*Lana can be seen in U-I's* THE LADY TAKES A FLYER, *20th-Fox's* PEYTON PLACE *and Paramount's* ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE.

# Housewives . . . what a value!

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## stay as young as you are

(*Continued from page 60*) are young. Even the most beautiful skin can be glamorized with care—and the less fortunate skin can be speedily improved and also glamorized.

Foremost among the skin care rules of the stars is regular and thorough cleansing. The reason the movie stars have such beautiful skin undoubtedly lies in the fact that they must cleanse their skin regularly to remove the theatrical make-up the cameras require. They cannot become "cleansing careless," like those of us who follow other less demanding careers.

The very application of cleansing and lubricating preparations causes regular circulation that every skin needs to keep it clear and smooth.

When you commence the procedures of skin care in your youth and continue the routines you will reach maturity with a youthful-looking complexion.

It is never too late to begin with cleansing and lubricating preparations that will promptly give the skin a whole new look and the spirit a powerful new lift.

The look of youth in your skin can be further enhanced by using young colors. Heed these few important tips for added summertime glamour.

Don't rely on your sun-tan, a dash of lipstick and mascara if make-up perfection is your goal. Of utmost importance is the rule of constantly deepening the color of your foundation and powder to keep pace with your darkening tan. There is no allure in the pale pink face that tops neck, shoulders and arms of golden tan. Choose vibrant lipstick colors to further dramatize your tan. Select a matching shade of nail polish and be sure to use it in summer as faithfully as you do in winter months—on your fingertips, and on your toe nails, too.

Don't forget to accentuate your eyes—choose several colors and shades of eye shadow so that you can alternate them at will to match or contrast your costumes. The blues are wonderful, the greens and violets simply striking and so are the greys and browns when studiously applied to highlight your costumes. Be sure to darken your brows—pencil them with the new straight-across look, not in an arch. Give your lips the new straight-across look, too. Avoid the Cupid's bow—use the straight, wide curve. Use a curler on your lashes to give the wider open look to your eyes and then use mascara plentifully. Always make sure your brush is clean so that the application won't have a caked look but will still be ample. Remember, you can't have the new, fresh, young look in make-up unless your cosmetics are new. Stock up your beauty kit as thoughtfully and completely as you do your closet.

Keep the look of youth in the styling and care of your hair—and in the choice of your wardrobe.

Clothes and accessories this season have three outstanding features: casualness and simplicity, high color, and novelty. Choose shoes that are full of fun as well as comfort—ones that are of novelty fabric or trimmed with whimsical ornaments. Select necklines that are low and flattering and buy bras that are especially made for each particular neckline. With the loose, casual silhouette remember to wear the newest girdles for the correct figure look. Wear any color—providing you change your make-up colors to harmonize. Above all—for the new, young look—remember this is a season when you must be all new from top to toe—a tan and swimsuits will not carry you through. So break open your piggy bank now and spend those dollars for the best buy you'll ever make—a glamorous new you! **END**

# natalie and bob's kind of marriage

(*Continued from page 34*) the Beverly Hills Saks Fifth Ave.

Sixty seconds later Natalie pulled up behind him and rushed out of her car into Bob's arms like he'd just come back from five years in Antarctica!

Although heading for the same place to buy a new gown for Lana, they had taken separate cars because they had different business appointments afterwards.

Watching Bob and Nat's 'reunion' were two little old ladies who were waiting for their chauffeur to bring their car around. Whispered one of them, "This can't be the real thing."

The other one sighed, "I don't know, but it certainly looks beautiful. . . ."

It *was* for real, because—geared to being together constantly—every separation, even a five-minute one, is a loneliness that neither can endure. And that's how they want to live. After six months of marriage Bob and Natalie act as much like newly-weds as they did when the minister pronounced them husband and wife at the little church in Scottsdale, Arizona, last December 28th. And it shows . . . in their affectionate hellos and good-byes, their hand-holding in public and smooching on television programs . . . in their day-by-day living.

In fact their trip to Saks was a typical example in more ways than one.

### Togetherness

That morning Natalie had casually mentioned to Bob that she would like to get a new summer outfit for her younger sister. Another husband might have said *Why tell me* or at best *Fine, I hope you'll find something cute* . . . or something to that effect. Not Bob. "Shall we get it this afternoon?" he said.

Natalie wasn't surprised at Bob's "we." They had long ago gotten into the habit of doing everything together.

"This afternoon is fine," she agreed.

This togetherness operates when other chores crop up, too.

One girl friend of Natalie's was particularly surprised when she came over for dinner on the night their housekeeper-cook was off. Watching Natalie cook dinner was the first surprise: six months ago, Nat's culinary activities were pretty well restricted to fixing bologna sandwiches and opening coke bottles. But this evening she served a delicious Caesar salad, lamb chops, vegetables, and a cake—which tasted somewhat better than it looked!

And then, to top it all off, she wanted to do the dishes!

Her girl friend could hardly believe her ears. She remembered all too well the condition of Natalie's room when she still lived with her parents. Till after her mother had a chance to clean it up, it always looked like a hurricane had torn through it five minutes before. Natalie wasn't bothered by having to step across mountains of books and clothes and toy tigers to get out into the hallway.

Only Bob wouldn't let her do the cleaning up. Since she had fixed the dinner, he insisted, he was going to take care of that.

But since the two are inseparable, Natalie followed him into the kitchen. And while he did the dishes, she leaned against the counter to chat with him—because that way she can enjoy making a chore almost a pleasure. . . .

### Nat learns to sail

The same thinking goes into everything they do. Bob loves boating. Okay, if he enjoyed it—Nat decided—she'd just have to get to enjoy it too. That kind of thinking goes way back to before they were even engaged. In those days, Nat wasn't much of a sailor—and that's putting it kindly. So just about the time Natalie got ready to prepare lunch, the sea got rough. One long look at the tuna salad and potato chips made her turn green and rush on deck for some fresh air. If she hadn't been so much in love with Bob, chances are she'd never have gone back to sea. But Bob loved boating, and Natalie loved Bob. . . .

So she took some precautions the next few times they went—a ready-made picnic lunch which just had to be unwrapped and served!

It paid off, this wanting to learn to enjoy the things her guy enjoyed. How different was her seamanship—and her ability to handle food in rough weather, too—the last time they set out for Catalina.

They'd hardly left their Newport mooring when Natalie went below deck.

When she didn't show up for a while, Bob shouted out, "What are you doing?"

"I'm fixing a surprise," she hollered back.

Another fifteen minutes went by before she announced, "Lunch's ready. Here it comes," and brought up a tray with hamburgers, relishes, tomatoes, onions, cookies, coffee, and one dish covered with a linen napkin.

"What's underneath it?" Bob wanted to know.

"The surprise I promised you," she smiled.

When she lifted the napkin, Bob found some freshly-made biscuits. The fact that Natalie had gone to the trouble of fixing them on the tiny stove—and successfully! —impressed him no end.

### More surprises coming

Before they got back to their home base, there was to be another sort of surprise.

The cruise across the channel had been pleasant enough, but shortly after they took off from Avalon the following morning to get back home, they were engulfed in thick fog.

At first Natalie thought it was fun to be "lost." But after a while she began to feel uneasy, although she wouldn't admit to Bob that the fog was frightening her.

However, when the sea became rough as well, he too began to show his concern. "I don't think we'll make it back to Newport," he admitted.

Natalie looked at him tensely. "Are we lost?"

"Of course not," Bob assured her. After all, he explained, they now had the compass his father had given them, and he could steer by it. There was nothing to worry about, he kept telling her. After all, there was no use in worrying Nat. . . .

Bob still won't admit any moments of doubt, of unsureness about knowing enough about compass readings to make certain they got back to the island, and even when they did, that he could navigate into a cove without running up on a reef. Because that's just what they managed to do, find themselves a quiet cove where they anchored for the night.

And as far as Natalie is concerned, she was darn glad she was out there with Bob, rather than sitting at home and worrying about the fog and the man she loved out there in it . . . alone.

They admit that their brand of married bliss does have *some* drawbacks. Not within their own relationship, but in their attitude toward others—or more correctly, theirs to them.

For instance, when Bob had to leave for the Arizona location of *The Hunters*, Natalie decided to go along. Because the




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weather was unusually good, director Dick Powell suddenly set ahead the shooting schedule a couple of days with almost no advance notice. When she heard about it, Nat found herself torn between a luncheon date with a fan writer—or being with Bob. Although she hated to break the appointment, she asked the studio to explain the situation to the writer and suggest another day for them to get together.

The writer interpreted Natalie's attitude as indifference on her part and might possiby still be carrying a grudge if he hadn't realized the next time he saw them together how much in love Natalie is, and that her decision was never intended as a slight. Others might not be so broad-minded.

**Impossible demands**

For that matter, her own studio felt the effect when they called her one morning to ask her to go on a personal appearance tour for the nation-wide openings of *Marjorie Morningstar*.

"How long am I supposed to stay away?" Natalie asked unenthusiastically.

"Eleven days," she was told.

"*Eleven days!* That's *impossible!*" she cried out.

"Why?"

"Because I couldn't be separated from my husband that long!"

In the end she went; she had to.

The separation proved to be as hard on Bob as on Natalie, although it was more apparent with her. . . .

He was taking her to Union Station the evening she took off for Chicago with his secretary, Nina, and her hairdresser, Connie.

During dinner Natalie had acted so pointedly cheerful that it didn't take a psychiatrist to know she was putting on an act. Yet as they drove toward the station, she became progressively more quiet and said hardly a word when she finally climbed onto the train.

Bob did his best to cheer her up and seemed just about to have succeeded in keeping her from breaking up altogether when the conductor shouted, "All Aboard."

Then Natalie couldn't hold back her tears any longer and started to sob.

As Bob was pacing up and down in front of her compartment, he kept telling himself, "This is awful. I wish the train would start to move. . . ."

When the train finally moved he managed a cheerful smile which fooled no one, particularly not his bride.

Bob had hardly arrived home when he got Natalie's first telegram, telling him how much she missed him. Then the phone calls each day. And they knew that it was *because* they were so used to spending every moment together and doing everything *together*. That made separations so hard for them.

But it's worth the occasional anguish to them, because this is *their* plan for a happy marriage.

What will the personal future hold for Bob and Natalie?

They had planned to get a house of their own in Beverly Hills or Holmby Hills as soon as they could find the right place. Now, however, with Natalie scheduled to spend three months in Europe for *The Miracle* and Bob determined to work out his schedule to accompany her, they've postponed their house purchase till they come back, at which time they will look for a large Chinese Modern home to accommodate them and the children they hope to have . . . to complete the happiness they already enjoy. . . . **END**

*Nat's in Warners'* MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR. *Watch for Bob in 20-Fox's* THE HUNTER.

## tony and janet's marriage

(*Continued from page 35*) she meant it or not.

This went on till one Sunday about three months after they were married when Tony suggested—of all things—a grunion hunt. And since they always did everything together, of course he asked Janet, "Would you like to come along, dear?"

She thought about it a few seconds, then came out with a determined "No, thanks."

Tony didn't think he'd heard right. Did you say *'no'*?"

"That's right. I can't stand running along the dark beach after those wriggling little fish!"

"That's wonderful," Tony cried out.

Janet, sounding a little hurt, asked, "That I don't want to join you?"

"Oh no—that you came out and said so!"

Both started to laugh—because suddenly they realized they had found the courage to be frank with one another. From then on, their whole relationship was a lot more relaxed, more comfortable, and happier—they were married to each other, not chained; they were two free, separate souls.

While Janet and Tony gradually established a closer, more realistic attitude toward life and one another, they were all too conscious that a happy marriage is difficult enough under normal conditions, but that it takes a very special effort to succeed in Hollywood.

From the very beginning they realized that marriages between actors and actresses are jeopardized primarily by three threats: being apart much of the time because of location work and personal appearance tours; being more exhausted after a hard day's work in front of the cameras and consequently more irritable when they face each other at night; being in competition career-wise, particularly if the wife makes the bigger strides.

This last problem solved itself through the fact that both careers have been going along pretty much on the same level, and even more so through Tony's and Janet's determination to keep their careers apart.

**Two stars**

That doesn't mean they won't co-star in pictures; they have in the past and will continue to in the future. Their attitude is best expressed in Janet's own words when she says, "We are not a team. We don't want to be known as Janet-and-Tony or Tony-and-Janet but as two individuals."

Thus in a way, Janet has accepted a double role: as Mrs. Tony Curtis, wife and mother, and as Janet Leigh, actress.

"Of course if I had the choice between two equally good parts and one would be with Tony and the other without him I would be more tempted to play opposite him," Janet admits. They love each other; they *want* to be together—but not with a feeling of self-sacrifice.

Take the hot summer of 1953 when Janet co-starred with Jimmy Stewart in *The Naked Spur*. It was shot in Durango, Colorado. Durango is one of the most scenic spots in the nation, and one of the loneliest and least comfortable places to spend two months.

When Janet was flown to the location site by the studio, Tony was completing a picture at Universal-International. He was through two weeks later, and promptly called Janet on the phone. "How are you getting along?"

"I miss you," she told him.

"What's it like?"

"Terrible," Janet admitted. "We live in log cabins, the food is awful, and there's nothing to do after we get through shooting at night."

With such a description Tony easily could have invented six good excuses why he couldn't possibly get away from Hollywood. Instead he promised he'd be right out.

**Fun together**

It's one thing to rough it alone and another to do it with someone you love, they found out a long time ago. The uncomfortable log cabin became a romantic hide-out. The food didn't seem quite as bad, and suddenly they discovered dozens of things that were fun, together, during Janet's off-hours—like fishing, painting, or just talking. And, most important, Janet *knew* that Tony was there because he *wanted* to be—not because he felt he *had* to join her.

Janet and Tony have either accompanied each other or somehow arranged to have a rendezvous on almost all of their pictures. She joined him in Boston for *Six Bridges to Cross*, took the baby along to New York when he co-starred in *Sweet Smell of Success*, and flew to Paris every week end when she filmed interiors in London for *Safari* while Tony co-starred with Burt Lancaster and Gina Lollobrigida in *Trapeze*.

But once she did decide against going along. They had just got back from Europe after filming *The Vikings*. Tony had to go to Carmel for a few days for *Kings Go Forth*. After having been away from home for six months, Janet knew that more than being with Tony she needed the time to get the house reorganized. And so, each did his and her own job . . . to enjoy their being together with greater contentment. They know that love can easily become a burden if one is so constantly preoccupied with the other as to kill his own individuality.

Now as far as Tony and Janet are concerned, this does not mean an *absence* of concern for each other. For example, on *The Viking* location. . . .

Location was one of the roughest and certainly most isolated ever attempted by an American movie company. The Viking village itself was constructed deep inside the Fjord, hours away from the nearest town. To reach it took four hours by car over winding, narrow dirt roads and then another hour and a half by boat. The cast lived on board the *Brand IV*, which was Barbara Hutton's luxury yacht. But now it was the property of the Norwegian boyscouts, and the bunks were cut down to the size of ten- and twelve-year-olds.

**Love that heals**

One day Janet, trying to jump from a Viking ship onto the wooden pier, caught her foot between the ship and the pier and let out a scream that could be heard two Fjords away. No bones were broken, but she was in excruciating pain.

Tony didn't have to be a physician to realize that distraction would be better than sympathy at a time like this—and promptly suggested a game of scrabble. Hour after hour, while Janet bathed her foot in hot water and epsom salts, he kept her so occupied that she had little opportunity to think of her foot. He wouldn't have left her alone for an Oscar. Because she needed him.

The easy-going, relaxed companionship that has developed between them was just as apparent another time.

To get away from the uncomfortable quarters on board the *Brand IV* once in a while, Tony, Janet, and some of the others would go to a small resort hotel about an hour's boatride from location.

One evening when they stepped into the speedboat Tony was so exhausted that he

sank back into his seat, closed his eyes, and went to sleep. Janet pulled out a leather portfolio and started writing a letter home—her way of relaxing.

And that night they had a ball!

After eating, just as they settled down in the entry lounge, Janet happened to find out that a wedding party was going on in the ballroom in the cellar below. Curious to witness the colorful costumes and folk dances, she asked Tony if they could join the festivities. Tony insisted he was too tired and wanted to go to bed.

Who would win? Both did.

Tony went uptairs to go to sleep; Janet, Ernest Borgnine, and Kirk Douglas joined the party. Yes, both won, because they are two people who do as they please without hurting one another's feelings, without protest, without trying to talk the other into anything.

**Because they love each other**

This attitude, Tony explained, grew out of a complete trust and respect for one another's feelings—a trust which has kept the two as individuals within a marriage, a state desired by so many and achieved by so few.

This is particularly evident in their day-by-day living. Like that time a fan mag writer went to Janet's house for coffee in the afternoon and asked where Tony was. Janet answered, "I don't know. He left at eight this morning and promised to be back in an hour."

It was three in the afternoon!

Seeing the writer's surprise, Janet quickly added, "But I'm sure he'll be here within an hour. We are going out for dinner tonight."

When Tony showed up, Janet didn't ask him where he had been, what he had done or why he hadn't called her. She shrugged and said, "I figured if he wanted me to know, he'd tell me. . ."

As Janet puts it, "I'd be a hypocrite to claim that Tony and I see eye to eye on everything!

"But we do agree about one thing—you don't have to spend every moment of every hour together. . . if you are together in your love."

And that's how Tony and Janet made a marriage of their honeymoon. . . . **END**

*Janet and Tony will appear together in U-I's* THE PERFECT FURLOUGH *and UA's* THE VIKING. *Janet's in U-I's* TOUCH OF EVIL; *Tony's in UA's* KINGS GO FORTH.

## meet frankie avalon

(*Continued from page 37*) his mom says. "I guess it's because we were so poor and lived in such a tough neighborhood where all the kids were always fighting. Anyway, from the time he was about six, he used to talk about this all the time and I used to say 'No thank you, God forbid, you're not going to be a prize-fighter.' But Frankie being Frankie—he always knew what he wanted and went out and did it anyway—he went out now and did something we didn't know about. And then this night a few years later a cop came to the door and he said to my husband, 'Come down to the station house with me, Mr. Avallone, I want you to see your son.' Pop and me and our daughter, Teresa, nearly fainted with fear when we heard that, but the cop started laughing. He was surprised we didn't know that Frankie had gone and joined what they call the P.A.L.—the Police Athletic League—and that he'd taken up boxing there. I guess we should have known, because everytime I asked him what he wanted to eat he'd say steak and every morning, first thing, he'd go and run around the block about twenty times, like he was in training. But no, we didn't know. And the cop laughed when he realized this. 'You should see this son of yours in action,' he said. 'He's small, yes. He's so small we had to build a box for him to stand on so he can reach the punching bag. But he's got speed and he's got footwork and someday, folks, you're going to be as proud as Joe Louis' parents once were!'

"Well, no offense to Joe Louis' mother, but I thought then and there that *I* didn't ever want to be in her shoes someday. So the next day I got Frankie dressed and I took him to work with me. There was a fellow in our place who'd been an amateur boxer once and he had all the scars to show it. I introduced Frankie to him and then this fellow gave Frankie a long talk on why it wasn't any good to be a prize-fighter, to get your head all busted and your ears puffed up and your brain a little woozy sometimes.

"When he was through, I took Frankie aside and I begged him to give up this idea. I guess it was because I was crying as I begged him that he said all right. But then he started to cry, too, and he reached into his pocket and showed me something he'd never showed me before. It was a medal he'd gotten from the P.A.L. saying that he was the best miniature prizefighter in the whole neighborhood.

"'I won't box anymore, Mama, if you don't want me to,' Frankie said. 'But you see this medal? Well, I'm going to keep it on me all my life. I'm going to put it on a string and wear it around my neck for all the rest of my life!'"

Then I took Frankie to the movies because he felt so bad.

"I'll never forget the movie that day, and neither will Frankie. It was called *Young Man With A Horn.* I forget who was in it. But there was that trumpet. . . ."

That trumpet was to change the course of young Frankie's life. He'd heard it, he'd been fascinated by it and he decided he wanted to learn to play it.

"Papa," he said to his father that night, "can I have a trumpet?" And he got it.

It was a little less than a year later when Frankie read about Tommy Dorsey's plight in the newspapers. The great T.D., in town for a few weeks' stand with his band, had just lost a trumpet player and was looking for a replacement. Tryouts would be held beginning at two o'clock that afternoon.

Frankie was first in line.

"How old are you, kid?" a startled Dorsey assistant asked.

"I'm ten going on eleven," Frankie said.

Frankie couldn't exactly understand why everybody in the band started laughing when Dorsey, trying to look very serious about this, introduced himself to the boy and then asked him to sit in the third trumpet chair and play.

"I didn't know the third chair from the first," Frankie says, recalling. "But finally I found it and I began to play. It was a real easy part—one-two-three-toot, one-two-three-toot. And I guess Mr. Dorsey liked the way I did that toot. Because when it was over he asked me if I'd like to play a solo with the band, just for fun. I said, 'All right. *Tenderly,* in the key of E-Flat, please.' When I was through, I'll never forget, everybody in the band started clapping and Mr. Dorsey came over to me and said, 'Kid, I really enjoyed that. I'm afraid I can't give you a job at your age. But come back and see me when you're seventeen, and I'll have work for you, plenty of it, too . . . Well, you know that


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by *Mary Ann Blum, R.N.*



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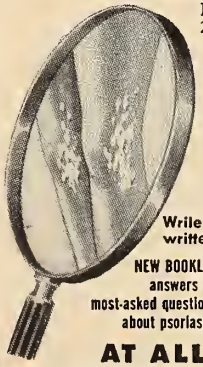

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Mr. Dorsey died, just after I'd turned seventeen."

For the next five years, Frankie was what is high-falutin'ly known as a prodigy —a boy so great at his trumpet that at thirteen he made a record and everybody in the music business said that this was a boy who was going places. Except that, really, there was no place for Frankie to go. He was too young to join a band and play nightclubs and theaters.

So, for those five years, Frankie studied and studied.

This was, as it turned out, probably the best thing that could ever have happened to Frankie. Because *not* associating with some of the boys in his neighborhood probably saved him from becoming like lots of them—a pack of trouble-raising, gang-fighting monsters who made the expression Juvenile Delinquents sound like a compliment.

But, as it turned out, too, somewhere deep down in Frankie's heart lay the feeling that these were the boys he had grown up with when he was a kid, known, palled around with, loved in the way childhood friends will love one another.

"I got an idea one night when I was watching a TV show called *The Little Rascals*," Frankie recalls. "A bunch of kids in the show had a teenage nightclub, strictly for kids. And I thought what a great idea.

"The next day I went around town talking to hall-owners. Finally, one man named a cheap enough price and I said, 'I'll take it, a month from this Friday night!'

"And what a month that was. First thing we had to do was line up some talent. I got together a combo of some kids I knew, with me at the trumpet, so that took care of the dancing. Then I went around to anybody I knew who could sing or dance and asked if they'd be willing to perform. I got about fifteen yesses in just a couple of days. . . . Next was the advertising. I didn't have any money for newspaper ads or anything like that. But I got a few kids together and we made our own pamphlets, real quick. We did them all over a weekend and on Monday, at school, we started distributing them, on tops of desks, on seats in the auditorium, in gym lockers, everyplace we could think of. . . . Then we had to think about food and refreshments. It was easy enough to order the cokes, but I figured we should have hot dogs, too. Except that hot dogs are kind of expensive to buy when you're buying a couple of hundred and you're not sure you're going to be able to sell them when the time comes. This is where my Mom really helped me. Every night after she got through work, she'd start making the rounds of the butcher stores, seeing which one would give the best price. She must have covered every store in South Philly. But it was worth it because she found a place where they had them—all beef, too—for practically pennies. And just to make it really swell, my Mom said she'd come and cook them at the club that night, too, so I wouldn't have to pay anything to any chef.

"Well, opening night finally came and I was scared stiff all of a sudden that nobody was going to show up. I remember the funny feeling in my stomach a couple of hours before we opened, as a friend and I hung a big sign over the entranceway which said:

FRANKIE AVALON'S TEENAGE NIGHTCLUB
DANCING AND ENTERTAINMENT EXTRAORDINARY
ENTRANCE FEE, PER COUPLE—$1.50
HOT DOGS AND COKES—10 CENTS APIECE

"But I realized pretty quick I had nothing to worry about. An hour after we opened there must have been three hundred kids there, and everything was going great.

"Until the fight started, I mean. We had lots of nice kids there. But we had every tough guy and his girl and his gang and their girls in the neighborhood, too. And it wasn't long before there were some fists flying between Dukie, the leader of one gang, and Ringo, the leader of another. I was on the bandstand and I could see it was going to get pretty bad if it went on. I jumped down and rushed over to them. I knew them both and I liked them and they liked me. For some reason, like most of the tough guys around the neighborhood, they all looked on me as a kind of kid brother, because I'm so thin, I guess. Well, I'd talked to them before. But I hoped I could talk to them *now*.

"'Hey, fellows,' I said, trying to break it up. 'Come on, will ya? I've put a lot of work into this place and I'm trying to make a success out of it. What do you want to do anyway, spoil the whole thing before it even gets started?'

"Well, at least my words stopped them fighting for a minute. But I could see the danger signs in their eyes.

"Then I thought of something.

"'Look Dukie . . . Ringo,' I said. 'This is a nightclub, right? And every nightclub has a couple of bouncers, right, in case things start getting rough with some of the customers? Well, how would you two like to be *my* bouncers?'

"Boy, you would have thought they were soldiers and I was President Eisenhower giving them the Congressional Medal of Honor. They thought this was the best idea they'd ever heard. And from that moment on, let anybody in the place try to start any kind of fight!

"So the first Friday night passed fine. And the second. And the third. And by the end of that first month I was glad the idea was working out so swell—and, especially, that a lot of these friends of mine who'd been getting into a lot of trouble week ends did so much dancing Friday nights now that they were too pooped to do anything bad anymore on Saturday and Sunday.

"It lasted over a year, the teenage nightclub. It got better and better, too. It got to the point where, when I'd hear any famous singers were in town, I'd call them up at their hotel and tell them about the place and ask them if they'd come over and entertain for a while. So many did—and for free, too; Tony Bennett, Carmen MacRae, Steve Lawrence, Eydie Gorme, Jodie Sands, The Four Dates.

"Yes, it all went swell.

"And then came the fire and all the other trouble. . . ."

The fire came first. It started at about three o'clock one morning and by five o'clock the Frankie Avalon Teenage Nightclub was a pile of cinders. Fortunately, no one was in the building at the time. But this was only the beginning. . . .

The other trouble concerned Frankie's mom and dad.

His mom was laid off from work a few days after the fire.

His pop suffered a bad accident a few days after that.

For Frankie this meant taking the couple of hundred dollars he'd saved during the past year and giving it to his family. It also meant that he was just seventeen now and just about ready to finish school and with a whole load of responsibility on his shoulders.

He figured it all out now.

He would take a job, any job, right after he finished school. And then on Friday and Saturday nights he would play trumpet for weddings and parties and for the ten-dollar bills they always gave out after these affairs.

This, he figured, was the least he could do to help out at home till his dad could get back on his feet again. . . .

It was a very unusual Sunday morning, the following Sunday. The air outside was very warm and still. And here in the church, Frankie noticed, it was hot and strange and unlike any Sunday morning in church he could remember.

He knelt to pray.

He prayed very hard.

"Please," he said, his eyes closed tight, "please make Poppa well again and make me strong, meanwhile, so I can work in his place. But, most important, take care of Poppa and make him well again, please. . . ."

He prayed so hard and long that he barely heard the music at first.

It was a familiar hymn, one the choir sang every Sunday, called *Holy God, We Praise Thy Name.*

It is so pretty and simple a hymn that many parishioners in Catholic churches throughout the world often join in the singing.

Frankie had never done this.

But on this particular morning, after a while, he found himself—still kneeling there, still with his eyes closed—beginning to sing.

Except, without realizing it, he sang more loudly than any of the others, as if it were just he and the organ music and God.

*Holy God we praise Thy name*
*Holy God we bow before Thee*
*All on earth Thy scepter claim*
*All in heaven above adore Thee*
*Infinite Thy vast domain*
*Everlasting is Thy name. . . .*

It was on the way out of church a little while later when Frankie realized what had happened.

"Hey, Frankie," a kid he knew called out, rushing over to him. "That's some voice you got there. For a minute I thought it was Mario Lanza come back to see his home town."

"Frank," a woman said, rushing over, too, "that was the most beautiful singing I ever heard in all my life. You should forget about your trumpet and sing, instead. Honest, that was beautiful!"

There were more compliments in those next few minutes, lots more.

And as Frankie walked home a little while later, he began to wonder.

He wondered so hard he nearly got run over—twice.

But finally, safely, he did get home.

He was shaking his head and smiling as he walked into the kitchen for a drink of water.

"What's so funny?" his mother asked, looking up from the Sunday macaroni she was making.

"Nothing, Mom," Frankie said. "Except some people, they must be deaf. . . ."

That's the way Frankie shrugged the whole idea off at first. But as the next


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few weeks went by, the idea of singing began to get hold of him. And, suddenly, when nobody was around, Frankie would find himself making with the pipes to see how he sounded.

Then he remembered that two friends of the family—fellows named Bob Marcucci and Peter DeAngelis, executives of a then-small record outfit named Chanceloor—had asked him to let them know if he ever came across any good young male singer.

On a dare with himself, he called them up.

"I think I may have just the guy you're looking for," Frankie said.

"Who?" they asked.

"Me," Frankie said.

"*You?*" they asked.

And that's how it started. Frankie auditioned for them one day, his own combo supplying the accompaniment. Marcucci and DeAngelis looked at one another in amazement halfway through the first song, clapped hands after the second, whistled after the third and signed Frankie up, on the spot.

His first record, *Cupid,* was a smash.

Then came the others—*Young Love, At The Hop, De De Dinah, The Stroll* and *I'm Walkin',* smashes all.

And then came the day Frankie went to Hollywood to make a rock 'n' roll picture named *Jamboree,* to be followed by a long tour of personal appearances throughout the country.

"Frankie," his mother said to him as they sat alone one day just before he left, "you've been a good son to me and your Poppa. You've made us proud all these years. But now you're like a bird who's grown his wings and is going out into the world, to fly for his own. I don't know anything about this world you're flying into, Frankie, this world of show business. But you can't help hearing and reading a lot of things, about how people change sometimes when they're in it, how they try to live a little too fast and begin to do things they shouldn't do. I guess I shouldn't be talking to you like this, so bossy-sounding all of a sudden. But to me and your Poppa, Frankie, you're still our little boy and only eighteen years old and we just want you to take care of yourself and to always stay the same good person you've been, to me, to your father, your sister, to everybody. . . ."

If Mrs. Avallone was worried about anything, she needn't have been—as she herself was to discover the day, three months later, when Frankie came home.

Actually, we've got to back to the moment about thirty-five hours earlier, when the bus Frankie was riding back to Philadelphia in became stranded, only thirty miles away, in one of the worst snowstorms Pennsylvania has ever known.

Everybody was ordered out by State Troopers after a while and told to walk about half a mile to a Howard Johnson's, where they could take refuge and stay warm till the blizzard stopped and the roads could be cleared again.

It took Frankie and the others nearly an hour to trudge to the Howard Johnson's. And when they got there they saw that some eight hundred other people had been ordered there, too.

"It was like a scene in a war movie," Frankie recalls, "with all these people—mostly mothers and fathers and their children—sitting all around the place, at tables, at the counter, on the floor—shivering, depressed, lots of the kids crying, the manager of the place going crazy because he was all out of food already and nearly out of coffee and he knew darn well this storm wasn't going to stop blowing in an hour or two.

too, and my main idea was to keep warm and kid myself into the fact that I wasn't going to get hungry and so what if I went without something to eat for a while.

"But five or six hours later, my stomach really began to grumble. I looked out the window. It was dark already. I could see the snow was still coming down. I knew we'd be there through the night, at least. I decided to try to sleep. But I couldn't. It was cold, for one thing. And those poor kids all over the place were crying, one following the other, like magnetism or something.

"Finally it go so bad that one mother fainted when her baby began to get sick and another woman screamed and then some of the kids began to scream, like her, instead of crying.

"That's when I jumped up all of a sudden and onto a counter and I said, 'All right, ladies and gentlemen, it's showtime here at Howard Johnson's. If I may, I'd like to sing for you a little bit. And then, later we'll all sing some songs we all know. How about that?'

"At first there was only silence. But then somebody started to clap, and then a few more people. And then I sang—just as if I was back in my old nightclub, every song I'd ever sung there and then some. And then everybody began singing. And this must have gone on, off and on, for the next twenty-four hours or so, till somebody shouted, 'Here come the bulldozers!' and we knew that in a short time we'd all be out of there and on our way home. . . ."

Frankie's mother began to cry when she saw him walk through the front doorway a little while later. She knew he'd been in that stranded bus and, with the phone lines out of commission, she'd had no idea whether or not he was safe.

"Thank God!" she cried when she saw him now, throwing her arms around him.

Frankie let her have her cry and then he cleared his throat.

"Mom," he said, "can I ask you a favor?"

"Sure,' his mother said, still holding him, "what?'

"Well at this Howard Johnson's," Frankie said, "there were a lot of people. And there were some kids, too. And some of these kids, they were orphans, Mom, on their way from an old orphanage in Washington to a nice new one in Boston. And they spent their allowance money on some food at Howard Johnson's and now they're broke and they haven't had anything to eat and. . . ."

"What's the matter, Frankie," his mother asked, "why are you stopping?"

"Well, I invited them over for a sandwich before they take off again," Frankie said.

"Sure," his mother said, "where are they, the poor kids?"

"In the bus outside," Frankie said.

"And how many are there?" his mother asked.

"Forty-five, I think," Frankie said.

"What???" his mother screamed.

"Maybe only forty-three," Frankie said, gulping.

Mrs. Avallone stood stunned for a moment. But then she began to laugh. No, she thought to herself, Hollywood and those one-night entertainments all over the country. They haven't changed our Frankie. They haven't changed him one little bit.

"All right," she said aloud, walking to the phone, "you go call them all inside while I call the delicatessen and order some cold cuts and bread.'

"And milk, Mom," Frankie said.

"And milk," Mrs. Avallone agreed, nodding, and trying very hard not to start crying all over again, as Frankie ran back to the door to call the kids in.

END


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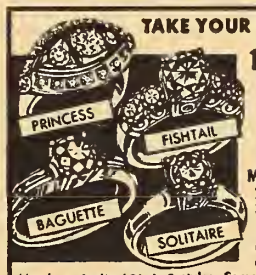
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# my 4,003 children

(*Continued from page 62*) "He'll make the perfect brother for Tracy," she said. Tracy was the little girl Jane and her husband had adopted in America a couple of years earlier. "Yes, he'll be perfect."

"I hope this is all possible," the nurse said as she walked Jane to the door.

"Sure it is," Jane said, turning around for one last smile at the baby.

"*Ja,*" the nurse said, trying to share the beautiful American actress' enthusiasm, but still with her doubts. "*Ja,* of course it will be possible. . . ."

Jane was back at her hotel a little while later. "Yes, Dad," she was saying on the telephone, excited, to her husband, ex-football star Bob Waterfield, six thousand miles away in California. "He's like an angel. Big. With blue eyes. And not so husky right now, but you can see, just looking at him, that some good American oatmeal and some good California milk are all he really needs and then *wow,* there's going to be another quarterback in the Waterfield family. . . ."

It was a little while after Jane had hung up that the phone rang again.

It was the nurse at the orphanage.

"I am very sorry," she said, "but I just checked and I thought I would let you know now, right away. You cannot have the baby."

"I can't *what?*" Jane asked.

"It is not that *we* do not want this," the nurse explained. "But your own country . . . they are very strict on the number of children who may enter from Europe every year as adoptions. And as I suspected, our quota is already filled for the next two years."

"Quota?" Jane asked. She could feel her hand go limp and weak around the metal receiver. "You mean to tell me they have quotas for tiny babies, babies who'll be given a home and parents?"

"That is right," the nurse said.

### Red tape

"Try calling your own Consulate and discover what happens," the nurse added.

Jane called—once, twice, three times. Then she took a cab and *went* to the Consulate. She spoke to a dozen people, fellow Americans. The accents weren't there this time, but the message was the same:

"No!"

"Impossible!"

"Against the law!"

"Why don't you go to Washington when you're back in the States?" one weary aide-de-camp told her. "Maybe you can get them to change the law."

"Maybe I can!" Jane said, angry, as she stomped out of the place. . . .

She was back at the orphanage the next morning. The first part of her European trip was nearing an end. That afternoon she'd have to leave for Paris and a picture she was scheduled to make there.

Now, however, for a few last minutes, she wanted once more to look at little Klaus, the baby she'd set her hopes on.

"Good-bye, you wonderful little monster," she said, playing with him that last time. "And don't worry. Old Jane will be back some day to come get you, and then—"

She found it hard to go on.

She looked up at the nurse.

"A little German baby like this?" Jane asked, trying to smile. "Do you think he knows what I'm talking about?"

"At that age," said the nurse, "they all understand everything."

"Well, all right then," Jane said, bending to pick up the baby and kiss him good-bye. "This is just *auf wiedersehen* then, you understand? Because I'll be back. . . ."

The picture was finished on schedule exactly two months later and Jane flew immediately to Hollywood to begin initial publicity work on it. This normally takes about two weeks. Jane did it in three days. Then she flew to Washington, D. C., to begin her fight for Klaus.

### More red tape

She spoke to her two Senators, among dozens of other big wheels, to *your* two Senators, to practically every pair of Senators in town at the time.

They were more than glad to see her. Some of them even asked for her autograph. Obliging Jane obliged and then she asked *them* to do some signing—to a bill that would up the quota on European orphans. Suddenly the legislators were very, very busy and ahem, but if she would please excuse them. . . .

Jane's next stop was New York City.

"I had heard that there was an organization in New York called the International Social Services—the ISS. I didn't know much more than that it was made up of a lot of good men with a lot of backing behind them, who listen to problems like ours."

So Jane had taken the next train to New York. And with a little backing of her own, she was there now, at the ISS offices, waiting—as she'd never waited before—to go on. She was nervous.

She would be making her plea to four very distinguished gentlemen—an ISS official, a priest, a rabbi and a minister.

And then, as a buzzer buzzed and a receptionist signaled to her and asked her to please come along, Jane got up, took a deep breath—and then suddenly an old

**"My doctor tells me to take a little nip before I go to bed," Dean Martin announced in his act in Las Vegas.**

**"Do you know, I find myself going to bed nine or ten times a night?"**

*Earl Wilson*
*in the New York Post*

memory flashed through her mind.

*She was a girl, no more than thirteen. Her four brothers were showering and getting washed and dressed and ready to go to a fair nearby. Jane wanted to go too. But her folks were away for the night and she was too young for a date and, besides, nobody had asked her. So she made up her mind that she'd better do something about this, and fast. Just before the boys were about to leave she called them all together in the living room—Tom, Kenny, Jamie and Wally. She cleared her throat. "I think it's terrible none of you asked me to the fair—because I want to go, something awful," she said. "And if you fellows don't take care of this situation, I don't know who else will." Jane was honest and direct about it. And she got to go to the fair.*

Jane smiled now as she walked into the big, wood-paneled conference room and saw the four men.

One by one the introductions were made. First was the rabbi.

*Hi, Tom,* Jane thought, shaking hands.

Next was the priest.

*And Kenny,* she thought.

Then came the minister.

*Hello, Jamie,* she thought.

And finally the ISS official.

*And hello to you, Wally,* she thought.

And then, very honest and direct, as if she were back in the old living room back home, talking to the boys, she said, "Now don't get me wrong, please. I've never been one to think every kid has to be called adorable and patted on the head. In fact, I think some kids—well! It's just that I hate the thought of any child on this earth being orphaned and alone, and I think it's downright *practical* that every child have parents—his own or adopted."

### Jane explains

For the next two hours Jane talked on, about the trouble she was having trying to adopt little Klaus, about the trouble thousands of other people like her were having with thousands of other little Klauses all over Europe.

"After all," she said, in desperate conclusion, "if *you* fellows don't do something about this situation, I don't know who else will."

The four gentlemen, impressed, moved, promised Jane they would do their best to accomplish something.

"You will?" Jane asked.

Then she began to cry.

The four men kept their promise. They worked hard and long with contacts in Washington, Europe, all over. But it was to be a year before anything substantial would materialize.

In that time, Jane kept in close touch with the orphanage in Frankfurt, asking about Klaus, sending little packages to him, worrying about him when a nurse wrote that he'd come down with a case of the sniffles, proud of him when another nurse wrote that he seemed to have grown a full inch overnight.

In that time, too, Jane had the good fortune to hear about an adorable little English boy named Tommy who was up for adoption. It was lots easier getting English children into the country than those from Continental Europe and Jane lost no time getting Tommy.

It was great.

There were two children in the house now.

But there was never any doubt that Jane wouldn't be happy, completely happy, until there were three. . . .

Finally, after that year passed, the all-important letter from the ISS came. This time it was from Bill Kirk, head of the organization. He'd been interested in Jane's plea from the beginning, and encouraged by reports that Washington was finally getting ready to relax the quota. Now, the groundwork laid, Mr. Kirk wanted to see Miss Russell.

A meeting was arranged.

It lasted a full day.

Jane, remembering how she heard Bill Kirk tell some friends about that long-ago meeting, started laughing, "We were all sitting in my living room a couple of nights ago—out of a clear blue sky Bill started talking.

" 'You can't imagine what kind of a day it was.' Bill said.

" 'Out of Hollywood comes this movie star to my office and she says she wants to do something about orphans. She's very direct, this movie star. She nails me down to a chair and she talks all about kids and how they all should have parents.

" 'After she's through with me I go to the Board of Directors and they look at me like I've got a hole in the head. They're suspicious. They tell me this may be a plan to use us to promote Miss Russell; that this may be a plan set up by a high-powered Hollywood agent.

" 'So I go back to Miss Russell and indicate this. And she ups and says, "Let *me* talk to these gentlemen!"

" 'So she does.

" 'And so she leaves a few hours later with everybody's approval—and even with a name for her adoption plan: WAIF.'

"They were rolling in the aisles," Jane finished the story, "but I guess I didn't really care. I'd won. . . .

"From there on it was some work, sure.

"But the important thing is that the program did get underway, that the ISS—

which at one time did about two percent adoption work now does sixty percent and that some four thousand orphans from all over the world are living in America now because of the ISS program, with a mother and a father all their own."

It was at about this time that Jane stopped long enough to do a little good for herself. She sat down one night and wrote a long letter to Frankfurt, asking the officials at the orphanage to please begin readying little Klaus for the long-awaited trip to California. Everything—all the past quota mess—would be avoided now and in a few weeks, maybe, she wrote, she'd be able to fly over, bundle up the boy and bring him home.

Jane sent the letter off air mail.

She received a letter from Frankfurt a few days later.

It was very simple.

**What happened to the baby**

Little Klaus, it said, had just been adopted by a German family. The people at the orphanage were sorry if Miss Russell was disappointed by this news, the letter went on to say, but they wanted her to be sure that this was a very nice family, that the baby seemed very happy to go with them and that they would appreciate, if, unlike some other people, she didn't pursue the correspondence any further because the child was gone and that was that. . . .

Jane is not a brooder. And no matter what she felt deep inside her heart about losing Klaus, she did not brood or make life miserable for anybody around her.

But people have a way of understanding. Especially husbands. Especially very good husbands. And there was a plan afoot.

Perhaps then, because Bob Waterfield is a very good husband, this explains the surprise he pulled on Jane one day not so long ago.

"Old Jane—" he started as they sat at dinner, alone.

"Yes, Dad?" Jane asked.

"I saw the cutest baby the other day," Bob said.

"Whose?" Jane asked.

"He's an orphan," Bob said. "His name is Robert John. I wish you could have seen him."

Jane was silent. . .

"Would you like to see him?" Bob asked.

Jane nodded.

"We can go over tomorrow," Bob said. "Okay?"

Again Jane nodded.

And then she smiled.

"Gee," she said, "if . . . I mean, well . . . I mean if, since he's an orphan and for some reason we should want to adopt him and take him home with us . . . I mean, *if* we do . . . well, that'll make *three* children!"

What Jane should have said was that it would make *four, thousand-and-three* children, if you included WAIF.

And that there was no telling where it would all stop. . . . **END**

**Young Robert John now occupies the nursery at the Waterfield house in Hollywood and is reportedly very much in love with his new dad, sister Tracy, brother Tommy and—especially—with his new mother, Jane, certainly one of the nicest mothers ever. . . . EDITOR**

*Jane will appear in* "THE BIG PLAY" *for United Artists.*

## love takes a long, long time

(*Continued from page 32*) dished them out, and while he and Hope's date chewed the breeze and the girls did the dishes, Carry giggling and chattering and Hope nodding, listening, up to her elbows in suds—even while he gave Carry a friendly goodnight kiss at her door hours later—what was on his mind mostly was Button, and what was taking her so long out in California to make up her mind to marry him.

So it was pretty much of a shock to walk into a party ten days later and see those same excellent legs flashing about, improvising a dance in a circle of spell-bound watchers. But not an unpleasant shock. That quiet little face of a week before was flushed and excited now. The green eyes sparkled, the legs whirled, and the demure blonde hair bounced up and down. "I know that girl," Don muttered in pleased surprise. Then he shoved his way into the circle.

"Hi," he said. "Remember me?"

**Like it's a surprise**

Hope took a deep breath. One hand went up to smooth her hair. Her cheeks got even pinker. "Well, Hi," she said breathlessly. "When did you get here?"

Don didn't find out for years that she had known he was coming, planned her dance—and kept an eye on the door throughout it. He hadn't the faintest idea that the other night while he was busily ignoring the other guy's date, those quiet green eyes had been following him around the room, admiring, shy—and hopeful. At seventeen, Hope Lange didn't consider herself a bit too young for him.

But it wasn't at all necessary for Don to know that. It was quite enough that he spent the rest of the evening bringing her cokes and potato salad, that he found himself dragging her into quiet corners to talk and talk and talk until it occurred to him that he had a matinee and evening performance to do the next day and he'd probably be hoarse as a crow. It was enough that he asked for her phone number and couldn't find a pencil and said it over and over to himself all the way home so he wouldn't forget. It was enough that for the first time that night the girl in his dreams had somehow exchanged her long black hair for a pale blonde ponytail, bouncing up and down. . . .

**So young. . . .**

It was enough that he forgot that Hope was younger than his kid sister.

All that was *quite* enough for a young man who used to think he was in love with somebody else.

And to Hope, thrilled to her fingertips at actually attracting this big, gorgeous actor, this talented, sophisticated, older man—it was more than enough.

She waited on pins and needles for him to call. When he did, to invite her to see him in *Rose Tattoo,* she worried for days over what to wear, sat through the play absolutely blind to everything but him, wore out her hands applauding his bow at the end. When the final curtain came down and Don emerged, still wiping off greasepaint to take her to the Drake Room for late supper and still more talk—it seemed like heaven on earth.

He didn't kiss her goodnight that night. She was half disappointed, half pleased. "It shows," she told a friend, "that he's really very mature."

The next week she was due to leave for a visit with friends out of town—including among the friends a college boy she had known for years, dated a lot, even had a crush on. She had to go, she had promised to go—but she decided in advance to be bored. And she was. She came home able to say, "After you've dated a *man,* college boys seem so—shallow!"




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Her girl friends looked at her admiringly. "Do you think you're in love with Don?"

"Well—"

"But—you're so young!"

"A woman," said Hope firmly, "is never too young for love!"

So it was very odd that when Don invited her to spend a day out at the beach with him and his folks, she should feel something akin to panic at the thought of being presented as their son's girl. It was very odd that when he finally did take her in his arms to kiss her, when he began to call her more and more often, when his plans for the future gradually began to include her—when, in fact, everything was going like Love's Young Dream and she should have been The Happiest Girl In The World—she found herself pulling back in terror.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," she apologized to Don. "All of a sudden—I'm so scared."

### Afraid of love

"What's there to be scared of?" Don would ask reasonably. "I'm earning a living; I'm all for your having a career—dancing, theatre, whatever you want; we could have a wonderful life—"

"I know, but—"

"And we love each other—"

Hope would grasp at straws. "Now, how do you really *know*? Why, you know you thought you were in love before!"

"Hopee, that's all over. I told you so. It isn't even as if I ditched her. Besides, didn't you ever like a guy before me?"

"Well, yes—"

"There!" Don would say triumphantly. "But you never cared this much before, right? Now, what I think is—"

He was a very good talker. He didn't push her, but he wove nets of words, of plans around Hope. Already he was giving her acting lessons—he thought she had real talent; he'd get an agent interested in her. They could star together in shows, maybe do a musical someday so she could use her dancing. They had so much in common, coming from theatrical backgrounds, both religious, both loving New York. They would have a perfect life. He talked and talked. And Hope, whose *forte* was listening, would be spellbound. One night when Don was even more eloquent than usual, she found herself nodding her head. When the oration wound up—she went on nodding.

She went home thinking seriously about getting engaged.

**Brigitte Bardot's leading man in a recent film confesses he lost close to 30 pounds during the 'ordeal' of co-starring with the temperamental French Venus. (Some chaps would consider this a heavenly way to reduce!)**

*Dorothy Kilgallen*
*in the New York Journal-American*

But the next morning she phoned Don.

In a small, shaky voice she said, "Don—I've been thinking—maybe we ought to think it over some more." She took a deep breath. She said the hardest thing she had ever said, doubly hard because she wasn't the average seventeen-year-old girl, but a girl who had been earning money dancing and modeling, moving with adults for years.

She said, "Don, maybe I'm just too young."

She expected an argument, a torrent of protest. To her amazement, there was a short silence. Then Don's voice said calmly—almost, in fact, with relief—"Okay, Hopee. We'll give it time."

He had been doing some thinking himself that night.

He had faced up to something he had never mentioned to Hope, telling himself that he hadn't wanted to worry her. Now, after this long night of growing up, he knew that he had been afraid to tell her, afraid she wouldn't understand, afraid of losing her.

He was going away—for a long, long time. He was going overseas to work in refugee camps, to spend the next two years of his life trying to help the displaced people of Europe build new lives, learn to live again.

And he wanted to go. Even though it meant leaving his career just when it was off to a good start, even though it meant leaving his home and his people whom he loved, even though it meant leaving Hope to grow up without him, to meet dozens of boys, to maybe fall in love with someone else—still, he wanted to go. In a way, indeed, it was because of her that he knew he must.

Later, from Europe, he was to write to her:

> *You know, when we met, I was so confused, so mixed up, that I was beginning to question the values I lived by. It's hard to tell you what it was like, really. But it was something like a terrible night that seems endless, and you walk and walk and finally you come to the top of the mountain. You look down, out of all this dark—and there's a field of corn below, full of sunlight—and goodness. That's how you were to me, for all that you were so young—shining and quiet and sweet and good. You made me know I wanted you—but more than that, you made me know what I wanted from myself.*

So he went to Europe, and left Hope, completely free and unattached. He wrote to her often, long letters filled with affection and interest, telling her about his strange new life, about the suffering people, about how much he wanted to do for them and how little he actually could.

### Never any answers . . .

He got no replies.

Whether out of prudence, out of a need to be alone, or whether just because Hope was a bad correspondent, she didn't answer his letters. Not once.

At first it hurt horribly. He would haunt the nearest post office, pestering them to "Look once more, will you?" Then it became less painful. Maybe it was a good thing, maybe it was smart. And anyway, surely if she actually fell in love with someone—surely then she'd write to get him off the hook.

So for two and a half years, he wrote to Hope, into a void.

His last letter told her the date of his sailing from Europe, the date he would be back. He didn't really hope at all. But when the boat docked at last, there on the pier was a slender girl, whose blonde ponytail tossed ever so slightly in the breeze.

It would be nice to say that the happy ending began there on the pier, that they rushed into each other's arms, vowing eternal love. That five days later they were married.

But it wouldn't be true.

It had been a wonderful two years for Hope. In a way, she had had everything. She was studying acting seriously, making progress. She was free as a bird to date, to have fun—and there were literally scores of young men to take her dancing or to the beach or to dinner. And back of it all, there were Don's letters, assuring her of love if she should ever want it, assuring her of the security of his affection.

She didn't fall into his arms on the pier. She gave one shocked gasp at his altered appearance—he had come down with pneumonia in the damp, windy refugee camp, and lost pounds; he was drawn, tired, and he looked older by more than two years—and then, suddenly, it was as if he had never been away. He was still her Don, wonderful, loving, talented—and she was still Hope, who didn't know what to do with her love.

Years later, looking back on the next months, she believes she was simply terrible to Don. She went right on going out with other boys. She went right on with the thousand activities that kept her too busy to see him often. She even had the gall to sympathize with him for being in love—unrequited!

**The business offices at *The Entertainer* have one file jammed with requests for interviews—58 requests to date—but Olivier has refused them all. The disappointed press-agent for the show has had to reply: "Mr. Olivier believes that nobody ever won an interview."**

*Leonard Lyons*
*in the New York Post*

He waited. But not passively, of course.

He took as many dates as Hope would give him, and asked for more. He made the most of her admiration for his greater experience and wisdom—he encouraged her to come to him when she had a question or a problem, almost as if he were a big brother. Almost—but not quite. And when he got the lead in a show called *Hot Corner*, he called his agent.

"Got anything in the show for a talented blonde kid?"

The talented blonde read for the producer. When the reading was over, she was understudying the lead.

Not to mention rehearsing with Don, being coached by Don, grabbing a bite during the breaks with Don, going on the road for the out-of-town openings with Don. And one glorious night when the lead was sick—playing opposite Don. Hope's sister flew down to see that. After the show she rushed backstage. "The love scenes," she rhapsodized. "They were *magnificent*. Everyone in the audience was positively *dewy-eyed!*"

And remembering them, Hope began to feel somewhat dewy-eyed herself.

### Always together

But being together so much gave them more than a chance to know each other really well. It gave them, one Christmas morning, a chance to have something they had never, ever, had before.

Their first fight.

Today, Hope can't even remember what it was about. But what happened after it, she can remember very clearly. They just stopped talking.

They didn't smile; they didn't nod; they didn't exchange so much as a Merry Christmas that day. And though there were hundreds of other people all around, making the usual din, to Hope's astonished ears, it was as if dead silence had fallen on the world.

Because, after all, for four long years, Don's voice had been talking constantly to her, comforting her, explaining things to her; it had spoken on every subject in the world that interested her; it had gone on speaking through his letters when he was half a world away.

And all of a sudden, as simply as that, she knew she didn't want it to stop. Not that lonely, far-from-home Christmas Day. Not ever. She went looking for him, and found him backstage. "I was wrong," she said. "I'm sorry."

Don looked up. "You're absolutely

right," he said to Hope: "you're wrong!"

When the show folded, and they were, for the first time, both out of work, they announced their engagement.

And then they tested for *Bus Stop*.

When they knew they were both in the picture, they made their plans. Shooting was due to be over in April. "We'll come home in May," they told their folks. "We'll be married then."

But Don got sick, and the picture slowed down. Marilyn Monroe got sick, and it bogged down entirely. By March they knew it would run until June. And these two who had waited so long couldn't wait any more. Not even to fly to St. Louis, half-way across the country, to meet their folks and be married there. That meant planning and worrying, and plans could change too rapidly when you were making a movie.

So one day in the middle of the week the studio gave them a long lunch hour, and they ran out for blood tests and license applications.

And that week end, on April 16, 1956, they were finally married.

And of course it was Hope, the too-young, too-unsure little girl who held everything together—because Don, the calm, patient, older man, couldn't find a suit that had all its buttons, didn't have a clean white shirt to his name, drove half way to the preacher without either ring or license, and came so close to collapsing during the ceremony that the preacher had to repeat the pledge twice so he could get hold of himself and say the words.

A shaky beginning to a very happy marriage.

They live now in an English Tudor house in Los Angeles—a big house they had trouble affording because so much of their earnings go to the refugees Don has never forgotten. But they live there with their son, Christopher, and one housemaid, and if the rooms are bare except for the nursery, it doesn't bother them at all. They're furnishing them gradually with second-hand chairs and sofas picked up at auctions. The important things they have—a kitchen big enough for Hope to putter around in between movies. A bed big enough for Chris to creep into mornings to chortle at his father's singing and his mother's funny faces. A life big enough to include Don's career, which comes first, and Hope's, which comes second, and always will.

What are the things they want? More babies, a permanent home in New York, a schedule that lets them each do just one movie a year, a trip to Europe, more furniture and fewer bare walls. And most of all they want a world in which Chris can grow up unafraid. At peace. But those things belong to the future, not to the present—and the Murrays know how to have patience.

All things come to those who wait. **END**

*Hope is in 20th-Fox's* THE YOUNG LIONS. *Don's in 20th-Fox's* FROM HELL TO TEXAS.

## they called me "half-breed"

(*Continued from page 39*) drinking fountain, knocked her books out of her arm. Worst of all, they ostracized her.

"I never belonged to any kind of a club," says Carolyn. "Nobody would let me in."

Once, she found a nice, new girl who was friendly. Carolyn thought she'd found a best friend at last. But in a few days the girl, a little ashamed, stammered, "I'm sorry—but I can't be friends with you any more. It's hurting my reputation."

"Oh," gasped Carolyn, feeling her heart drop to her toes. "I understand." But she was utterly crushed. From then on she kept to herself and in her place—until the day she saw red, grabbed a knife—and won her first battle against life.

The incident started when she heard the girl behind her whisper, "S-s-s-s-t! Say—Half-breed!"

Carolyn, a skinny schoolgirl with big, round eyes turned around. She knew what to expect; something that would hurt in one way or another. But this time she got a ringing slap across her mouth, and that was too much.

### What an Indian can do

Anger leaped like a red flame to her pinched cheeks and blazed in her eyes. Trembling, she snatched up a pocket knife from the boy's desk next to hers.

"You call me an Indian," she screamed. "Well, I'll show you what Indians can do!" Then she grabbed the mass of hair over the startled face and began slashing. Only when hands pinioned her arms did she stop. Her small fists clutched clumps of hair by then, and blood was already beading the cuts she'd made.

Everyone around Nixon Junior High in Amarillo, Texas, nearly dropped dead when quiet, shy Carolyn Sue Jones that day suddenly went on the warpath. Carolyn was pretty surprised herself. But she learned something important that she's never forgotten: "Turning the other cheek is all right for a while. But, sooner or later, the time comes when you have to make a stand." She got in heavy trouble at school for the blow-off and it didn't head her for any popularity prize. But *The Lord Helps Those Who Help Themselves*—and the kids let her alone.

She'd won her first battle. . . .

Her second victory was against fear, the kind of fear that comes from a word: hospital. Just about as far back as she can remember, Carolyn has been plagued by illness and just keeping alive was a constant battle for her. Thin and sickly, she was cursed through childhood with a strangling, acute asthma, which robbed her frail body of oxygen, especially when the weather turned bad. "I was always indoors," Carolyn remembers. "I never could go out and play like the rest of the kids. If I did, I choked all night long." Later, Carolyn was to spend two solid years in a hospital—often sleeping in oxygen tents.

Her only playmate was her sister Betty, born just after their father died. From the start, Carolyn and Betty were devoted and inseparable. Carolyn still remembers vividly the first time she saw the treasure, couched in a wicker laundry basket bridging two dining room chairs.

"Well," her mother smiled, "what do you think of her?"

### Carolyn's little friend

"She'th mine," lisped Carolyn Sue. "She'th my dolly. Only," she appraised the red, wrinkled baby realistically, "she'th got apricot ears!" Not long afterwards, although she was not quite five, Carolyn terrified her household by stealing Betty from her crib and taking her around the neighborhood to show her off. Before Betty was a year old, Carolyn insisted on sleeping with her at night. Betty was all she had, and then Betty grew up a little and Carolyn had no one. No friends to play with.

So she had turned into herself, because there was nowhere else to turn. She couldn't even have pets because she was allergic to fur and they just stirred up her asthma. Briefly, she had a beloved Rhode Island Red rooster named Rusty.


# Rip Van Winkle Couldn't Sleep with Nagging Backache

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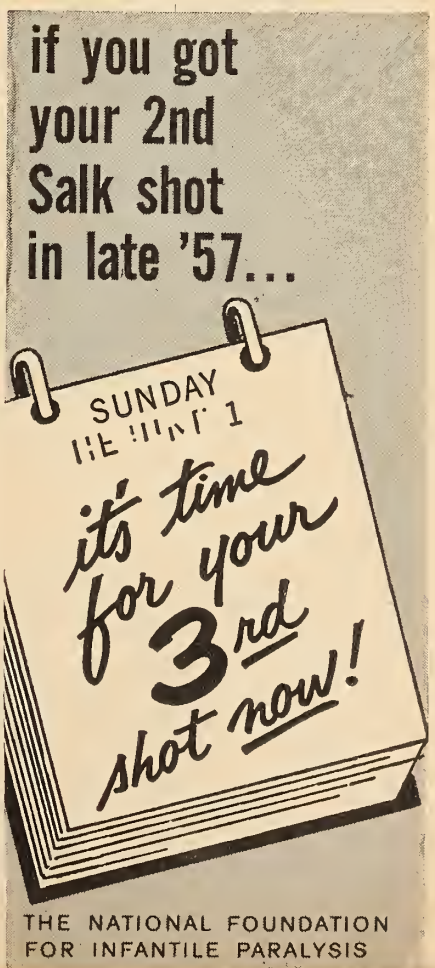
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She kept him in a pen out back by the alley, but one night a raider stole him.

Then, for a long time, Carolyn had a pet teddy-bear named Sailor. She decided he was a magic teddy, because each week she'd give his yellow hair a cutting and then it would grow right back. And she'd cut it off again and it grew right back again! Not long ago Carolyn mentioned this miracle to her mother.

"Of course it grew," her mother answered. "I got you a new one each week."

The rejection and scorn of her own age group made Carolyn almost welcome the two years she spent in the hospital when she was ten . . . except that she was so frightened at being away from home. A teacher came to her bed with lessons and she could study without anyone picking on her for something she could do nothing about. It would have been fine, except that little Carolyn kept thinking maybe she'd never go home again. . . .

About this time she discovered two other escapes—important ones, as things turned out.

### Her first expression

Her mother found an elocution teacher, Miss Daisy Persons, a Southern belle of better days who taught 'expression' in her hotel room. Soon at school and all around Amarillo, Carolyn Sue Jones was winning every declamation trophy in sight. Although she seemed about the last kid in town to shine at public speaking, there were reasons which Carolyn knew and few others suspected.

"Recitals were my only chance to spill out all the things I had to keep sealed inside me," she explains. "Besides, when I was up on the stand reciting, nobody could hurt me."

The other place she felt safe was in the dark world of a movie theatre. "I was really only happy when I was watching a movie," Carolyn confesses. "I loved them. The theatre was my foxhole, my magic mirror, my temple." Three times a week she ducked down side streets to the Paramount Theatre in Amarillo. Her allowance paid for one admission; the other two times she sneaked in. She was never caught. For years her luck puzzled her.

Not too long ago, on a personal appearance tour with *House of Wax*, Carolyn bumped into the manager, a Mr. King, who used to run the Paramount. "Remember me?" she asked.

"I'll say I remember you, Carolyn," he grinned. "You used to sneak into my house twice a week."

"How do you know that?" she gasped.

"I watched you," he said. "But I couldn't bear to throw you out. You were the only kid I ever saw who seemed to need movies, like meat and milk. Besides," he chuckled, "I could count on at least one paid admission for every bill."

### Sunday School was shocking

Carolyn Jones liked to attend both Sunday School and the Methodist Church. But when she did she was shocked. Boys in her class wrestled; girls combed their hair, chewed gum and gossiped. The Indian stigma followed Carolyn right into the house of God. All this profaned it in Carolyn's eyes. She told her mother, "I can't stand to go there any more," and quit. She hasn't attended a church since, although she is deeply religious and prays regularly.

At Amarillo High School, another well-meant, impulsive gesture she made had even more shattering results. The Amarillo A Cappella Choir was a big thing at A.H.S. Under a gifted choir leader it became a town pride, and it was as big an honor to make it as to star on the football team. In her junior year Carolyn made it, singing—of all things—bass. Her biggest school-day glory arrived when she was picked to tour Texas cities—Houston, El Paso, Dallas and Fort Worth. About the same time she starred for her school in the Interstate and Tri-State declamation contests. She was up for a big 'A' letter in both activities.

Then a boy who had been nice to her was called into the Army. He said, "Let's spend my last day in town together." His last day was a school day, but to affection-starved Carolyn Jones what he asked was the least she could do. So she cut classes. They called her home, found she wasn't there. Next day she faced the worst punishment the principal could have handed out: both her choir and declamation letters were denied her.

### A special dream

She couldn't wait because Carolyn had nursed a dream since she was nine years old, when she saw a story about the Pasadena Community Playhouse in a magazine. She wanted to go there, someday, and the time was now. But she was almost three years under admittance age. Dad Baker was her step-grandfather, and the only father she'd had since her own dad had died when she was three—and Dad Baker was all for ambition, although he balked at a falsehood. But Carolyn was desperate in her plea, "If you never do anything else for me you've got to help me now. You've got to tell a lie and say I'm eighteen." He told the lie and, although his conscience troubled him, C. W. Baker lived to be glad he did.

Because at the Playhouse—which has fed Hollywood with stars for the past quarter-century—Carolyn Jones spent "The happiest days of my life." She started in August 1948, graduated from the two-year course and went back for a third year, too.

"For me, it was like being born again," she recalls. "For the first time in my life I felt important to myself and to everyone around me."

And then one day she knew she faced death again.

That day, pulling off a sweater, Carolyn felt a lump in her left breast. She saw a doctor and got the bad news.

Cancer. . . .

Carolyn went home for the operation, lost a month at the Playhouse and spent another month acting in a plaster cast. But she nipped the budding malignancy and for keeps.

She nipped her mistaken first marriage as boldly and decisively, although it took a little longer.

### Too young to be a bride

Carolyn met Don Donaldson at the Playhouse. He was an ex-wartime flier studying on the GI bill, older than she, serious, attractive, kind and well-mannered. They drove to Las Vegas, were married, and Mrs. Donaldson, seventeen, moved from the dorm to an apartment in Glendale, where Don had entered a radio-TV school. Carolyn takes the blame for the break-up.

"I was too young," she says honestly. "I didn't know what I was doing. I married the first person who was nice to me. . . ."

When Don was re-activated in the Reserve and left for Korean duty, she was left alone to face the truth that she didn't want to be a wife to him or a mother—and she didn't kid herself. While Don was in Hawaii, they agreed on divorce. The marriage had lasted a year and a half and Carolyn was nineteen. She moved to Hollywood and got a job taking tickets at the box-office of the experimental Player's Ring. The first small part they let her try was her ticket to a studio job.

Milt Lewis, Paramount's talent chief, caught Carolyn Jones in *Dark of the Moon* and invited her to do a test scene in the studio's famous Fishbowl. That's practically routine for a likely looking lass with anything on the ball around Hollywood's little theatres. What made it pay off was a chance visit to the test stage by producer Irving Asher, prowling the lot for a girl in his next picture. He handed a three-page part to Carolyn, turned to chat briefly with Lewis, and came back.

"Shall I do it now?" asked Carolyn.

"Oh no—take it home and learn it."

"I have," said Carolyn—and proceeded to prove it.

### The turning point

They signed her pronto, and gave her the job. Her first picture was appropriately titled *The Turning Point*.

For Carolyn Jones it was a turning point—in a sense—although the real one came along much later. Actually, at Paramount she did measly bits on a stock contract and was miserable most of the time, even with $250 a week, "'Because I felt I was stealing the money." After six months, they dropped her.

After that, she had her ups, her downs, her ins, her outs, her built-up hopes and her rock-bottom disappointments. Even in Hollywood most people tag Carolyn Jones a newcomer—but she has eighteen pictures behind her and twice that many TV shows.

Once she thought she was on her way for sure. Max Arnow, Columbia's casting director, who'd seen her on the studio's TV stages, tapped her for a nice role in *From Here to Eternity*. But the day her test was scheduled she came down with pneumonia, and that was that. As she tottered out of the hospital, Dad Baker had a stroke; he died the next day. Arnow made it up when she was on her feet again because, "I know you've been sick, had trouble and need money." It was just a girl in a bar for a flash-on. Still, the contact proved to be a lucky break. The same Max Arnow, moved to Hecht-Lancaster, turned out to be an important man in her life. He brought her in for *Bachelor Party*, for which Carolyn just missed her Oscar.

But before that an even more important man looked in on Carolyn Jones' life. Or rather, they both glared at each other.

She first heard about Aaron Spelling from a girl she knew, and Carolyn didn't like what she heard. This "wonderful man from Texas" was giving the girl acting lessons. Carolyn knew her friend had little talent; she suspected a Hollywood racket.

"H-m-m-m-" she remarked, "I'd sure like to meet *that* charming gentleman!" Next day she did. Her chum pointed him out on a corner as they chugged down Sunset Boulevard and Carolyn slammed on the brakes. She walked over to a handsome, perfectly-tailored, distinguished-looking man, her tomahawk hand itching. "So—*you're* Mister Aaron Spelling," she began, "well, let me tell *you*—"

The matinee idol looked blank, but a tall, nondescript guy standing near him spoke up huffily, "*I*," he announced, "am Aaron Spelling."

Well, just like a movie script, they started hating each other and wound up in love. Carolyn discovered that Aaron was really trying to help her chum out of the goodness of his heart—also a lot of other things about him that she liked. Aaron was a dedicated young dramatist from Dallas. He'd been a big man at Southern Methodist University, worked with the Margo Jones group there as a writer, reported for *Stars and Stripes* while in the Army and studied at Paris' Sorbonne University. He wanted to write, but was earning his cakes with what jobs he could get in TV. He was five years older than Carolyn and even skinnier—six feet and

only 125 pounds. And that's pretty skinny!

They were married at 8:30 p.m., April 2, 1953, purely on love and nerve. At 8:45, when Aaron carried Carolyn over the threshhold of the house they'd rented, the phone rang. Aaron's father in Dallas had suffered a heart attack. She borrowed $25 from her mother—who had moved to nearby Santa Ana, California—for gas. They drove all day and all night to Dallas. When they got back to Hollywood there was just that $1.92 to start married life—and the rent on their house hadn't even been paid.

That's when Carolyn begged a friend at Revue TV Productions for a rescue job, got it—and then spunkily turned down another because they wouldn't raise her price or her importance. Soon, when she had a notch up on both, she read the riot act to her husband: "Write—or I'm walking out on you." She didn't really mean it, of course; she wanted him to stop worrying about making bread-and-butter money for his wife and himself—and sit down to writing the kind of things he wanted to write. Her bluff worked and today Aaron Spelling has a list of TV and screen credits that would choke a cow—and nobody worries about who's supporting whom.

### The happiest marriage

As a result, Carolyn Jones believes she has as secure a marriage as you'll find in Hollywood. "We're not just husband and wife," she points out. "We're also good friends, partners, mutual critics and advisors." All day long the Spellings use the telephone like a walkie-talkie, thrashing out whatever bugs either one of them has at work, and their only project that seems destined to flop is gaining weight. Both Aaron and Carolyn hopefully load up on fattening solids—she drinks cocktails of gingerale and thick cream—but both stay stringbeans.

What's life like for her these days?

Carolyn claims to 'vegetate' between picture jobs, but actually she's constantly skimming around. She reads a book a day at one sitting, flipping the pages after a quick but thorough look. She seldom cracks a script until she hits a set because of that memory of hers. She's still helpless where athletics are concerned, getting exercise by chasing a spoiled dachshund named Victoria von Schnitzelbank around the house. She tinkers with her car—she's a girl greaseball—keeps her blonde hair dyed black, and works at changing records for the *Spelling Swingers*. That's a bohemian group including Mickey Rooney, the Jackie Coopers, Nick Adams, Jimmy and Cluny Komack and scads more who gather of a Sunday afternoon to talk it up, spin platters and swim. They even have their own coat of arms.

Carolyn, or *Poochie* as Aaron calls her, doesn't give a hoot for night life or Hollywood full-dress affairs. But she insists on keeping her home a house of fun. She's not a bit domestic, but the more the place jumps with people the better she likes it. It was never that way for her as a girl. Right now the fun house is a striking, modernistic, glass-loaded crate hitched to a hill overlooking the whole San Fernando Valley. The Spellings bought it one afternoon when bulldozers, scooping out a new freeway, came right up to the living room window of their old place. The only complaint Carolyn has is its size. "I'd like one just like it—only three times as big," she sighs, "so three times as many people could come see me." But as for Hollywood—she never wants to leave.

### This is the place

"Oh, travel, of course. I'd like to make a dozen grand tours I can think of," says Jonesie. "But after all, when a place has given you freedom, acceptance, importance, self-justification and love—well, that's where I'll take my stand."

Even so, every now and then something comes up to revive the old specters that haunted her childhood. Only recently, making *King Creole* on Lake Pontchartrain, she begged for and got two guards to walk beside her at the water's edge because she was panicked lest she'd fall in. That terror dates back to some of the little 'jokes' the girls in school used to play on her.

On that same picture, back in Hollywood, Aaron called her one day—a sort of special call. What he had to say was something beyond belief, "Poochie—hold everything—you've just been nominated for an Academy Award!"

Poochie shattered a take with a mighty scream, and a shaggy-haired guy bounced anxiously up to her side.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" Elvis Presley wanted to know.

"Honey," cried Carolyn, who loved everyone at that moment, "Nothing's the matter. In fact, everything's great—just great! Haven't you ever heard a Comanche war whoop!"

That's what it was, all right. Only, this time Carolyn Jones wasn't whooping with anger, frustration or alarm. She was whooping for joy.

She had won her battles—all of them—gloriously. . . . **END**

*See Carolyn in Warners'* MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR.

## I can't understand why you want to hurt me

(*Continued from page 65*)

BECAUSE MY WHOLE LIFE, MY PERSONALITY AND I GUESS MY WHOLE OUTLOOK HAS BEEN AFFECTED BY IT. EVEN BEFORE MY PARENTS WERE DIVORCED, MY LIFE WAS AFFECTED—I GUESS BECAUSE AN UNHAPPY MARRIAGE DOESN'T GIVE PARENTS MUCH TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THEIR CHILDREN.

Venetia, I am looking at the headlines and pictures on the front page of the London Daily Mirror on March 1, 1938. The extraordinary publicity attending your birth was second only to the Royal Family's. It reads:

**FILM STAR PLANS A FAMILY**

BEAUTIFUL FILM STAR ANNA LEE, WHO SEVERAL MONTHS AGO BADE A YEAR'S FAREWELL TO THE SCREEN, EXPECTS A BABY TODAY, ST. DAVID'S DAY—PLANS TO NAME IT, IF A BOY, DAVID, IF A GIRL, VENETIA.

ANNA AND HER FILM DIRECTOR HUSBAND ROBERT STEVENSON, HOPE TO HAVE CHILDREN AT THREE-YEAR INTERVALS. AND "FIVE WOULD BE AN IDEAL FAMILY." ANNA DECIDED THAT PARENTHOOD WAS MORE IMPORTANT THAN A CAREER, AND THEY BOUGHT A HOUSE AND A FARM IN THE COUNTRY.

SHE AND HER HUSBAND ARE FINDING THEIR YEAR AWAY FROM WORK COSTLY.

Does that sound like we didn't have much time to worry about you, Venetia? And you know, there are dozens of such clippings; in fact, a whole scrap book full, which I gave to you. . . .

You say your "parents were unhappy." You were only four years old, Venetia,


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when our marriage broke up! When you're that small, your memory isn't clear—nor is your judgment.

I WAS THAT POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL. I LIVED IN A NURSERY IN A SEPARATE WING OF THE LARGE HOME MY DIRECTOR FATHER AND ACTRESS MOTHER HAD. I WAS RAISED BY MY GOVERNESS.

All I can say about *that* is: you've built a fairy tale around yourself as a poor little rich girl, which is not true!

Your dad idolized you; when he let you live on your own at fifteen, I didn't approve and I didn't hesitate to say so! But when I advise you—because I want to protect you—you call it interference and criticism. What kind of a mother would I be if I *didn't* try to advise you!

You seem to remember only the unpleasant things about me, Venetia—and I have such happy memories! Like the time when I was expecting the birth of my first child—you, Venetia. It was spring, and I decorated your basinette with lilies of the valley, my favorite flower. You'll remember, Venetia, the hand-embroidered handkerchief of lilies of the valley I gave you the day you married Russ. You wore it in your wedding bouquet.

I made almost every stitch of your layette by hand. It was of such fine wool that it wasn't practical, but it gave great joy to me. I also like to remind you that at the time it was an unusual thing for a film star to take time off to have a baby. And it was a year before I made another picture. I was only too happy to sacrifice the pictures; as you well know, I have always put my children before my career.

You had a wonderful English Nanny who was with you from the time you were a month old. It is perfectly true that you were under her care for a great deal of the time. This was only because this was how I had been raised. And mine was an exceptionally happy childhood.

PERIODICALLY MY MOTHER WOULD RECEIVE ME IN HER BEDROOM. SHE WAS ANNA LEE, A SUCCESSFUL ACTRESS. HER ROOM WAS ALL MIRRORS AND WHITE SATIN. THAT'S ALL I REALLY CAN REMEMBER OF MY EARLY MOTHER-AND-DAUGHTER RELATIONSHIP.

Here again, Venetia, is the distortion of a child's memory. I am looking at a picture of that bedroom. True, it had a white rug and white satin drapes, but there were no mirrored walls. The headboard of the bed was white satin trimmed with blue. And you admired it so much that I had a miniature made for you "To match Mommy's." You slept in it for many, many years.

You were always free to run in and out of my room as you chose.

There are other things you should remember, though . . . I created your nursery with my own hands—and my love. I made some of your dresses by hand.

PERIODICALLY MY PARENTS WOULD ASK THEIR FRIENDS TO BRING THEIR CHILDREN TO OUR HOUSE. THEY CAME. I DIDN'T KNOW THEM.

Venetia, we used to have wonderful children's parties at the house on Palm Drive. You had so many little friends. And I do not remember this reluctance to play with them. You had such good times.

I HAD BEEN ALONE IN MY NURSERY TOO MUCH TO UNDERSTAND THE GIVE AND TAKE OF PLAY WITH STRANGE CHILDREN.

From the time you were three-and-a-half years old, Venetia, you had the companionship of your baby sister, Caroline. I realize it is not unusual for a child not quite four to be jealous of a new baby. But I believe we did everything to make you feel the much-loved first-born.

I remember so well the hours before Caroline was born. You were running a fever and didn't want to let me out of your sight. I sat and held your hand all that day and read you stories up to the last moment . . . with the result that Caroline was almost born in the elevator of St. Vincent's Hospital!

THEY FORGOT TO TELL ME WHEN MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER GOT DIVORCED.

When a child is four years old, what can you tell her about divorce, Venetia? I was given custody of my two little girls.

ONE DAY WHEN I WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD I HEARD FROM MY NURSERY THE SOUNDS OF A LARGE CROWD GATHERING DOWNSTAIRS. LEANING OVER THE TOP-FLOOR BANNISTER, I SAW MY MOTHER BEING MARRIED TO THE MAN I NOW KNOW AS MY STEPFATHER. DIVORCE. I'D NEVER HEARD OF IT, THEN. BUT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE I WAS TO FEEL THE REPERCUSSIONS.

Venetia, we were not married in the house, but very quietly in a small church in Beverly Hills. A small reception with a few friends was held at home. I did not consider it good taste for you and Caroline to be present when champagne was being poured to toast the bride and groom.

I WENT TO COURT AND TOLD THE JUDGE I'D RATHER BE IN MY FATHER'S CUSTODY THAN MY MOTHER'S.

My dear Venetia. Two years after the divorce—and you had been living with me all of the while—you decided you wanted to live with your father. It isn't self pity, but I will not stress the anguish I went through when you made that decision. Even at that age, you realized that your father could give you more than I could. I had sold the Palm Drive house. We had moved into a nice, but small and more modest, home and picture roles for me, like it happens, became fewer.

Your father and I decided then that in the interests of the family as a whole you should be raised by him and Caroline by me. In this way there would be no divided loyalties. But you always returned to me for the summers—the full three months. That is, until that one in 1955 when your father took you to Europe.

I WENT TO NEW YORK TO BREAK INTO MODELING.

I remember that summer well, Venetia. This was when we began to have a difference of opinion. I felt that fourteen or fifteen was too young to start out on your own. This was the first time you began to resent my authority as a mother.

AS I CAME DOWN THE AISLE IN MY BRIDAL GOWN, I GLANCED AT THE FRONT PEW, AND SAW AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN IN HER EARLY FORTIES WHO TURNED AND SMILED AT ME. MY MOTHER HAD COME TO MY WEDDING. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE LONG YEARS I HAD SEEN HER.

Venetia, how could you? I was hurt when you didn't send me an invitation to your wedding. Like most other things happening to you at that time, I had to read about it in the papers. But when I called you, you seemed so happy that I was flying down to attend your wedding!

Two months before Tim was born I left the ranch in Montana and returned to California to have my baby. Your two little brothers—John was seven and Steven was six—were with me.

I called you immediately. You came over the next day, and a sweeter daughter couldn't be had. You brought Russ (Tamblyn) and I liked him. You both visited me often.

Tim was born and you and Caroline were there at the hospital when I woke up. I thought happily how blessed I was to have two such beautiful daughters.

DID SHE FEEL ANYTHING OF SADNESS SEEING HER ONLY DAUGHTER MARRY?

Venetia, why are you doing this only-child routine? Is it because the picture you are evidently trying to paint of me is that of a selfish career mother who does not wish to have children? You know me well enough to know I'm far more proud of being the mother of five children than any success I've known as an actress. I have put aside my career for each one of you. And so willingly, Venetia. And your sister Caroline idolizes you! *She was with me at your wedding.* And how proud we both were of such a beautiful bride.

I WONDERED WHAT SHE (MY MOTHER) WAS THINKING. DID SHE FEEL A TWINGE OF SADNESS? I HAD NEVER HAD A SINGLE INTIMATE TALK WITH HER.

Venetia, I can hardly believe you said this. After all of the talks we have had together, all through the years. . . .

You are a beautiful girl, Venetia. And your mother knows you have an inner beauty, too. Why not let that inner beauty, which is the lasting one, shine through and win you love, respect, and loyalty. . . .

As always—with love,

***Mother***

*Venetia is in* VIOLENT ROAD *for Warners and will appear in Warners'* ISLAND OF LOST WOMEN. *Anna Lee is in Columbia's* GIDEON OF SCOTLAND YARD *and will appear in Columbia's* THE LAST HURRAH.


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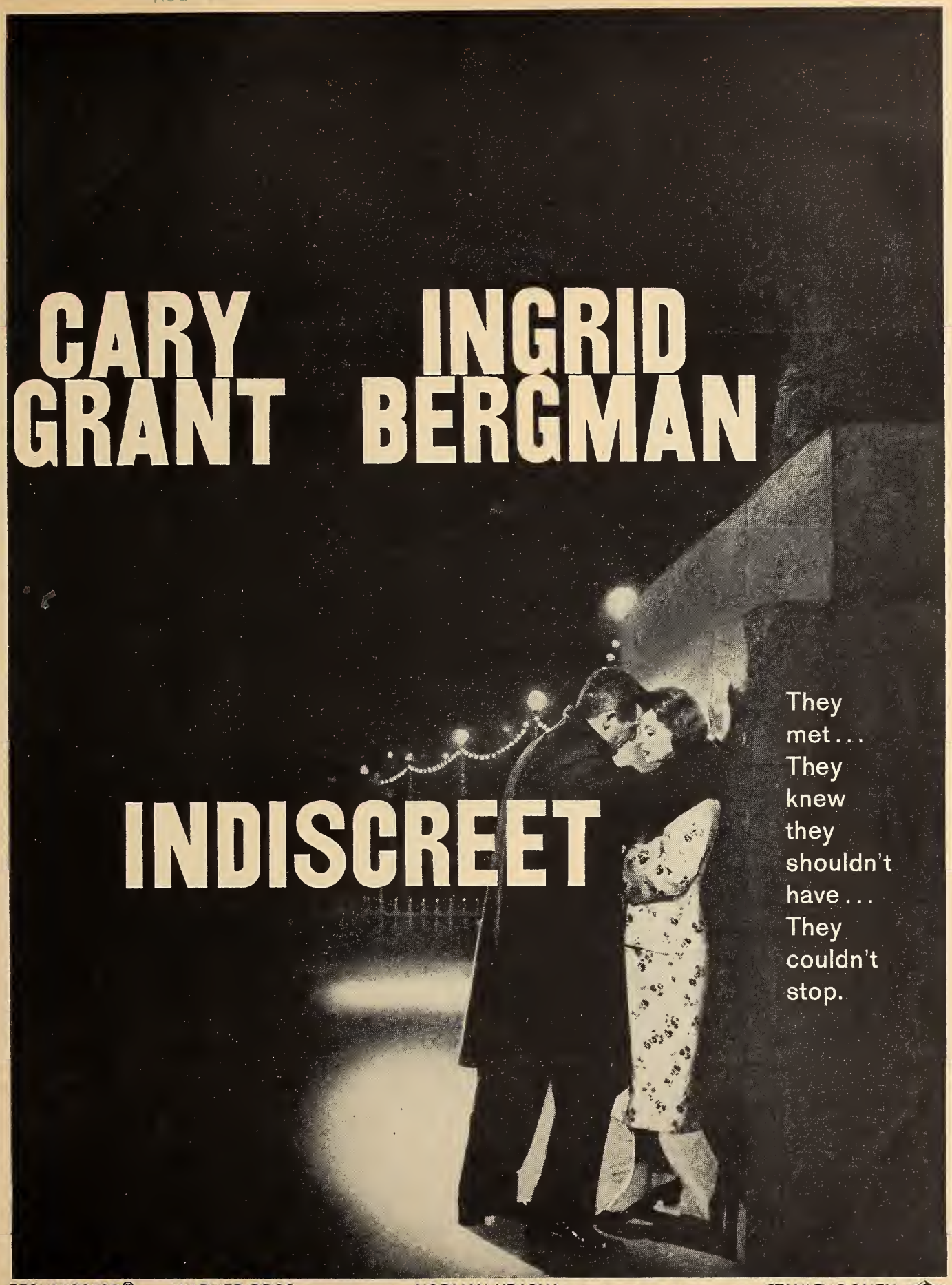
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2. Choose lightweight luggage. You'll be glad you did when porters are nowhere to be seen.
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The cover portrait of Natalie and Bob is by Peter Basch. Other photographers' credits are on page 76.


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**POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579, to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York.**

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 52, No. 7, August 1958. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office 221 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada.


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Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years; $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Reentered as second class matter March 25, 1957, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879.


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# THE INSIDE STORY

**Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N. Y. 36, N. Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.**

Q Is Lt. General Rafael Trujillo, Jr., really serious about **Kim Novak?** —T.M., N.Y.C.
A *He's given her a Mercedes-Benz, but no diamond ring, no cedar chest—at least not yet.*

Q What was the relationship of **May Britt** and Carlo Ponti in Italy before May came to Hollywood? —L.T., N.Y.C.
A *Film producer Ponti employed May Britt as an actress.*

Q How come we see pictures of **Jayne Mansfield's** little daughter but never any pictures of Mickey Hargitay's little daughter? —J.T., Akron, Ohio
A *Mickey's daughter is being raised in Indiana.*

Q Can **Tab Hunter** really act? —K.T., Memphis, Tenn.
A *Hunter is developing into a good actor.*

Q Does **Joanne Woodward** make her own clothes, or is that just a publicity gimmick? —N.T., Thomasville, Ga.
A *Joanne makes many of her clothes.*

Q Would you say that **Mario Lanza** is finished as a movie star? —D.Y., Denver, Col.
A *That's the feeling in Hollywood at this writing.*

Q Will **Liz Taylor** get married again? —V.Y., Ojai, Calif.
A *Undoubtedly.*

Q How many times has **Mickey Rooney** been married? —A.W., Seattle, Wash.
A *Four.*

Q Is the **Inger Stevens-Anthony Quinn** friendship serious? Or is it more than a friendship? —L.T., Phoenix, Ariz.
A *Quinn is happily married.*

Q How come **Tyrone Power** married Deborah Minardos when he was going steady with the Swedish actress **Mai Zetterling?** —L.U., London, Eng.
A *When Miss Zetterling married a writer, Power decided to marry Mrs. Minardos.*

Q Are **Don Murray** and **Hope Lange** expecting another baby? —C.E., Dallas, Tex.
A *Yes.*

Q Why was **Frank Sinatra's** TV show cancelled? —V.T., N.Y.C.
A *Low ratings.*

Q Whatever happened to **Bette Davis?** —V.T., Boston, Mass.
A *She is playing Catherine the Great in* John Paul Jones.

Q Which actors have married women older than they are? —S.T., Provo, Utah
A ***Richard Ney, Jack Briggs, Jacques Bergerac, Glenn Ford, Jerry Lewis, Buddy Rogers.***

Q Is it true that **Jimmy Stewart** has the first nickel he ever earned? —H.T., Philadelphia, Pa.
A *Stewart is neither tightwad nor spendthrift.*

Q I knew a boy in Brooklyn named Ira Grossel. I hear he went to Hollywood. He used to be awkward, overgrown, and bumbling. Can you identify him? —C.T., Brooklyn, N.Y.
A ***Jeff Chandler.***

Q Why is **Kirk Douglas** disliked in Hollywood? —D.R., Denver, Col.
A *In many quarters he is considered excessively ambitious.*

Q I've heard that **Nick Adams** who used to start publicity stories about himself has now gone Hollywood? Is this true? —M.T., Los Angeles, Calif.
A *Partially.*

Q Is it on the level that **Natalie Wood** and **Robert Wagner** employ a butler in their home?—R.B., Ft. Worth, Tex.
A *Yes.*

Q Does **Marilyn Monroe's** name mean anything at the box office? —N.I., Canton, Ohio.
A *Not as much as formerly.*

Q How come **Charlton Heston** has never really developed into a big movie star? —E.T., Winnetka, Ill.
A *Heston seems to lack that indefinable magic.*

Q Is it true that Roberto Rossellini has written a novel about his experiences in India? —L.T., Miami, Fla.
A *Yes, it is being published in France.*

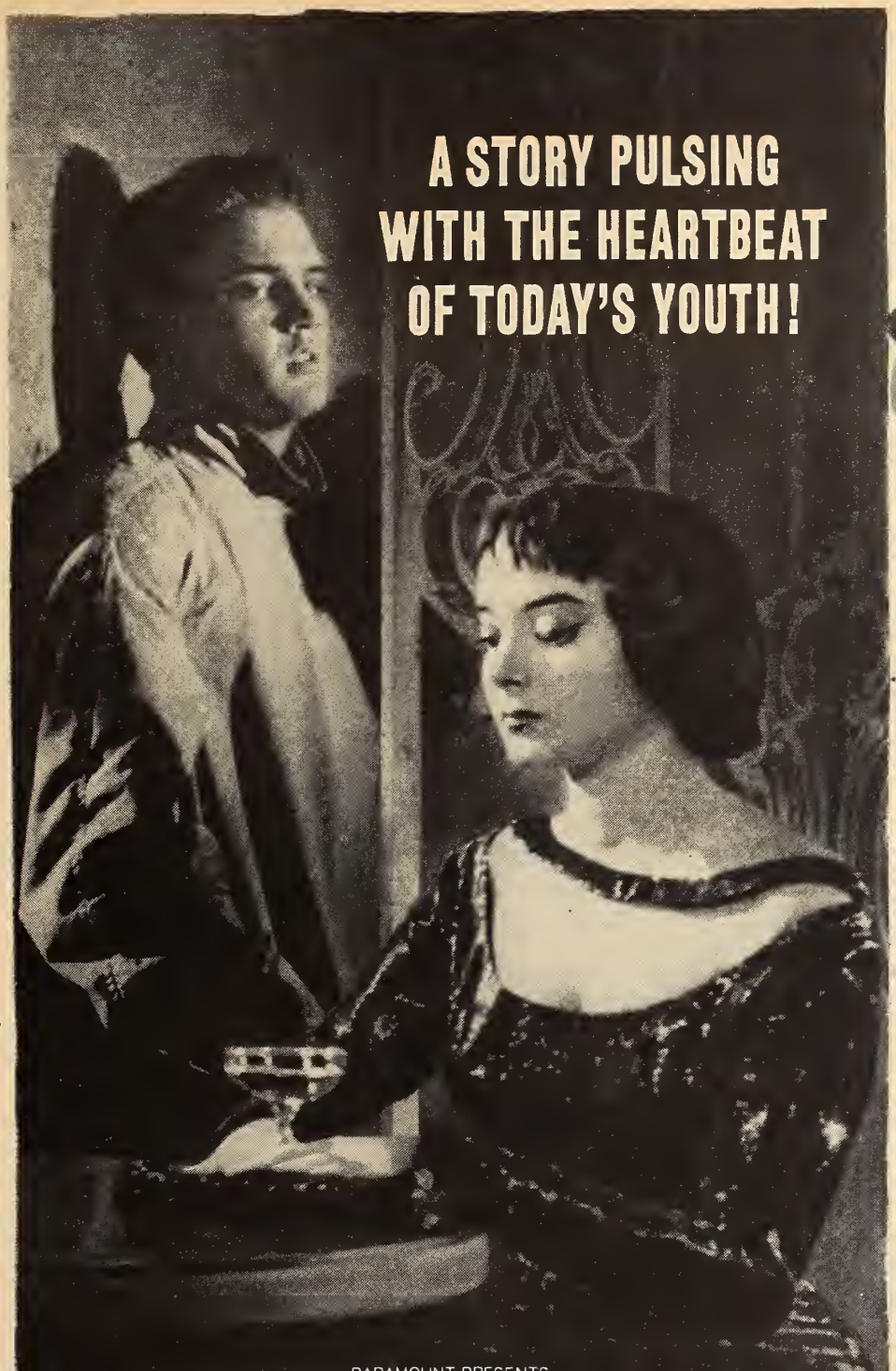
Q How come **Bill Holden** is fascinated by Hong Kong? —C.Y., Burbank, Calif.
A *Holden owns a radio-TV station there.*

Q Is **Natalie Wood** getting more now than the $750 a week she used to get from Warners? —A.L., Reno, Nev.
A *Natalie has a better contract now.*

He wanted money! He wanted power! And he knew only one law—to take what he wanted! A great performer, Elvis Presley, delivers a great dramatic performance in a story based on that sensational best-seller—"A Stone for Danny Fisher."
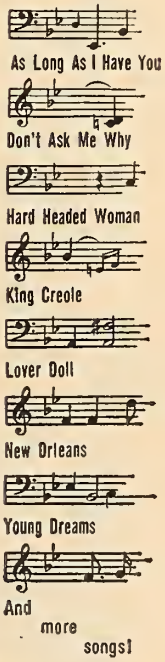



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Directed by Michael Curtiz · Screenplay by Herbert Baker and Michael Vincente Gazzo

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# NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

**WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH**

**FOR THRILLS**
*Vertigo*

**FOR ACTION**
*Bad Man's Country*
*Gunman's Walk*

**FOR DRAMA**
*Twilight For The Gods*
*Voice In The Mirror*

**FOR COMEDY**
*Rooney*
*The Matchmaker*

**FOR ADVENTURE**
*Windjammer*
*The Vikings*



*Shirley Booth's a merry widow with a great big heart. She makes some interesting things happen for Tony Perkins.*

## THE MATCHMAKER

*old-fashioned comedy*

**Shirley Booth**
**Anthony Perkins**
**Shirley MacLaine**
**Paul Ford**
**Paul Morse**

▪ In 19th Century Yonkers a prosperous, aging, miserly shopkeeper (Paul Ford) decides that since he's worth a quarter-of-a-million dollars he can afford to get married again—even though he can't afford to give a raise to his chief clerk (Anthony Perkins). And there's a widow (Shirley Booth) who's full of the joy of life and plans to honeymoon with Ford. What a schemer! She takes him all the way down to New York to introduce him to Shirley MacLaine, who runs a millinery shop. He's all ready to propose to her when Miss Booth stuns him with a photograph of a less respectable, more available, non-existent charmer named Ernestine. While Ford is thus engaged in New York, Tony Perkins has rebelled. With his sidekick (Paul Morse), Tony comes to the big city for adventure. While Ford is in the millinery shop courting Shirley MacLaine, Tony's hiding in the closet. While Ford's in a swank restaurant waiting for Ernestine, Tony's in the private dining room next to him buying a thirty-dollar dinner for Shirley MacLaine—only he doesn't have a dime to pay for it. All of this mix-up has been engineered by Shirley Booth—her theory being that life's not quite interesting enough unless she *makes* things happen. And she makes them happen her way!—PARAMOUNT.

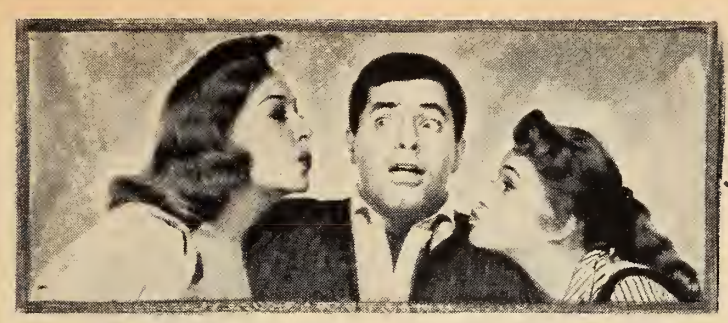
## VERTIGO

*it's murder!*

**James Stewart**
**Kim Novak**
**Barbara Bel Geddes**
**Tom Helmore**
**Henry Jones**

▪ When you got vertigo you got to be careful of high places. One day detective James Stewart found himself dangling from a rooftop. When he looked down—vertigo! He was literally paralyzed with fear. That's why a policeman, who was bending over to give him a helping hand, lost his grip and fell. That's why Stewart quit the force. But an old acquaintance (Tom Helmore) asks him to do a special favor. *Please,* he says, *follow my wife* (Kim Novak). Kim seems to be possessed by the spirit of a dead ancestor who committed suicide when she was Kim's age. Stewart takes one look at Novak and agrees to play detective one more time. He follows her everywhere. One day he follows her right into San Francisco Bay. First she tossed in a bouquet of flowers then *she* jumped in. Recovering by the fire in Stewart's bachelor apartment—Barbara Bel Geddes wants him but she can't get him—Kim doesn't even remember the incident. That's how she is. She'll be going along fine and all of a sudden she thinks her name is Carlotta Valdes, and you can't get through to her. This bothers Stewart a lot because he loves her. She loves him, too. What has vertigo got to do with them? Plenty! But let director Alfred Hitchcock take it from there. He's full of surprises!—TECHNICOLOR, PARAMOUNT.

*(Continued on page 8)*





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in a Singing, Dancing, Romancing Joy Show in TECHNICOLOR®



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"THE LAND OF LA-LA-LA"
"LOVE IS A LONELY THING"
"ROCK-A-BYE BABY"
"THE WHITE VIRGIN OF THE NILE"
"WHY CAN'T HE CARE FOR ME"

Co-starring

MARILYN MAXWELL · REGINALD GARDINER · BACCALONI · CONNIE STEVENS

Produced by JERRY LEWIS · Directed by FRANK TASHLIN · Screen Story and Screen Play by FRANK TASHLIN · Based on a Story by PRESTON STURGES

Associate Producer–Ernest D. Glucksman · Musical Numbers Staged by Nick Castle · Songs by HARRY WARREN and SAMMY CAHN

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### THE VIKINGS

**Kirk Douglas**
**Tony Curtis**
**Ernest Borgnine**
**Janet Leigh**
**James Donald**

*bloodthirsty spectacle*

■ In the 8th and 9th centuries when the world was flat and men were fierce, there were no men fiercer than Ernest Borgnine, king of the Vikings, and his fair-haired son, Kirk Douglas. The Vikings lived and died for Odin, god of war. That is, *they* lived and other men died, one of them being the king of England. The dead king's wife is attacked by the Viking king and has a son—who grows up to he Tony Curtis. Bahy Tony can claim the throne one day which is why he's shipped out of England fast—if he stayed home, the new king, his cousin, would kill him. Tony's captured and becomes a Viking slave. He and Kirk hate each other. Tony's pet falcon claws out Kirk's left eye. Kirk has Tony thrown into a slop pool—if the rising tide doesn't drown him he's free to go. Meanwhile, there are plans afoot to kidnap Welch princess Janet Leigh at sea. Kirk does same, and falls for her. She'd rather die than marry him! Tony's her boy. Having survived the slop pool he's now escaping to England with her. Everything reaches a grand climax when Kirk and Tony—he came back—lead the Vikings against the English again. The war scenes are just terrific. In fact, all of the costumes and settings—plus the Viking ships at sea—manage to recreate the atmosphere of a savagely beautiful and gory time.—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

### GUNMAN'S WALK

**Van Heflin**
**Tab Hunter**
**Kathryn Grant**
**James Darren**
**Mickey Shaughnessy**

*trigger-happy*

■ Everybody knows and respects Van Heflin, the higgest rancher in Wyoming. He has two sons (Tab Hunter and James Darren). Tab's a chip off the old hlock; he's tough and reckless. Darren's nice. He talks to half-breeds—like Kathryn Grant and her brother—as if they were people. That Darren's a real prohlem to his father. But Tab—he can shoot it up and drink it up and nobody teils him what to do. So what he does is push Kathryn's brother off a cliff. Pop's ready to helieve it was an accident. Then Tab shoots a pure white man, the very man who defended him—with lies—at the hearing. Then Tah shoots—and kills—his way out of jail—ten minutes before freedom. Pop thinks mayhe something's wrong with the boy. Heflin's rude awakening is genuinely moving.—COLUMBIA.

### TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS

**Rock Hudson**
**Cyd Charisse**
**Arthur Kennedy**
**Charles McGraw**
**Wallace Ford**

*Rock's at sea!*

■ When Rock Hudson's leaky old sailing ship takes on passengers from a South Pacific island, little do those passengers know they may not make it to Mexico. That little old ship has holes in the bottom—and could use fresh paint and new wood on top. But Rock's proud of her and worries about her and keeps moodily to himself. Among all those passengers one of them (Cyd Charisse) had better make it to Mexico. If they stop off at Honolulu for repairs—as first mate Arthur Kennedy thinks they should—Cyd will be tossed into the jug. Seems she was a professional escort in Honolulu and one of her paying dates was murdered. Naturally, she doesn't tell this to Rock; she falls in love with him. Rock doesn't tell her till much later that once he lost his captain's license because he "made a mistake and drowned thirty-seven people;" he's fallen in love with her. It's that jealous heel Arthur Kennedy who breaks up the romance. Other lonely people on the sinking ship include Leif Erickson, Ernest Truex, Richard Haydn, and Celia Lovsky.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

### VOICE IN THE MIRROR

**Richard Egan**
**Julie London**
**Arthur O'Connell**
**Walter Matthau**
**Troy Donahue**

*an alcoholic reforms*

■ Doctor Walter Matthau warns Richard Egan that if he doesn't quit drinking he'll wind up in an insane asylum. This scares him enough to get a job as an artist in an ad agency. The job scares him enough to go out on a binge. The binge scares his long-suffering wife (Julie London) enough to try and commit him to an institution. Egan runs for what he considers his life, and winds up in a bar next to Arthur O'Connell, ex-schoolteacher. For twenty years O'Connell's been wanting to quit drinking, hut can't. It comes over Egan that the way to stop is for one drunk to help another, and right then he decides he will help O'Connell. It isn't easy. And nobody hut Egan thinks it can work. Although never actually stated, this seems to be the history of Alcoholics Anonymous. At any rate it's an inspiring story of a man who not only gets a firm grip on himself but, in ten years, can look out with pride on a meeting hall full of people he has helped.—U-I.

*(Continued on page 24)*

# "...with this key I thee wed..."

**The door opened into a haven from hell —and the girl came with the key.**



COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents
A CARL FOREMAN Picture

## WILLIAM HOLDEN
## SOPHIA LOREN
## TREVOR HOWARD

in
CAROL REED'S Production

# "The Key"

CinemaScope

with
KIERON MOORE • BERNARD LEE • BRYAN FORBES
BEATRIX LEHMANN • NOEL PURCELL
and
OSCAR HOMOLKA

Based on the novel "Stella" by JAN DE HARTOG • Written for the screen and Produced by CARL FOREMAN • Directed by CAROL REED • Associate Producer AUBREY BARING • A HIGHROAD PRESENTATION

*In memory of Richard Skelton*
*who died of leukemia on May 11, 1958*



# The LIGHT In The Empty Room

The doctor asked comedian Red Skelton to step into his office. He made it very clear. The hoping was over. The end was near. Red's nine-year-old son, Richard, sick with leukemia for the past sixteen months, was going to die in a little while.

The comedian smiled when he walked out of the office. He smiled because he knew that Georgia, his wife, and Valentina, their eleven-year-old daughter, would be there now. He'd left them a little while earlier so that Valentina could run over to the hospital's gift shop and buy a present for Richard. He knew they'd be back now. He knew he must not worry them—not right now, not before they went up to see Richard.

"Okay," he said, taking Georgia's arm and Valentina's hand. He rushed them over to the elevator. "Third floor," he said to the elevator boy. And then he whispered something to Georgia on the way up about Richard's having had an uncomfortable night, but not to think anything if he looked a little sleepy. And all the time he smiled as if this were just another day, another visit, as if nothing were wrong. . . .

Valentina was the first one in Richard's room. She raced over to the bed where Richard lay with his eyes closed. She kissed him on the cheek. When he opened his eyes she was not surprised: she thought he'd been awake all the time—that he knew as usual, that they would all be there to see him at exactly 11:00 a.m., just like every other day, and that now he was playing a fine game of tease.

"Hi," she said, loudly, right into his ear.

"Hi," the little boy said, a little startled.

"Look what I got you," Valentina said, holding up a box.

Richard tried to ask *what?* But something got caught in his throat, and instead he just nodded.

"It's a present," Valentina said.

The little boy stared at the box. "Is today . . . is today my birthday?" he asked, very softly.

Valentina laughed. "Of course not, silly," she said. "Today's May 10. Your birthday's a week and a half off. This is an allowance present. I saved for four weeks from my allowance just to get it for you."

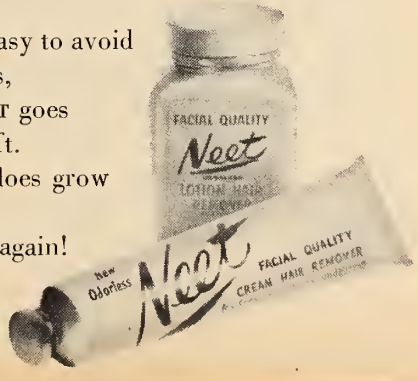
The little boy lifted an arm and tried to reach for the package.

Valentina, noticing the arm shake a little, beat him to it. "Here," she (*Continued on page 12*)



## shave, lady?...don't do it!

**Don't risk "razor shadow" on legs and underarms.** It's so easy to avoid "razor shadow", that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you *cream hair away the beautiful way* with NEET. New baby-pink NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach . . . leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft. And there's never a hint of "razor shadow" because when the hair *finally* does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET: either lotion or cream—you'll never want to shave again!




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"For once I want a man to look at me as if I were his first love... not his latest!"

# TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS

*in Eastman* COLOR

co-starring **ARTHUR KENNEDY** · **LEIF ERICKSON**
**CHARLES McGRAW** · **ERNEST TRUEX**
with **RICHARD HAYDN** · **JUDITH EVELYN** · **WALLACE FORD**

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY · Written by ERNEST K. GANN · Produced by GORDON KAY


## the light in the empty room

(*Continued from page 10*) said, unwrapping it. "Let me do it."

Having done it, she held the present up. It was a music box. "You wind it like this," Valentina said, showing him how, "and then it plays like *this*." They listened to the clear, sweet, bell-like music for a moment. "You know what song that is, Rich?" she asked.

The little boy shook his head.

"It's called *Home Sweet Home*," she said. "It means that that's where you'll be again if you listen to it enough, if you play it over and over and say a prayer to God to make your wish come true."

The little boy listened for another moment. Then he asked, "Is it for my birthday, Valentina?"

Again, the girl laughed. "I told you before, silly—no!" she said. "But don't worry. I've got enough money saved to get you a present for that, too, when the time comes."

"When's my birthday?" the little boy asked.

"I *told* you—" Valentina started to say. And then the smile that had been on her face all this while disappeared. She looked at Richard. Then she looked over at her parents. She said nothing. But it was as if she wanted to say *What's wrong with my brother today? He always knew when his birthday was. He still does—doesn't he? He's only teasing me again—isn't he?*

She looked back at Richard. "Your birthday's May 20," she said simply. She waited for him to give her that wonderful puckered-up look of his now, to start to laugh suddenly so that all the freckles on his face would seem to multiply by two, so that his blue eyes would sparkle again like they always used to, so that he would tell her by his laugh that he *was* only kidding her, that of course he knew when his birthday was.

### Richard remembers

But Richard just lay there.

Valentina stepped away from the bed, confused.

For a moment it looked as if Richard would fall asleep again. But when he saw Red, he smiled. He tried to make one of those funny faces he and his dad always exchanged when they saw one another It wasn't a very good try.

"Hello, Daddy," he said.

Then his eyes shifted and he saw Georgia. "Mom—" he started to say. Suddenly, there was a flash of the old Richard in his eyes. He nodded. "Oh I remember, I remember," he said.

"You remember what, Richard?" Red asked.

The little boy grinned. "Daddy," he said, "can I talk to you about a secret?"

"Sure," Red said as Georgia stepped back and away from the bed.

"Daddy," the little boy whispered, "I just remembered that tomorrow is Mother's Day. Did you buy the red blanket for Mom?"

"I did," Red said. "Tomorrow . . . tomorrow I'm going to bring it over and we'll all open the box and show her together."

"I'm sorry," the little boy said, still whispering. "I didn't want you to have to go out and get it. But with this cut on my leg, I don't think they would have let *me* out to get it."

Red's eyes traveled down to the outline of the little boy's thin legs under the white blanket and to the outline of the thin tube there. Richard's veins had been punctured so much with a long series of daily transfusions over the past couple of weeks that an incision had been necessary on his left leg. He was getting a transfusion now

and the tube was connected to the incision.

Quickly, Red looked back up at the little boy's face. He saw that Richard had leaned his head over on the pillow now so that he could look over at Georgia, that he was winking at her—very proud of his secret between himself and his dad; suddenly he stopped winking and groaned with momentary pain and then, very suddenly, he seemed to fall asleep again. . . .

It was six o'clock that night when Red and Georgia arrived back home. They'd sent Valentina home early and they'd sat with Richard the whole afternoon, watching him sleep most of the time, talking to him when he awoke, playing the new music box for him, listening to him try to hum along with it at one point and, at another, watching him as he followed Valentina's advice and said a prayer to God to please make the song come true and to let him be able to go home, soon.

**Home with heavy hearts**

And now the long afternoon was over for Red and Georgia and they'd come back home to have their dinner. They were about to eat when the phone rang.

Red answered it.

He listened for a long time. Then he mumbled something and hung up.

When he looked around, he saw Georgia standing there.

Instinctively, he tried to smile.

It didn't work this time.

"What's wrong?" Georgia asked.

"It was the doctor," Red said, his face turning pale and his voice suddenly heavy. "He told me Richard has just gone into a coma—"

Georgia gasped. Red took her hand.

"—He said he doesn't know how much longer it will be," he went on, squeezing the trembling hand with every bit of compassion and sorrow and love in his soul. . . .

They wanted Richard to live. They would have given their own lives for him to live. They would have given every cent they had. They would have given everything and anything. But you don't bargain with Death. You only pray that when it is certain to come—as it was certain to come to Richard now—it will come easily and without hurt.

And so Red and Georgia prayed. . . .

The hospital room where they sat now was silent except for their little son's heavy breathing and their prayers. They sat only a few feet away from the bed. They watched the boy, hard in the depths of his heavy sleep, as he moaned every once in a while, then as he reached down with his hand as if to slap the painful tube away from his leg, then as he brought his hand back up and moaned again.

On and on it went, for over an hour—the moaning, the praying, the reaching down for the tube, the moaning, the praying—and always the awful moaning.

And then it began to happen.

It happened as the little boy's parents had been praying it would, easily and without any more pain.

For suddenly Richard stopped moaning and stopped slapping at the tube, and he opened his eyes and smiled.

"Daddy," he said, looking straight up at the big white ceiling overhead, "did you get the red blanket for Mother's Day?"

"I did, Richie," Red whispered. "I did . . . I did."

"That's good," the little boy said. "Thank you, Daddy."

Then he asked for Georgia.

"Mommy," he said, still looking straight up, "would you do me a favor? Would you kiss me? You'd better hurry up, Mommy. You'd better hurry up."

Georgia leaned over and kissed him, gently and long, on the forehead.




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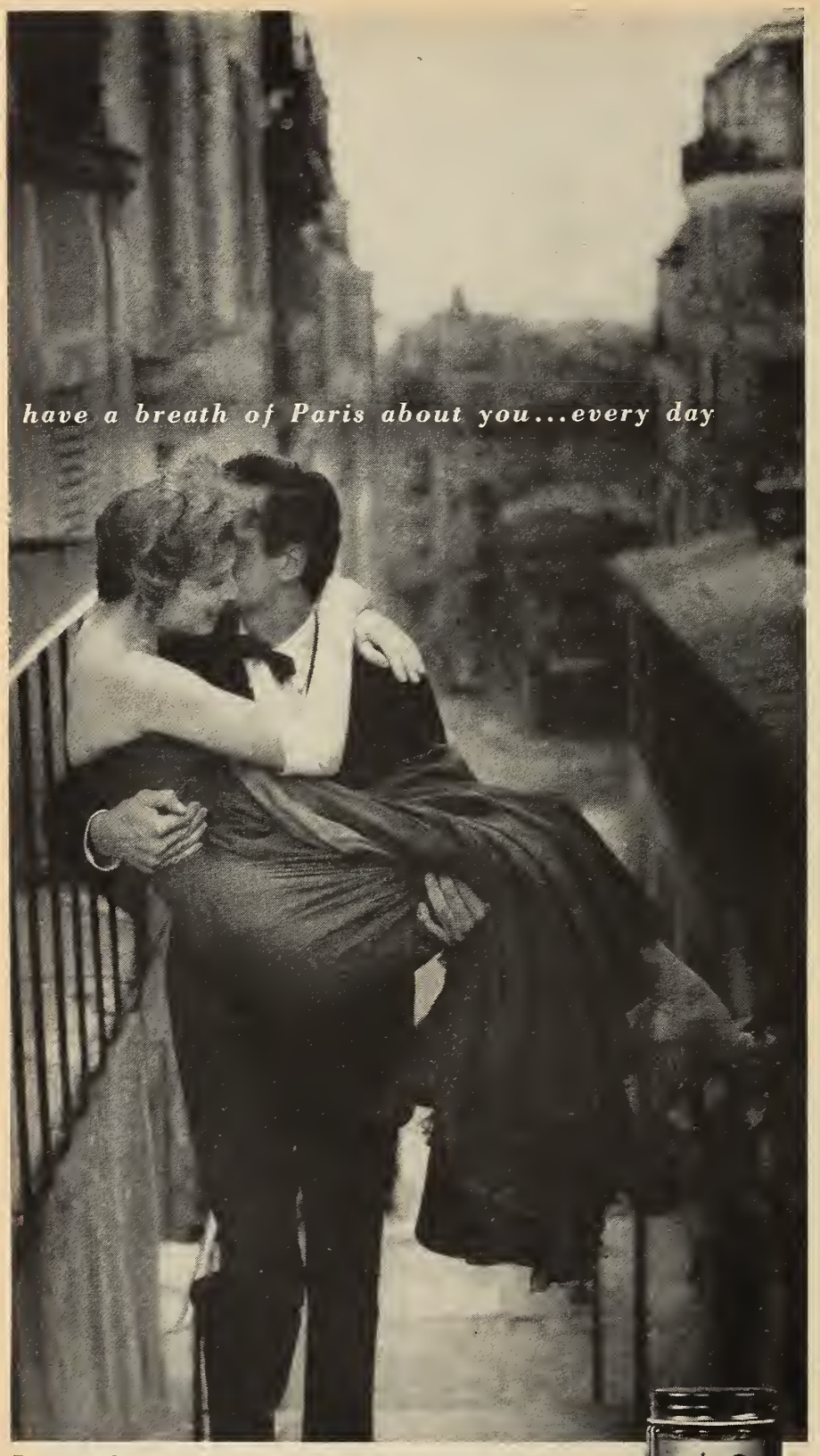
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"I love you, Mommy," he murmured.

Georgia tried to say something back. But the words wouldn't come.

Slowly, the smile began to leave Richard's face. He reached out for Red's hand.

"Daddy," the little boy said now, "—I can't see very well. It's like a blur. . . ."

"It'll be all right," Red said.

The little boy nodded.

And then he closed his eyes.

And the white blanket that lay over his thin body did not move with his breathing any more.

Georgia screamed an anguished scream. And then she began to cry. For her, the time had come when she could cry, finally cry. For sixteen long months she had held back the tears. Now her little boy was dead and there was no holding them back.

For Red, too, the sixteen long months were over. For Red, too—the brave father who had known his son was going to die; the brave comedian who'd gone on with his job and made millions of people laugh every week, the brave man who'd smiled so hard for the past year and a half that his lips ached almost as much as his heart —for Red, too, it was time to cry. And he cried the saddest tears a man can cry. . . .

Their maid met them at the door when they got home later that night.

"She's asleep, at last," the weeping woman said, referring to Valentina, their daughter. "But it was terrible. It was terrible. When the poor little thing saw you weren't home at nine o'clock she got worried and she telephoned the hospital. Somebody there told her Richard had died. And Valentina said—I heard her say —'No, he's not dead. Richie can't be dead.' And then she hung up and she ran out of the house. I followed her as she ran into the woods. I told her to stop. But she said, 'No, I'm going to find Richie. He escaped from the hospital and he's on his way home and I've got to find him.' I don't remember how long we ran or how far, Valentina running and me chasing her. But finally she fell and it was as if she blacked out and I picked her up and carried her upstairs. She woke up a few times, mumbling. I sat with her, though, and then I gave her a little warm milk and she's asleep now, at last."

Red and Georgia nodded wearily and thanked her.

Then they walked toward the big staircase at the far end of the foyer and up the stairs. They stopped for a moment at the top of the stairs. Then they began to walk again, down the long corridor.

When they came to the last room—Richard's room—they stopped again for a moment, almost as if they were listening for a familiar little voice to shout out happily, as it had shouted out so many times before: "Daddy, Mommy, come in, I'm not asleep—I waited special to see you!"

But there was no little voice now.

Red opened the door, snapped on the light and they walked in.

It was a wonderful room, a boy's room, all fixed up with cowboy pictures on the walls, old toys in a box in one corner, the desk with the Christmas microscope on it in another corner, the bed facing the window with the teddy-bear Richard had loved since he was a baby and had slept with through the years. The bear now lay wide-awake and wondering in the middle of the pillow.

Red and Georgia stood and stared.

But, finally, it became too long, much too long for them to stand it.

They turned and began to leave.

They looked over at the light switch as they got to the door.

Neither of them would turn it off.

It was as if, by silent agreement, they both refused to let the memory of their little boy lie in darkness that night. **END**

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

# LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

**IN THIS ISSUE:**

- ★ Boomtown Party booms!
- ★ Romance Blooms . . .
- ★ New Daddies pace rooms!

**Louella stops to chat with Gary Cooper and his wife.**



**LOUELLA PARSONS**
**in hollywood**



# louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

*Hollywood's got the biggest crop of proud poppas this year . . . and the greatest, gayest, most whopping big parties ever!*

### Congratulations, Marlon Brando

**Marlon Brando** behaved like any orthodox, normal, un-mixed-up father pacing the hospital maternity corridor, looking endlessly at his watch, even to slipping out for a cup of coffee at a nearby lunch counter after being told it would be hours—awaiting the birth of his son to **Anna Kashfi.**

Finally informed that it was a boy, he said to the startled nurse, "Ha! I told you so!" —and dashed down the hall to the pay telephone to inform his father of the stupendous event.

Later, the nurse remarked to "Stork," Doctor Leon Krohn, "This guy's supposed to be *different*?"

His excitement and sincere happiness delighted Anna's friends, and I'm sure, Anna. She had a very easy time for the birth of a first child despite her delicate general health.

The baby is very fair and resembles Marlon—as much as an infant can resemble anything.

While the house they are renting is strictly Oriental, the baby's cradle is good old-fashioned American style. As this is written—two weeks after the birth—the infant has everything a baby should have . . . but a name! Marlon has never liked the "Jr." tag; in this case, however, it would have to be Marlon Brando, III. The new parents are toying with the Christian name of Christian, but it's not set.

Amusingly enough, Marlon Brando, Sr. became a grandfather just about the time he's planning to become a bridegroom. His marriage to Mrs. Anna Parromore is expected any time.





### And Ronald's Happy About His Son

Practically the same call came ten days later from **Ronald Reagan,** my old friend, who called me from the hospital to say how delighted he and Nancy are over a *boy* born just an hour previous! The Reagans have a little girl and of course, this time, they wanted a son. He'll be called Ronald Reagan, II —"But not *junior*," Ronnie enthused. "We've given him a middle name which we'll use, but I'm so excited I'll be darned if I can remember it now!" Ronnie sighed breathlessly.

Looks like everyone is getting what they want in the baby department. The papers say births nationally are falling off due to the recession—but not in movietown.

### Gregg's Happy About His Daughter

It was **Gregory Peck,** a happy man if I ever heard one. "She's a gift from heaven," went on the proud father, "Veronique and I are so happy. We wanted a little girl so much."

The brand new Miss Cecilia Peck—name all picked out well in advance—weighed six pounds, eight ounces on delivery and according to her biased father is already a rarin' tearin' beauty. With four brothers in the family, can you imagine how spoiled Miss Cecilia will be. "Of course," Greg agreed cheerfully.

## Kim, Don't Go Crazy

**Kim Novak** is rapidly becoming the *femme fatale* of Hollywood!

With the admission from high-living, gift-giving, wealthy General Rafael Trujillo Jr. that he wants to marry Kim ". . . if she'll have me. She's the most charming woman I have ever met," the blonde, lavender-eyed Kim takes top spot among Hollywood sirens.

Someone said, "There are more men secretly —or openly—in love with Kim than any woman in this country." Them's tall words. But at least this past year she's been the central figure of more romantic rumors than any other glamor girl since **Rita Hayworth.**

Her romance with the twenty-nine-year-old Trujillo Jr., son of the dictator of the Dominican Republic, hit the headlines when it was revealed that he had given Kim over $13,700 in 'baubles' including an $8700 Mercedes-Benz automobile, a $3500 diamond-and-black pearl ring and a $1500 set of diamond earrings.

It turned out that the General was so grateful to **Zsa Zsa Gabor** for introducing him to Kim that he gifted Zsa Zsa with a $5300 Mercedes plus a Chinchilla coat!

Before the General ever met Miss Novak, he met **Joan Collins** last year in Palm Beach, Florida, and remembered her with a $10,000 diamond bracelet which can also be worn as a necklace.

As though all this weren't enough excitement for the headlines, it turns out that the free-wheeling young Dominican is a married man wih six children who—until the diamonds started flying—was in this country primarily to undergo military studies at Fort Leavenworth.

Before you could say "Mercedes-Benz" the Congress of the United States was in it with both feet investigating whether Trujillo was spending any part of the $1,200,000 we have earmarked for a loan to his country. Representative Hayes called Zsa Zsa "the most expensive courtesan since Madame Pompadour." (She threatened to sue.)

Meanwhile, the center of most of the excitement, Kim, was in San Francisco for the preview of her Alfred Hitchcock thriller, *Vertigo*.

Her first reaction was, "I didn't know the Mercedes-Benz was a gift. I was just parking it in my garage. I shall return it."

Next quote was, "I'm completely amazed to learn that the General is married. He must be separated from his wife or why would he date me in public as openly as he has?"

Turns out she was right about that. Seems the General Jr. had quietly filed for a divorce from his wife in Mexico a month previous to all the Hollywood whoopla.

During all this firing, there was no comment out of the General who was in the hospital having a sinus operation. When he finally could talk he came up with that startler: "I want to marry Miss Novak!"

All I can say is—it's been the craziest year in Hollywood!



*Kim claims she didn't know Trujillo's gift was for keeps—but Zsa Zsa (below) knew hers was.*



# PARTY OF THE MONTH

Each year those whopping big parties given by SHARE, Inc. (for the care of mentally retarded children) is a highlight of the social season because they're just wonderful and so much fun!

At this year's affair at the Cocoanut Grove $200,000 was raised—at least $100,000 of it from the craziest "auction" you ever saw. Everybody was done up in Western garb which caused **Gary Cooper** to crack, "I feel like I'm working!"

Stars? I've never seen so many at one event. To give you an idea, can you imagine a chorus of **Gene Kelly, Harry Belafonte, Paul Newman, Gordon MacRae, Eddie Fisher, Tony Curtis, Sammy Davis, Jr., James Garner, Robert Mitchum, Guy Madison, Peter Lawford, Eddie O'Brien** and **John Forsythe** lifting their voices—more or less together—in *The Lady Is A Tramp*? That should give you an idea!

But the best was yet to come when **Gypsy Rose Lee** did a strip—really so modest your aged grandmother could have watched without a blush—with auctioneer **Dean Martin** selling the clothes right off her chassis. Dean, just a few hours previous, had flown in from Arizona where he's making *Rio Bravo*, to be master of ceremonies for the entire show.

"If I hadn't made it Jeanne would never have forgiven me," Dean told me. His pretty Jeanne, along with Mrs. John Meredyth Lucas, Mrs. **Jeff Chandler,** Mrs. **Gordon MacRae, Janet Leigh** and other charity minded ladies, is a guiding light of SHARE activities.

But back to the hilarious auction—Dean pretended he was fainting when Jeanne bid $2500 for Gypsy's fur stole. "Honey," he yelled, "it's *second hand*. She's *wearing* it!" But he wrote out the check for his wife, you can bet!

**Jack Lemmon** paid $250 for Gypsy's gloves, Jack Warner got her dress for $1500 and **Sammy Davis, Jr.** paid $700 for her bathing suit—delivered *after* the auction.

Then "Uncle" Milton Berle took over the auctioneer spot—and to his supposed utter horror, his wife bid $2600 for an outboard motor. "But we haven't got a boat, honey—we haven't got a boat," Milty wailed as he paid off. The donor, Bob McCullough, then bought it again for $5000.

All the while this was going on, **Debbie Reynolds** was prancing around the place having the time of her life. That is until she went on, completely disguised with big Mexican hat, serape to do her cute hot number, *Tequila*.

Let me interrupt here to say that the next day, Debbie wore this same hilarious outfit out to MGM on the set of *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* and gave her friend, **Elizabeth Taylor,** the first real laugh since her tragedy. Liz almost semed like her old self in her amusement over Debbie's get-up.

Debbie didn't bat an eyelash when **Eddie Fisher** bid $9000 for a lot in Palm Springs. "I'll just make another *Tammy* record and build him a house on it," she laughed.



*Sammy Davis Jr. and Dean Martin didn't have to stage a hold-up for a king-size contribution from Gene Kelly*

It was such a great show, I hardly know how to get it all in. Jo Stafford did three great songs. Then she appeared again with the SHARE girls, **Janet Leigh, Anne Jeffreys** and **June Hutton,** who did a whale of a dance all done up in sequin tights and pink tulle stoles. Miriam Nelson (Gene's ex) staged this number.

The only thing that might have marred a perfect evening—it all came out bright and happy later—was when **Desi Arnaz** offered a check for $30,000 to SHARE if **Robert Mitchum** would star in a Desilu TV picture working for scale wage, which is about $200 per week. Some people didn't think that was quite fair and that Mitchum had been put on a spot although he was a good scout about it.

But Desi, a few days later, sent the $30,000 anyway—"whether Mitchum makes the picture for us, or not." Nice going, Desi.

### Another Wonderful Party

We all got done up in our very best glamor clothes to attend the garden-cocktail party given by the Charles LeMaires—he's 20th's top clothes designer—honoring Paris' famed couturier, Pierre Balmain. I privately wondered how many would turn out in sacks—which I hate.

So it was a chuckle all to myself when I heard my neighbor on Maple Drive, **Hope Lange,** looking like a dream walking in a non-sack summer dress, ask the great Balmain what he thought of the sack dress.

He said, "Sack dress? *What's that?*" Did my heart good.

Hope turned out to be a very good reporter. She next asked the French fashion expert if he thought the Dior dress she was wearing was too short. He replied, "No dress should be shorter than sixteen inches off the ground."

Of course, all the famed Hollywood designers turned out to honor the visiting Frenchman and have a cocktail setting in the beautiful garden abloom with gay flowers.

**Loretta Young** defied the non-sackers by wearing a very short chemise but then she's so thin she can get away with the unfitted look.

Redheaded **Gita Hall,** a former Balmain model, didn't let go of the arm of **Barry Sullivan** whom she'll marry when he's free. You'll also get a look at her as his leading lady in his new picture.

**Eva Gabor** upheld the Gabor standard of glamor and chic escorted by Stewart Barthelmess, son of the former great silent-day idol, Richard Barthelmess. Eva's the girl who only got *flowers* after she dated gift-giving General Trujillo!



*Imagine how Gypsy Rose Lee felt with all her clothes auctioned off . . .*







*Harry Belafonte and his wife (above) take a turn on the floor while Janet Leigh (above left) discovers husband Tony who thinks he's really a horse. Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman (left) look veddy British.*



*Desi and Lucy's generosity was as big as their T.V. ratings.*





*Ex model Gita Hall will be the next Mrs. Barry Sullivan.*

*Debbie Reynolds and Alex Romero—MGM dance director—did a hot Mexican number—the Tequilla.*

# IN MY OPINION...

**Rossano Brazzi** and **Dick Powell** *both* proved themselves gentlemen by their conduct following that untrue—according to Brazzi—interview in a London newspaper in which Rossano was quoted as saying, **"June Allyson?** She's impossible. I don't know how Dick Powell stands her." When the men met in the 20th commissary, Brazzi heatedly denied saying it, and shaking hands with him, Dick said, "I never believed it in the first place. . . ."

With another so-welcome baby on the way, look for **Janet Leigh** to give up her career in the next year or so. Janet adores her home, she isn't overly strong physically, and she and **Tony Curtis** are happier these days than they've ever been. . . .

**Sophia Loren** and Carlo Ponti can return to their native Italy if they'll refute their Mexican proxy marriage and not live together as man and wife. She'll never comply. She's crazy about the man. . . .

**Ingrid Bergman** gives a delightful light comedy performance in *Indiscreet* but she's much too beautiful and talented to permit herself to look so matronly in all those lovely clothes. . . .

I'm not getting in **William Holden's** contract row with Paramount. But Bill's taking off for foreign shores too often and staying away too long for the good of his career. . . .

Got a kick out of **Eddie Fisher,** who's not too big, taking on singlehanded about 25,000 fans who were heckling him for rooting for the Philadelphia baseball team during a game in Los Angeles with the Dodgers. Tired of being booed and yelled at, Eddie jumped to his feet and, taking on the whole crowd, yelled at his tormentors, "Since *when* is it against the law to root for your home town team?" And after that, they let him holler as much as he liked! . . .

### Ty's Found Happiness At Last

A surprise of another nature was **Tyrone Power's** marriage to Debbie Smith Minardos in the out-of-the-way spot of Tunica, Mississippi, her home town. Not that these two haven't acted very much in love in the eight months they've known each other. But Ty has paid out so much in alimony to ex-wives **Annabella** and **Linda Christian,** no one thought he really had the heart for another try.

However, he doesn't expect to pay alimony this time, his first union with a non-professional. "Debbie has nothing but me to think about," he laughingly told me over the phone the morning of their arrival in Hollywood.

The new Mrs. Power, a brunette Southern belle, was formerly married to Nico Minardos, a young Hollywood actor, and she has lived here before.

In fact, they *met* in Hollywood, introduced to each other by mutual friends, Mary Anita and Dick Sale. It wasn't a case of love at first sight because at the time, Ty was deeply interested in foreign star **Mai Zeiterling.**

Film contracts took Mai back to Europe and a new play, *Back To Methuselah* took Ty on the road.

In the East, he met Debbie again—and this was it—their love blossomed.

Always the gentleman, Tyrone made a flying trip to London to tell Mai that he had fallen very much in love with another girl. He didn't want her to hear it from anyone else.

She seems to have borne up all right. Mai herself is a recent bride.

### Liz Carries On

**Elizabeth Taylor** finished *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof,* heaven knows how, before collapsing in bed for a week's complete rest. A friend told me, "She doesn't cry anymore. She's out of tears. Nor do books or TV programs interest her. The other day I asked her, 'Are you thinking of your future, Elizabeth?'

"She replied, 'Just enough to get me past one day at a time, one day at a time'."

One of the saddest things she has had to do was returning to the house in Palm Springs where she and **Mike** had had so much fun together and pack up his clothes and belongings as well as her own and the children's. She refused to let anyone else do it for her.

### Don't Throw Away Your Marriage

The **Ernest Borgnine** separation shouldn't have happened—and I know in my heart Rhoda didn't want it. Although she has stayed in the background of Ernie's career ever since he crashed to fame winning an Oscar for *Marty* and had no time for Hollywood social life, she's been a wonderful wife and mother to their seven-year-old daughter.

Almost everyone in Hollywood would have sworn this marriage was as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar—until just recently, very recently.

Ernie's explanation of the parting is "Progressive incompatibility." That's a new name for an old ailment—male restlessness.

After a short trip East to spend her initial unhappiness with her family, Rhoda and the little girl are back in the family home.

I may be wrong, but nothing would surprise me less than Ernie's being back there himself before you can say "progressive incompatibility!"

### Love Triumph For Pier and Vic

I wasn't surprised that **Pier Angeli** and **Vic Damone** kissed and made up following a knockdown battle after which Pier had talked to her attorney. You see, I happened to be in Ruser's Jewelry Store in Beverly Hills the afternoon after news of the row broke, and Vic—behind dark glasses—was picking out a beautiful gift for Pier.

After the reconciliation, Pier said, "It was just one of those things. We love each other and we're back together."

I understand, however, that before she would listen to her husband's pleas, Pier made him promise no more heavy gambling when he plays Las Vegas and no more unflattering comments, published or private, about her mother.

### Rock Wins Out

Once again there's a smile on **Rock Hudson's** face after months of moping. He's going back to work! At long last his contract stalemate with Universal-International has resolved itself, and the re-activated studio —thank heavens it didn't close down—is co-starring Rock with **Kirk Douglas** in *Viva Gringo* under the terms of a deal made with Kirk's independent Bryna Company.

There's no re-activation in his marriage, however. That's cold and over and should reach the divorce court as soon as the property settlement is made—without fireworks, I hope.



*Sophia Loren (above) won't give up marriage to producer Carlo Ponti.*



*Ingrid (right) gives such a delightful and charming performance in her latest film success,* Indiscreet

# OPEN LETTER to Suzy Parker:



When you first came here, the hoity-toity $100,000-a-year model from New York and, without a dime's worth of movie experience, proceeded to look down your patrician nose at Hollywood, my immediate thought was: *We can get along without you, baby.*

More in irritation than anger I casually read your pronouncements such as "Hollywood is filled with the most beautiful people interested only in the dullest subject—themselves," and "It's hard to tell where the movies end and the real living begins," I considered you extremely insolent about a serious industry.

When you fell flat on your lovely face in your debut opposite that sweet **Cary Grant** in *Kiss Them For Me*, and the critics panned you unmercifully, it was a pleasure to me—and others.

But now, Suzy, I take it all back. I think you are excellent as the young girl who falls in love with the older man, **Gary Cooper,** in *10 North Frederick*. Your sensitive, well-shaded portrayal of a girl caught up in an unfortunate affair is a delight to behold.

But I felt even more pleased when I was told what you had been doing with your time. They tell me at 20th that after your failure you went in all humility to production chief Buddy Adler and begged for a leave of absence for time to study and improve yourself.

You didn't draw a dime of salary all the time you were in New York leading the life of a recluse while you underwent dramatic training and coaching. When Buddy summoned you back for this very important role with Gary you said over the long distance phone, "Do you really have that much confidence in me? I'm deeply grateful." He did—and you delivered like a trouper. And, no wisecracks about Hollywood out of you this time. Yes, Suzy—we can use your beautiful face and talent from here on in.



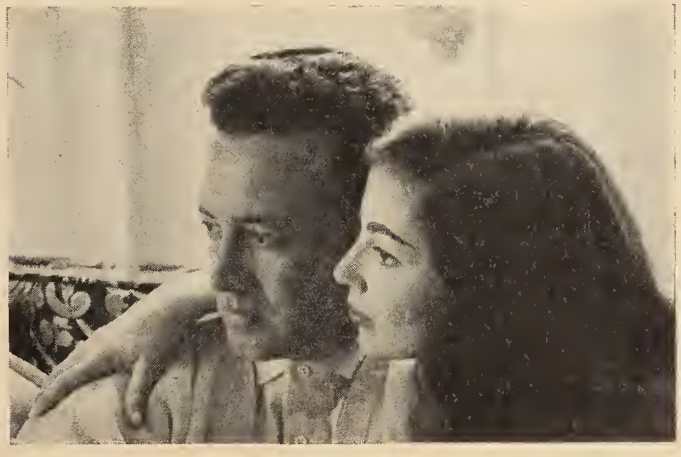
*Ty (above) says "I do" for the third time. His new bride is Debra Minardos.*



*Liz (right) is making repairs on her life . . . each day makes the next easier to face.*



*Ernest Borgnine and his wife in happier days . . . when success was new.*



*Vic and Pier made up all right, but Vic's got to promise to be nice to Pier's Mama.*

## THE LETTER BOX:

**"Kim Novak** *appears to be doing most of her emoting off screen according to current headlines about gifts of imported motor cars and diamonds from a visiting Latin General,"* snaps MRS. L. B. BEATSON, SALEM. *"Her acting has been very wooden in recent films."* Not in *Vertigo*, MRS. B. . . .

TWYLA FOUCHE, SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA, writes a charming letter about **Earl Holliman:** *"His mother and my mother are dearest of friends and we make our home with Mrs. Holliman. Earl is the best son in the world to her and is always planning sweet surprises for all of us, including a trip to New Orleans to meet him for the preview of* HOT SPELL. *Mrs. Holliman reads* MODERN SCREEN *every month and I know she'd get a kick out of seeing this letter in* The Letter Box." I get a kick out of hearing Earl is such a fine son, Twyla. . . .

LONNIE and BARBARA (no address) think, **"Debbie Reynolds,** *with two beautiful children, should now retire and be just Mrs.* **Eddie Fisher.** *We think his* TV *show is the best on the air and his career is bigger than hers."* Eddie is very proud of Debbie's career—and how about her record *Tammy* being the biggest seller of last year???? . . .

*"I want to marry Hugh O'Brian,"* is the honest admission of LILY VOGEL, NEW YORK. You and a lot of other gals, Lily. . . .

VIVIAN MCMASTERS, DULUTH, writes: *"As far as I'm concerned,* **Ava Gardner** *is retired. She doesn't make enough pictures."* If Ava ever okays the script, she'll start *Goya* in Italy with **Tony Franciosa.** . . .

BONNIE LIVINGSTON, PALM BEACH, thinks **Shelley Winters** should be decorated by overly plump girls. *"I've been fat all my life—I'm nineteen—and all the weight Shelley put on and took off for* DIARY OF ANNE FRANK *has been an inspiration to me. If a glamorous movie star can sweat it out, so can I. I've lost twenty-two awful pounds!"* Good for you, Bonnie. . . .

*"With all the raving about* **Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift** *and others of the new school of acting, the fans seem to have forgotten the finest actor of all time,* **John Garfield,"** says MARY CUEHNER, CLOSTER, N. J. . . .

BOB BEERS, MILWAUKEE—is that a made up name, my friend?—wants to know *"Where in the world is* **Kathryn Grayson?** *Why is she hiding that beautiful face and beautiful voice? If she is no longer interested in movies, she could become a great* TV *star."* Kathryn was very much the recluse for a long time, maybe because of an unhappy romance. But I've seen her out several times lately with **Bob Evans,** which may or may not be serious. He, too, is encouraging her to resume her career. . . .

*"Did* **Gary Cooper** *have his face lifted?"* queries JOE SANDERS, SAN DIEGO. Gary says "No," Joe—and I believe him.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



*Now that Debbie Reynolds has become a successful actress some readers think she ought to become a full-time mama.*

*The rumors are that Gary's had his face lifted. What do you think?*



# Her Mother Never Knew!



by Mary Morgan

*Women of all ages have faced the same problem, but, thanks to a Boston doctor, today's daughters have a modern solution their mothers never knew.*

FEW PEOPLE in the twenties would have called the girls who danced the Charleston "old-fashioned." Nor, for that matter, the women who dared wear the first form-fitting swim suits. They were the models of their "modern" age—and now are the mothers and grandmothers of girls today.

But as up-to-date as these women may have been then, they were (through no choice of their own) old-fashioned, in one particular way. The way in which they coped with that age-old problem of monthly sanitary protection. And why? Because, until now, few advances have been made in this particular field of feminine hygiene.

Of course, there was the introduction of the first commercial sanitary napkins after World War I. But aside from the advantage of being disposable, these actually were only a slight improvement over the homemade pads that women had used for generations. The problems of twisting, binding and slipping, along with chafing and odor, were ever present.

And as for tampons (which came along a decade later)—these had so many apparent shortcomings, like bulky cardboard applicators, that the majority of women were reluctant to use them.

Pondering this problem some years ago, the late Arthur B. Donovan, a prominent Boston doctor and obstetrician, decided it was time to do something about it. He saw the obvious need for a better, more comfortable method of sanitary protection.

Like many physicians, Dr. Donovan had, for years, employed "tamponage" in his practice. This medical principle of internal absorption, he knew, was sound. Here, it seemed, was the best starting point.

Internal absorption, he reasoned, would eliminate odor—do away with chafing and irritation. It would be completely invisible, eliminating ridges and bulges beneath clothing. What's more, it would be a cleaner and, above all, far more comfortable method of protection. In other words, it would offer the ultimate answer to all women—provided, of course, the ideal tampon could be designed: one that would be small, compact and easy to use—one that would assure women of napkin absorbency. But this, as Dr. Donovan knew, was not as simple as it sounded.

In the years of research and experiment that followed, Dr. Donovan, a stern perfectionist, resolved not to "give up" or consider his work completed until he had answered every objection there had been to other types of internal sanitary protection.

One of the biggest problems was that of insertion. Other tampons the doctor knew, were encased in those bulky cardboard applicators in an attempt to solve this particular problem. But this, according to reports from women, made the tampons awkward and uncomfortable to use. What's more, women complained that there was always the problem of disposing of the applicator—especially difficult when away from home. Dr. Donovan rejected this approach. He was determined to find a better solution.

One day, while analyzing the problem for the millionth time, simple logic suddenly gave him the answer. If forcing the insertion of a blunt-end tampon of dry cotton caused discomfort and irritation of sensitive tissues—why not, he reasoned, develop a tampon with a tapered tip.

This he did. And then Dr. Donovan made still another discovery. A unique scientific development enabled him to coat the tip of the tampon with a newly discovered material—an absolutely safe, clear substance that acted as a pre-lubricant and assured gentle, medically-correct insertion. This coating on the tapered tip dissolved harmlessly and eliminated the need for a bulky applicator. At last, Dr. Donovan had found the solution.

Dr. Donovan achieved a small compact tampon, by designing it to be compressed to one-sixth the size of its original absorptive material. Upon contact with moisture, it gradually expanded sideways, adapting its shape to the individual. In this way, the rate of absorbency was governed by each woman's needs. Significantly, the tampon was designed to be stable in length—expansion being sideways only—the secret of why it fits without being felt.

Rigid, applicator-type tampons had to be made in three absorbencies. Dr. Donovan's discovery simplified this problem with one size—the world's tiniest tampon—proved 25% more absorbent than ordinary tampons.

Tests with doctors, hospitals, women of all ages brought a response that exceeded the doctor's fondest hopes. Said one college girl, "These will now take the place of the larger, bulky applicator-type tampons as those took the place of sanitary pads." And a psychologist reported, "The complete comfort and utter confidence women find in this new kind of tampon should change their outlook on life—during those difficult days of the month."

The Campana Company was chosen to market this new product and today it is sold in drugstores everywhere under the name of "Pursettes." A whole box of "Pursettes"—smaller than a package of regular-size cigarettes—can be carried in the tiniest purse. Many first users, in fact, are amazed when they see that a single Pursettes tampon is no larger than a dainty lipstick.

As one woman who had never been able to use a tampon before said, "Dr. Donovan has made it possible for all women to use 'Pursettes.' What a blessing they are!"

And so it is that a doctor's invention gives today's women—married or single—a far better method of coping with monthly sanitary protection. It does, in fact, give today's daughters a modern solution their mothers never knew.

## AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in August, your birthstone is sardonyx and your flower is the gladiolus. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

*August 2*—**Gary Merrill**

*August 3*—**Marilyn Maxwell**

*August 5*—**David Brian**
**John Saxon**
**Robert Taylor**
**Natalie Trundy**

*August 6*—**Lucille Ball**
**Robert Mitchum**

*August 8*—**Richard Anderson**
**Rory Calhoun**
**Esther Williams**

*August 9*—**Leo Genn**

*August 10*—**Eddie Fisher**
**Rhonda Flemming**
**Martha Hyer**

*August 11*—**Arlene Dahl**

*August 12*—**John Derek**
**Kurt Kasznar**

*August 15*—**Ethel Barrymore**
**Lori Nelson**

*August 16*—**Ann Blyth**
**Fess Parker**

*August 17*—**James Cagney**
**Maureen O'Hara**

*August 18*—**Shelley Winters**

*August 19*—**Debra Paget**

*August 23*—**Gene Kelly**
**Vera Miles**

*August 25*—**Mel Ferrer**
**Van Johnson**
**Michael Rennie**

*August 26*—**Susan Harrison**
**George Montgomery**

*August 27*—**Tommy Sands**

*August 28*—**Ben Gazzara**

*August 29*—**Ingrid Bergman**
**Barry Sullivan**

*August 30*—**Shirley Booth**
**Fred MacMurray**
**Donald O'Connor**

*August 31*—**Richard Basehart**
**Janice Rule**



**Myrna Loy**
*August 2*



**Joan Blondell**
*August 30*



**Raymond Massey**
*August 30*



**Fredric March**
*August 31*

## new movies (Continued from page 8)



### WINDJAMMER

**Captain Yngvar Kjelstrup**
**Lasse Kolstad**
**Harald Tusberg**
**Sven Erik Libaek**
**Kaare Terland**

*Norwegian school-ship*

▪ If you've ever had a yen to go to sea in a windjammer, come take a trip on the schoolship *Christian Radich* out of Oslo. Forty-five teen-age cadets are aboard. Filmed on a giant screen in CINEMIRACLE you'd swear you were aboard, too. South through the Atlantic to a New Year's celebration in Portugal; westward to San Juan; down to an Old Dutch festival in Curaçao. On to Port of Spain and the Calypso singers and dancers of Trinidad. Up to New York and New England for an encounter with a U.S. Navy Task Force. The boys not only get to see the world—in 238 days—but also get an education in the hardy tradition of their grandfathers. The ship looks like it comes out of a storybook, but the life on it is geared to the whims of a sometimes cruel, always majestic sea.—LOUIS DE ROCHEMONT.

### ROONEY

**John Gregson**
**Muriel Pavlov**
**Barry Fitzgerald**
**June Thorbun**
**Marie Kean**

*a bachelor gives up*

▪ John Gregson's a garbage collector in Dublin. Business is good. What's bad is that Gregson's a bachelor and all his landladies want to be brides. His sixth change of address in eleven months puts him in the house of a snobbish widow of means (Marie Kean). She's just lost her means which is why she's taken a boarder. When her marriageable daughter (June Thorbun) discovers what Gregson does for a living, she flips. But it turns out he plays hurley—something like hockey—on week-ends and is becoming a celebrity. That she likes. Tucked away in an upstairs bedroom is Grandpa Barry Fitzgerald. He'd gladly come downstairs but the family would feel disgraced. Only Muriel Pavlov loves him, and *she's* treated like an unpaid servant. But one morning she mysteriously inherits money and by afternoon she looks like Cinderella at the ball. The prince is that handsome garbage collector. Not yet, though. He may be a whiz at hurley but he's awfully slow at picking up anything else. It's a funny and delightful movie.—RANK.



### BADMAN'S COUNTRY

**George Montgomery**
**Buster Crabbe**
**Neville Brand**
**Gregory Walcott**
**Karin Booth**

*a western with adult action*

▪ Nobody much likes a sheriff out there in Abilene—they think of him as a killer with a license. So George Montgomery's given up his badge to marry Karin Booth and move to a ranch. Trouble is he's got too many enemies behind him. No sooner does he arrive in Abilene than he's forced into a gunfight with three outlaws, hurls them into jail and wires Wyatt Earp (Buster Crabbe) to come get 'em. When Earp and Gregory Walcott arrive they discover that Neville Brand and his gang are planning the biggest hold-up ever. Earp and George try talking the community into ambushing the gang, but those law-abiding men would rather close their eyes to evil—figuring if they can't see it it isn't there. Well, they learn! Better Western than you'll ever see on TV!—WARNER BROTHERS.

### RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW SHOWING

**GIGI** (CinemaScope, MGM): Paris starts jumping when lovely Leslie Caron's grandma (Hermione Gingold—that fantabulous commedienne) preens her in the art of the courtesan. Their friend, playboy Louis Jourdan, was making a juicy twosome with Eva Gabor until he caught her flirting with Jacques Bergerac. That frees him to start noticing Leslie. The story will give you lots of fun, lots of laughs and great music.

**TOO MUCH, TOO SOON** (Warners): Success becomes too much to handle for famous actor John Barrymore (Errol Flynn), so he abandons wife (Neva Patterson) and daughter Diana (Dorothy Malone) and takes to the bottle. After a life of loneliness and several unsuccessful marriages, Diana succumbs to an easy escape through drink. Her long struggle upwards makes for a touching and tragic story.

**ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE** (Paramount): Wartime correspondent Lana Turner falls head over heels for a British newscaster (Sean Connery) who tries to remain true to the little woman (Glynis Johns) and son he has left at home. When he is killed in an accident, Lana befriends his wife who soon discovers the truth. Lots of drama and excitement in this movie.

**THIS HAPPY FEELING** (CinemaScope, U-I): When a gal from Brooklyn (Debbie Reynolds) meets a guy from Connecticut (Curt Jurgens) things begin to happen! John Saxon has to battle off the green-eyed monster as well as ex-matinee-idol Jurgens to win Debbie's affections. Actress Alexis Smith does her bit to woo Jurgens. Lots of snappy dialogue and topsy-turvy situations.

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# NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

# Now you can shampoo... Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!







**ANITA EKBERG**, glamorous Hollywood star, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo—and look at her beautiful, shiny curls! 4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme! Shouldn't you use it, too?

**FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:**

**Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.**
Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

**Set—with just plain water!**
An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—the favorite of 4 out of 5 top movie stars—now in liquid, lotion or cream!




## LUSTRE-CREME NEVER DRIES—IT BEAUTIFIES!

*We wish to thank the young stars of Hollywood whose heartfelt cooperation, courage, and honesty in telling their personal stories have made this special youth issue possible.*

*Some of the stories they tell on the following pages astonished us and sent chills up our spines. Some brought tears to our eyes; and some just made us feel warm and good all over, and glad to be members of the human race.*

*The fact that these experiences happened to young people who became movie stars is incidental. Hollywood, California, or Hometown, Anywhere—being young means struggling to find out who we really are, and who we love.*

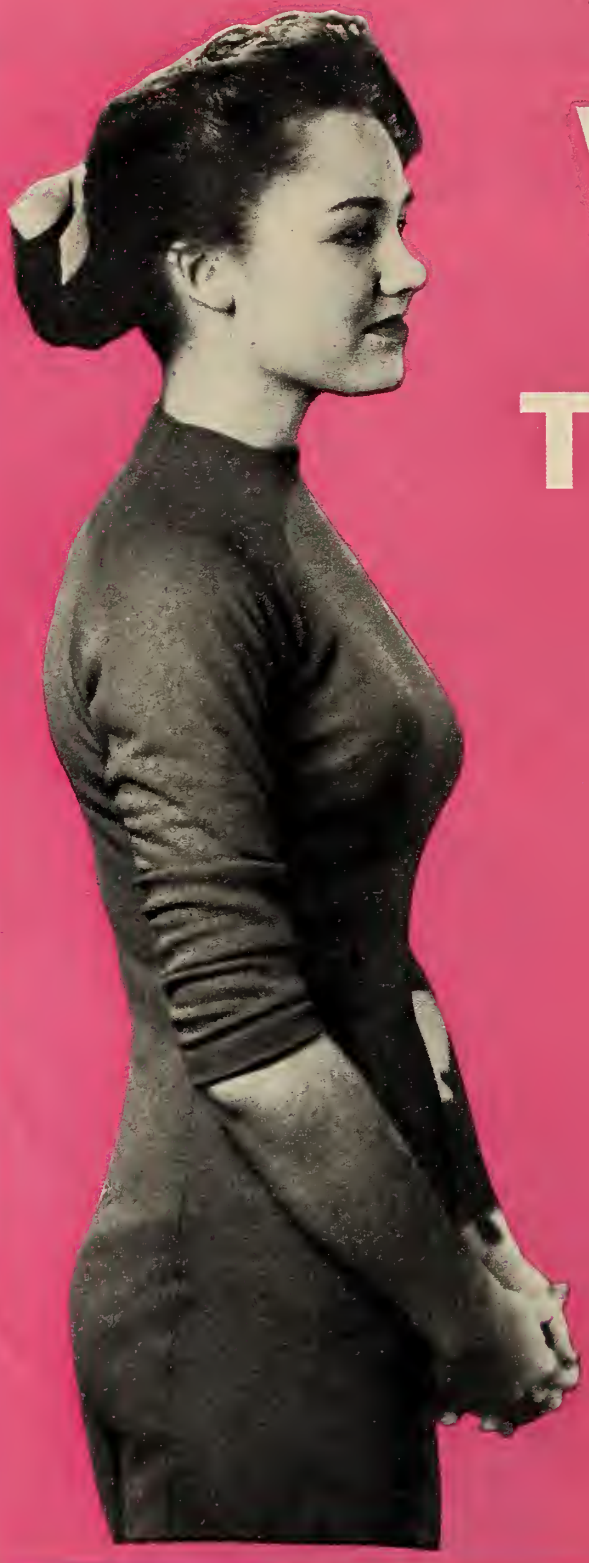
*Somewhere in the following pages, set in an atmosphere of riches and poverty, torment or tenderness, is your story—the story of your struggle, your success, or your failure—the story that you have never told to anyone but your heart.*

EDITOR



Ricky Nelson's Secret Engagement!

# WHO SAYS WE'RE TOO YOUNG TO LOVE!

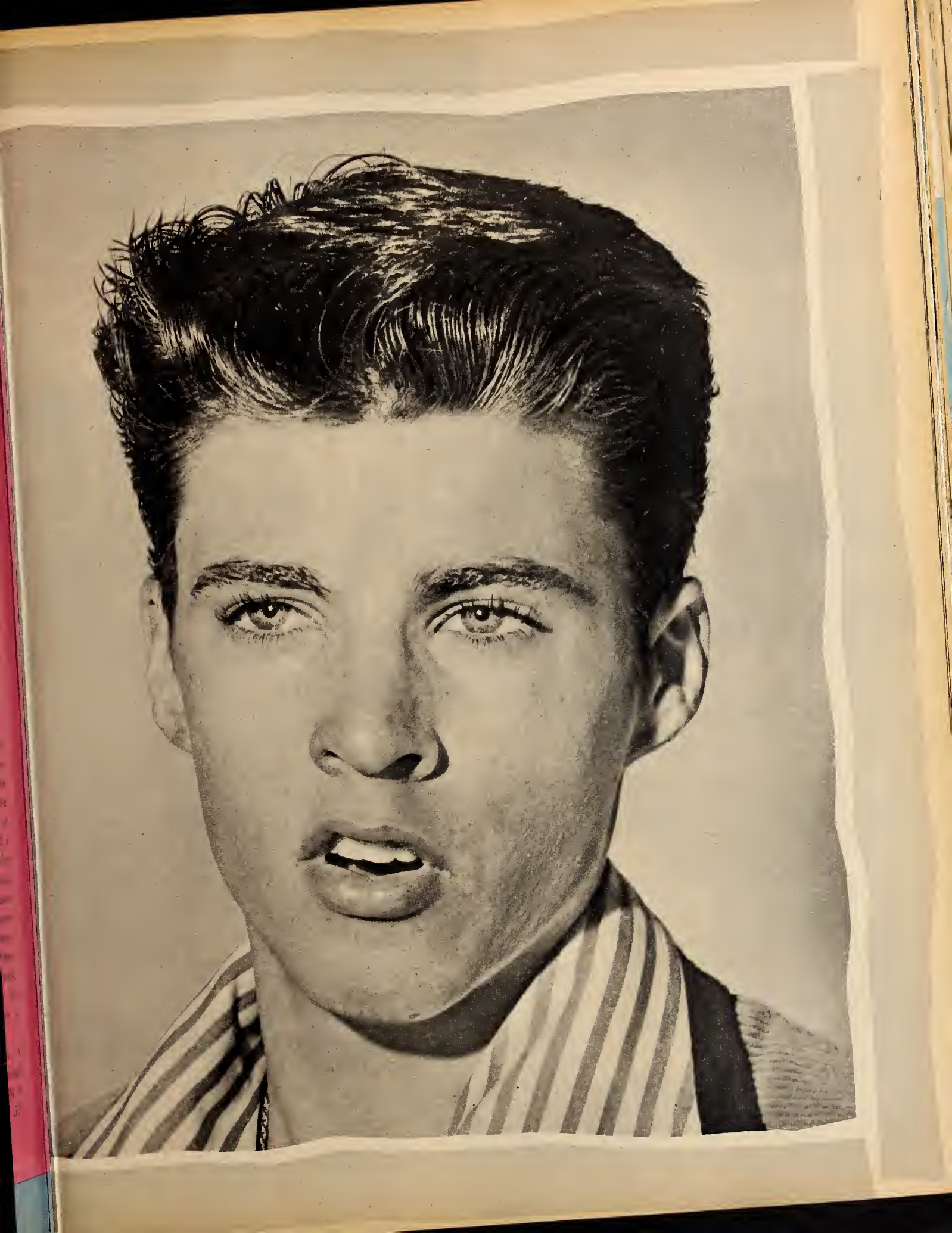


Can love be measured? Is there a yardstick for emotions? Is there a moment in your life when suddenly a light flicks on in your heart and from that moment on you are old enough to know with certainty the difference between the flights and fancies of puppy love and the depth and beauty of true and lasting love? These are the questions that confound and bewilder millions of teenagers. And the grown-ups who care for them get a little bewildered too. For they know that the tender feelings of going steady aren't going to last. They know that, and yet. . . . Take the romance of Ricky Nelson and Lorrie Collins, the most closely guarded romance in Hollywood. Seventeen-year-old Ricky and fifteen-year-old Lorrie say they're in love. And around them a battle is raging, a battle of the grown-ups—parents, agents, studios—who know best . . . or think they do.

Here, for the first time, the story of their love is told. . . .

It's an accident that this story is being written. A large corps of professional agents of all kinds surround both Ricky Nelson and Lorrie Collins. Kids caught in the fast pace of Hollywood (*Continued on page 57*)

*by Will James*



*The story you didn't read in the newspapers...*



# WHY CHERYL HAD TO KILL





WHEN Lana Turner was twenty years old, married and divorced, a successful actress, sex goddess of the movies, Johnny Stompanato was a fourteen-year-old adolescent in his home town of Woodstock, Illinois, population 8,000.

That was 1940. His family and friends called him Jackie. He was a big-shouldered Italian, known for his easy laugh and his smooth tongue, and on the baseball diamond, his smooth pitching arm. He was a little larger than his companions, and they used to kid him about his size.

He winked and joked, "Just give me a little time. I've got a long time to live."

This same Johnny grew and changed into the wavy-haired, olive-complexioned, handsome gigolo-hoodlum who climbed up through Hollywood tinsel and almost married Lana.

She gave him the best any woman has. Her heart. Now her heart is broken. Johnny was her man for a short stormy season, but he was out of his league and he never got what he really wanted—a place in the sun beside the star.

Their romance ended at the point of an eight-inch butcher knife on the night of April 4, 1958. Johnny Stompanato fell that night on the floor beside the king-sized double bed in Lana's pink bedroom in her new mansion. He died with a wound in his abdomen and a look of utter astonishment on his face.

The gigolo courted the sex goddess. The gangster made love to the actress—a strange pairing that could only end in tragedy. But Johnny never dreamed that *he* would be the victim.

For years, Los Angeles police had known Stompanato as a gangster, bodyguard and henchman for gambler Mickey Cohen. They knew him as a confidence-man type who failed to pay his debts and who preyed on wealthy women. He made himself active in society, an escort of beautiful women. He'd been seen with actress Ava Gardner and had been married to and divorced from two socially prominent women. His social-climbing career had already begun.

Lana didn't know him. She'd never heard of him until one year ago when he telephoned her. The number was unlisted, but you can always find out if you know the right people, and Johnny made a business of knowing the right people.

A few seconds after he dialed, her throaty voice was in his ear.

"Hello."

For Johnny it was a moment he had been waiting for—the high point of his career, the beginning of his biggest adventure.

A small knot of apprehension, fear of failure, formed in his chest. He took a deep breath to make his voice calm. Intimate, but casual. He knew all the tricks.

"I've intended phoning for a long time," he said, introducing himself. "I just wanted to chat with you a minute." He mentioned mutual friends.

"You're one of their favorite people. They're always talking about you." He called them by their pet nicknames. This would convince Lana that he knew them well. And it was true. Johnny Stompanato knew lots of people. He mentioned parties he'd attended with them.

You had to let these movie women know you were on their level. You had to keep your voice from getting pushy. Always stay calm and polite and you'd convince them you're a gentleman.

"I know we're both busy," he remarked, "but let's meet soon for a drink."

"Maybe we can," she said. "Thank you for calling."

He phoned every few days after that, asking to come over for a drink and a chat. He was gentle, but firmly persistent, he thought. ("He kept pestering," Lana said later.)

He had picked a good time, this student of Hollywood women.

Her divorce from fourth husband, screen Tarzan Lex Barker, was pending, (*Continued on page 53*)



# I NEVER HAD A FATHER

*Twenty years have passed since the little boy cried in the night, "I want my daddy ..." but the hurt and the fear still choke the joys of the adult Tab Hunter....*



*Time was so precious . . . Mrs. Gelien had so little to spend with Tab (left), five, and Walt, six.*

It was after midnight.

The apartment was dim. In a corner of the living room, a shaded lamp glowed softly. A record revolved slowly on a turntable; quiet music drifted into the room. And on the sofa a boy and a girl sat close together, alone.

It was a perfect setting for romance. It was meant to be. The boy and girl were in love, had been for months. He had made this trip across the country, flying three thousand miles to be with her for just an evening, just a day. There was so little time, and it was precious to them. Now they had only a few brief hours, and they had planned them carefully.

Dinner in a quiet French restaurant on 55th Street a few doors from Tab's apartment, candlelight and wine.

A show.

Ham and eggs in the Broadway café where they had spent their first date.

And then—an hour alone. An hour to talk, to dream, to hold hands and to kiss. An hour for romance before he had to go.

It should have been perfect.

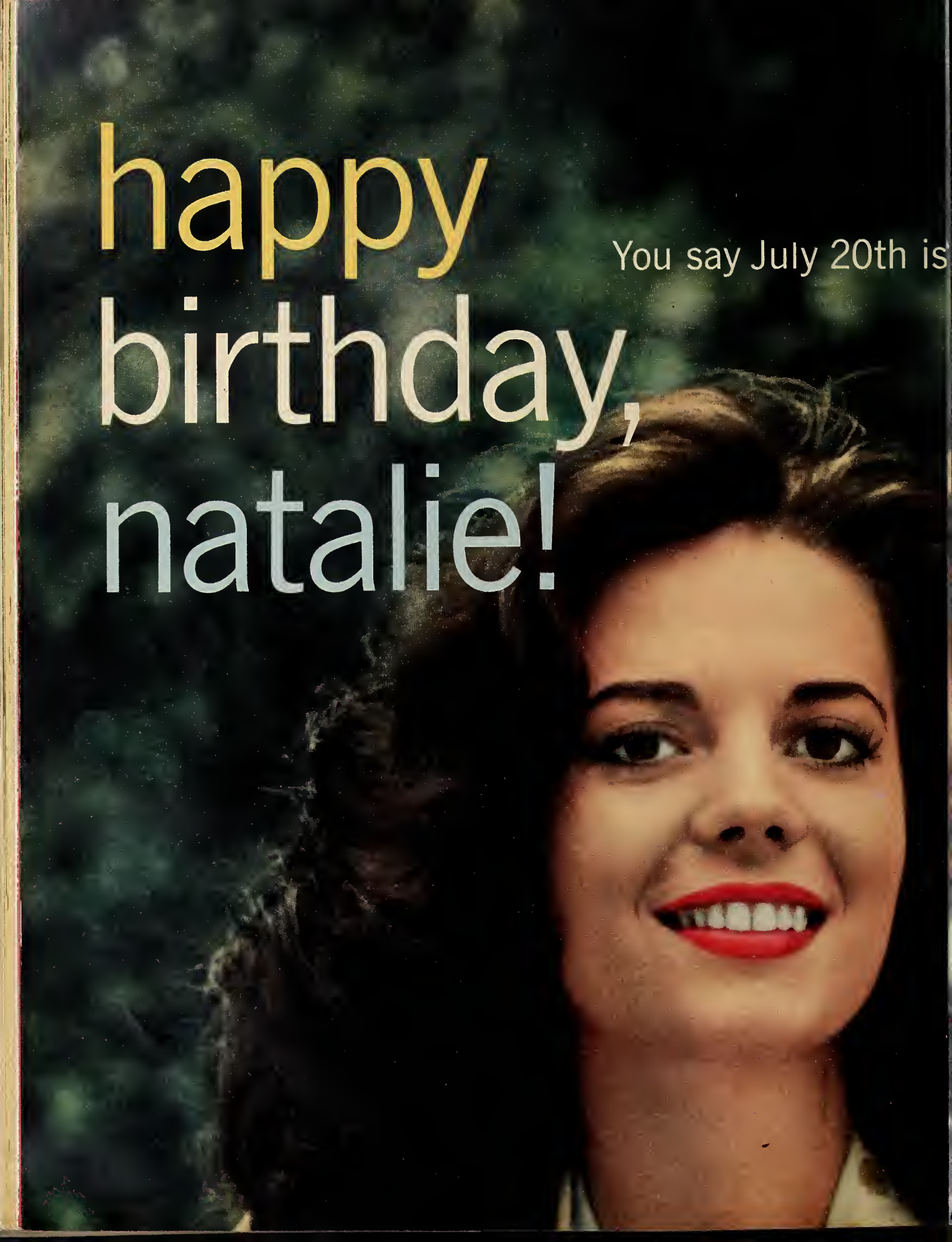
But it wasn't.

The boy and the girl on the couch were not holding hands, not kissing, not dreaming. The boy was sitting bent forward, his hands clasped loosely, holding a cigarette, below his knees. He was staring down at them.

And the girl, her eyes frightened, was staring at him.

"But Tab," she said, "not all fathers are like the one in the show. They don't all get drunk. They don't all leave their wives—"

Her puzzled voice was (*Continued on page 60*)


happy
birthday,
natalie!
You say July 20th is

# h is "just another birthday"– but, Natalie dear, it isn't...



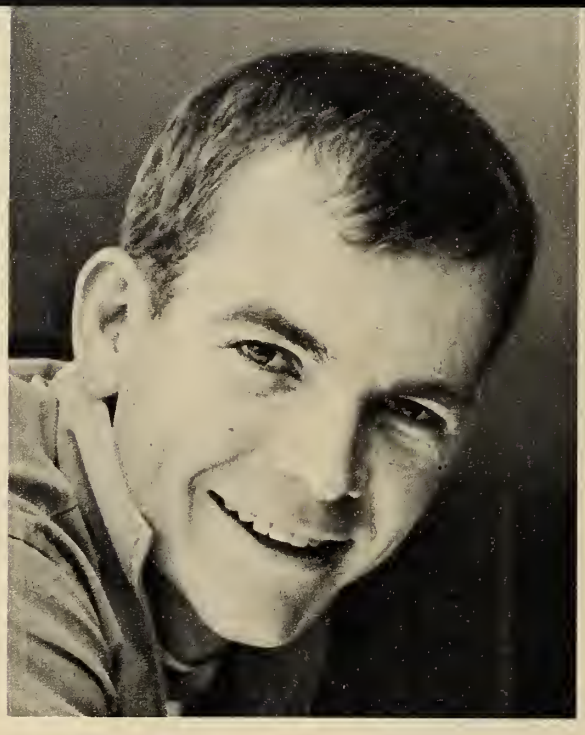
Only two more weeks," Natalie's girl friend sighed, "and you'll be twenty. Boy, don't I wish I were you! What I wouldn't give to be out of my teens, married to a gorgeous guy—" she shut her eyes blissfully, then opened them again. "So tell me," she said. "What are you going to do to celebrate? Paint the town red? Go to Hawaii?" Natalie Wood Wagner laughed and stretched luxuriously on the couch in her honeymoon apartment. "I don't have a plan in the world," she said. "RJ may be on location. All turning twenty means to me is that I'm a year older."

But suddenly the casual laughter was gone. "Except," she said seriously, "that it's my first birthday since I'm married. That's important. That's—opened up a whole new life."

She said a lot in those simple words. She said, in fact, more than she knew. For Natalie Wood's twentieth birthday, on July 20th, 1958, on which she leaves her teenage years behind forever. is more than just an ordinary day. It marks a beginning and an end. It marks a change not only in her way of life, but in Natalie (*Continued on page 72*)

# DEAN JONES:

# OUR PARENTS



## —but I'm glad we didn't listen to them!

*by Helen Weller*

The tall young sailor with the broad smile and shoulders to match was singing to a large crowd at the San Diego County Fair in California. But of the thousands of people gathered in front of him he had eyes for only one person. She was tall, too, a beautiful brunette with shining brown eyes. Although she was standing way in the back, Dean Jones' eyes floated above the heads of the others in the crowd and rested on her.

"Gosh, she's lovely," he thought, and made a mental note to meet her.

So after the show he got the organist to introduce him to Mae Entwisle, the Queen of the Fair. . . .

But then three weeks went by, and Dean Jones had done nothing. He had decided that this gentle beauty was too good for him. What sort of chance did a sailor have with a girl who was Queen of the Fair? Every man in the county was trying to date her, and Mae was so reserved that she went out with very few of her admirers.

When he finally managed to summon enough courage to call her, he was almost bowled over when she said she'd go out with him.

The setting Dean selected for their first date was perfect for a girl and boy who were ready to fall in love: La Jolla Cove. That was a dater's paradise, with leafy shrubbery and flowers and palm trees nestling by a beautiful beach. They walked (*Continued on page 81*)

# SAID "NO"





*France Nuyen:*

# "ONLY YESTERDAY I LIVED IN TERROR"

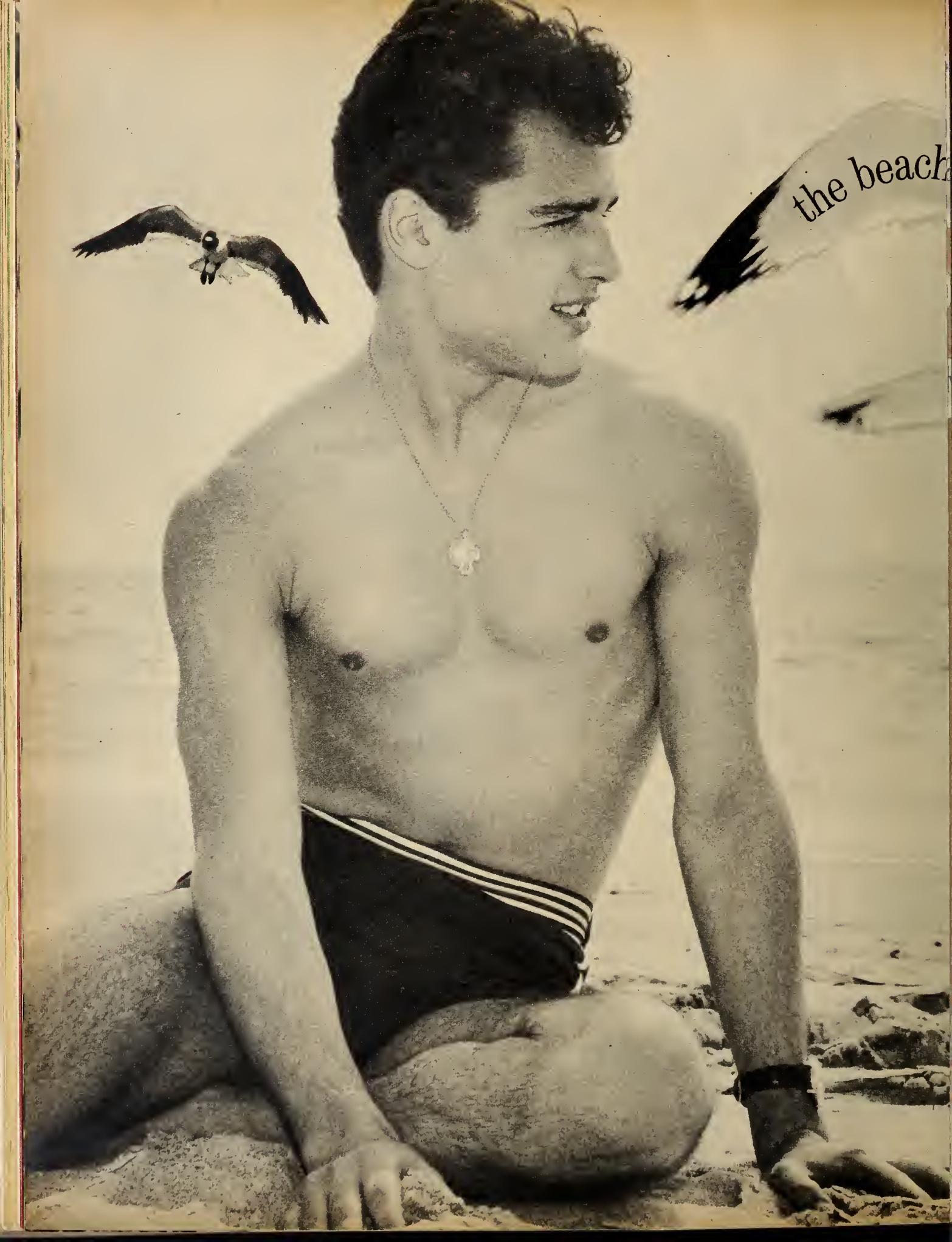
The woman was still pretty, and really still young, although the years of the war showed on her tired face. She held tight to her little daughter, a thin, pale child named France. It had taken courage to come to see the Gypsy—he was a king and very old, very wise—but Madame Nuyen needed wisdom and advice.

"I have come to ask about my husband, Louis Nuyen," Julie Mazaut Nuyen began hesitantly. "I have not heard since the war began. He is a marine navigator—he serves on Atlantic ships. But I do not know if he lives or. . . ." The child stirred in her arms and she looked into its funny little face. Olive skin and slanted eyes, now big with hunger . . . these from the Chinese husband she was asking about; the delicate lines, the fine bones—these features were French, like her own. She bent to kiss the child she called Fan-Fan, and then faced the gypsy king again and went on.

"Our daughter, monsieur, was born in (*Continued on page 79*)

*by Fredda Terry*




the beach




# A Little Love Story

by Sal Mineo

*as told to George Christy*

You wake up in the middle of the night, and you're gripped by the haunting ache of loneliness. A loneliness that makes a tight, twisted ball in the pit of your stomach. You can't swallow without feeling the pain of it. Night after night, for a week running, I had this attack of loneliness. Who knows how it happens! But I'll tell you what I think.

Hollywood with all its jazziness and razz-ma-tazz is one of the world's lushest paradises. Glamorous as all get-out, it has fabulous nightclubs and gourmet restaurants. But Hollywood also has a lot of selfish, conniving people who take the edge off everything once you get to know them.

I don't mean to knock Hollywood, but it's hard sometimes to feel 'with it' because of the people. They're either busy selling gleaming toothpaste grins or muscle-bound, sun-tanned bodies or burst-the-tape-measure figures. The place is loaded with beautiful girls and handsome men—all of them charm boys and girls—but, somehow or other, with (*Continued on page 69*)



# THANK HEAVEN FOR HAPPY GIRLS!



DIANE PEGGY KATHY JANET

*The Lennon sisters are four-ninths of the happiest family in show business. What's their secret? Join them in a game of "Complain"—and see!*

## The Rules

Ask bandleader Lawrence Welk about the singin' Lennon sisters of Venice, California, and he'll tell you, "They're the happiest kids in show business. It shines out all over them. They love each other. They never seem to have fights or arguments or rivalries."

Now that's not so easy for *two* sisters, let alone four. But Diane, eighteen, Peggy, sixteen, Kathy, fourteen, and Janet, eleven—*these* sisters manage it (and to complicate matters further, they have four brothers and yet another sister).

There just happens to be a trick to it. It's a game their father invented called "Complain."

As Bill Lennon explained it to his four talented daughters one night, "I want each girl, in turn, to say what she doesn't like about the others—or anything about our family. But there are two conditions. After we say what we have to say, we forget who said it. No one is allowed to hold a grudge against anyone."

This is how the game went. . . .





## That's My Dress!

PEGGY: I have the first complaint. It's about Diane.
DIANE (*shocked*): What??
PEGGY: Yes, about the other night when I borrowed her yellow dress. I thought it was mean of her to come into our room suddenly and tell me to take it off.
DIANE: You didn't borrow that dress, Peggy. You just went to the closet and took it!
PEGGY: So? You're my sister, aren't you?
DIANE: I sure am. But even sisters should *ask* if they want to borrow something.
DAD (*turning to Peggy*): Diane's right, Sis.
PEGGY (*after a pause, to Diane*): May I borrow the yellow dress tomorrow night?
DIANE (*smiling*): Now that you put it that way—Yes!
(*Result: Peggy now does an awful lot of asking. And sometimes Diane* [*see picture*] *even helps her sister choose which dress she should borrow!*)

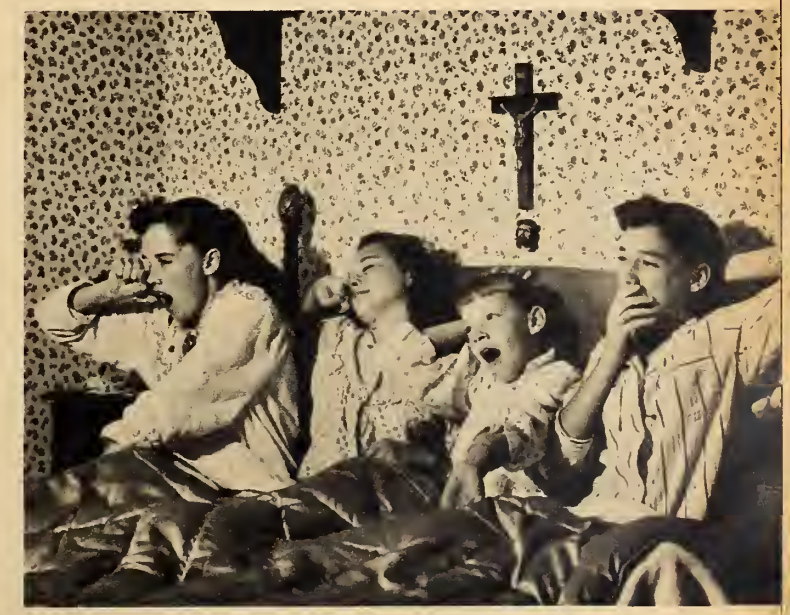


## Nobody Plays Ball!

KATHY: *I* have a complaint.
DAD: Shoot.
KATHY: It's about baseball.
DIANE, PEGGY AND JANET (*groaning in unison, know what's coming*): Oh, no!!
KATHY: Dad, I happen to like to play baseball every once in a while. And every once in a while I ask the other girls if they'll come out in the back and play with me. And they groan, just like they did right now.
DAD (*turning to the others*): I think Kathy has a good point.
DIANE, PEGGY AND JANET: Dad!!
DAD: Look, there's nothing like exercise to keep a girl healthy—*and* pretty. Fresh air, even half an hour a day, is good for the complexion. And when it comes to growing up and having a nice figure. . . .
(*Dad talked a little more on this point. Result: The Lennon sisters now get together and play a couple of times a week. Diane, it turns out, is a terror at bat. Peggy has learned to pitch a mean fast-ball. As for Janet and Kathy* [*see picture*]—*Janet* (*Right*) *is turning into a great baserunner. And Kathy is the happiest second baseman in the business now.*

## My Bedtime's Unfair!

LITTLE JANET: Can I tell my complaint now?
DAD: Go ahead.
JANET: I think it's very unfair that just because I'm eleven years old I have to go to bed at nine o'clock every night. That's just the hour for all my favorite television shows.
DAD (*winking at the others*): Like which favorites?
JANET: I can't remember exactly, but—
DAD: Janet, baby. Do you remember back a couple of weeks, the night of your birthday, when the other girls came to bed with you so you could sit up all night—as you asked—and talk?
JANET (*blushing at the recollection*): Yes, Pop.
DAD: Do you remember how sleepy you got by nine-thirty, how you were fast asleep by five of ten?
JANET (*blushing at the recollection*): Yes, Pop.
DAD: Do you think you might like to try waiting till you're twelve or thirteen before we make it ten o'clock, like the others?
(*Result: After a little more persuasion from Dad, Janet yawningly agreed. She* still *goes to bed at nine!*)



**continued**







## He's My Boy Friend!

DIANE: Dad, I hope my complaint doesn't sound too serious, but– (*She pauses*)
DAD: What is it?
DIANE: It's about a boyfriend of mine–and Peggy's.
PEGGY (*her turn to be shocked now*): What??
DIANE: I've been out with this certain fellow a few times recently. We had always had very nice times. And then one night we were having a soda and we met Peggy and she sat down at our table, just like that!
DAD: And?
DIANE: And by the time we were through, I think my friend was more interested in my own sister than in me!
DAD: I see. (*He breathes in deeply*) Now, Diane, answer me. Are you very interested in this boy?
DIANE (*not so sure*): Well. . . .
DAD: I mean, you're not at the stage yet where you're thinking about going steady or about engagement rings or anything like that, are you?
DIANE: No.
DAD (*turning to Peggy*): And you, Peg?
PEGGY: Of course not, Dad.
DAD: Then let's look at it this way. This boy is a friend. If he's a friend of one, there's no reason why he can't be a friend of the other. It's possible, you know, for a young fellow to like a lot of girls–and different things about them. Even if they're sisters.
(*Result: Both Peggy and Diane now see this boy from time to time. He likes them both. They both like him. In fact just a few nights ago,* [*see picture: Peggy, holding phone, Diane standing next to her*] *they made a movie date with him–for all three of them!*)

## Everybody's Got To Help!

DAD: I'd like to get my two cents' worth in now. It's about some bickering I overheard the other day–about some time-chart you were working out to help mother around the house, sweeping, dusting, feeding the babies. Personally, I think charts and schedules are for the birds. This is a home we live in, not an institution. There are no pay checks at the end of the week. You girls know how it works with allowances–when you need something you ask for the money and if you deserve it you get it. Right? Well, let's keep that same spirit working with things-to-do around the house. When there's something to do, let's just do it. I think you'll find it a lot more fun that way.
(*Result: The girls tried the new system when the first baby cried. Diane, unasked,* [*see picture*] *raced to the kitchen. Finally they all agreed unscheduled chores were more fun.*)

## We Want A Picnic!

KATHY: Do we have time for one more complaint?
DAD: Sure do. It concerns–?
KATHY: It concerns the car situation in this family. We have two cars right now, and I realize we're very lucky to have 'em. But there are times, Dad–in the summer especially–when we want to go off on picnics and stuff. And with all of us–you, Mom, Diane, Peggy, Janet, Benny, me, etc., etc.–well, we just can't all fit!
DAD (*for the first time, stuck for an answer*): I'm getting to be a little sorry I ever started this game.
KATHY: If you'd rather drop it. . . .
DAD (*still stuck*): Noooooo . . . but let's see. . . .
(*Result: A few days later, Dad Lennon traded in one of the cars for a king-sized station wagon. He drove it up to the house one morning. An hour later the entire Lennon brood–took off on the best picnic ever!*) **END**

The next two stories are *not* tragedies. Not *yet*. But they're going to be . . . soon, unless the proud and stubborn Crosby clan puts aside its pride and tends quickly to its children. The Crosby clan has long been divided. Bing and Bob, though brothers, haven't been close for years. But never before have the parents been divided from their children. It's hard to know who the offenders are. . . . We cannot judge Dennis Crosby for bringing an illegitimate child into the world; but we can condemn him for rejecting that child. To understand how a rejected daughter can feel, Dennis would do well to read the letter that follows his story. . . . It's a letter, written out of heartbreak, a letter written by his cousin Cathy to her father. Here in the pages of MODERN SCREEN Cathy is taking what might be her last chance to reach her father and say, "I'm your daughter . . . why have you rejected me?" Cathy is old enough to say this for herself, to fight her own fight . . . little Denise is not. Must two Crosby fathers turn away from two Crosby daughters? Please, Bob . . . please Dennis, read *both* of these stories.

# THE CROSBYS: a house divided







## THE TRAGEDY OF A CHILD WITHOUT A NAME

# Can Dennis Crosby Be Forgiven?

Dennis Crosby and his beautiful blonde showgirl wife, Pat Sheehan, were in their modern Las Vegas apartment when the phone rang. Pat picked up the phone, expecting it to be one of the many calls congratulating them on their surprise headline marriage forty-eight hours earlier.

"Mrs. Crosby?" said a strange male voice. Pat smiled proudly and looked at Dennis. She still got a thrill out of hearing herself called by her new name.

"Yes," she said.

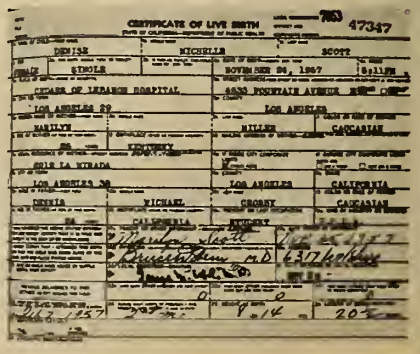
"Mrs. Crosby, how do you feel about the news we"—and now the man mentioned a Los Angeles paper—"have just unearthed, that your husband is the father of a baby born to Marilyn Scott in Los Angeles last November?"

Pat turned pale and weakly hung up the phone. She went to Dennis and put her arm around him.

"Darling," she said, "the papers are coming out with a story about you—and a girl—and a baby. I just want to say that no matter what happens, I love you and always will. Nothing anyone says will change that."

The news hit the headlines only a few hours later. It was a shock to people everywhere, and the worst kind of blow to the girl who had just become Dennis' wife. (*Continued on page 76*)





CERTIFICATE OF LIVE BIRTH 47347

DENISE MICHELLE SCOTT

CEDARS OF LEBANON HOSPITAL 4633 FOUNTAIN AVENUE

LOS ANGELES 29 LOS ANGELES

MARILYN NILES CAUCASIAN

LOS ANGELES 38 LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

DENIS MICHAEL CROSBY CAUCASIAN

*A matter of public record: the tragedy of this baby girl, Denise Michele Scott, whose birth certificate lists Marilyn Scott as her unwed mother and Dennis Crosby as her father.*



*Dennis' bride, Pat Sheehan, knew about his baby, but loyally stood by him.*





## THE PLEA OF A DAUGHTER WITHOUT A HOME

# An Open Letter To My Father

*by Cathy Crosby*

Dear Dad—

I never knew a girl could be as lonely as I was—on what should have been the most exciting night of my life: my opening at the Tropicana in Las Vegas.

As I walked out on the stage, nervous and unsure, I looked around for a friendly face to give me encouragement. Not just any face, but for a member of my family. You. Mother. Any of us. . . .

No one showed up. . . .

I thought maybe when I finished and walked back into my dressing room I would find a telegram or some flowers, congratulating me, or wishing me good luck.

There was nothing.

That's when I sat down and cried. For you. For mother. For myself. . . . For all of us. . . .

But you did show up at last, Dad, on the day of my final performance, although you'd been playing at a hotel across the street for the previous three weeks and I had sent a telegram to you, wishing you good luck. You walked into the bar, right past me—and ignored me. And when a mutual friend of ours came over to you and asked if you weren't proud of me, you sneered, "She couldn't have done it without the Crosby name." You wouldn't even give me the benefit of the doubt. . . .

What did we do wrong? Where did we fail one another? Why couldn't we who have so much, materially and in talent, be as happy as other families?

For the past year you've been telling people, and me, that we've come to a parting of the ways because of my love for Dino Castelli. You objected to the fact that he was thirteen years older than I am; (*Continued on page 52*)



*Cathy loved Dino Castelli. But her dad would have nothing to do with either of them.*



**Where do starlets come from? Sometimes from ordinary families . . . sometimes from Hell itself! June Blair, 20th Century-Fox starlet, tells of childhood horrors unequalled since Marilyn Monroe's story.**

# MY MOTHER GAVE ME TO A MADWOMAN

*by June Blair*

I never knew my father. The State called my mother unfit to raise me and took me away from her when I was two. At fourteen I became a ward of the State and was farmed out from family to family. I was beaten and kicked, locked up in closets and thrown down the stairs. I never knew what it meant to be wanted, to be loved, to belong. . . .

I have no bitterness in my heart anymore. Now that everything is working out so well, I can look back at my first eighteen years with an almost detached attitude. Or maybe this is just a form of self-defense. . . .

My first recollection dates back to a hot summer day in a shabby San Francisco duplex when I was barely two. I can still see the car driving up in front of the house. Two policemen got out, and the landlady pointed at me, sitting on the front steps, and said something I couldn't understand.

One of the officers picked me up and took me upstairs where my mother was. I don't know where my father was at the time. I think in Canada. I never knew him. As far as I know he had left my mother before I was born.

When the police said that they were going to take me away from her, Mother started to cry. "There must be a mistake."

The landlady—who had called the police—said harshly, "It's no mistake. Look at that child." I didn't know till later what she meant by "malnutrition."

I could still hear Mother's sobs as I was carried downstairs. "There must be a mistake. . . ."

I wasn't really sad to be taken away because I had no home. Mother was working as a waitress some place, and I was left to myself most of the time. I ate whatever I could scrounge in the kitchen or beg from neighbors, which wasn't much. In fact the ride in the police car was rather exciting. It was the first time I had ever been in a car. . . .

The orphanage to which I was taken was a huge old stone building with an elevator that took us up to the second or third floor. And I remember being led into a huge playroom, empty except for a (*Continued on page 61*)



# an open letter to my father

(*Continued from page 48*) that he had been married and divorced; that he picked me up at a record shop on Sunset Boulevard; that you might have felt differently if we'd been introduced properly. . . .

Let me set the record straight first about Dino. The only thing Dino picked up at Music City was a record. Not me. We'd known one another for weeks, ever since we met at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills.

Dad—I'm not saying that Dino was right or wrong for me. I liked him, and I loved him, because he was kind and well mannered and very European. Also, let's face it—because he was older and more mature than most boys I had met before. But why did you become so upset about him? Why did you hire detectives to follow Dino around like he was a criminal? Why did you try to break up our romance so crudely—only bringing us closer together instead? Why couldn't we ever have a father-to-daughter talk, like other fathers and daughters must have had when they faced problems? Or is it that in our generation, teenagers and adults have grown so far apart that there is no longer any common ground for discussion?

You never gave Dino a fair chance although I had insisted from the very beginning that I had no intention of marrying him right away. I wanted to wait a year to make sure of my feelings, and of his. A year in which you would have a chance to influence me by guiding my actions gently and understandingly, by letting me find out for myself if we were right or wrong for one another. But no. You simply forbade me ever to see him again. You all but threw him out of the house. And me too. And you tried to make the rest of the family side against me.

Dad . . . I am not angry at you. I know now that you did it out of love for me. You wanted to protect me. But the way you went about it was wrong because you wouldn't give me credit for being grown up, for being a woman with a mind of her own. And the more dictatorial your attitude, the more I rebelled. I didn't even care that I had no choice but to leave home, now that you sold my car, that you cut off my allowance, that I was forced to get along like any girl who had no family at all—which was even harder on me because I had been spoiled. I had never learned to look after myself, and now I had no one to turn to for help. All I had were a few dollars I had managed to save, and which I ate up quickly.

**What was the real reason?**

But you know something? Recently I started to wonder. Was it only Dino you objected to? And if so, why didn't you come back and make up after he and I split up a few weeks ago? You must have known about it. You knew everything else about him. And the more I thought about it the more I feel there was much more to it.

Before I go any further into this open letter, let me assure you that I'm sorry I have to write it—but it's the only way I can communicate with you since you haven't talked to me in over a year.

Trying to analyze our problem as it exists today, and as it has existed for a couple of years, I feel that basically it is one of lack of understanding. You have never given me credit for having grown up, for wanting to make my own decisions —yes, even *mistakes* if they have to be made. You still see me as the little girl you bounced on your knees when I was four. Let's face it, Dad, Dino isn't the first boy who came between us.

Remember when we went to Hawaii a couple of years ago, and I was given the choice of going with mother, a week before you could join her, and then coming back to Los Angeles with you . . . or else spending an extra seven days in Los Angeles, then flying to the island with you and staying an additional week after you left? I took the latter course because I thought we'd have fun being together by ourselves, and because I saw no need of getting back early since there was nothing for me to do till school started. You agreed.

And then I met the young football player from Oregon at the hotel and got a big crush on him. You claimed you were upset because we hadn't been introduced properly. Oh how I learned to hate that word! I think you objected to my seeing him when you realized I was growing serious about him, but you never went into details. You just tried to find things for me to do to keep me busy. And when the time came for you to leave, you insisted I come along, a week ahead of time, *because I had to rehearse and study,* you said. I cried all night before we left.

Dad, I didn't mind your concern about me any more then than I do today. It's your right, your privilege, your duty as a father. But why not explain it to me? Why not give me the benefit of trying to understand you? And why does so much have to be made of so little? At sixteen, I wouldn't have gotten engaged, or eloped. It was just a harmless crush on a nice, intelligent, pleasant boy from a good family. . . .

When I was in Las Vegas for almost two months, I met a lot of men who were wealthy, good looking and had family traditions dating back several generations. Believe me, Dad, a lot of them couldn't compare with Dino or a number of other fellows you objected to!

**Sal Mineo says, "I think that if we had more pool rooms we'd have less youth problems. The pool room kept me off the street corner. I made my best friends there."**

*Paul Sann in the New York Post*

I remember one evening when I was introduced to a good looking young man from Texas, whose ancestors fought under Sam Houston—and you can't go back much further than that in our country—and who have more money than all the Crosbys combined.

He was very nice and very much the gentleman whenever I met him in the dining room or the casino or when we went for an occasional swim together in the hotel pool. But the first time he took me out he treated me . . . well, Dad . . . I better not go into details. Let's just say like a chorus girl—and not the nice ones, either. When I finally slammed the door in his face after he brought me home I could still hear his parting words: "What do you think makes you different? Being a Crosby?"

So you see, Dad, the name doesn't mean that much, although I am proud of it. But it isn't necessarily an *advantage,* which is what you told me so many times when you insisted that without it, I would never be able to make the grade. . . .

Two years ago I was doubting that I could ever achieve what I was after. Now that television and movie offers are beginning to pour into the MCA office for me, I am beginning to find out that I can. . . . What's more, even if I were not a singer but a teacher, a typist, or a saleslgirl, I feel that at this stage of my life it is best to be on my own, if I ever want to learn to stand on my own feet.

But believe me, it wasn't easy when I walked out of the house a year and a half ago. I took a cab to Westwood Boulevard and Wilshire where Dino was waiting for me. I had found a tiny apartment on Doheny Drive, and with a couple of hundred dollars in my pocket and no inkling of what the future would hold for me, set up housekeeping.

The first morning I rolled my shopping cart to the checking counter, and found that my bill exceeded twenty dollars, or one-tenth of all the money I had!

I promptly took it all back to the shelves and exchanged it for yogurt and fruit. Dad—did you ever eat yogurt for weeks? Months? With only an occasional full meal when Dino took me to Frascati's, where he worked? I lost weight all right!

Maybe you were hurt that I didn't come to you for help, that I didn't admit to being the erring daughter, the prodigal coming back to ask forgiveness. I didn't because I felt justified in what I was doing, and because I had my pride. In short, I am a typical, stubborn Crosby!

**The new life**

Those weeks made me grow up in a hurry. Life stopped being a game. My career was no longer a pastime squeezed in between dates. When I lived at home, I dreaded the music and dancing and singing lessons I had to take, because I thought they were only meant to please you. I was wrong, Dad. I needed them, and now that I realized it, and had to pay for them myself, I became serious about them.

I was fortunate in finding a wonderful, wonderful voice coach, Paul Thomsen. He charged fifteen dollars an hour, which was more than I could afford to pay. In fact I couldn't afford to pay anything. But he had confidence in me, the kind of confidence *you* never showed, at least openly. He gave me the lessons on credit, telling me I could pay him back once I got work. And after I first left home, I couldn't find anyone to let me sing for free, let alone pay for it! But he trusted me. I owe him a lot for what is happening to me today.

I've learned a lot of things since I left you—about people, about living, about looking after myself. I think even you might feel a little different if I tell you how I am getting along. . . .

I am more serious about my career now than I have ever been. I guess it's one of the reasons I broke off with Dino. I realized this is no time for me to get married and settle down in Italy as he wanted me to.

Something else happened that changed my mind.

I was hurt because Dino didn't come to see me in Las Vegas. I don't know why he didn't. Maybe he was too busy, or couldn't afford it, or maybe he was so sure of me he just didn't bother. But I was hurt and took it out on him by dating other fellows. Some, as I already told you, were anything but gentlemen, and I dropped them after the first time they took me out. But others were very nice and I enjoyed their company. What surprised me was that I didn't miss Dino at all. I wasn't even angry at him anymore. It was then that I asked myself, "If I can have a good time with someone else without missing him, how can I be so much in love with him that I want to marry him. . .?

Why didn't you put it this way, Dad, rather than say, "Don't ever bring him over to the house anymore!"? Why? Why? *Why?*

But I have no plans now to get married or even get serious about anyone, because at this stage I want to prove most of all that I can make a success, on my own.

I've learned a lot of practical things, too. I finally grew tired of yogurt, and started shopping for other foods. I've learned ten ways to fix hamburgers. I

can get along on a dollar a day for food—and get all the vitamins I need. I've even become tidy, but it took a little longer. It was a matter of necessity.

When I lived on Doheny Drive, my apartment always looked like a department store basement after a sale. I never could find anything. At least once this proved a serious handicap.

My first big expenditure after my second appearance on the Eddie Fisher show was a new convertible. One afternoon I was getting ready to leave for an appointment when I couldn't find my keys. I turned everything upside down till I finally located them between the pages of a book—an hour later. By then I was late for the appointment, and lost out on a job. Thereafter I made sure to keep my keys always in the same place, where I could easily find them.

But mostly I acquired neatness because I suddenly became conscious of other people. I know I used to be terribly selfish because I was always catered to. Maybe that was part of the problem with us. I got all the material things I wanted from you. In fact I got everything but love . . . and understanding. I'm sure you wanted to give that, too. You just didn't know how, because you were always so busy and away from home so much of the time.

Anyway, when I went to Las Vegas, I decided to take an apartment with Mrs. Bea Larson, who, as you may remember, was an accompanist with my dancing instructor. I was glad she could join me, because I never liked to live alone. Those months at Doheny were lonesome and miserable. I was glad to have someone with me again.

I knew I was sloppy at first, and while Mrs. Larson never complained, I could tell she preferred things nice and neat. And so I changed.

Now that I am back in Los Angeles, I am sharing a small, modern, and very nice pool-apartment with Edith Jamieson, who's studying to become an actress. You should see our place, Dad. It's neat as a pin! And I can take fifty per cent of the credit for it.

I've learned something else about showpeople since I've been on my own. Although I've never told you, I always blamed you for being away so much of the time. I thought you might have cut out some of the out-of-town engagements and spent more time with us, or at least write more often. One reason why a real understanding could never develop between us was that you were gone so much of the time. If I had a problem, I'd go to Mom with it, because you were seldom around. And when you were, I didn't know how to approach you. I tried, several times, although you may have never been conscious of it.

Even when I appeared on your television show I would ask Mother how I looked, how I sounded, how well I was liked. Never you. I just couldn't.

But since I've been on the road, so to speak—if you can call Las Vegas as being on the road, I found out how lonesome life can be, how you can lose contact even with those closest to you. You get involved in your career. You work long hours. You stay up late at night, long after the performance, because you are too keyed up to go to sleep, and stay in bed all day because you are exhausted. You can't relax and you get tense and nervous and snap at people, even when you try to be kind. You say things and do things you don't mean, and for which you are sorry in the long run. And no one but you knows why you act that way.

We Crosbys have an additional trait which makes reconciliation difficult. Our pride. You have been hurt by what I did. I have been hurt by your attitude. All I can say is—I wish it had never happened, I wish we could start over again. . . .

Yet I can't ask for forgiveness for something I haven't done. But I do ask for one thing, and not for myself.

I have made up with Mom and everyone else but you. Don't hold it against them. We are as close if not closer than we ever were. They may not condone my actions, but they understand me, they give me the right to be myself, to make my own decisions, to live my own life. . . .

Why won't you?

*Cathy*

---

## why cheryl had to kill

(*Continued from page 31*) and Lana was lonely. Her career had been paved with diamonds, but Lana was always lonely. "Loneliness is the thorn on the rose," she said.

So Johnny's persistence finally paid off. Three weeks after his first phone call, she accepted a date.

He arrived, all five feet, eleven inches, his 180 pounds resplendent in blue serge. He drove a white Thunderbird and he didn't look a bit like a gangster.

It might have looked to an outsider as if these two people had something to offer each other. After all, both had led fantastic lives. Johnny had been a Marine and later an apprentice in the Pacific Coast underworld and a Café-society playboy. Lana had been fifteen when she was discovered by Hollywood publisher Billy Wilkerson sipping a malt. She was five feet three, 103 pounds—and sexy. They called her *the sweater girl.* They gave her the name Lana and the word came to mean glamor.

Most of her knowledge of the world has been derived from her next twenty years in Hollywood, the thirty-seven pictures she made, the four husbands she divorced. She didn't know it then, but all her experience was going to be inadequate to cope with Stompanato.

For that first date she was all pink face and arms in a fluffy crisp dress. Johnny looked at her and felt very strong by comparison. This gorgeous woman was going to mold like clay in his hands.

### The pose begins

He took her to dinner in a small Italian place with red checkered tablecloths and candles flaming in old Chianti bottles. Actually he preferred the big important restaurants where he could be seen. But he had an impression of another kind to make.

"The food is nice," he said. A grin flickered in his dark brown eyes. "Not as nice as Mom's, though. I wish you could eat her spaghetti sometime."

He explained that Mom wasn't his real mother, but his stepmother who had reared him. His own mother had died shortly after he was born, and he had two sisters, Theresa and Grace, both married, and a brother, Carmine. Carmine was a steady type who operated a barber shop and was active in church affairs. His father had died a few years ago.

Lana listened, and told him memories of her own childhood. Her father, John Virgil Madison Turner, a small-time Alabama gambler and stevedore had liked to tell stories and dance with her. Sometimes he liked to fight. She was nine when they found his body propped against a building on a San Francisco street. His left sock with his poker winnings from the night before was missing. The winnings were to have bought her a bicycle for her birthday. They never solved her dad's slaying, and she never got the poker winnings or the bicycle.

During the depression her mother had to farm Lana out with a family in Modesto, California. They treated the fatherless child like a slave and beat her until she bled. Her mother was in another town trying to make a living as a hairdresser at ten dollars a week. When she found out, she took Lana away from that place. But the scars on her heart took a long time to heal.

Johnny had heard and read this story of Lana's childhood. His account of warm Italian family life would appeal to her. He neglected to tell her he had been out of touch with his family for years, that he had visited home only three or four times in as many years, that the last time was in July, 1956. He neglected to tell about his own domestic troubles.

### Some wives

He'd married Sarah Utish in China in 1946, and they were divorced in 1948. She and his twelve-year-old son live in Hammond, Indiana. Johnny Stompanato embarked on the pursuit of glamor while he was serving with the marines in the Pacific. He operated a string of nightclubs in Tienstin, China, but went bankrupt in 1947. He came to the West Coast, listing his occupation as "ceramics manufacturer." He dealt fast, buying and losing money in an amusement park project and a jewelry project with underworld operator Mickey Cohen. Johnny sold everything from automobiles to birds.

He failed in these ventures. But with women he prospered financially. Cohen introduced him around in night clubs, and, in 1949, he married blonde screen star Helen Gilbert, ex-wife of a Hollywood restaurateur. That began his climb.

The marriage ended in divorce several months later, but in 1953 he married socialite Helene Stanley and was divorced by her in 1955. She charged he had a violent temper and a vile tongue, and had once tried to strangle her mother.

He didn't tell Lana about this. Or about the women he didn't marry.

Like the saucy little redhaired divorcée who ran a pet shop. He used to stroll in and tell her how he needed someone to chat with. Living up the role of lonely gentleman. Soon she gave him her trust and loaned him her savings, $8,500, so he could go into the gift-shop business. When she wanted the money back, he shrugged, "I don't have it." He never repaid the money.

Police intelligence records described him thus:

*"He acquaints himself with females of wealthy means. He courts them and after he is deeply involved borrows money and never repays the loan.*

*"When the victim's money is dissipated, he becomes interested in another woman. Usually he frequents expensive night spots to meet wealthy female types."*

Police had observed him in the company of known gangsters dozens of times. He was known as Cohen's bodyguard and suspected of being the gambler's 'bank.' Once when he was picked up, he was carrying $50,000 cash. He had been arrested on charges ranging from vagrancy to burglary, but was never convicted. One conviction for vagrancy was later reversed. The police failed to pin anything on him. So he was loose in Hollywood. He had been so intimate with Cohen that when the pudgy gangster served time for income

tax evasion, he left his wife Lavonne for Stompanato to look after. (Cohen and his wife are now estranged.)

As he sat beside Lana, Johnny glanced at himself in the restaurant mirror. He saw himself as many women saw him—tough, smart, exciting. He wasn't telling Lana about other women and their money, the aliases he had used—Johnny Holiday, Jimmy Valentine, Jay Hubbard, John Truppa.

He didn't tell her his real age, either. Lana, thirty-eight, thought he was forty-one, as his driver's license said. Not thirty-two, as his birth certificate said.

Their dates became more frequent. He lingered over a late drink at her house one night, needling her about Hollywood. *What did she want out of life?* he'd taunt her. *What did she really want?*

"You want to know something, John?" she mused. "I love Hollywood. It's a great life. But I'm really just a girl who likes flannel nightgowns and a hot water bottle in bed. I've always wanted just one good man to love me and be loved.

### Lana is hooked

Stompanato moved in confidently. Lana couldn't play love. It was all or nothing. She threw herself impulsively into everything she did. She dived in, and sometimes she landed on her head. When she kissed Stompanato, it was the beginning of a volcano erupting. The hi-fi was playing *All The Way*. It became their song. She couldn't hold back. Lana Turner's love had found a man again.

The truth was, Lana Turner had always liked men, but had always been lonely. She'd kissed through five unsuccessful marriages with four husbands (Steve Crane twice) and flown through a dozen highly publicized romances with others. At nineteen, she eloped with bandleader Artie Shaw. She'd admitted she despised him before they married. "Love is a little like hate," she said. He forced her to wear low heels, no lipstick. He made her iron his shirts and he threw them back in her face. Four months and eleven days after their marriage, she locked him out of the house and checked into a hospital for a rest. Then followed marriages to restaurateur Stephen Crane—the father of Cheryl, her only child—millionaire sportsman Bob Topping, to screen star Tarzan Lex Barker. Her romances with the late Tommy Dorsey and with Fernando Lamas ended, like her marriages, unhappily.

Men bullied her, beat her, and cheated her but she always kept trying. Why? It was because she lived a Hollywood dream both on and off camera. It's a splendid, frothy dream that love explodes like sputnik, that if you ever find the one man all you need to do is shut your eyes and take off into the wild blue yonder. All you do for complete bliss is find the man, give yourself completely, and true love will be yours forever.

Lana believed this myth. She sold it in dozens of starring roles. Ironically, the myth may be truth. But it never came true for Lana.

### Lana's baby

The one constant loved one in her life was her daughter, Cheryl Crane. For three months before Cheryl's birth, Lana was blind. Cheryl had hovered between life and death for days following her birth on July 25, 1943. Physicians used countless blood transfusions trying to keep the tiny anemia-racked body alive. Afterwards, Lana tried to have more children. She lost a baby in January, 1949. Because of the RH factor, another in October, 1950.

Cheryl—Lana's "Baby," "Cherie," grew into a beautiful, slender dark-haired teenager who towered over her mother. She had the best clothes and boarding schools money could buy. But she was torn between love for her mother and her father. Now Cheryl is fourteen, only one year younger than Lana was when she was discovered. On March 30, 1957, Cheryl had just returned home from a week end in Palm Springs with her mother. Driving back to a private school with a girl friend, she exclaimed, "I hate that school. I'm not going back." She jumped out of the taxi and disappeared into Los Angeles' skid row, only to panic when three characters followed her. A passing motorist, Manuel Acosta, rescued her, and took her to the police station where she had a tearful reunion with her parents.

Lana sent her to a different school. Three months later, Cheryl suffered a broken back in a fall from a horse at a summer resort in Estes Park, Colorado. Both her parents rushed to her side in a Denver hospital, worried and frantic. But she recovered rapidly.

Stompanato decided, *Maybe I can use this kid. If other means fail, I can always get to her through this kid.*

Cheryl's father knew some of Stompanato's background. One day, he cornered the gangster in his restaurant.

"Whatever is between you and my ex-wife is your business," he said. "But if you hurt Cheryl in any way or interefere with her life, you will have to answer to me."

Johnny smiled his suave, disarming smile and shrugged. "I'm in love with her mother. You don't have to worry about Cheryl."

### Friends were worried

By summer, Lana's intimate friends knew about the affair, and they didn't like it.

"He's after money. He married twice in the last few years. He associates with Mickey Cohen," they warned.

"None of us are angels," she told. her friends. "We all have pasts. Johnny has put his past behind him."

By September the public knew of the romance, and gossip columnists were hoping in print that it wouldn't go any further.

Lana's new independent company, Lanturn, was producing the film, *Another Time, Another Place*, and the star had to go to Europe. This was her first time away from Johnny. Her letters were more passionate than any movie script she'd ever done. They poured out her desire, her tortured loneliness without him.

In a letter postmarked Copenhagen, September 19, 1957, she wrote: *My dearest darling love . . . all I want to write and say is I love you! . . . it already seems like months since we've been apart . . . keep your arms around me so close—and kiss me as I do you a thousand times . . . .*

They were filming in London. It was cold and damp. The fog was terrible. September dragged by. She caught the flu. She was growing desperate without him. They kept the trans-Atlantic phones hot with calls, but his voice only deepened her desperation. Now he was playing it cool. *They shouldn't rush things,* he remarked. *Of course he loved her, deeply,* he said. *But she might regret or be ashamed of this romance someday.*

She replied by letter: *Dearest love, whatever will I do over here without you? Yes, but nothing, nothing else. I'm not so sure now, that I can make it—even tho today, you said to me, "It's still too soon for me to really know; give it a while longer . . ." and etc., etc.—Oh! such easy, practical words for some people! Right now, I don't give you a 'sinking penny' for them. I miss you, want you, and ache for you 'ALL THE WAY'—so there!!!*

*And we can either whisper, or shout or scream our love for each other, to each other—phones are great, yes, but I need to touch you—to feel your tenderness and your strength! to hold you in my arms so, so close—to cuddle you sweetly—and then to be completely smothered in your arms and kisses, oh, so many, many kisses!!! quando* (when) *quando? quando? quando?*

Once she wrote, *I love you so much, darling angel. I read your letters over and over, and each time I ache more. It's killing me; still I adore and love you. . . . It's true . . . I adore the way you write and all the truly beautiful things you say to me. So please, please, dearest, continue. Every line warms me and makes me ache and miss you each tiny moment. . . .*

Police later found a ghost writer, a friend of Stompanato in Los Angeles who was supplying him Spanish and Italian phrases of love to use in his letters to Lana.

### Johnny takes a trip

She sent him money and plane tickets so he could join her in England. Later, she finally admitted he had taken her for several thousand dollars, not counting tabs she'd picked up for him. Mickey Cohen said he also let Stompanato borrow money from him for the trip abroad. Police figured later that Cohen had loaned $12,000 to the gigolo to be used to court and marry a wealthy woman.

John Stompanato arrived in London in October. He had big plans for the future, helping Lana build a plush home in Acapulco, Mexico. He wrote to his mother that the place there could be used for tax purposes, and that Lana would need to live there one year to establish herself as a resident of Mexico. His mother thought from his letters that he was going to marry Lana. He thought so, too. But suddenly something happened. In London she heard stories about Johnny's past that even his glib tongue couldn't ex-


**have any questions?**

*such as . . .*

**How old *is* Gregory Peck?**

**What's Tab Hunter's *real* name?**

***Where* should I send a letter for Rock Hunter?**

**When was James Darren *born?***

**Has Tony Perkins ever been married?**

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plain away. This sudden resistance threw him. During a quarrel in London, his velvet-smooth control turned to fury, and he tried to choke her. Scotland Yard heard of this episode and kicked him out of the country. On arrival, he'd given some of Lana's money back to her for safekeeping. Now he wanted it back so he could convince British authorities he was a person of substance. Lana, shaken and stunned, her love crashing about her, refused and Johnny left.

But they didn't stop writing to each other. Lana wasn't free of his spell. On January 5, she wrote, *Oh, the many things I long to put on paper, yet my heart and my hand ache when I attempt to do so. . . .* She told him she'd read all his letters the notes he used to send with flowers . . . *So many precious things you told me, described to me, each beautiful and intimate detail of our love, our hopes, our dreams, our sex and longings . . . how you could write and when near me, make most of those dreams come to life and throb with the realness of you and us. . . .*

He phoned and told her time and love would heal. She wrote, *Oh, angel . . . time is supposed to be the only great healer, but I'm sure a lot of it must pass—before one can breathe a little deeper and easier—I still have the most awful constriction in my heart and tummy—I try desperately not to think too long on us . . .* She wrote of her daughter Cheryl . . . *It's been so good having her with me, and I think she's happy and grateful for this time together also. . . .*

And . . . *Last nite was wonderful talking to you—yet!—after we hung up—there it was again—all the pain, confusion, ache—oh! . . . darling, it's too much—sometimes, I think I shall stop, not write, call—think of any of it, pretend it didn't happen—any of it.*

*But so far my powers are not that strong and of course, in this house, I see and hear and feel only you—it has to be better when I can leave here—find a new perspective of everything—only then, will I really know what the future holds!*

*So until then, dear one, take very good care of yourself— Know that you are in my thoughts and my prayers, for us both, to be able to find some happiness, or peace, sometime, some place on this earth!*

**The magic is fading**

He felt her slipping away. He was losing her. He phoned her in London urging they see each other.

At 2:05 a.m. one morning in January, she wrote . . . *Please, after our call, I've been thinking and thinking—yes, what a shocking thrill it would be to see you on the plane, or wherever—but this is not right. You must let me be alone in my "own world" for a while, to rest, think.*

But Stompanato was desperate—and convincing. When Lana went to the Mexican playground of Acapulco for a two months' holiday in the sun he was with her. They had separate suites, but Johnny hovered over her every minute, waiting on her, rubbing suntan lotion on her back, talking talking. Lana seemed frightened now, Stauffer said. She acted as if she were trying to leave him, but didn't know how. He wouldn't let her out of his sight.

She was reserved now—close physically as they lounged on the beach—but her eyes were closed as though to shut him out of her sight. He knew she was slipping from his grasp. She had withdrawn, gone back into a world of her own, a world of light and talent that Stompanato could never enter.

The annual Motion Picture Academy Awards dinner was coming up Wednesday night, March 25. It was the biggest social affair in Hollywood, and Lana, at the peak of her career, had been nominated for the best performance of the year for her role in *Peyton Place*. She'd played the part of a mother with a secret past, a mother estranged from her daughter. Lana's own daughter Cheryl had attended the première with her father and wept openly when the screen mother and daughter were reunited at the end of the story.

The movie had become a sensational box-office success all over the country. Lana was going to be a bigger star than ever now. In her personal confusion, maybe she didn't realize it. She just wanted to get back home, back to work. Stompanato realized it, and he wanted his share of the money, the limelight. He pressed harder for marriage.

And Lana was coming to the realization that no matter how much it hurt, she must cut this man out of her life. Now she could see the tiger beneath the smooth manners.

**He hadn't shot anybody . . .**

He was still trying. On March 19, they flew back to Los Angeles on the same plane. Cheryl and friends and photographers met them at the airport. Stompanato grabbed Lana and they posed together.

Later she said this embarrassed her, but she tried to make the best of it. "Maybe you shouldn't pose with him," one of her friends murmured. Lana smiled, conscious that her baby daughter was watching, quipped, "Why not? He hasn't shot anybody and I haven't shot anybody."

In those next hectic weeks before the final fury, Johnny Stompanato pulled out all the stops, trying to get her.

He promoted himself with Cheryl as a prospective stepfather. He took her on shopping sprees and to ice cream parlors. He bought her candy and bright-colored scarves.

"Wouldn't it be nice if we could always get along like this and be companions?" he suggested.

He took a $12 a day apartment in a hotel, but he was Johnny on the spot, helping Lana move into her new two-story mansion. Her efforts to close him out of her life resulted in three violent arguments. The first took place when he asked her again to marry him and she turned him down. The second and much worse was about the Academy Awards Dinner. Johnny loved big events. To be part of the excitement, the perfumed, powerful beautiful women in their rich, swishing skirts. Lana's triumph would be his triumph. He would be part of it. She'd be telling the world she belonged to him. And her honors were his honors.

But she didn't take him. She refused to invite him. Instead, Cheryl and a long-time business associate accompanied her.

His anger almost choked him. "Look, what's the matter with you? Quit hiding me around corners," he exploded. "I'll tell you one thing. You'll never get rid of me. I won't let you go."

And then came the climax of the quarrels—on the Sunday and Monday before the fatal Friday, April. The veneer of love began to crack again, to turn into threats.

On Monday, the quarrel reached the screaming stage.

"I'll cut your face with a razor!" he shouted. "If a man makes a living with his hands I would destroy his hands. You make your living with your face. I will destroy your face. I'll get you where it hurts the most—your daughter and your mother!"

So he revealed himself as a naked thug. Cheryl overheard. She'd never before seen him with his guard down. Her weeping mother told Cheryl what kind of man he was, that she was afraid.

"I want to leave him, but I don't know how," Lana said.

Lana's mother phoned Beverly Hills police on Wednesday, and asked where the actress could get in touch with Chief Clinton H. Anderson. But Lana never called.

**One last dodge**

Stompanato knew he had lost her now. He paced his apartment, tearing his hair, trying to think of something.

He tried the old way. Letters. He started them, but he couldn't make the words flow anymore. She knew too much. She wouldn't believe.

He wrote, *My dearest Lana. I'm so filled with love for you at this moment, I wish I could write it in a hundred languages.*

*You know baby, I'm so lonesome for the touch of you, I could die. I try to think of when you were here and those precious minutes I wasted when my lips were not on yours.*

*I can tell you right now if I ever get you in my arms again, it will take more than a team of wild horses to break it up!*

He begged, *Lana, baby, let me prove that you and I belong together. Those last weeks when things were so hectic, I tried to keep my feet on the ground but you'll never know the many times I wanted to take you in my arms to some far away island . . . Time takes care of everything but my love for one Lana Turner. I love you very deeply and nothing can give me peace in this long sad loneliness . . . I wait for you and kiss you tenderly.*

He never finished the notes. His last unfinished note was strangely prophetic. *I am sure life isn't worth living without you.*

She saw less and less of him. But that Friday afternoon she gave in and said he could go with her in her station wagon to shop for articles for her new home. They returned to her place at 4:30 p.m. Two of her friends were there. They sat and chatted. Cheryl came home about 5:30. She was home for the Easter holidays. Stompanato left fifteen minutes later.

Lana's two guests stayed another hour. They asked her to dinner but she couldn't make arrangements on such short notice. Another night, she said.

Stompanato returned a little after 8:00 p.m. He was furious that the visitors had stayed with her after he left, upset that she had even considered having dinner with them unless he went along.

"You mean I cannot come along?"

"Well, surely I have the right to be able to see some people without your always being there, and there is nothing wrong—just to be able to sit and to discuss our friendship—friendships that were long ago, that you didn't even know about. Anyway, I'm not going to have dinner with them tonight. Maybe Saturday night."

**"You're a coward, Mother. . . . "**

She was defying him—openly. It was the last straw. Stompanato began to curse. His language was so vile she was afraid to be alone with him. She went upstairs into Cheryl's new room. Cheryl was watching television. Stompanato was right behind Lana and he was still swearing.

"I've told you I do not want to argue in front of the baby."

"Well, why not?" he snarled.

"Well, we're not going to," Lana said. She turned to her daughter and said "I am going downstairs and I'm coming right back up and I'm going to my room."

"Yes, Mother."

"You watch TV," Lana said. Then she drew her daughter aside and for a moment they talked together in the bathroom. "It looks as if we're going to have a bad night," Lana said.

Cheryl said, "Why don't you just tell him to go? You're a coward, Mother."

"You don't understand. I'm deathly afraid of him."

"Don't worry," Cheryl said. "I won't be far away. I won't leave you."

Lana smiled sadly. What good could a child do her in this mess she had gotten herself into?

When Lana went downstairs Stompanato followed her, still quarreling. She told him she'd found out too many of his lies, and the last one she'd found out today. It wasn't the worst one but it was a straw that broke the camel's back. That he was only thirty-two instead of the forty-one he'd told her. The lie that made her say to him—no matter what—"I can't go on like this. You know that I have begged. I've pleaded for you to leave me alone even with all your threats."

She started back upstairs, he followed, both talking at once. He followed her into her bedroom.

She kept saying, "There's no use discussing it any farther. I can't go on like this, and I want you to leave."

It was too much, too final. He saw his plans disappearing.

Stompanato grabbed her by the arms and shook her and cursed, "When I say hop, you'll hop. When I say jump, you'll jump. You'll do everything I tell you or I'll cut your face and cripple you. And beyond that I'll kill you and your daughter and your mother. No matter what, I'll get you where it hurts most. No matter what you do, how you try to get away!"

Lana broke away from his hold, twisted around and saw Cheryl standing wide-eyed in the door!

Horrified, Lana cried out, "Please, Cheryl, don't listen to any of this. Please go to your own room."

Cheryl stared at her, too numb to speak. But her eyes asked, "Are you sure, Mother?"

Lana began to cry. "Please, child, don't listen to this. I beg you to go back to your room."

Cheryl left and closed the door. Lana turned to Stompanato. "That's just great, that my child had to hear all of that. You are horrible, and I can't go through anything more."

He made a move to strike her.

"Don't ever touch me again," Lana said. "I'm absolutely finished. This is the end and I want you to get out."

She reached the door of her bedroom. He was behind her. She opened the door and suddenly Cheryl was there!

"I swear it was so fast," Lana testified, "I truthfully thought she had hit him in the stomach. As best I can remember they came together and then parted. I still never saw the blade. . . ."

Stompanato grabbed himself in the abdomen. He lunged forward, made almost half a turn and dropped on his back.

### Too late

It was 9:40 p.m. Stunned, unbelieving, Lana lifted his sweater and saw the blood. She dropped beside him and tried to stop the blood with towels. Tried to breathe life into his mouth. At 9:45, shaking with hysteria, she called her mother who phoned the doctor; he phoned the police. Cheryl called her father. Soon the house was full of people. Stompanato was dead.

Cheryl told police she had listened outside the door. "I knew mother was weak, and that she couldn't resist John. I've taken judo, and I'm pretty strong, stronger than mother is. I heard arguments and threats and screams . . . so I went down to the kitchen and got the first big knife I could find. . . . I went back to the door, intending to stay outside. But I could hear John saying, 'I'll cut you and maim you for life . . . if I can't do it, I'll have somebody else do it.' I opened the door and went in. Neither of them said anything. I didn't say anything. I just walked between them and . . . did it . . . I screamed. . . . I only meant to scare him. I did not know what was happening at the time. I know this is a terrible thing. I feel so sorry for Mommy, but I did it to protect her. I love her more than anything."

In his billfold they found a photograph of Lana inscribed, "For Johnny, my love and my life. Lana." He also had a lock of blonde hair in a plastic container, all in an envelope on which was written, *Johnny with the love of Lana.*

Autopsy surgeon Dr. Frederick Newbarr said the wound caused a massive hemorrhage that could have brought death in a matter of minutes. The fatal knife wound, five and a half inches in length, penetrated the liver and the vital portal vein.

Lana wept, "Can't I take the blame?"

Chief Anderson told her, "All we want is the truth."

Cheryl was held in juvenile custody.

Gambler Cohen identified the body. He blurted "Who did it? Who did it?"

Stompanato had once told Lana if anything ever happened to him, his vengeance would follow her. She was so frightened that police put a guard around her home.

This statement of hers, and the police guard, riled Cohen. He said it made him look bad because it looked like he might call out the mob to get her.

"Pretty soon they'll be accusing me of his murder," Cohen pouted. "I can't understand how it happened. He never chased her. It was the other way around. I thought they were married. I thought everything was okay."

### Mickey Cohen interferes

It made him mad, he announced, that Lana had made statements defaming Stompanato's character after his death and that she hadn't behaved decently in offering as he, Cohen, did, to pay for the funeral. So Cohen released to newspapers a package of love letters she'd written. Whether he got these letters from Stompanato's apartment after the slaying, or whether he already had them in his possession, is still a mystery. Cohen said, "Some before. Some after."

Cohen said he'd asked Stompanato's family to adopt him, and he intimated he might help them if they decided to file a million dollar civil damage suit against Lana and Cheryl.

Police planned to make ballistics test of Stompanato's gun. They thought a grand jury might be called to investigate a sex extortion ring. There was much to make the police think he might be involved.

Chief Anderson said "We all know that many women have moral weaknesses, and those weaknesses are attacked by a certain element. We have the obligation to protect these women."

This was a very late investigation of Stompanato. Some suggested little Cheryl had been forced to do a job authorities should have done years before—ridding society of this leech.

On Friday, April 11, Lana testified at the inquest. A jury of ten men and two women delivered a verdict of justifiable homicide. Cheryl was not charged. But a custody hearing for her on April 24 decided that she live with her grandmother, Lana's mother—at least for a while.

The question is did Johnny really fall in love with Lana when it was too late, or was this marriage only to be a gigantic shakedown in which he would eventually control all Lana's property?

He could never have enjoyed for long his place in the sun. If he'd known he was ill, his eyes would have bugged in almost as much surprise as when he was stabbed. The autopsy showed he was suffering from a kidney ailment and would have died of natural causes within ten years.

Lana's hour on the inquest witness stand was personal torture. She had to tear the words out of her throat as though each word was an evil thing. But it was her greatest performance, and in many ways, her finest hour. She fought for the one she loved most, Cheryl. She fought with tears, beauty, courage, the scarred heart laid bare. When the verdict came, she closed her eyes in prayer and murmured, "Thank God."

### Cheryl prays

On Friday, April 11, Lana and her mother testified at the inquest. Cheryl was excused and spent the day in Juvenile Hall talking to the other girls, reading and praying—she has been brought up to be a devout Catholic.

As a result of the inquest, Cheryl was cleared of any criminal charges. The prosecutor could have brought her to trial nonetheless, but was sure he wouldn't. "This is the clearest case of justifiable homicide I've ever seen," Chief Anderson had said, and the legal experts all seemed to agree.

But not everyone was so kind. When Cheryl walked out of juvenile hall finally, to the temporary sanctuary of her grandmother's home, there was a process server, waiting at the door. He handed her a summons. Johnny Stomponato's family, under the influence of Mickey Cohen, was suing Lana and Steve Crane for failing to exercise sufficient control over their daughter—who, they claim, was guilty of inflicting "wrongful death" on Johnny. For that trial, Cheryl will doubtless have to appear in court.

Nor is that the only trial ahead. The court which long ago awarded Cheryl's custody to Lana when she and Steve were divorced, is no longer sure that Lana qualifies as a fit mother. They may, of course, return Cheryl to her permanently, but it is more likely that she will stay with her grandmother, or maybe with her father.

Lana's mother, now making a home for her granddaughter and receiving court-allowed visits from Lana and Steve once a week, wants to keep her. Steve Crane, her father, has already petitioned the court for Cherry's permanent custody. In support of his plea, he has his excellent income, his good reputation, and a claim that Cheryl actually wants to live with him, and even told friends at Juvenile Hall that she would say so, "But I don't want to break Mommy's heart."

And Lana—what has she got left? A once-a-week visit with her child. A frightened hope that she will get Cherie back. A memory of a dead love—and a dead man. A ruined reputation, the knowledge that her private life, her private letters are public property now as they never have been before. It is true that from the inquest she emerged with a certain tragic dignity, that hearts that condemned her behavior nonetheless pitied her tears. But she will have to live with her memories and her loneliness and—probably—without her daughter, the one sure love in her life. No court ruling on guilt or innocence can make that better. No new love will ever be able to fully erase the memory of this great tragedy and pain.

**END**

*Lana can be seen in 20th-Fox's* PEYTON PLACE *and Paramount's* ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE. *She has been signed to star in U-I's* IMITATION OF LIFE.

**The editors wish to acknowledge the cooperation of the editors, staff and special researchers of INSIDE DETECTIVE, to whom they are obligated for the true story which you have just read.**

# who says we're too young to love?

(*Continued on page 28*) professional life plus school seldom are left unguarded to tell what they really want to say about themselves for publication.

I'd spent the afternoon with Lorrie. We'd been discussing her career. The act she does with her brother in *The Collins Kids* has been sky rocketing. Records, TV shows, Las Vegas stints and—now she's breaking into movies. When you're with her it's hard to remember that this attractive, talented girl is only fifteen. She seems to be in her early twenties. Tall and slender and willowy, she is poised far beyond her age.

Although she's been in professional show business for four years none of the brittle hardness has rubbed off on her. Lorrie is what is known as a "nice girl," but very mature for her age.

It wasn't until our second meeting that Lorrie gave me this story. And she told me then why she decided to tell me the truth about the romance. It seems that right after I had left Lorrie's house, she was on the phone with Ricky. She told him about my burning question: "Are you two in love?" And Ricky sounded happy and eager when he asked, "Did you tell her that you are in love with me?" Lorrie told him that because everyone advised her not to commit herself—she really didn't say. And Ricky answered, hurt, "Why didn't you tell the truth? Don't you want people to know?"

At our second interview Lorrie mentioned his reaction. And as we talked, it seemed as though Ricky's comments had made her want to talk about how she felt toward Ricky. The jealousies, the fun times, the sad times, the humorous times, all the things that happen between a fifteen-year-old and a seventeen-year-old when they go steady. Most of all Lorrie seemed to want to tell how lightly others regard young romance.

### Tex loses a bet

Like in Bakersfield. Lorrie had gone on a four day tour with Tex Ritter. They played three days in San Francisco then toured to Bakersfield on Sunday for a recording session.

Ricky asked Lorrie if he could come to Bakersfield and drive her back to Los Angeles Sunday afternoon. Lorrie said, "Yes."

In Bakersfield she told Tex she wouldn't be going home with the group. When she explained that Ricky was coming for her, Tex was so sure Ricky Nelson wouldn't drive the 150 miles over the mountains to pick up *any* girl—he kidded Lorrie and bet her ten cents to a dollar he wouldn't show. Like everyone else he doesn't take their romance seriously. But you should have seen his face when Rick arrived and Tex found himself owing Lorrie a dollar!

Then there's the song that Ricky wrote for Lorrie. Because both of them have to leave Los Angeles fairly often to perform, they're separated more than they'd like to be. Lonesome for Lorrie while she was away, Ricky composed a song for her with these lyrics:

*DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY*

*I thought you said our love was true*
*That you loved me*
*And I loved you.*
*But now you're gone*
*And I am blue.*
*Oh, what am I going to do?*

Normally, if a singer—say Frank Sinatra—composed a song for a gal, nobody would argue that he really liked her. There'd be few scoffers around. Everyone would think it was a pretty terrific thing for him to do and they'd recognize that his feelings for the girl were more than casual. But Lorrie's become rather shy about the song. Ricky may record it. Who knows? It may become a big hit but right now Lorrie's tired of the "Aren't those youngsters cute" attitude that oldsters take if she mentions it.

Then there's Lorrie's agent, Bob Wagonner. He has her best interests at heart but he's not above teasing Lorrie that she's far too young and fickle to stay faithful to Ricky. And it bothers her. "It hurts me even to have someone say things like that," Lorrie says.

But Bob has problems.

Lorrie and her brother appeared on the Dan Dailey show at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. An engagement like that is great for Lorrie's career but it's maddening for her personal life. Facing a separation—Ricky was heading for Florida—Ricky gave Lorrie his ring. That's the ring he always wore, the one with the two drama masks on it.

Lorrie was bubbling with happiness but Bob was terribly concerned about the ring. Lorrie wanted to wear it on her third finger left hand constantly. From five feet away the ring looks exactly like a wedding band. When Lorrie is on stage, the ring gives everyone in the audience a wrong impression. After all a fifteen-year-old generally isn't married.

Her agent urged her not to wear the ring on stage, "Because you're too young." Lorrie obeyed . . . but offstage she always wears it.

How did Lorrie and Ricky become so fond of each other? One Saturday evening last June Ricky was watching TV and there was Lorrie in *Jamboree,* a program on which she is a regular. Ricky was intrigued. It was a simple reaction. He wanted to meet her.

### Ricky is shy

After a bit of scouting around, he found out she went to Hollywood Professional High. He got her phone number from Molly Bee who also goes there. But Ricky is shy. He didn't want to phone her cold. After sounding out his friends he found out that *The Four Preps* knew her. He cajoled one of them into introducing him to Lorrie over the phone.

Now Lorrie admits when she heard, "Say, Ricky Nelson is here and he'd like to talk to you," she thought she was being ribbed. Then she heard his voice and knew it was for real. He asked her for a date right off.

She hated to, but she had to refuse. The night he asked for was graduation at Hollywood Professional High and she already had a date. But Ricky was not to be put off. He asked her if he could come and meet her at the ceremonies. Lorrie said, "Okay." She didn't think Ricky was serious, but how little she knew him then! He did come and afterwards they talked for about twenty minutes while Lorrie's date—an old friend who didn't really care—cooled his heels.

The next night Lorrie had another date. Lorrie and her mother have a working agreement that Lorrie gives an exact time when she'll be home from a date. If for any reason she can't make it on time, she phones home. This night she told her mother they were just going to a movie and would be home at 10 p.m. When she and her date wanted to stop for a hamburger on the way home, she phoned for permission to stay out until eleven.

"Guess who stopped out to see you," said her mother. In a burst of wistful thinking Lorrie asked, "Ricky Nelson?" Now she admits she was really surprised when her mother said, "Yes."

"Darn, darn, darn," thought Lorrie. She'd liked Ricky immediately when she'd seen him at the graduation party. But the next day she, her parents and her brothers were going on a three months' tour. She thought she'd missed her very last chance to know him.

### Late date

About quarter to eleven a car with four boys in it drove up to the Collins' home in San Fernando, a Los Angeles suburb. The doorbell rang. Lorrie's mother answered it. There stood Ricky. Timidly moving his left foot back and forth on the doorsill, Ricky shyly asked Mrs. Collins if Lorrie had come home yet. When she said no he hesitated, still moving his foot.

Hazel Collins is a woman of great understanding for young people. "Lorrie will be home in fifteen minutes. Would you like to come in and wait for her?"

Ricky and his four friends came in.

Promptly at eleven Lorrie came home. This time with a date who wasn't an old friend and who wasn't quite so pleased to share her but he had no alternatives. They came in the living room where her parents, plus Ricky and his four friends were all waiting. Embarrassing.

It was on this evening that Lorrie and Ricky first really got to talk together. But with so many people around, it certainly wasn't in a very personal vein.

The next morning the whole Collins family left Los Angeles and were gone for three months. On the trip Lorrie often thought of Ricky but she decided any hopes of knowing him better were futile. Was there a chance that a celebrity like him would remember a girl he'd only met for twenty minutes at a school function and then for an hour in her crowded living room?

Then came September. Lorrie's brother was scheduled to record with Joe Maphis right after the Collins' returned from their tour.

Lorrie didn't intend to go to their recording session but they kept phoning her to come—and to come dressed up.

When she got to the studio, she was told, "Ricky's right out there in the ante-room. Go in and tell him hello."

She just knew this was a practical joke, but Lorrie decided to go along with the gag and when they got to the empty room she started calling Ricky like one calls a pet, "Here Ricky, here Ricky, come Ricky." To add to the gag, she started lifting the cushions off the sofa pretending she'd find Ricky hidden under one of the pillows.

There she was leaning over one of the sofa pillows—and the door opened and Ricky came in with her dad carrying cokes and sandwiches!

Lorrie never explained to Ricky why she was lifting the sofa cushions. So if he didn't just guess—and how could he—the mystery will be cleared up when Ricky reads this.

### Going steady

Because both of these youngsters are really very shy, few people knew when they started going steady. Ricky would come out to Lorrie's house five and six nights a week or they'd go to his parents to watch TV. On weekends they generally go to a movie and to a drive-in afterwards.

Yet hardly anyone in Hollywood was aware that they were dating at all!

They were too young to go to nightclubs where many of the Hollywood columnists hang out. Ricky and Lorrie were unintentionally incognito.

Ricky has his parents' approval to date Lorrie. They met her and liked her. His mother asked Lorrie how old she was soon after they met. When Lorrie said she was fifteen—Harriet Nelson was surprised. Her comment was that probably both Ricky and Lorrie have matured faster because of being in show business. Ricky has more poise than the normal teenager and so does Lorrie.

Lorrie's mother was not quite so casual about it. Lorrie's dating life has been of infinite concern to Hazel Collins.

Mrs. Collins, now 35, eloped with Laurence Collins when she was sixteen. They had planned to be just farmers. They had a happy life in Oklahoma on a 180-acre farm in their early married life. Sundays they'd go to church. Once in a while they'd spend an evening with friends. But most evenings they gathered around the piano Hazel's mother gave them, and sang. It's from those evenings that Lorrie and her brother Larrie gained their singing experience.

Then hard times hit. Hazel and Laurence Collins made a brave gamble and bought $6,000 worth of cattle, hoping to establish themselves. Almost the day after they made the purchase, the bottom dropped out of cattle prices. Financially, they were ruined.

For awhile Mr. Collins worked in a grainery and his wife ran the farm. While he was gone she operated the tractors, milked the cows and did all the heavy chores a man normally does on a farm.

While the parents were both working there was no one to care for the family but their oldest daughter, Sherry.

Debts piled up. No matter how hard they worked, they could see no hope of ever repaying their debts if they stayed where they were. Friends kept telling them that jobs with good money were available in California.

So the Collins clan pulled up stakes in Oklahoma and headed for the West Coast. The main assets they brought were the will to work, three talented children and Mrs. Collins' prayer to God that the move was the right thing for her family.

Lorrie's father took two full-time jobs when they arrived in Los Angeles. He was away from his family seventeen hours a day. And until they paid off their debts, Hazel worked too.

Again, Lorrie's sister Sherry acted as the mother in Los Angeles as she had done back on the farm. The experience matured her early.

**The child bride—**

How mature her parents were soon to discover. When she was fifteen and a half years old she asked her parents for permission to marry! She was in love with a minister's son who had a good job with a truck towing service. And he was in love with her.

They wanted her to wait until she was older. It hurt her mother to see Sherry give up so many carefree youthful years. Sherry kept pointing out to them that they had been married when Hazel was sixteen. There was no answer for that. Reluctantly, her parents signed the papers for Sherry and her young man, Don Madden, to marry under age. As it turns out Sherry and Don have had a happy marriage. They've been married three years now and have an adorable, one-year-old baby girl named Vicki.

So Lorrie has two examples right in her own family of happy marriages where the brides were just her age on their wedding day.

This has been a tremendous worry to her mother who anxiously wants to be sure the same thing doesn't happen to Lorrie. Her parents told Lorrie flatly that they would under no circumstances ever sign any papers for any underage marriage for Lorrie.

They've always kept close track of Lorrie's dating. She hasn't been allowed to go out with boys her parents don't approve of and they like to know Lorrie's boyfriends well.

They do know Ricky well and think a lot of him.

Night after night, Ricky drives from Beverly Hills to the Collins' modest home far out in the San Fernando Valley. The whole family, including twelve-year-old Larry, and Sherry's family (if they're around) welcome Ricky into their life.

Invariably they all head for the tile floored, beamed ceiling den-dining room. The guitars are kept near the piano. And there's always a box of chocolate-covered cherries on the table. Lorrie buys them because she knows how wild Ricky is about them. And there are hamburgers and cokes, Ricky's favorite foods, ready in the kitchen.

They can have much more fun like this than at any dances or parties. These are tremendously creative evenings. Everyone in the Collins family likes to compose music. So does Ricky.

**Their song**

One evening Lorrie and Ricky collaborated on a song they called *My Gal*. As with the song Ricky composed for Lorrie, they have hopes of recording it.

Ricky inevitably wears jeans when he comes out to the Collins' and he often reminds Lorrie, "Why don't we be casual and you wear capris?" even for dates when they're going to a movie.

On rare occasions they double date with Ricky's brother Dave and if he's footing the bill, they'll usually kid him along and pretend to order steaks.

This may sound like unexciting dating to some young people but it's not to Ricky and Lorrie. Lots of times, Lorrie confesses, they enjoy just being together, not talking or laughing, just quietly secure in each other's presence.

Not everything has gone smoothly for them. Like the time Lorrie was asked to join Nick Adams in presenting awards to the most promising teenagers selected at a contest run by the Covina branch of a local department store chain.

The TV station owner who'd arranged for Lorrie's appearance offered to drive her the forty miles to Covina. He was about thirty-five—and that seems very very old to Lorrie. Both her mother and Lorrie thought it was just an offer to drive her out and that his wife would be along.

The man, it turned out, was a bachelor! And no one else was along.

At the awards presentation, Nick Adams, always a lad with an open eye for a cute new girl, asked Lorrie for a date.

On the way home with the older man Lorrie noticed a Plymouth that looked strangely like Ricky's following them. At first she thought it just a coincidence. As they made the various turns towards Lorrie's home and when the other car turned too, she knew it was Ricky.

Sure enough, the Plymouth stopped and shut off its lights just before the turn into the one-block dead-end street where Lorrie lives.

Lorrie had intended going right to bed when she got home. Now she didn't. Fooling around in the living room pretending to read a magazine and chatting with her parents, she waited.

In about five minutes, Ricky just stopped by. At first he denied following her. But he tripped himself up when he inadvertently mentioned the exact time she'd arrived. The green eye of jealousy became really glowing when Lorrie reported that Nick Adams asked her for a date. "Doesn't that guy know I'm dating you?" he exploded. Lorrie, of course, had refused Nick's date, but she didn't admit it right at first to Ricky.

**That phone call**

Sometimes the shoe is on the other foot. One evening when they weren't to be together Ricky said he'd phone Lorrie. She waited all evening and when she didn't hear from him her feelings were hurt.

The next night when Ricky phoned, he surprised her by asking where she'd been the night before. "At home waiting for your call."

Apparently Ricky had dialed the wrong number. When Lorrie coolly sniffed, "That's a likely story," Ricky got both his parents on the phone to assure her that he had tried to reach her the night before.

Sometimes there's a twist of sadness with these two. One day the new record charts had just come out. These are industry reports showing how well sales of records are going. Lorrie happily congratulated Ricky. His records were doing great.

Instead of being happy Ricky seemed wistful. Finally, he admitted he was worried for fear his next record would be a flop.

"If it was, you probably wouldn't like me anymore," Ricky told Lorrie.

Wise little Lorrie, a veteran of many many public appearances, understands Ricky when he makes remarks like that. She knows that when you're as famous as he is, and thousands of people applaud and write to you, saying they like you, sometimes you worry about people liking you just for yourself alone, not because you're a popular singer.

When he worries this way, Lorrie is one of the few who can reassure him. "I wouldn't date you just because you're Ricky Nelson if I didn't like you," she tells him. When Lorrie makes this promise Ricky knows she's telling the truth because she has been a professional entertainer for four years. She's met top names in the entertainment world. She's not awed by fame, nor emotionally affected by it.

These two talk the same language. Like two good chemistry students attracted to each other because of similar knowledge and interests, teenage experiences in show business has drawn them closer than just casual dating.

How close, how permanent, only time can tell—but Lorrie does wear Ricky's ring.

One evening as he was driving with her in his Plymouth over the winding hills that rise between his home and hers, Ricky was unusually quiet. Breaking the silence, Lorrie asked him what he was thinking of.

"I want to ask you something," Ricky told her.

"What?" she asked curiously. Then Ricky hesitated. It seemed like an hour to Lorrie before he got to the point and erupted suddenly, "Will you marry me?"

At first Lorrie thought Ricky was kidding so she simply answered, "Sure."

Then Ricky assured her he was serious. Not for this month nor this year but in three or four years, he explained.

This time there was seriousness in Lorrie's low voice, too. "Yes," she beamed. "Oh yes, Ricky. I would like to marry you in three or four years."

These Kids are pretty grown up. And it looks like they're going to prove it one day to all those well-meaning people who say they're too young to love. **END**

*You will soon be able to see Ricky in Warner's* RIO BRAVO.

TOMMY SANDS, STAR OF CAPITOL RECORDS AND 20th-CENTURY-FOX



# "You can always tell a HALO girl"

## Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
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**The magic of Halo shampoo** is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

**He'll love the satiny shine** Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

**Get that look-again look, today**—with pure, sparkling Halo.




HALO *glorifies as it cleans*

# I never had a father

(*Continued from page 33*) loud in the quiet room. She broke off, took a deep breath.

"Honey," she said, "tell me what's the matter. What's wrong with you? I've never seen you like this. Ever since we left the show—it's as if I don't know you."

For the first time, Tab Hunter raised his head.

"Maybe . . ." he said slowly, "maybe you don't."

The girl blinked. "But—that's nonsense. We've been going together for months. Writing every day, talking on the phone. Of course I know you. Honey, I love you, and that *makes* me know you."

Tab looked steadily into her eyes. "And you *know* I could never be, say, like that man in the show tonight—ruining his children's lives, deserting them—"

"Of course not!" she said indignantly.

"Of course not," Tab echoed. He reached out suddenly and took her hand. "Listen. We may be in love. But so were my folks when they got married. But it went wrong anyway. It went wrong and I grew up seeing my mother break her back to support me and Walt, never knowing my father, never having a man in the house . Baby, what if you and I stopped loving each other? What if we did that to our children?"

"But we wouldn't. We won't. We *know*—"

"What do we know?" Tab said impatiently. "We can't see the future. No one ever knows, not ever. Honey—I—I don't even know how a father is supposed to act, what he does with his kids. If we were to get married—"

"If?" the girl cried out. "*If?*"

Tab stood up. His eyes were bewildered. In a low voice he said, "I don't know. Maybe a man who never had a father doesn't have any right to become one. I just—don't know."

He reached for his coat. He tried a smile that didn't quite make it.

And then he was gone.

The girl sat stunned on the couch. In the middle of her blown-up world she knew only one thing. She wasn't being jilted. But the man she loved wasn't ready to marry yet—not her or anyone else.

And Tab Hunter, walking slowly down the hall and out into the street—was remembering.

He had been two, his brother Walt three, when they moved from New York to San Francisco. That was in 1933, twenty-five years ago. But he could remember it still. The hot, dusty hours of traveling. The moment when his mother carried him into the dim little apartment where they were to live. And the sound of his own voice:

"Where's my Daddy? I want my Daddy—"

His mother had set him wearily down on the floor. "Daddy isn't here. He's gone to live somewhere else Baby, I told you that—"

His eyes streamed tears. His baby fists beat against his mother's arm. "I want to go home. I don't like it here. I want my daddy!"

But Daddy didn't come.

Daddy never came back, and because of that, Mother had to be away also, working as a nurse, taking care of other people and leaving her own children behind.

Her earnings were small and most of them went for rent. Only one room—but in a good neighborhood. Her children would have to be left alone a good deal. She couldn't risk leaving them in a slum, to grow up into strangers, to join a gang. So she took the one-room in a nice building.

But when the rent was paid, when the lady who looked in on Tab and Walt in the afternoon, gave them lunch and nursed them if they were sick, was paid—there was almost nothing left over.

One cold night, Mrs. Gelien got home late. It had been a bad week, little work. In the refrigerator there was a bottle of milk, and a half-empty can of vegetables. In her purse there was one dollar. And in the apartment, her babies had been waiting alone for her for hours.

She came home exhausted and took one look at their mournful faces. "Come on," she said, making a game of it, not wanting to leave them alone for another minute. "Put on your coats and I'll take you on the sled to the store."

Walt sat on the front of the sled, Tab hung on behind. With her tired arms, Mrs. Gelien pulled. With her tired mind, she tried to plan a dollar's worth of food that would feed three people. Meat was out of the question. She would get potatoes, bread, maybe three eggs, some cheese—

Suddenly the strain on her arm was lessened, the sled seemed lighter. She walked on a few steps and then realized—something had happened. Alarmed, she whirled around. Only Walt was on the sled! Staring down the dark block, she saw a little huddled figure left behind. She dropped the rope and ran.

And there in the middle of the street, up to his waist in snow sat her baby. But he wasn't crying and he wasn't yelling. He was clutching a five-dollar bill.

Mrs. Gelien was never sure whether he had fallen off the sled onto the money—

**Today's best laugh: Arthur O'Connell says he sat through a long love scene at a drive-in movie before he noticed he wasn't facing the screen.**
*Earl Wilson*
*in the New York Post*

or had seen it and gone after it. It didn't matter. Now there would be meat for her children. Laughing and crying, she dusted the snow off her son.

By the time he was five, he had known loneliness. He had stood with Walt, peering out from behind the curtains at the children in the street. Children who lived in a magic world of shouts and laughter, who ran down the street with faces shining and arms stretched out when their fathers turned the corner.

And there was plenty to cry about.

He and Walt were different from the other children in school. Brought up by women only, they were shy and quiet; the boisterous games, the pushing and shoving, the loud voices alarmed them. Raised on their mother's meager earnings, they had no money. The other children, proud of their newly-won allowances, would stop by the candy store on the way home from school. Licorice sticks and candy bars would exchange hands. Ice cream cones would be passed around for "licks."

The Gelien boys had no funds to buy their own candy, no extra pennies with which to treat. They were too human to stand around and watch goodies disappear down other boys' throats, and too proud to accept treats they couldn't return.

They went right home after school and sat together in their one-room apartment from three until night, when Mother got home. On one winter afternoon Tab looked up at the door and shook his head.

"I'm not going in," he said.

Walt stared at him. "Why not?"

"There's nothing to do inside."

"There's nothing to do outside, either. You'll freeze."

But he sat stubbornly on the stoop waiting for something to happen—anything. He stayed until his feet were numb and his hands were blue—a lost, lonely little boy with no one to come home to.

Finally he went in.

"Walt, what do other boys do, days?"

Walt shook his head. "I don't know. They—go places, I guess. To baseball games and things."

"All right," Tab said. "I'm going, too."

Tiny as he was, he ran errands that spring, made a quarter here and there, saved it. At school he listened anxiously to the chatter around him. A lot of the boys were being taken to a baseball game one Saturday afternoon. Tab counted his savings. He had enough for a ticket. Very well, he would go to the game. He would be like the other boys. Next Monday he would have something to talk to them about, he would break through his loneliness, be one of them at last.

On Saturday afternoon he trudged to the game, waited patiently on line at the boxoffice. When his turn came, he held out his handful of change proudly. "One, please."

The ticket man looked down at him. "One, eh? You all alone, sonny?"

He nodded gravely. "One. Just one."

The ticket man shook his head. "Sorry. We can't let you in alone. You go home and get your Daddy."

A dull red crept over Tab's face. "My—?"

"Yeah. You go tell your Daddy I said he should take you to the game, hear?"

He turned and fled.

He never tried again.

Time went by. Tab grew big enough to get into a ball game alone. And too big to go on being his mother's little boy. Around him, the other fellows were changing, too. They talked big, about smoking, about drinking, about girls.

"My father says a guy shouldn't mix his drinks, see?"

"My old man told me if I don't smoke till I'm twenty-one he'll give me a hundred dollars—"

He had problems of his own, questions to ask. And no one to answer them.

His mother tried to help, would have done anything in her power. But you can't go to your mother and say, "You're the wrong person to ask. You're wonderful and I love you—but you're a woman. Sometimes a fellow needs a man."

He kept his problems to himself.

They moved around a lot, then. Mrs. Gelien went wherever there was a job. Wherever she went, her sons followed. To begin again the difficult job of making friends, changing schools, being strangers. Once in their moves, they lived next door to a man who took an interest in Tab, a Mr. Valpey. In his den, Tab gradually came to feel at home, to ask questions, take his advice. He cared so much about those sessions that he had to hold himself back from being there all the time, wearing out his welcome. He felt for almost a year that he had a father.

### It's hard to grow up

But at the end of the year, they moved again. And in the back of Tab's mind, his babyhood cry echoed over and over—

"I want my Daddy. I want my Daddy—"

By high school it was better—or worse. Depending on how you wanted to look at it. Skinny, tousle-haired little Art Gelien had grown into a young blond giant. Maybe it was the broad shoulders, maybe it was the handsome, even-featured face, or maybe it was the never-outgrown wistful look in his eyes. Whatever it was. it drove the girls crazy. They surrounded him wherever he went, made absolute, open, unashamed fools of themselves to beg for a lock of hair, a date for a dance,

even a smile. At first he liked it. It was a sure-cure for loneliness. He needed it.

But it finished him for good with the fellows.

If they had ignored him before, now they actively disliked him.

"That Gelien guy—who does he think he is?"

"What's he trying to do, make a collection of everybody else's steadies?"

He knew how they felt. He grew to almost hate the mobs of girls trailing after him. But he couldn't get rid of them. Any more than he could walk up to one of the guys and say, "Listen, it isn't my fault. I don't want it. Listen, next Saturday I'm going horseback riding for the first time . You want to come along?"

No, he couldn't do that. He went horseback riding, and taught himself to ice skate—alone. He had had no father to teach him, as other boys had. He was used to being alone.

But it wasn't easy. It drove him, one afternoon, to do something he had sworn he would never do. To ask his mother what went wrong.

He had been afraid she would cry. She didn't. She looked at him dry-eyed and said, "I can't tell you all of it. It's too long. I'll tell you this, and maybe it will be enough. On the day you were born, your father came into the room. I said to him, holding you in my arms, 'We have another son.' He took a candy bar out of his pocket and threw it on the bed. 'Congratulations!' he said. And he walked out."

It was enough. His mother didn't cry, but Tab, fifteen years old, felt the slow tears start behind his eyes.

Two weeks later, he told her he wanted to join the Coast Guard.

It would mean lying about his age. It would mean leaving her alone, for Walt, too, was gone. It would mean going out into the world on his own.

But Mrs. Gelien, with a mother's wisdom, thought not of her own loneliness, but that her son would be finding friends, would be among men at last, would have older men around him, officers whom he could trust and turn to. She would be alone, but he would have found a world.

She said "yes."

It was a decision to be proud of. It was the best thing that ever happened to Tab Hunter. It gave him security and self-confidence; it made him a man—a man who would eventually be ready to become an actor and a star.

But it couldn't do everything.

On a day in 1947 stationed in New York, Tab Hunter walked to the house where his father lived and knocked at the door. A woman answered.

"Does Mr. Gelien live here?"

The woman looked at him curiously. "He isn't in now. Would you like to leave a message? Or wait?"

For a long second, Tab stared at her. "No," he said finally. "Just tell him—his son stopped by."

*His son stopped by.* Why? Tab never knew. To see his father for himself? To spit out the years of loneliness and misery? To shout "I hate you?" To sneer, "I've done all right without you, see?" To hold out a hand and say, "Let's forget it. Let's be friends?"

Or just to quiet that baby voice: "I want my Daddy, I want my Daddy—"

He never knew. Now, eleven years later, walking away from the girl he loved, he still didn't know. But he knew he was afraid, and that it was because he had never had a father.

He knew that until the questions were answered, there was unfinished business in his life. **END**

*Tab can be seen in* GUNMAN'S WALK *for Columbia and in Warner's* DAMN YANKEES.

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## my mother gave me to a mad woman

(*Continued from page 50*) rocking horse, a few games, and a lot of books and paintings done by children. Then the officers left me with a middle-aged woman who took off my lavender dress with the turtle-shaped buttons, and made me wear a plain, grey cotton dress that buttoned down the front.

I don't know how long I stayed at the orphanage. I think about two years. And I was quite happy there. I got along well with the other children. For the first time in my life I ate regularly. The people were nice to me and the only thing I felt uneasy about were the cribs. We were about forty or fifty children in one ward, all sleeping in cribs of different sizes. Somehow the slats, as the sides were pulled up, frightened me. I felt shut in.

One afternoon, about two years later, I was drawing a house in the playroom. A social worker named Mrs. Camera tapped me on my back. She told me I was going to leave the orphanage, and helped gather up my few belongings—a pencil, a few sheets of paper, a tiny rubber ball, a chewed-up doll, a change of clothes and an extra hat.

Mrs. Camera brought me to a family who lived in an old house on top of a hill overlooking the bay.

The people I stayed with—Mr. and Mrs. B—had two older children, both in high school. I'm not sure whether they took me because they wanted another little girl, or because of the forty dollars a month they would get from the state to take care of me. . . .

Whatever the reason, I felt that Mrs. B did like me. She was big and fat and motherly and very kind to me.

For the first time in my life I made my own friends, two children who lived in the same block. A little Negro boy, and a blond little girl who spoke with a heavy accent, and was called Gretchen. I don't remember the boy's name.

### Roots are torn

One morning a taxi pulled up in front of the house. I thought the lady who stepped out of it looked familiar, but I couldn't place her. She told the driver to wait and walked right past me into the house. A few minutes later my foster mother called me inside. She was shaking with sobs when she told me that I was to be taken away from her. It was then that I recognized the woman in the cab—Mrs. Camera, the social worker who had brought me to the house two years before.

Suddenly a thought struck me. Mrs. Camera was going to take me back to my mother! I just knew she would. . . .

I had thought of my mother now and then and missed her in a half-remembering way. And as I grew older, I realized that I wanted her most when I was unhappy, although I would all but forget her when everything was going pretty well.

### Back to the orphanage

But Mrs. Camera was not taking me to my mother, but back to the orphanage instead. And again, as I was walking down the rickety stairs of the old home, I could hear Mrs. B sob just as my mother had done four years before, "I don't know why they are taking her away. I don't know. . . ."

I didn't either. I still don't.

When I got back to the orphanage I kept worrying about the tin foil I had left behind at Mrs. B's house. There had been a drive on in kindergarten to collect it for the war effort. I didn't understand the war, but I was proud to have been asked to do my share, and now the results were lying in my room, stuffed into a paper bag. I would never know if they were delivered to my class. . . .

I stayed at the orphanage just a few days—and then I was brought back to my mother after all. It would have been better for me if it hadn't happened.

Everything is very hazy about the few days I spent with her in a dark, musty room of a San Francisco hotel. My mother looked much older than I had remembered her, and unkempt, and she would cry easily and often. She talked a lot to me but somehow it never got through to me. Once in a while she would suddenly pull me close and hug me, and I could feel her warm tears. . . .

One night—it was the day after Christmas—she packed the battered old suitcase and took me to the station. We were on the train all night, heading south.

I don't know why she had chosen Los Angeles. Maybe she had some friends or relatives there.

It was just getting dark when we arrived at the three-story frame house in one of Los Angeles' least fashionable sections. When she rang the bell I still didn't know that Mother was just going to leave me there. A huge, strapping woman opened the door. She smiled sweetly as she guided us into the living room, where I stayed while the women walked into the kitchen.

While they talked, I became interested in the toys scattered through the huge living room, some still partially wrapped in gay Christmas paper. They belonged to my new mother's kids.

I don't know why I did what I did next. Maybe because I got no toys for Christmas. Maybe because I was about to be left once again. Maybe—I just don't know. But suddenly I grabbed a piece of crayola and scratched it across the toy blackboard, ruining it completely. Then I went to work on the other toys, pulling and tearing and throwing them through the room, ruining every piece. And when my new mother stalked into the room I pretended I was sorry for what I had done. She didn't punish me for it . . . yet.

My own mother left before supper. I was so tired I couldn't eat much, and was put to bed early while the others were still eating.

The next morning, my new mother—I'll call her Mrs. X from now on—leaned over me bright and early. She seemed so big, looming over me. But she was smiling. "Are you ready for breakfast, dear?"

"I always brush my teeth before I eat," I exclaimed defiantly.

I got dressed, and walked downstairs where I met Mrs. X's two children, a boy of six, which was my age, and another boy three years younger. I took an immediate dislike to the six-year-old.

Again I did something I can't explain. The moment we were alone in the room, I scratched him across the cheek until I drew blood. Then I rushed into the dining room and sweetly volunteered my services to set the table.

When Mrs. X saw what I did to her son, she gently pulled me aside. She really seemed to be trying to understand me. "Why did you do it?" she asked. "Aren't you happy here?"

I tried to hold back my tears, but not



Rinses twice as clean..

successfully. No, I wasn't happy. I was miserable.

Everything might have still worked out if it hadn't been for the grandparents. They resented me from the very beginning. They came over often; they adored their grandchildren; they considered me an intruder and showed it openly and pointedly. . . . Soon the effect began to tell on Mrs. X.

**The nightmare begins**

Other things began to influence her, too. One of the reasons she took me into her home was that she could have no more children. Since she had always wanted a daughter, I was to take her place. That's why she became more and more upset whenever I started talking about my own mother, and how I missed her. She wanted me to think of *her* as my real mother.

Mrs. X was a strong domineering woman who had to have her way, who wouldn't tolerate anything contrary to her own ideas and who wanted to know everything I did, said, thought. "If you come back from school and tell me a girl you talked to wore a red skirt and I later find out it was green, you are going to be punished, June," she threatened me.

To make sure that she knew everything I did, she had spies everywhere—in the neighborhood, at school, in church. People would report on me because she asked them to, and they respected her, and because they thought I was a terrible girl. Mrs. X told them that.

She was a brutal woman. If I did something wrong—and 'wrong' could mean not remembering the color of a couch I sat on or the name of a girl I talked to or exactly what the teacher told me in school—I was punished severely and painfully. I was spanked with switches, knocked downstairs, tied to chairs and locked in dark closets till I thought I would suffocate. Once she threw me into the bathtub. When I complained about a backache, she sneered that I was a sissy and refused to call a doctor. I'm still having trouble with my back as a result of it. . . .

Mostly I dreaded it when she compared me with the inmates of the insane asylum where she occasionally worked during the day as a practical nurse. This form of punishment was reserved for special occasions, like the time I ate a piece of candy without asking her permission first. I took it from a box of chocolates given to me by a boy in school for Valentine's Day. I hadn't dared tell Mrs. X about it because she didn't tolerate letting me have any friends, boys or girls. This had been the first box of candy anyone had ever given me, and I had sneaked it into the house and hid it under my pillow. "See, this is how we treat our patients when we put them into straitjackets," she laughed devilishly when she caught me and slapped my face over and over and over again. It was so black and blue and swollen that the school principal called me into his office the next day and wanted to know what had happened.

I was afraid to tell the truth because I knew it would only get me more beatings. And so I lied about running into a door.

**No one to believe me**

By this time Mrs. X didn't treat her own children much better than she did me. The oldest boy tried to win favors by kissing and hugging her. She was getting worse and worse. The younger one stood up to her, but both hated her violently. One day Mr. X simply walked out of the

house and never came back. After that, Mrs. X never did seem sane.

I was ten years old now. I was never allowed to have friends, to go to anyone else's house, even if I had time for it, which I didn't. I was too busy with chores which included taking care of five children who boarded with Mrs. X during the day. I changed them and fed them and played with them and fixed their lunches. I never got a cent for it. I didn't even have carfare and had to walk twelve blocks twice a day to get to school. Surprisingly, it took over four more years before my plight was discovered. I knew by now that Mrs. X was a mad woman. She was also a clever and cunning woman.

A welfare worker would check up on me once in a while. Mrs. X always knew in advance when to expect her and made me move my cot from beside the ice box in the kitchen, where I usually slept, to an upstairs bedroom. Welfare children were supposed to have a place of their own. She threatened me with additional punishment if I ever said a word about it to anyone.

Even our next door neighbor, a Methodist minister, didn't know what was going on at first, although eventually, when my case came up in court, he was among the people able to testify in my behalf.

Once my mother came to stay with us for two weeks. The moment I saw her walk through the front door I rushed over and threw my arms around her and begged her to take me away. I told her about the terrible treatment I was getting—but she didn't believe me.

She must have told Mrs. X about it because the next morning Mrs. X blocked my way when I tried to leave the kitchen. She had a knife in her right hand and poked the point into my forehead. "Did you ask your mother to take you away from here?" she hissed.

I could feel the perspiration form on my face, my hands, my back. "No, I didn't," I lied. "Honest, I didn't. . . ."

The knife's point dug in. "You are lying. I can always tell when you are lying. . . ." And then came her warning: "If you tell her anything else you'll be in *real* trouble. . . ."

**All caution to the wind**

With that she turned and left.

When I saw my mother leave later in the week, I threw all caution to the wind. "Take me along," I pleaded. "Take me away from here. I'll do anything . . . anything. . . ."

Mother just shook her head sadly and left.

But I did get away—when I was fourteen.

I had made a friend in school despite Mrs. X's close watch—a boy who had graduated that year. He had occasionally taken me to the games during the afternoons, while I pretended to be doing extra work in school. Of course I never dared ask him over to the house or even mention his name.

I told him that I wanted him to take me away from Mrs. X, to my mother in Long Beach. I had known her address all along because she had told me that she would get me when I was eighteen, but not to come to her before. I couldn't wait that long.

The boy didn't want to do it. He was afraid of being called a kidnapper, of getting into all sorts of trouble with the police and his own family. But when I threatened to leave home with or without him, he promised to help. We figured out a plan and put it into action the following Saturday.

To make trailing me more difficult, I borrowed a skirt and sweater from another girl in school. I promised to send them back later. On Saturday night I locked the doors of the house as usual, or rather pretended to. Mrs. X called me from upstairs, "Did you lock all the doors?"

"Yes, I did," I hollered back. I grabbed the extra clothes that were hidden behind the icebox and ran out the back door into the alley where my friend was waiting with his car.

A few minutes later we stopped at a gas station. I rushed into the ladies room and changed my clothes. Then I got back into the car and we headed for my mother's place in Long Beach.

But Mrs. X had already notified the police that I had run away, and two detectives were waiting for me. They agreed to give my mother a chance to talk to me first, before they took me to the station.

The detectives left. Mother accompanied me to Juvenile Hall in Santa Ana. They put me in the Julia Lathrop Detention Hall till my case came up for review by a judge.

Three days later my case was reviewed. Mrs. X presented her side of the story so cleverly that the judge made me go back.

I had expected the worst beating of my life when I entered the house I had fled less than a week before. Instead, I got a new, much more frightening type of punishment. I think Mrs. X was trying to drive me out of my mind. . . .

**The real torture**

She would hide things from me. When I'd ask what happened to my brown skirt, for example, she'd look at me strangely. "Why—you never had a brown skirt." She dug up the geraniums and when I asked her what had happened to them, she denied they were ever there.

She forbade me to play outside, because she insisted I was terribly ill and had to rest. She told me I had tuberculosis, and yellow jaundice, and a lot of other, much more dreadful diseases. . . . And one day she insisted she couldn't handle me any more, and made me move in with a friend of hers.

For the first time in years I felt relieved—till I found out that the friend had been so thoroughly indoctrinated by Mrs. X that she went right along with her ideas and just let me loaf and lie around the house and do nothing. I became terribly depressed.

As the days grew into weeks and the weeks into months, I slept more and more. I became weaker all the time. Later a doctor explained to me that I was really


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on the verge of a nervous breakdown and used sleep as an escape. I thought I was dying and was afraid it would happen when I was awake. Actually, there was nothing wrong with me, physically. . . .

In spite of the fear, the boredom, the loneliness of the year I spent that way, at least I was happy to be away from Mrs. B. But one day I decided I wanted to get back to my mother. I packed my belongings once again and headed for the cheap hotel in Long Beach where she stayed.

There was no one in her room when I arrived. I waited till it was getting dark. Then I got scared. I looked out of her window into the parking lot below and recognized the attendant. I knew him, thank God! He drove me to the house of my girlfriend Sylvia from school.

The next day we set out to find my mother. No one knew what had happened to her, so we went to the police station. This turned out to be the wrong move. The desk sergeant was suspicious and called Sylvia's parents. There was no answer. Suddenly—too late—we realized that they had gone to Pasadena for the day. We were minors and had no identifications and no place to go. They took us to Juvenile Hall.

The following morning I found out why my mother had not been in her hotel. She was in jail, on the floor above us. . . .

The police finally got hold of Sylvia's parents and provided her with transportation home. But when I wanted to go along, my mother had a sudden fit of jealousy and told the police that I couldn't stay with Sylvia's folks. And so I spent the weekend in jail in a tiny room which I shared with two other girls—both prostitutes. . . .

**Beginning of the end**

At least this incident brought my case to a head. On Monday morning I was taken to Los Angeles Juvenile Hall, to appear before a woman judge.

Ordinarily, girls in my predicament are given only one court hearing before the judge decides what should be done. Fortunately for me, I got a second chance—

At the first hearing, Mrs. X made quite an impression on the judge with her accusations. She cried out that I was incorrigible, that I stayed out late at night, that I went around with all sorts of boys of questionable character, that I set a bad example for other children.

Her statements were corroborated by two friends who, I am sure, were completely taken in by her. In spite of the treatment she handed out to me and her own children, she had established a reputation as a fine, law-abiding and kind woman! However, Mrs. X went into such hysterics that the judge became suspicious about her story and had me temporarily assigned to El Retiro State School for Children until she could review my case a second time.

And then the truth came out at last. The minister who lived next door told about the beatings I got in the backyard; the high school principal testified about my black eyes and bruised face; some of the day boarders dared to speak up and so did a number of other children from my school.

I was taken away from Mrs. X's jurisdiction for good.

Since my mother was incapable of looking after me, I now became a ward of the State.

The judge gave me the choice of being boarded at a home where the state would pay forty dollars a month toward my upkeep, which would enable me to go to school full time, or to work for my living at a private home. I chose the latter. And so I moved in with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Zidervelt, an insurance salesman and his wife.




*Earl Holliman is sold on the Cancer Crusade. And he hopes that his friends and fans will join him in sending contributions to CANCER—care of your local post office.*

I looked after their two young children.

They were very kind and very considerate with me. I was happy with them but I had become terribly touchy about my background. These things seem so very important when you're fifteen. It showed by the stories I made up about my family.

I told the other girls in school—I attended half-session, four hours a day—that I was staying with the Zidervelts, "Because my parents live in Huntington Beach;" other times I insisted they really were my parents; and then I had them live in Canada, till one day one of the girls burst out, "You have too many parents, June. . . ."

But I just *had* to tell them something. All the kids at school had mothers, fathers, kid sisters and brothers . . . and what did I have? Just a big lonely ache in my heart.

**Another move**

When I met another girl in school, who was adopted, and who asked if I wanted to move in with her and her family, I thought this was a fine idea. I would be able to share a home with someone whose situation was similar to mine. Also, since in this case the state paid the $40 subsistence for me, I would be able to go to school full time after all.

The court had no objections to the change, and so I moved in with my girlfriend and her 'family.'

It was not a happy choice. Although they showed none of the brutality I had experienced with Mrs. X, my girlfriend was beaten often, and I got it twice myself. I was sick of being mistreated again. The second time I threatened our 'mother.' "If you ever lay a hand on me again," she said, "I'm going to report you to the authorities. . . ."

She didn't. But our relationship didn't exactly improve either. As a result, when my girlfriend became eighteen and was permitted to move out and get a place of her own, I moved right along with her. Of course we kept it from the authorities because they wouldn't have approved—I was only seventeen. But I was glad to get out of the house and they were as anxious to have me leave—so there was no one to give me away.

Neither my girlfriend nor I had much money when we left and although she got a job, it hardly paid for the rent of the one-room apartment in Santa Monica. I cut my school down to four hours again and took a $15-a-week babysitting job. For months we lived from hamburgers and peanut butter sandwiches, and while we never actually starved, there were times when we could have used an extra meal. . . .

I can still remember how I envied the kids I knew who had a real home where they got plenty to eat and all the love anyone could ever want. . . . But I still kept on, no matter what.

Even before I finished high school I took a job as a typist with an insurance agency. My take-home pay was $18.26 a week. Our rent was $18.00. I didn't know how much twenty-six cents could mean till the evening I came home and found a note from my roommate, telling me she had left to join her boyfriend in Huntington Beach. . . .

The rent was due the same day.

I paid it, then used ten cents out of the twenty-six cents I had left to make a phone call to the family I babysat for and asked if I could spend the night with them. They took me in not only for the night but till I got a secretarial job at Technicolor, which paid me enough to be on my own.

**The tide turns**

From then on my life was the happier side of the Cinderella story. I registered with Central Casting. Within a short time I had worked as an extra at every major studio. I did modeling, won small roles in television shows, posed for a few commercials. Then a year ago I went to see Ben Bard, head of Twentieth Century-Fox's New Talent Department. I was offered a long-term contract by the studio. I was loaned out to Warner Brothers for the feminine lead in *Island of Lost Women* and a starring part in *Lone Texan* for Regal Productions. Then I was given an important role in *Hell-Bent Kid*, with Hugh O'Brian, and will play Tommy Sands' love interest in *Mardi Gras*.

. . . And my mother? I did see her once again—about a year and a half ago when I was rushed to the County General Hospital with an appendicitis attack. When I registered, the head nurse asked if I was related to a Patricia Blair. "She's my mother," I replied, "but I don't know where she is. . . ."

The receptionist gave me an uneasy look and went into a huddle with another woman. "She's upstairs . . ." she said at last. "In the maternity ward. . . ."

I saw her only once after that when I brought some baby things to her.

Once, just once, I tried to find out more about my own past. Except for some vague remarks about an Irish father and a Castillian grandfather and a grandmother who was a Cherokee Indian, I never knew anything about my family. So I went to the Bureau of Vital Statistics in Los Angeles and tried to find out more about them. The woman who finally located the files went through them very carefully, then looked me in the face, sadly, seriously, "June," she said at last, "it seems you are coming out on top. Leave the door closed on what has happened. Believe me, it is best that way. . . ."

It was then that I decided to close the book on my past forever and live with the present and the future—which looks so promising.

*June can be seen in* ISLAND OF LOST WOMEN *and* LONE TEXAN, *both for 20th Fox.*

# New!




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Color in–color out! Terry Moore shows you how you can accent your face and various costumes by a hair color change–in just minutes. This new hair coloring trend has swept Hollywood–make it a part of your life, too–and keep pace with the newest glamour look. You can achieve a subtle hair color change that will give you a completely new look–and a new personality–with a temporary rinse. You can add exciting highlights to your hair, from the lightest to the darkest tones. A temporary rinse will accentuate your natural hair color without making a drastic color change. *(Continued on page 78)*

*Photos by Roger Prigent*

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**3. I LIKE LANA TURNER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
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**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

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**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**5. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her

**I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**6. I LIKE DEAN JONES:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**7. I LIKE FRANCE NUYEN:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**8. I LIKE SAL MINEO:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**9. I LIKE THE LENNON SISTERS:**
☐ more than almost any stars ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with them
**I READ:** ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**10. I LIKE DENNIS CROSBY:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**11. I LIKE CATHY CROSBY:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**12. I LIKE JUNE BLAIR:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

**13. I READ:** ☐ all of **LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD** ☐ part ☐ none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** ☐ completely ☐ farily well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1)_____ MALE (1)_____ FEMALE

(2)_____ MALE (2)_____ FEMALE

(3)_____ MALE (3)_____ FEMALE

**AGE**. . . . . **NAME**. . . . . .

**ADDRESS**. . . . . STREET

**CITY**. . . . . **ZONE**. . . . . **STATE**. . . . . .

Here are the poll prize winners for August: Mrs. Louise H. Wiman, Laurel, Mississippi; Doris Armstrong, Lorain, Ohio; Darlene Ruth Hardy, Paramount, California; Mrs. Jerome Malece, Morgan, Minn.; Juana Hernandez, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary Barbara Panko, Carteret, N. J.; Deanna Salvatore, Jersey City, N. J.; Beverly Ray, Stanton, Calif.; Jan Sanderson, San Antonio, Texas; Angela Wedo, Trenton, N. J.

## a little love story

(*Continued from page 41*) me, charm isn't enough. I have to know a person from the heart. This is the only way I can feel close to them. I'm a heart person, if there is such a classification. Maybe this comes from my deep feeling for religion. When I was young I learned to give myself to prayer so strongly that the heart and mind and spirit became the important things of life to me—not the flash and glitter of the slick outside world.

Possibly this is why Hollywood is Lonelyville to me. I always get that sick, lonesome feeling when I go there, but I never had it so sharply as one week last spring. I had been to Hollywood before so it wasn't as if I were a babe in the woods. I guess I was frightened and scared because I'd gotten to know the Hollywood where hundreds of kids are beating their brains out trying to get that one lucky break that'll give them a chance to be the stars they dream about. So they harden themselves and learn to get attention in the shrewdest and trickiest ways.

But I'm veering away from my story. I just want you to know how someone can feel so lonely out there. . . .

We'd been shooting the film, *The Young Don't Cry* late that Friday night, and I'd gone home beat. I ached from the long week's work. The studio told us we could rest over the weekend because the next week would be a rough one with shooting schedules running into the night.

When I arrived home, I just about collapsed. I forced myself to take a hot bath to ease the tension and the tiredness and fell into bed. I awoke before sun-up with this strange knot of loneliness inside me, twisting and turning. It was as if I wanted to cry desperately, but the tears wouldn't come. I couldn't go back to sleep. I tossed nervously, wondering what to do. When the pink glow of dawn flickered along the rim of the night-blue sky, I decided to get up and drive for a while.

### The night ride

I had my '49 blue Mercury with me—the sister car from *Rebel Without a Cause* which I had bought from the studio. I had doctored it myself with dual carburetors and exhausts. I dressed, made some toast in the kitchen and drank a pint of milk. And I took off. To where? I didn't know.

I remember stopping once at a gas station after dawn to gas up the car, then I drove south for a while. The sun had come up all the way, and I must have been driving for a couple of hours when I decided to go back. This was silly, I said to myself. What was I running away from? Hollywood has often had peculiar effects on me, but nothing so strange as this. . . .

I decided that the beach would restore my spirits. So I drove to Malibu and picked out the most deserted section and threw myself down on the hot sand. I stretched out and let the sun pour its warm rays on me. In a few moments I was in a daze, almost as if I were in a half-real dream. I kept imagining people were staring at me, but I wouldn't open my eyes. I was lost in this dream world, and I didn't want to face the frantic beach world only a stone's throw away.

But this feeling of being stared at was overpowering. I finally sat up and looked around, and I saw this girl.

She turned and looked away as soon as I spotted her. It seemed like I'd heard a giggle so I reckoned she recognized me. In a little while I found myself flirting although I couldn't see her too well. The sun was strong and in my eyes. But for the moment, the flirting took my mind away from the terrible loneliness inside me.

As far as I could tell, the girl was seventeen or eighteen. And she had wonderful long dark hair. I liked her sheepish manner. She was embarrassed to be flirting openly. I figured the flirting would end as soon as she got up enough gumption to come over and ask me for an autograph.

But she never asked me for my signature. She never came over. I was the one who went to her and introduced myself. I wanted to take my mind away from my loneliness.

She admitted she recognized me. But as we talked during these first few minutes I paid little, if any, attention to what she said. I was fascinated by her eyes. They were so intense and piercing.

She asked me about my next movie and wondered why I was on the beach alone, and I told her. . . .

### She knew all about me

Then she did the most wonderful thing. She didn't pry at me about my low spirits. She started to tell me all about the things she'd read about me—right down to the fact that I liked to sleep with my bedroom windows wide open. When someone thinks so much of you to remember these small details, it makes you feel warm inside—and kind of special.

I asked her for her name, and she wouldn't tell it to me. I knew she was shy, so I begged her. All she would tell me were her initials. B. G.

"I can't believe it," she said. "I can't believe I'm talking to Sal Mineo." Her voice was furry and it made my spine curl. To tell the truth, she wasn't a sexy type. But her eyes and her voice and her soft manner and her long hair really got me.

"Don't talk about me anymore," I told her. "Tell me about yourself."

But she wouldn't tell me a thing. "It's not important," she said. "Is it?"

For a while we talked about the movie business, and I realized she was intrigued by it. So I asked her to come with me to visit a friend of mine who was a popular movie star. I wouldn't tell her who he was. I said it would be a surprise.

She hedged. Then refused—but I coaxed her. She agreed to come only if she could follow me with her car.

First we grabbed a bite to eat at a lunch counter. Then we drove to the Chateau Marmont, the bungalow hotel in Hollywood where many of the young stars live. I led the way with my blue Mercury, and she followed me in a battered beige Chevy with a rattling motor.

When we arrived at the hotel, I checked to see if Paul Newman was in. I was sure she'd get a kick out of meeting him. I learned Paul was out at the pool.

### Big names at the pool

I took her to the pool and after I spotted Paul, I brought her over and introduced her as my friend, Beegee. Paul wasn't married then to Joanne Woodward, and I could tell Beegee was stunned, meeting him this way. I walked Beegee around the pool and introduced her to Natalie Wood, Nicky Adams and Tab Hunter.

Beegee looked uncomfortable. We sat on some beach chairs, and I tried to make conversation with her, but she was tongue-tied. I looked into her eyes and they gave her away. I realized she was scared.

"Begee," I said, "what's bothering you?"

"Nothing."

I tried to get her to tell me, but she wouldn't talk.

"I'm going to go," she said, looking around the pool at the young actors and actresses splashing each other and playing water games.


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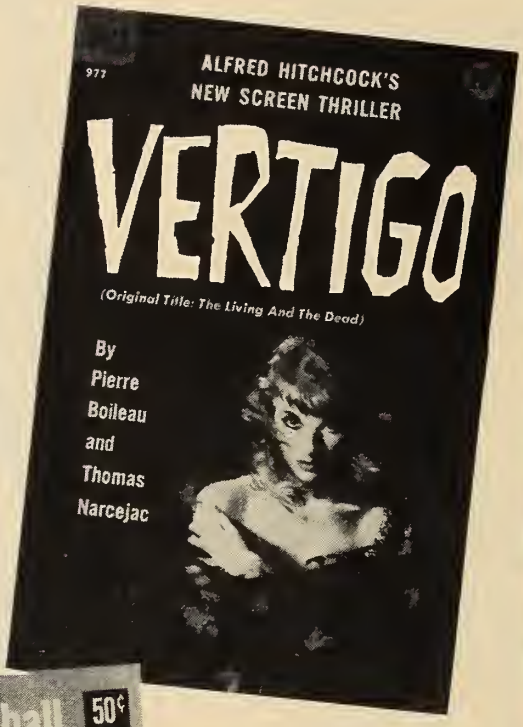
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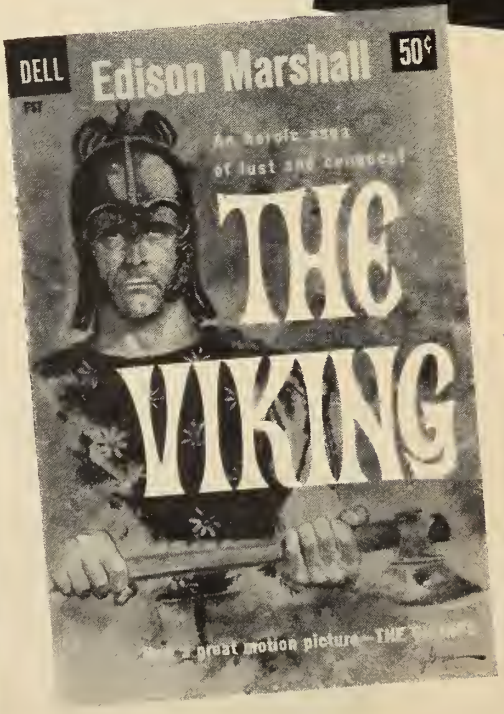
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"Goodbye," she said. She got up and started to run.

I ran after her. "Beegee," I called, but she wouldn't turn around. I caught up with her when she got to her car.

"Beegee, why are you upset?"

"I'm leaving," she said softly. "Goodbye. And thanks. It was nice meeting you." She switched on the ignition and shifted gears. The car motor wheezed and she was off.

I decided to follow her. She had a little start on me, but I hopped in my car and trailed after her—to Malibu Beach.

"Why did you run away like that, Beegee?" I asked when I caught up to her.

"I don't know," she said.

"Did I say something that upset you?"

**What did Albert Einstein, Robert Flaherty, Charlie Chaplin, Ben Hecht, Marlene Dietrich and Jayne Mansfield have in common? Answer: they all played the fiddle.**
*Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post*

Then she looked at me with her beautiful penetrating eyes. "Gee, Sal," she said, "you ought to be able to figure it out. I just didn't belong there. I'm not an actress, and everybody there was a part of the movie business. Sure," she said, "I'm crazy about the movies, but I just don't belong there with all those people. I'm just . . . just . . ." and she hesitated.

"What?" I said quickly.

"A . . . a schoolgirl, that's all. Nothing more. I'm only a fan. No talent, no ambition other than being a good wife to somebody someday.

"It was wonderful meeting you," she said. "You were very thoughtful to bring me there, but maybe someday when I'm older I'll appreciate it more. I . . . I felt so ashamed. They were all somebody . . . and I . . . I was nobody."

I was deeply touched. "Beegee," I said, "I'm sorry. I . . . I promise never to mention Hollywood to you again." I paused. "Listen, do you have a bathing suit in the car?" She nodded. "I do too," I told her. "Why don't we go for a dip? I'll dare you to see who gets into the water first. Last one in is a turtle!"

She laughed, and it was good to hear the sound of her fresh, sweet laughter. We raced to our cars, and I wrestled with my bathing trunks in the back seat of my car.

When I got out and ran to the beach, I found her already there in the water yelling "Turtle! Turtle!"

**That peculiar sensation**

We swam out for a while, not saying a word. The water was warm from the sun. After we swam back to shore, I found myself suddenly embarrassed. I guess she was, too. There we were, dripping wet from our swim, standing face to face in our bathing suits. There's something funny and strange about being in front of someone you don't know very well wearing only a bathing suit. I'm not speaking of modesty. I mean a peculiar sensation that goes through you as you stand nearly naked before someone you like but don't know too well.

Embarrassed or not, I grabbed her hand and said, "Let's run along the water's edge." And we did, running hand in hand, our feet splashing across the foam that rippled along the shore.

Now she was acting herself again. She was relaxed, and she was so animated I got great enjoyment out of watching her. She asked me about the religious medal I wear around my neck which was blessed by the Pope.

We stopped for cokes and some burgers

at a soft-drink stand. I tried to get her to tell me something about herself, but got nowhere. She would get this faraway look in her blue eyes and say, "I don't want to talk about me."

"Why, Beegee?"

"Because . . . because I'm having a lot of fun, and when I talk about myself I . . . I . . . ." She never finished the sentence. She told me it was getting late and that she'd have to go home.

True, it was late in the afternoon. The sun was lowering in the west, and the people along the crowded stretch of Malibu Beach had begun to scatter.

How could I let her leave me? She had drawn me out of my loneliness, made me forget about myself, brought happiness into my day. She had accepted me as a boy, a young guy whose name is Salvatore Mineo, not Sal Mineo the movie star.

"Why don't you call your folks and tell them you have a date for dinner and that you'll be home later?" I said impulsively.

"I'm not dressed," she said.

"Look at me," I told her. "I've got a polo shirt and some seersucker pants. We could go somewhere informal."

"Okay," she said. She was game. Again

**James Garner of *Maverick* says he seldom watches the *Perry Como Show*: "When I think of Perry I get sleepy and fall off my horse."**
*Earl Wilson in the New York Post*

our two cars started up, hers behind mine, and I led her to an Italian place off Hollywood Boulevard, one of my favorite eating spots. Nothing pretentious—just good spicy food. A lot of young people hang out there. And there are singing waiters who serenade the customers with Neapolitan airs.

We arrived and were ushered to a special table near a balcony covered with vines. I reached across the table and held her hand.

"Beegee," I told her. "I can't tell you what you've done for me."

She smiled. But she wasn't one for sentimentality. She began reading the menu, asking me about all the different Italian dishes.

We ordered minestrone soup and spaghetti marinara with meatballs, a combination salad for two and zabaglione for dessert. By the meal's end we were stuffed. A waiter came over and serenaded Beegee with a romantic song, "Buona Notte."

"I've got to go," she said when the song ended. I realized she hadn't telephoned her parents.

"Beegee," I said. "Why didn't you call your mother?"

"Don't worry about it," she told me. I tried to get some information from her about her parents, where they lived, but she wouldn't reveal a thing.

I paid the bill, and we went out into the darkening Hollywood night. We went to our cars, and I asked her if I could see her tomorrow on the beach. We could go for a swim, maybe take in a Sunday movie, have dinner again at Micelle's place since she liked the food so much.

"Maybe," she said in a whisper. "I can't promise."

We said good-bye again and got into our cars. In a minute she was off and gone, her motor wheezing. But I was having trouble with my car. After five minutes of fussing with it, I realized I had a flat tire.

What a way to end a beautiful day, I thought. I jacked up the car, changed the flat, got dirt and grease all over my hands and clothes. I drove home tired—but no longer lonely.


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**Beegee's gone**

Next morning I was up bright and early. After early Mass I drove to Malibu, waited all morning in our own special section of the beach. But no Beegee. I wandered along the beach for a while, had lunch, then returned home to study my script for Monday's shooting.

Naturally I thought about her all day. Why didn't she come to Malibu? It would have made the weekend perfect.

I chided myself with the thought that I was being greedy. I should be satisfied with the good time we had on Saturday.

On Monday I was at the studio, and I had just finished a difficult crying scene. One of the studio guides came to me and said I had a visitor.

It was Beegee, looking absolutely lovely.

"Beegee," I said and I reached out for her hand.

She told me she had to get my autograph. She wanted to have it as a souvenir of our Saturday together.

I had the script girl get a Kodachrome picture I had taken for publicity purposes, and I autographed it, "To Beegee—my favorite Saturday date. Fondly, Sal."

I asked her to let me show her around the studio. She didn't have the time, she told me. She had to get back. This was her lunch hour.

She took the picture from me, and we shook hands, and I asked her to let me see her again, but she nodded her head and looked at me with those beautiful eyes. "No," she said. "I want to remember everything as it was—" She paused, then said in a low voice, "I'll remember it always, Sal. Always."

Before I knew it she had her arms around me. She gave me a big bear hug and kissed me quickly.

She let go, turned and ran faster than I've seen any girl run. She could have won a Marathon race, she was so fast. *Was she returning to school,* I wondered. *Why wouldn't she let me see her again?*

There was nothing I could do. If this was the way she wanted it, this was the way it would be. But I'd never forget her. She helped me when I needed help; she helped me forget myself.

"Thanks, Beegee," I called out to her. "Thanks for everything."

She didn't turn around. Her skirt rustled in the breeze. Soon she vanished behind the studio traffic. I returned to the set for my next scene.

If anyone ever meets up with her—a dark-haired, sweet girl whose initials are B. G. and she recalls this episode I've told you about—please, please tell her I'm looking for her. I'd love to have another date. I think about her all the time.

Tell her she can name the time and place—and I'll be there! **END**

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# happy birthday, natalie

(*Continued from page 35*) herself. For the girl who celebrated her nineteenth birthday only a year before in Hollywood could not have said those words, or dreamed of them. Three years before that, the difference was even greater—and not merely in age. For Natalie Wood, the seven birthdays of her teens have been milestones on the road to this day, pointing the way toward the girl she has become, the woman she is going to be. Not one of them could have been foreseen twelve months earlier—Natalie changes too fast, too excitingly for prophecy. But each birthday had its own special meaning in her life. Each one was, in its way, a day of wonder.

## HER THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1951

It was a day of misery—and of very special triumph. And it ended a strange, hard year.

When Natalie's thirteenth birthday rolled around, she had been a movie star, curled and pigtailed, for nine years. She had played brats and darlings, bits and leads; she was cute and talented and very professional, and Twentieth Century-Fox was perfectly willing that she go on playing babies forever. There was only one trouble—little girls do get bigger. And Natalie did. She got bigger, and the studio got frantic. When they couldn't put her in rompers any more, they ordered pinafores. When the pinafores got too short, they sewed on ruffles. "You could pass for seven," they told her hopefully, watching her trudge, in her little-girl outfits, from the stage to the studio school where she learned her lessons. "You can go on forever—"

As far as Natalie was concerned, that was fine. She loved her work. But there was one change she wanted made. She was tired of the studio school, the one teacher, the few pupils, the loneliness. She wanted friends her own age, lots of them.

"I want to go to junior high," she told her mother firmly. "Robert Fulton Junior High. Just as soon as I'm done with elementary."

She got no arguments. So on a bright September morning Natalie Wood put on her prettiest pinafore and tied new ribbons at the ends of her braids—and went off to junior high—looking, indeed, as if she could pass for seven.

To a grown-up it might have been funny—the stunned little girl staring at her contemporaries in their straight dark skirts, their well-fitted sweaters, with horror in her eyes as she realized for the first time that she was an outsider, a freak.

It was a tragedy of no small proportions.

It was remedied quickly, of course. One glimpse of her daughter's heartbroken tears, one hour learning the truth—and Mrs. Gurdin, Nat's mother, was ready for action. She took Natalie downtown to the stores, and that day the pinafores were banished to the closet, replaced with sweaters and skirts. She even joined forces with Natalie to convince Daddy that a lipstick—just a very light pink one, of course—was a necessity for a girl going on thirteen. At least for special occasions. Together, they won Daddy over; the lipstick, too, was bought.

And Natalie went back to school with her head held high.

As the school year drew to a close and her birthday came near, she waited impatiently for her parents to make plans. But this year time grew shorter and shorter and still no one said a word. With a sinking heart, Natalie decided she knew what that meant: her parents knew that her new friends from school didn't really care for her, wouldn't come to her party. It hurt something awful.

On the great day, she tried to smile, to look happy so that her folks wouldn't feel bad. She opened their presents and oohed and aahed with all her acting talent. When they suggested that they go for a drive that evening, celebrate quietly by taking in a movie, she said it was exactly what she hoped they'd do. Just what she wanted. In the movie, at least it would be dark, she wouldn't have to pretend.

So after dinner they kissed kid sister Lana goodbye and piled into the car. Then they started to drive. And drive. And drive. Everywhere they drove, there were movies, and every one Mommy wanted to see, it seemed Daddy had already been to. They drove some more and each time Daddy saw a movie advertised that *he* thought looked good, Mommy turned thumbs down. Finally Daddy put a stop to it. "We'd better just go home," he said. "If that's all right with you, Birthday Girl."

Natalie, miserable in her corner, nodded. So she wasn't even to have the fun of a movie on her birthday. Her first teen-age birthday—and it had to be like this. She slumped back in her seat and shut her eyes while Daddy drove home.

But she opened them when the car pulled into their drive.

For the house was ablaze with lights! It was noisy with music and laughter and voices. And a second later, the door was opening and people were pouring out, shouting "Surprise! Surprise!" They were running to the car, opening the door, pulling her out to them—and—joy of joys—they were the kids from school, dressed up, excited, laughing!

"Natalie, are you surprised?"

"Look at her face!"

"Hey—happy birthday!"

They were teasing her, laughing at her—but it was good laughter, the loving sound of friends among friends, telling her that she was one of them, that she had won her place in their hearts. The weight of the world lifted off Nat's shoulders in that moment. Laughing with them, Natalie Wood ran to her wonderful party.

On her thirteenth birthday, she put fear behind her forever.

## HER FOURTEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1952

It had been a good year, a wonderful year. Secure among her friends, Natalie had learned to be a youngster as well as an actress, had reveled in the fun of ordinary good times. She had whispered with the other girls in corners about the good-looking new boy in the eleventh grade. She had gone to the beach in a crowd with her lunch in a paper bag. It mightn't sound like much for a little girl who had sat on the knee of a President, and had her head patted by the great of the world—but to Natalie it was heaven. The most glorious times of her life were the slumber parties she gave in her family's huge living room. Twenty, twenty-five girls would pile into the house and spread quilts on the floor, occupy the bathroom for hours and then sit, pajama-clad, chattering and giggling all night. Once Natalie forgot to give warning and the first her mother knew of the invasion was the sound of a quarter of a hundred girls, clamoring to be let in. It didn't throw her for even a minute—she was too happy, knowing that her daughter was growing up a normal scatter-brained kid rather than an actress, old beyond her years. She sighed, pulled on her housecoat, opened the door to the mob and headed to the kitchen to brew hot chocolate.

Yes, a good year. When it was almost over, when her birthday was only a month away, the Gurdins asked Natalie what she

would like most of all for her birthday.

Natalie considered, but not for long.

"There is something I would like," she said finally. Her eyes shone with hope. "I know it's awfully big and all—I guess it would cost a lot—but—could I have my bedroom done over? Sort of—sort of grown-up?"

Her parents looked at her for a moment, then at each other. A more typical teen-age request couldn't even be imagined. Natalie's father cleared his throat.

"A grown-up room for a grown-up daughter," her dad said. "Sure, baby. We'll start right away."

So there was no party, no celebration on her fourteenth birthday. Natalie got up in the morning and ate breakfast and went to rehearsal as if it were any other day in the year.

But she came home to a completed new room, to a huge, four-posted canopied bed, to bright curtains and carpeted floor, to expanded closets and ruffled dressing table. A room not for a movie star, but for the happiest fourteen-year-old girl in the world.

HER FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1953

This year the studio recognized what the Gurdins and Natalie had known for ages—that they no longer had a child star, but a pretty, tiny, junior miss on their hands. To Natalie's delight, they began to find other parts for her to play; the sweaters and skirts became part of her on-stage wardrobe as well as her off. When Natalie one day put on a strapless black bathing suit and leaned against a wall with her hands behind her head for her first almost-cheesecake photo, they didn't blow their top. They looked thoughtfully at the picture—and released it to a fan magazine.

And loving it!

It was fabulous to be picked up at the studio, not by her mother but by a fellow from school in his first second-hand Ford. It was thrilling to sit in a movie, not with a bunch of giggling girls, but sedately beside a date—wondering when and if he was going to reach for your hand, and what to do about it if he did. It was the height of joy to say at rehearsal, "Excuse me—is that all for now? I have a date—"

What if she did have to be home by eleven-thirty. What if her parents did prefer double-dates to single ones, insist on looking over her beaus? Those were no worse restrictions than any other girl had to allow. If they rankled a drop more in Natalie's soul, it was only because already she was feeling that craving for freedom, for independence, for her own way, that was to mark her next three years. But it wasn't strong enough yet to make her unhappy. She could wait.

She spent her fifteenth birthday in her favorite way, doing what was now the nicest thing in the world.

She went out on a date!

HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1954

Sweet Sixteen—they call this year. But most teen-age girls and their parents don't find it so sweet. This is the year when the restrictions and the regulations really begin to irritate a girl, when parents suddenly find themselves not looked up to but scorned as old-fashioned, defied as too prudish.

It's the year of: "You don't understand me!" "I don't care!" "I'm going to do what *I* want!"

For Natalie Wood, it was the year she suddenly woke up to realize that she *was* different from other girls—and the difference might in some way be an advantage.

She earned money, other girls did not. True, she was not legally of age to control it, but it was there in the bank, waiting for her. . . . It was a small fortune.

She was famous, other girls weren't. True, for years now she had been less a child star than a child actress, working steadily, but not in movies built around *her*. Nonetheless, millions of people she had never met knew her name, wrote her letters, even sent her presents and asked for her picture.

She was in the movies, other girls weren't. For the first time it occurred to Natalie that there were men in the world as well as boys, not callow youths with their minds on history homework, but actors and writers, important men, interesting men.

On her sixteenth birthday she woke up and looked out of the window. There in the driveway, glistening in the early morning sun—was a white Thunderbird. Even before she had raced downstairs in her robe, dashed outside and torn open the birthday card tied to the handle of the door—she knew it was hers. She spent the morning reverently touching it, adoring its gleaming newness, before she even drove it.

The card that came with it, was filled with love and good wishes from her parents. The words were conventional, but below them, between them ran another message:

*Natalie darling, we give you this car because we know how much you want to be grown-up, on your own. But don't go too fast, baby. Don't leave us too quickly. You're so young still, no matter what you feel. There's plenty of time, Natalie. Plenty of time. . . .*

But on her sixteenth birthday, slipping in behind the wheel of her first car, Natalie wasn't yet ready to read a hidden message

HER SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1955

This was the year the world broke wide open.

It was the year that Natalie got dressed up in high-heeled shoes and a tight black dress, covered her nose with a veiled hat—and went to read for the part of Judy in *Rebel Without A Cause*. Dressed like that, waiting for Nick Ray to hear her, she met a fresh young guy who called her "Beautiful" but claimed he didn't recognize the face. Natalie turned up a haughty nose and thought he was the most obnoxious creature she had ever met. She didn't know it, but he was to become her caretaker, bullier and teacher, and most important, her friend.

His name was Nick Adams.

But on that day, she hardly gave him a second thought. Her whole world seemed to revolve around getting to play Judy. She put her whole heart and soul into the reading, but she had to leave without a yes or a no. "We'll let you know," Nick Ray said.

She thought about it, dreamed about it, worried about it till her eyes got rings under them and school work went to pot.

Then one day Nick Ray got a phone call from a young friend of his who was also reading for one of the rolls in *Rebel*.

"Mr. Ray, I thought I ought to let you know—Natalie Wood and I—we were in Nat's car and we skidded, coming down Laurel Canyon. She's in Emergency Hospital, maybe she has a concussion. I've got to go call her folks—"

Nick Ray was there as fast as Nat's parents, with his own doctor in tow. He paced up and down outside Natalie's room until the doctor came out with a relieved smile.

"She has a concussion but she'll be all right."


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Nick went in. From the bed a wan face smiled up at him. But the eyes glowed.

"Do you know what the intern called me?" Natalie Wood asked. "He said I was a juvenile delinquent." The smile grew broader. "*Now* do I get the part?"

Mr. Ray hadn't told her but she had the part all along. All of a sudden, everything was different. She was famous as few teenagers have ever been. She was suddenly no longer pretty, but beautiful. Her phone now rang day and night; Tab Hunter and Nicky Adams and Dennis Hopper—they were all hers. If it went to her head, if it seemed as if everything she had ever wanted had come to her and nothing could ever go wrong—was that entirely her fault? She glowed, she sparkled like a princess come into her own kingdom—and if that sparkle attracted men who were too old for her—Nick Ray and Raymond Burr—was she really to be blamed for refusing advice and going out with them—only to reap tons of criticism from a press that was suddenly very much interested in anything Natalie Wood did.

She was Natalie Wood, young and beautiful and famous, and the only troubles she had in the world were that her parents still insisted on behaving like parents, not seeming to understand that she didn't need guidance any more—and the Welfare Department worker assigned to her simply wouldn't leave her alone for a minute. When he could, he even went along on her dates. It was infuriating. "When I'm eighteen," she promised herself, "everything will be different."

But in the meantime, she had to turn seventeen. She did it on location in Monument Valley, making *The Searchers.* She had planned to have a party, but three days before her birthday she came down with a case of second degree sunburn and couldn't move from her bed, even for work, much less a party. Her little sister Lana had a bit in the movie, and had to work that day. Her mother, who was staying with them, had to be on the set with Lana.

So Natalie spent her seventeenth birthday alone in her cabin, moaning miserably.

HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1956

Like her whole generation, she threw herself into living as if it were a game. She dated a lot so naturally was criticized and became fair game for the press. Nicky and she were reported on the verge of eloping half a dozen times.

## GUY MADISON meets an old acquaintance

■ It had been a pretty good picture, Guy and Sheila Madison agreed, as they strolled hand in hand through the lobby of the neighborhood movie house, pausing at the exit to allow an attractive young couple with a small boy in tow to go through the exit door ahead of them.

Suddenly, to their surprise, the young mother stopped and let out an audible gasp.

"Aren't you Guy Madison?" she stammered.

Guy admitted his identity in some wonderment. She didn't look like a typical autograph seeker.

"You don't remember me, do you?" the girl continued, while her husband grinned—a bit sheepishly, it seemed—and lifted his youngster into his arms.

Guy shook his head.

"Should I?" he parried. He looked to Sheila for help but was only rewarded with an amused grin and a twinkle of the eyes that said eloquently, *Get yourself out of this one, honey. I never saw her before in my life.*

Guy led the group away from the exit to a secluded corner of the lobby.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I *don't* remember. Your face is familiar, but. . . ."

"Your name escapes me!" hooted Sheila. "Oh really, darling, you can do better than that."

"I don't think even the face is very familiar," the girl admitted, "because it's been a long time. It was back in 1947, to be exact. I was a contestant on the *Truth or Consequences* radio program, and when Ralph Edwards asked me why I was at the broadcast instead of getting ready for my high school junior prom, I admitted that I didn't have a date for it—and anyway, even if I had a date, I didn't have a formal and my folks couldn't afford to buy me one."

Guy was beginning to remember.

"And then," he interrupted, "Ralph asked you—if he supplied the date *and* the dress—if you'd like to go to the prom after all."

"And I said of course I would, and before I knew what was happening I was whisked offstage and into *the* most beautiful dress and when I came back, Ralph said he would now introduce me to my date . . . who would be none other than Guy Madison! I still don't know how I kept from fainting when you walked from behind the curtain."

The little group burst into delighted laughter, and Guy turned to Sheila and the girl's husband to explain. "I was just starting out in pictures," he said, "and the studio had arranged for my appearance on the program to publicize my first film. After the broadcast we went to the prom—at Glendale High, wasn't it?—and I had a marvelous time, and I'm sorry I didn't recognize you immediately."

The girl smiled.

"There's a sequel to the story, Mr. Madison." She reached quickly for her husband's free hand and gave it a squeeze. "That's the night I met Bill, and it was love at first sight, at least as far as I was concerned. So you see why I always hoped some day I'd have the opportunity of saying *thank you,* not just for taking me to the prom, but for my wonderful husband and son as well."

She turned to Bill and smiled. "Come on, darling. We mustn't keep the Madisons any longer, and we must get home ourselves." She tousled her little son's hair. "Little Guy here is awfully sleepy."

Tab and she were rumored secretly married. When she went to Memphis to meet Elvis Presley and his parents, more rumors started. Her trips to New York were as frequent as most girls' trips to the corner drugstore, her wardrobe would have made the most sophisticated older woman green with envy. She admitted that she dated almost every night of the week, that she wanted to fall in love. She was delighted to be through with school. She drove too fast. She did all the things that every other girl does—but Natalie did them with the hot light of publicity on her. She did them with a special vigor because her new life had come so fast, because her new friends were so much older in years and experience than she—and because she was Natalie Wood, who did everything with all her heart.

It was a curious thing, considering her frantic popularity, that she had no date set up for her eighteenth birthday. Maybe in the excitement of her every-day life it had crept up unnoticed.

Whatever the reason, it was a blessing in disguise.

Because a couple of days before, one Bob Wagner, actor, asked her to come to a studio party and a screening of *The Mountain* with him.

It was her first date with him, though she had adored him in the movies only a year or two back, met him for the first time a week or two before.

It was also the nicest birthday she had ever had.

Why? Because Bob was both like her—and different. A professional like herself, adored by millions of fans like herself, he seemed to have come to terms with his life in the limelight. He had never made any secret of his preference for privacy, had driven movie magazines wild by dating unknown girls whose names he would refuse to reveal, whose pictures he would never allow to be taken. Those romances he had had in public had been quiet and serious, ending with friendship. He was young and good-looking—he was full of fun—but in every sense, he was an adult.

He was perfect—except that he didn't call back.

A few days after her date with him, Natalie threw a big party. In the backyard of her home, she and her friends burned in effigy the Welfare Worker who would no longer dog her steps. But through the noise and the laughter, Natalie was quiet, remembering a quiet evening with a quiet young man. For the first time, her crowd struck her as a little noisy, a little too exciteable.

She had done a lot of growing up on her eighteenth birthday.

HER NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1957

"Natalie Wood," a reporter wrote in 1957, "seems to be settling down at last. Her clothes are much more suited to her age, and she doesn't seem to go out as much. Could be she's become aware of her responsibility to set a good example for the girls who worship her. Or maybe it's all these grown-up roles she's been playing."

She was wrong. The reason was not her roles, not even her new awareness of responsibility—though those contributed. The reason was that she was in love. Oh, not instantly, not easily, of course. But gradually, after Bob called her again, two months after their first date, she began to see fewer and fewer boys. It began to be less important where she went and what she did than who she was with.

Bob was the future, and through her eighteenth year, Natalie knew it. She came to love days on his boat more than driving too fast in her car; quiet evenings talking to him, more than dancing and living it up with a crowd. She learned to laugh, not at professional jokes, but at little, intimate family-type secrets between him and her: the way he called her "Bug," the way her face had looked when she fell off the sailboat, the time he had called her from Japan where he was making *Stopover Tokyo* and for twelve dollars a minute they couldn't think of a thing to say.

When she read for *Marjorie Morningstar*, she waited for her answer with new patience, never complained about reading again and again and still not knowing. She learned that you have to wait sometimes. She learned to appreciate her parents, to understand their concern for her.

And on her nineteenth birthday, she had her second surprise party. Bob had taken her out for the day on his boat. telling her they were going to visit Robert Webb and his wife, spend a quiet, pleasant few hours. But when they docked at Balboa—there were her friends, her best friend Barbara Gould, her old pal Nick Adams, new friends Dick Egan and Pat Hardy to chaperone them all. They spent the entire weekend on the boat, swimming, sailing, laughing together—not wacky kids, but responsible adults, having fun.

It was a wonderful party. Her present from Bob was incredible—a Black Mist Mink stole. But her greatest gift was from Natalie to Natalie—the knowledge that she was in love.

In July she said goodbye to her remaining dates, goodbye forever to loneliness. Now when she and Bob were apart they exchanged three or four phone calls a day—a good use for the money they made no matter how much it cost. When Natalie was told she had Marjorie Morningstar, the biggest role of the year, she and Bob planned for him to go on location with her, chaperoned by her mother and sister. They spent all her free time together in the New York resort where much of the picture was made—and they laughed at the signs the crews put up all over the dining rooms.

WAGNER, GO HOME! STOP WOOING WOOD!

When the location period was over, they went home on the train together, three days in which to be alone.

And when they were married, it was not in the sort of ceremony that Natalie Wood would have thought of on her sixteenth birthday, all crowds and flowers and music and cameras, but in a quiet wedding attended only by their families and closest friends—the sort of wedding where everyone could hear the bride, radiant in white lace, whisper "I do"—where they could weep with her, for joy.

HER TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY, JULY 20, 1958

And now, in two weeks, she will be twenty. The teen-age years, the lonely years, the happy years, the rebel years, the dangerous years are behind her now. They were years she had to go through to become what she is today—a beautiful, gloriously happy young wife. Believing that her life as a woman comes before her life as a star.

"My birthday isn't anything special," Natalie said. But she is wrong. It is not only Bob, not only marriage that has given her her new life. It is the sum of the birthdays gone by, the life lived, the mistakes made, that have given her herself.

Happy birthday, Natalie. Happy, happy life ahead. You deserve it. END

*Natalie is now starring in United Artists'* KINGS GO FORTH *and will appear in Warners'* SUMMER PLACE. *Bob will appear in* THE HUNTERS *for 20th Century-Fox.*


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# can dennis be forgiven?

(*Continued from page 46*) Dennis' new wife was not the only one who stuck by him. Bing Crosby, in the face of the heartache resulting from the nationwide scandal about his son, didn't let him down. Close friends say that although Bing remained in Elko, Nevada, where he was spending a fishing holiday on his ranch with his wife Kathy, he did so only because if he came down his very appearance would bring even more publicity to his son's plight.

"He stayed on the long-distance phone," one friend told me, "consoling Dennis, telling him he would stand by him and do all he could to help. The family is holding tight and will not let this latest scandal destroy them."

Newspapers have never lacked stories on the Crosby boys. They have been in so many scrapes over the years that Bing once said sadly to a friend, "Seems as though you get one fellow straightened out and on the beam and another one goes over the wall."

But none of the boys had ever gotten into such a mess as Dennis has.

How did Dennis manage to get himself into such shocking situations as to tarnish the Crosby name?

First he married a showgirl in a church entirely alien to the one in which he was brought up. No sooner had Bing been launched in an effort to straighten that out, than the news broke that Dennis was allegedly the father of a baby born to a girl he had never married.

Is this boy a heel—or just a boy who loves life and girls a little too passionately?

Or is there another explanation?

So many teenagers think how wonderful it would be if they could be the sons or daughters of a very wealthy, world-renowned man. They think that all their problems could be solved if their parents could give them enough money to get them everything they want—as Dennis Crosby's father could—from foreign cars to a chance to throw money around on clothes and good times.

Dennis had everything money could buy. He was reared in luxury. Nothing he seriously wanted was ever denied him.

More than that—like all the Crosby boys, he knew that if he got into difficulties he could count on his father to pitch in.

### How they met

When Dennis was twenty-two—a year ago last January—he was spending an evening casually, as he often did, in a little café on the Sunset Strip. As he sat there, he noticed an attractive brunette, tall and big-boned.

Dennis has always been easygoing, jumping impulsively into situations. The girl was pretty; he was lonely; what harm was there in trying to pick her up?

None at all from his viewpoint—and when her dark brown eyes danced back at him, openly admiring him, he was glad he'd spoken up.

Whatever his motives, he was doing nothing underhanded. Some sons of a famous father would have tried to conceal their identities under such circumstances. Not Dennis! He openly boasted of the fact that he was one of Bing's four sons.

"The handsomest one, I bet," said Marilyn Scott.

She had never been exposed to so much charm, so much glamor in a single evening. A pretty girl from Kentucky, she had come to Hollywood, not to be an actress but to make her living at an ordinary job. And she'd been successful in getting a job as a receptionist with the firm of A. Morgan Maree, who handled investments for Lana Turner, Ginger Rogers and other stars. She'd often seen gorgeous women, whose faces she recognized from films, and men whose faces were world famous, too, enter the office and ask for one of her bosses. But all these celebrated people had been just formally polite to her. They'd acted as if they lived in a different world from hers. Dennis was the first inhabitant of what she thought of as a mythical and wonderful world, to ask her for a date.

When he took her to dinner and paid attention to her, it went to her head. She'd never personally known such a charming boy. Bing Crosby's son!

However, this particular story didn't have a charming ending. Within a few months Marilyn discovered she was pregnant. With shaking fingers, she dialed Dennis' number. When she told him of her predicament he was stunned. Young and frightened, he didn't know what to do.

With pounding heart, Marilyn waited for him to say, "Marilyn, let's get married." But the words she longed for were never spoken. A pulse beat in her throat. A dream died in her heart.

At first, Dennis didn't know just how to react to Marilyn Scott's request for her hospital expenses and support for the baby to come. He is a millionaire in his own right, but so protected by his family that he doesn't know how to handle a crisis. When his mother, Dixie, died she left each of the boys a million dollars. Dennis hasn't even had to spend a penny of this; the income of some $60,000 a year for this money was enough to keep him in luxury, besides the money Bing gives him. But he'd always used money to have fun with—not as money with which to meet responsibilities. When Marilyn appealed for money, he was confused and frightened. He did nothing. It was almost as if he hoped some miracle would come along to solve his problem for him.

But there was to be no miracle—except the miracle of a new-born life, the miracle of a crying baby in a hospital filled with other crying babies.

Desperate, frightened, Marilyn—discovering that Dennis himself was as frightened as she and doing nothing—went to see an attorney. The attorney immediately got in touch with the Crosby family.

### Bing enters the picture

It would have been easy for Bing to upbraid his son and disown him. This was a dreadful charge, and Bing had every right to tell Dennis he was through with him. But he didn't. Whether he thought the girl's charges were true or not, he ordered all of her hospital expenses to be paid and also that the baby be supported. He could have fought a paternity suit; he could have tried to prove that the girl was wrong. But he didn't want the boy—or the family name—held up to prolonged scandal. He believed that by taking care of the girl and the baby, everything would be forgotten, and Dennis would have a chance to start again, without the burden of a


**PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS**

*The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below page by page:*

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front-page paternity lawsuit facing him.

**Marilyn at home**

A few days ago, I saw Marilyn with her baby girl in her arms. She was in the modest little furnished apartment in the heart of Hollywood where she lives alone with the baby. In her face were still traces of the beauty that had once captivated Dennis.

She held up the baby for me to admire—and I was stunned at the child's resemblance to Dennis. The same light complexion; the same china-blue eyes, and—by a freak—the same type of bald head. Dennis has been losing his hair prematurely. The little girl is still too young to have a full crop of hair. The similarity is striking.

"I'm sorry this news had to come out now," she said, looking with adoration at the baby. And the look in her eyes would almost have done justice to a painting of a saint. For whatever her past may be, this girl is paying the price of her mistakes now. She lifted her head proudly. "I hoped our story would never reach the newspapers. Think what it means for the future of my baby. If Dennis and I did something that wasn't right, why should she, little innocent that she is, be branded for it? I don't like it at all. If it had been up to me, this news would never have been made public. I could have pretended that I had once been married . . . that my husband had died." Then her voice softened. "I've named her Denise Michelle, after Dennis.

"The Crosbys have been fair and square with me. I never met Bing, but the family has taken care of our essential expenses."

And then she told me that what hurts her most is that Dennis shows no sign of really recognizing his child, of wanting to see her, of loving her. And as Marilyn spoke her eyes were those of a brave woman who loved, who had given away her most precious possession—and accepted as the price of her mistake the fact that she would never name the father of her child publicly.

Her intentions were simple and honest, but they were ruthlessly shattered by the turn of circumstances. When Dennis got married, someone on one of the Los Angeles papers called the Bureau of Vital Statistics to find out if Dennis' new bride had ever been married before. A search of the records disclosed the fact that Pat Sheehan had previously been married to Jean-Franz Georg von Dugloas-Ittu, of Austrian-Romanian extraction, that she was divorced and had a six-year old son by this marriage.

**The scoop**

A couple of days later a clerk in the Public Health Office said he had unearthed some more information and would the newspapers be interested? They were—very much so—when they learned what the new information was: there was a birth certificate for the daughter of an unmarried mother which names Dennis Crosby as the father.

And that was when an enterprising newspaperman called Pat to learn what her reaction would be. . . .

Dennis and Pat sat in their suite in Las Vegas later, facing each other grimly.

"I never dreamed our honeymoon would be like this, Pat," he said. "So much joy—and then all this. But, Pat honey, believe me, I'll settle down to the pipe-and-slippers routine. When I married you, I told you I'd sowed some wild oats before."

"It doesn't matter," replied Pat. "That is all in the past."

"But the past has caught up with the present," he said, heartache in his voice. "Pat, what's going to happen?"

"It will all clear up," she said. "Remember how you stuck by me when there was talk about me—and you said you didn't care? You stuck by me then, honey."

Dennis looked at her wonderingly, and with delight. He'd never known a girl like Pat existed. What she said was true—when he'd first started going with Pat Sheehan, the beautiful, smart showgirl from the Tropicana line, she had been the target of much gossip. He hadn't expected to fall for Pat because he knew that she had been his father's girl friend at one time. But one night, a year ago, he walked into the Little Club, a small, intimate night club in Beverly Hills where many of Hollywood's younger crowd hang out. Most of the patrons know each other and sit together and chat. This particular night, Dennis was sitting near a group of people who had come in from Las Vegas. Among them was a tall, strikingly beautiful blonde girl. He recognized her as the girl his father had gone with. He didn't want to fall for her, but he couldn't help it. He talked with her and found her fascinating. After that, Dennis found many excuses to go to Las Vegas.

**Dad's discard**

Pat, who had once set Bing's heart on fire, soon set Dennis' heart blazing, too. By the time Dennis met Pat, Bing's romance with her was a thing of the past—and Bing was courting the girl he eventually married, Kathy Grant. But when Dennis began to date Pat frequently, he was met with jeers and jibes from newspapermen and café friends: "Since when are you going out with your father's discards?"

When Pat discovered what some of Dennis' so-called pals were saying about her, she said to him, her cheeks flaming, "Dennis, I don't think we ought to see each other any more. I liked you too much to have you criticized just because I once dated your father."

"Let them criticize! Let them say what they want about us. I don't care. I've never known anyone like you in my life, and I won't give you up no matter what anyone says."

Still, there was a certain hesitation about getting married. It seemed almost indelicate to get married before Bing's own romantic future was settled.

When Bing decided to marry Kathy, Dennis hugged Pat. "Honey, now we can get married," he said, in the tone of voice a man might use on discovering a new mountain top. "Who would dare criticize now? My father's married—why can't we do the same thing?"

"Let's find out if it's all right with him," said Pat gently.

"What has he to do with us when you come right down to it?" Dennis argued. "My mother left me some money of my own. Come what may, we won't starve."

"But you've always admired your dad so much—I know you wouldn't be happy if you felt he didn't approve."

Of course Bing, as a man of the world, was not too astonished at the news Dennis gave him. He'd seen this coming. Although Pat, twenty-six, is older than Dennis and very sophisticated, that was not his main objection.

**Bing's one condition**

"Son," said Bing slowly, "you know how much our Church has meant to your mother and me. If you can get the approval of the Catholic Church and be married in the same church in which I married Kathy, or one like it, you'll have my blessing."

"Sure thing, Dad," said Dennis.

But the pastor of St. Anne's Church




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refused to perform the marriage because of Pat's previous marriage and divorce.

"We'll wait," they said at first.

But young hearts are apt to be hungry hearts. Dennis truly intended to wait, but one night they were dining near the Gretna Green Chapel when he suddenly burst out, "Why can't we get married here and now—get remarried later in the Catholic Church?"

The look in Pat's eyes as she turned to Dennis was answer enough.

They were married in the chapel next door, impulsively and without consulting Bing. And they didn't—so they said—realize until much later that they had been married not by a justice of the peace, but by a Protestant minister.

Bing, shocked by this disclosure, was silent when his son and Pat moved into an apartment just outside the Tropicana. Bing had always hoped that Dennis would turn to ranch life and farming. He thinks it's a wholesome life and a good, stable business. Dennis announced right after he married Pat, that he was going to pursue a singing career. He hired two arrangers and is trying out for recordings.

His father, who has a thoroughly professional view of singing, was pained by this. "I still wish," Bing said, "that son of mine would come up here and take over the management of the ranch. Singing isn't child's play. It may never lead to anything with him. But if he came up here, I'd do anything in the world to get him started as a rancher."

In the opinion of many people close to the Crosby family, Dennis is a case of the poor little rich boy. He's got a lot of money, and not much else. Dixie did her best to bring up her boys to be staunch Catholics, but they had a mixed-up childhood. They saw their father in different moods, sometimes difficult and other times indulgent. Dixie was unhappy and sick for a long time. And to add to their confusion, they went to a Catholic military school. But no military school could give them the discipline they needed, because all along the boys knew that if they ever got into a scrape their father's money and influence would get them out of it. That doesn't build up independence or common sense thinking.

Dennis never was compelled to pay any great price for acting compulsively or impulsively. And for him to face the responsibility now of showing real tenderness for his baby daughter, real interest in her—he has never in the past had to be very responsible. Whatever foolishness he might indulge in, the family millions could make up for.

Is he to be blamed for reacting as rich men's sons so often have?

How will this story end?

Right now, amazingly enough, it looks as if it might have a happy ending.

Marilyn Scott, who never even dreamed of a movie contract, told me she has been offered one—and is considering it. No doubt it would never have been offered her if not for this notoriety. As for the stigma attached to her baby, most people are sympathetic to Marilyn. They feel as she does that whatever her sin was, her little girl was innocent. And maybe, if life be kind, the end will be . . . not too unhappy . . . for Marilyn and Denise.

As for Dennis, can he be forgiven? If his wife and his father say, "Yes," and hold true to their love for him, who are we to cast that first stone? **END**

## change your hair color

(*Continued from page 67*) With this new look your clothes will take on a new glamour, too. This mysterious change in you will create excitement for the man in your life—or, help you to attract the man you want in your life.

This method of hair coloring, because it is temporary, is fun—you simply swish it in and shampoo it out. For the results you want be sure to take a minute to read the directions carefully. These instructions will tell you how to choose the color you want— and how to use it.

Tan or fair skin can be dramatized by using a lighter or darker temporary hair coloring to color-coordinate or complement you—and your clothes, without changing your present make-up colors. Temporary hair coloring is beauty—is fashion—is easy to do—is economical. With it you will have a different look or mood for each costume and occasion.

Even if you don't want to change the color of your hair use a hair color rinse to match your natural shade—give it new life and sheen.

Color charts are available at your favorite cosmetic counter. Look them over and select a shade nearest your hair color. Remember, a temporary hair rinse can be used on all types of hair if you follow the directions exactly.

Color hair rinses do a flattering job of intensifying the natural color of any shade of hair and imparting exciting highlights. But one of their main advantages is the blending-in with color of streaks in the hair. This can be important to women of almost any age, for even teen-agers sometimes have unevenly colored hair.

Temporary hair colorings are available in rinses, sprays and shampoos. Try them all. With little effort you can promptly become as expert as a beauty operator in their use—save money, too.

To make the most of the new you that will result from a change of hair coloring be sure to have your hair trimmed and shaped regularly—even try a brand new hair cut. The shaggy, tousled cuts are young and fun to wear with the season's loose and blouson silhouettes as well as with the whimsical and gay sports togs. A new hair coloring and a new cut will give you just the lift you need in late summer. Suddenly you'll look all new and be ready, too, to start your fall shopping plans.

Any one of the little furs modeled by Terry Moore could be a happy addition to your fall wardrobe. These expensive-look furs are glamorous and beautiful and priced just right for your budget. The Norwegian fox tail cape is $47.50; the natural ranch mink tail stole, $145.00; the hip-length dyed black broadtail-processed lamb jacket, $165.00. All of the prices include the federal tax.

High style little furs do a bang-up job of giving zest to last year's costumes by making them look spanking new again and they add a soft note of ultra femininity to you. Not only can stoles and capes be worn with date clothes but also with simple daytime frocks and little suits. Harold Rubin Salon also features a lovely white fox tail stole (not shown) for as little as $29.50, including federal tax—this yummy stole is for wear with all-black date costumes.

We think Terry looks stunning in little furs and that the plan of using a different hair color rinse to match or complement these little furs—or any costume —is new and an idea that will appeal to you.

Be the first in your set to start the rage of a new hair color. Here are suggested temporary hair colorings: *Noreen, Du Barry (Color-Glo], Marchand, Nestlé Clairol, Roux, Helena Rubinstein.*

## only yesterday I lived in terror

(Continued from page 38) July, and the war came in September. My husband went away, and all these years have passed, and we are almost starving here in Marseilles, and I do not know what to do. . . ."

The gypsy took a heavy silver bowl in his dark claw-like hands and filled it with water. Then, mysteriously, he dropped a diamond from his mouth into the depths of the bowl. Slowly, a radiance filled the water, a glowing light changing color.

As Madame Nuyen asked again about her husband, the unearthly colors became clear and bright.

"Madame," the gypsy king said,. "your husband lives. He will return. You must have patience."

Have patience? There was nothing to eat, no way to keep warm, no way to rest from the ceaseless bombing.

Finally, in desperation, Julie Nuyen sent her small daughter out of Marseilles and into the country to live with her uncle. In those days relatives living in the country were deluged by the young of their clan. No child could be turned away, but no child could be made welcome.

And while France Nuyen was there, something happened that she was to remember forever. It was a feast day and there were two kinds of bread: the everyday black bread and a fine-grained white bread, soft as silk, to mark the holiday.

Her mouth watering eagerly and her stomach quivering with desire, the four-year-old child extended her thin hand toward the snowy holiday bread.

The hand was slapped soundly and the little girl was told in harsh tones that a beggar ate crusts and spoke gratitude for them.

### What peace brought

Yet the war did end eventually and Fan-Fan was returned to her mother. The Allies had marched beyond Marseilles and the bombing was over, so the country relatives said, "The Americans will feed you."

The Americans tried; they seemed to have an unending supply of candy bars, chewing gum, and C rations, but they were not magicians. They had no white bread, no way to restore at once the homes of the homeless, no medicine to give back the health to France's mother.

Yet the old Gypsy had been right: Louis Nuyen was alive. He came home . . . for a few days. He looked at the scrawny child who seemed to be nothing except taut olive skin drawn over fine bones and turned away. In Chinese families girls are not very important; he could love only a son. A daughter, particularly this skinny, odd looking girl, was a disgrace to his ancestors. Maybe it would have been different had there been other children, but Julie Nuyen had barely avoided starvation and she would never again be entirely well.

And so, at six, France Nuyen knew well the ingredients of wretchedness: fear, hunger, brutality and rejection.

But time passed, and the child France grew to be thirteen. And terror came into her life again. She was attending Lysee Longchamps when an older girl, running in a school corridor, crashed into France and sent her spinning into a radiator. One of the iron ribs struck the side of France's head knocking her unconscious.

At the time, France made light of the accident, but as weeks passed, it became evident that the memory centers of her brain had suffered damage. When it came her turn to recite, France could not recall her lessons; when others were reciting, she could not concentrate. She could only rest her head on her crossed arms and sleep.

Doctors made an examination and suggested that France be enrolled in an art school where she could make use of the obvious talent in her fingertips, permitting the brain injury to be healed by nature. "She is young," the doctors said. "She should recover without after-effect. Meanwhile. . . ."

Meanwhile she won the painting prize during her second year, and a sculpture prize during her third.

### A beauty grows

Meanwhile the taut lines of her face rounded and softened. Her eyes grew wide and dark, and she walked with an air of mysterious beauty proper to a daughter of Paris and Peiping.

During the summer she posed—at fifty cents to a dollar an hour—for artists intrigued by the richness of her coloring, and for sculptors who tried to duplicate the strange and lovely lines of her head and shoulders. Sometimes she donned the fashion creations of local designers and posed for the photographers whose work was displayed in the windows of small shops throughout France.

Now and then France would return to the quiet house on the remote street in Marseilles to ask the Gypsy seer what he saw in her future.

He would drop the diamond into the silver bowl and say what the colors told. "You must go away," he would always tell her. "Here, in this city, even in this country, you cannot find your destiny. It is far away. You must get away."

But *how?* France wondered *how?* At Cannes, at the Film Festival perhaps? She decided to make the trip just for the thrill of looking at the stars.

Philippe Halsman, who had photographed France on an earlier occasion, happened to be attending the Film Festival. And one day as France was talking with Mr. Halsman, she was spotted by a man named Mike Todd who was searching for a girl of fantastic beauty to portray the princess in *Around The World In 80 Days.*

Arrangements were made through Philippe Halsman for a screen test. The test was sensational. But when contract negotiations were begun, Mike Todd was startled to discover that France spoke not one word of English, and was not yet sixteen years old.

### An ocean voyage

Once again France returned to the Gypsy and his divining stone and once again she was told to leave her native land. And suddenly Fate became cooperative: Madame Nuyen received a letter from her husband explaining that he had transferred from a French to an American steamship line and would now be living in New York between voyages. He wanted his family to join him.

New York proved to be a frightening place full of dark threats and unexpected dangers. France's father was out at sea by the time his wife and daughter arrived, so they moved, unescorted, into the two-room apartment he had been occupying. No one thought of the fact that the neighborhood was not the safest one for two women unable to speak or understand English.

One night France was walking the dog she had brought from Marseilles. A sinister-looking man paused on the deserted street and studied her, and paused and leered again and then went on. She for-


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got about it until she started up the stairs of her apartment building.

And then she saw it. She saw the shadow cast by the foyer light upon the stairs and knew that the man was lying in wait for her.

She could not go home. But where could she go? Half a block away from her home there was a post office and France remembered seeing a policeman there whenever she walked by. She breathed a quick little prayer of hope that a policeman would be there now. *Mon Dieu,* there was! France went to him and tried to explain, in French, her situation and her fear. It was quite hopeless. He knew no French. And she lacked enough English to tell the story.

But she would not go home, and she had to make him understand. So she took the rent bill from her pocket and on the back of it she drew the outline of a man, his face partially concealed by a black slouch hat, his coat collar turned up, hands sunk into pockets. She drew apartment steps and a lighted entry . . . and a menacing shadow.

"I gotcha," beamed the officer. "Sure, and I'll see you to your very door and no mistake."

And he did.

### Job hunting

France was getting old enough now to start thinking about bringing some money to the two-room apartment. So each Monday morning, armed with the advertisements in Sunday's paper, she would set out to find a modeling job. How tall was she? "Five feet four inches," she would tell the agencies. "My weight is 96 pounds."

"Too small," everyone said.

Then at last she thought she had a job. The man looked her up and down and said she would do . . . but there was traveling involved in this particular modeling job. He rested a hand on her shoulder. *Would she be able to travel?*

France said, "Maman waits. I ask," and pointed toward the outside corridor. The man unlocked the door. "Be back," said France, her fingers crossed, and ran for her life.

She gave up trying to find modeling work. She decided to do anything that would be as unlike modeling as possible. She took a job as a domestic scrubbing floors, washing windows, waxing woodwork, moving heavy furniture, polishing brass and porcelain. When her time was up each day, there always seemed to be one more task to be done: a blouse to be washed, an evening gown to be pressed, a button to be sewed on, silver to be polished. The additional work—sometimes an hour's time, sometimes two—was never covered by paycheck.

One afternoon the French blood began to boil, and France told off her employer. She decided to drown her sorrows in one mad extravagance—she went to a milliner's shop.

The proprietor, it turned out, spoke French. Maybe she suspected that France really couldn't afford a hat, but what natural-born milliner could fail to take pleasure in so lovely a customer?

She kept bringing out more and more hats. "Try this . . . Yes, you have the feel of it. . . . And now this. . . . Ah—ravishing. . . . And this. . . . So chic . . . Mademoiselle, you should be a model."

France was about to burst into tears, except that tears were a luxury she could not afford. Instead, she told her story.

The milliner was spurred to action. "You *are* a model, you should *be* a model. I know a lady who takes small models." And she sent France to Candy Jones Conover.

Mrs. Conover smiled into the wide and pleading eyes of France Nuyen, and said kindly, "Yes, you are *too* small to be a model, but don't let that worry you. I have another idea. I can send you to school where you will learn to walk properly, with the derrière *in* instead of out; you will learn to sit and stand; you will learn to speak English."

France attended classes conscientiously, but she also took a job that satisfied a longing held over from childhood: she became a salesgirl in a cookie shop. Her pay was fifty dollars a week and all the cookies she could eat without getting caught. Getting caught meant having to pay. It is likely that Fan-Fan Nuyen became the world's champion cookie snatcher.

Then she was told to report to the New York office of 20th Century-Fox for an interview. "She is the perfect Liat for *South Pacific*" everyone said. But she should lose some weight, and she must see Mr. This or Mr. That.

She was called for a second interview, and a third. And finally, a contract was signed, English lessons were arranged, and she was ready to go to Hollywood.

When she arrived at the airport, she hailed a taxi and asked to be driven to the hotel specified in her instructions from the studio. The meter was rising alarmingly and France watched it nervously. Finally she asked to be dropped at lodgings within walking distance of the studio. And no one from the studio was around to straighten out the mix-up. The date was July 5, 1957—a Friday—and everyone who could escape had left town on a long Independence Day weekend.

France spent the time in her motel room, leaving only long enough to walk to a nearby drug store for something to eat. Monday morning she reported to the wardrobe department, where a motherly designer named Dorothy Jeakins heard France's story with horror. "That settles it," she said. "You're going to come to live with me and my family in Brentwood."

Now she had a home and happiness. Eventually the test was completed, the wardrobe fitted and the English lessons learned. France was flown to the island of Kauai to bring to life the love story of Liat and Lt. Cable (John Kerr).

Promptly she became the film company doll, and at the end of a week everyone was quoting her. Someone asked her what toy she remembers from her childhood and she said, "I never *had.* Oh, once a toy rabbit. But I enjoyed very much to press flowers and I had many in books."

She gets weekly airmail letters from Paris, and of course everyone teases her about it. France explains, twinkling, "From a boy I sometime, possibly, marry. He studies one more year to be the dentist. For one year we write every week. For next year, write two times a week. If we can write for five years, get to know about us, the love would be . . . you say 'forever'? I do not want to marry for six months, get divorce. Better to wait and see."

Most of Hollywood is hoping that she will wait long enough to meet an American, so that France Nuyen may become a permanent part of the California scenery.

And what does France hope for?

Well, life seems so good these days that she doesn't plan too long ahead. She remembers the gypsy king and the wonderful way his prophecy came true. If she ever gets back to Marseilles, she might look him up again. But for now, the present, the freedom from terror is so precious, the future can wait. **END**

*France is appearing in* SOUTH PACIFIC *for 20th Century.*

## our parents said "no"

(*Continued from page 36*) along the winding little paths, listening to the waves pounding . . . and they talked. Dean was only eighteen then, and May seventeen, and they didn't talk about anything serious, only the usual pleasant nothings that a boy and a girl attracted to each other say.

"Besides," Dean adds, "falling in love never entered my mind, nor Mae's. I'd told the guys in my outfit that I wouldn't marry until I was thirty-five. And then zowie!—along came Mae."

Zowie, all of a sudden came an every night date with Mae. They went wherever there was anything doing in San Diego; to movies, to club dances, little theatres, jazz concerts.

"I didn't care how I was spending my money," Dean recalls. "I used up my savings. Then I cashed in my bonds. I threw my money around and it didn't mean a thing. I just wanted to be with Mae and impress her. That was all that mattered. I'd never felt this way about any other girl I'd ever known."

Apparently Mae didn't realize that Dean expected to see only her, because one night when she knew he was calling for her, another boy happened to come by and she didn't even bother to send him away. She never suspected a jealous reaction from Dean. When Dean pulled up in front of Mae's house, he saw a smart, white Cadillac parked outside, which made his little 1940 Ford appear more broken-down than usual. He was burning.

Soon after he walked in, the other boy took off—at Mae's gentle hints. But Dean's pride had been hurt. He was furious and nothing went right that night. They began to disagree about little things and one argument led to another. Before the evening was over Mae was in tears and Dean stomped out.

**And time passed. . . .**

They didn't see each other for almost a year, but Dean always carried in his thoughts the picture of the tall, lovely girl with the gentle smile and the luminous eyes. When he was stationed back in San Diego again, he couldn't wait to see her. Even as he rang her doorbell, he hoped that the same Mae would come to the door, beautiful, gentle—and unattached.

She was still beautiful—this time she had been named "Miss San Diego"—still, luckily, unattached. Dean saw her every night for the rest of his leave.

Everything about Mae fascinated him—the things they had in common, even the things they didn't. Dean is full of fun; so is Mae, but she is less demonstrative. One night, when they were with a party of friends at a hotel in Delmar, a beautiful seaside resort near San Diego, Dean and several others jumped into the swimming pool with their clothes on, as the climax to a party. Mae stood by the pool's edge, laughing, but refused even to stick her toe in.

"Even if she didn't jump in with the rest of us, I thought she was wonderful," says Dean. "So reserved, such a lady. I thought, 'How could a wild hoot-owl like me measure up to her?'"

Teenage Dean and Mae still hadn't thought of marriage. His naval duties took him to Alabama, and she flew to Mexico City. That was a prize for winning a beauty contest. But the excitement of their various assignments didn't make them forget each other and Dean counted the days till he got back to San Diego again.

And when he got there, they made a date to meet at the front row of the theater where Dean was going to sing. When Mae came in, Dean stared, long and hard. His eyes were filled with admiration and longing. "Gosh," he whispered, "you're more beautiful than ever."

Then he took her in his arms and kissed her long and tenderly. They completely forgot the audience. "Hey," yelled the crowd good-naturedly, "sit down in front." But Dean and Mae saw and heard no one.

From that night on Dean knew there was no other girl for him, and Mae knew that her life would be from then on tied up with the happy-go-lucky young naval man.

**But there was Mom and Dad. . . .**

Mr. and Mrs. Entwisle, however, didn't look upon Dean as the answer to their dream for their daughter.

"He's in the service—he doesn't have much of a future," said her practical-headed father.

"And he's so young," protested her mother. "He can't settle down just yet. How can he?"

Mae tossed her beautiful dark head and walked out the door with Dean.

Night after night, as Mae continued to see Dean, her parents tried to convince her that she shouldn't take him seriously.

"He's a sailor, honey, and you know the kind of husbands they make. . . ." "What does he do for a living? Sing? SING? How many refrigerators can you buy with a song? . . ." "He's not at all serious. You can see that in his face."

They encouraged Mae to see other boys, hoping this would make her forget Dean. Her mother even invited a former boy friend over for dinner. But Mae smiled and said, "Sorry, I'm busy tonight," and sailed out when Dean arrived for her.

When Dean's parents, in Decatur, Alabama, learned from their son's letters and telephone calls that he was in love, they were alarmed, too. It was not Mae they objected to, it was the idea of their only child marrying before he was ready. They felt that most young girls wouldn't be able to adapt themselves to the struggle of starting a singing career. They knew how much it meant to Dean to get started. They were afraid that concern over a young wife might cause him to turn his back on all of his dreams. Dean had turned down the opportunity to take over his father's rich farm lands and real estate developments in order to become a singer. What would happen to his sacrifices if he had to worry about supporting a wife?

Although their parents said "No," Dean's heart and Mae's said something else. One night, sitting on a rock at the cove, Mae's head on Dean's shoulder, they realized that no matter how sensible their parents' arguments appeared to be, they could no more resist thinking of marriage than they could resist the desire to live.

"You're the only girl for me," said Dean.

"Maybe they say everything's against us," said Mae with female logic, "but if we're in love I guess that's all that matters."

**Mae's side of it**

Dean's heart pounded as loud as the roar of the surf as he held Mae close.

"Will you marry me tomorrow?" he asked, expecting her to say "Yes," of course.

Mae looked up at him out of wide brown eyes. "Oh no," she said. "I want a big wedding."

Dean was surprised at this. He didn't want a big wedding and all the fuss. It would take too long, and marriage was a private affair if you were doing it against the wishes of parents. He tried to talk Mae into a small church wedding.

"Besides," he said, "if it's a big wedding


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we have to get everybody's consent, and we're the only two who think we *should* be married."

Mae promised to think it over. It was easy to want to become Dean's wife; it was not so easy to do so in the face of her parents' objections. To prepare themselves, however, she and Dean secretly took out a marriage license. Dean carried it with him all the time.

Soon it was New Year's Day, the day of the glorious Rose Bowl Parade, and Mae, as the most beautiful girl in San Diego, graced one of the floats. She selected Dean to be her partner in the flower-laden float which had a historic theme: he was Allesandro, the legendary Indian lover, and Mae was his sweetheart, Ramona. As they rode slowly in a misty rain, Mae waved gracefully to the huge throngs lining the streets. Suddenly she took her eyes away from the crowd and flashed a meaningful smile at Dean.

"Does that mean . . .?" whispered Dean out of the corner of his mouth.

"Yes, you idiot," replied Mae, and she turned and blew kisses to the crowd.

**The Indian wedding**

Dean—his face stained dark as the romantic Indian, a long, black wig flopping against his cheek, an Indian costume making him look rugged and dashing, and Mae in the ruffled gown of Ramona, giggled. When they neared a floral shop, Dean took Mae by the waist and jumped off the float with her.

"Quick—flowers—for a wedding," ordered Dean, while Mae, by his side, nodded.

"Flowers? For an Indian wedding?" asked the florist.

"No. For a wedding. Our wedding," replied Dean, beads of perspiration glistening on his stained legs.

The florist's mouth was still open as they ran out and made quick tracks to get to Dean's car. They drove off and stopped only long enough to phone some of their closest friends to meet them at the Sherman Oaks Methodist Church.

When Allesandro and Ramona arrived, their paleface friends were already there. Their friends scarcely blinked at the historic outfits, although the minister had to be persuaded that they were serious about being married. The altar of the picturesque valley church was covered with a regular forest of green plants. It was a perfect setting for the wedding of an Indian lad and his sweetheart.

Today, Dean and Mae, with their two young daughters, Carol Elizabeth, three, and baby Deanna Mae, one, still attend this church and they never look at the altar on a Sunday without a sentimental smile crossing their lips.

"Remember when we scared the daylights out of the minister?" Dean sometimes whispers, and Mae laughs softly.

After their marriage ceremony, Mae went to the phone to break the news to her parents.

There was a pause, then Mae's mother said, "Darling, I want you to be very happy."

Their hearts were lighter when they left to see Dean's parents in Decatur. Dean could hardly wait to show off his bride to his folks, believing that if they met Mae they would realize his youthful marriage was not a mistake. He was right. Dean's mother and father were charmed by her immediately. "I guess you kids knew what you were doing, after all," said Dean's father beaming. "I'm very proud of your choice, son."

**Where Dean grew up**

Dean took his bride for long walks over the beautiful rolling hills of his father's farm land. Mae gasped at the beauty of the caverns and the bluff of sheer rock which ran hundreds of yards to a breath-taking drop. Dean pointed out the rabbits and the quail scurrying around. "I used to come hunting here all the time as a kid," he said, and Mae tried to picture the childhood of the young man who had so suddenly become her whole future. But Dean could hardly wait to return to California and take up his life with Mae. Besides, there was the matter of gaining the forgiveness of Mae's parents.

They rented a little one-bedroom and kitchenette apartment in the Valley and invited Mae's parents over for their first dinner at home. When Mae's parents saw how deeply in love they were and noticed that Dean, for all his youth and impetuosity, displayed such tenderness toward their daughter, they quickly forgot their original objections.

Dean got a job singing at Knott's Berry Farm, a replica of an old-time California ghost town which is a tourist attraction. It didn't pay much and it wasn't big-time, but he was singing and Mae was very proud of him.

That was four years ago, and like young kids all over the country who marry on their own, they were determined to be independent. They were expecting their first baby, without a cent in the bank, with their future still to be made. Carol Elizabeth was born, a replica of her mother but with her father's snub nose. Dean and Mae spent almost no money except for baby food, and Dean continued to try to get beyond the $40 a week.

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What happens when two teenagers marry against their parents' wishes and when dreams come up—and crash?

Dean and Mae had to face some mighty severe tests. Once he was seen by a TV vice-president. "Say, kid, how would you like to replace Jo Stafford this summer?"

"How would I like to breathe?" replied Dean ecstatically. He went out and bought Carol a load of toys, a couple of new dresses for Mae, and he even splurged on a pretty lace outfit, outrageously expensive, for the new baby they were expecting. That took his week's salary, but he didn't care.

"I'll be on TV soon," he crowed to Mae.

And then a few hours later he learned the dismaying news: the vice-president who had hired him had been suddenly fired. End of job. Back to $40 a week.

Mae tried not to cry, but the tears came. "Do you suppose you can return these things?" she asked anxiously. "We can't pay for them now."

Dean thrust out his strong jaw. "Not on your life. I'll have to get a good break now to pay for these things. But they're not going back. Not if I have to do without eating."

**More news**

Promises came up for a Broadway show, and were broken. Mae was very encouraging at home. Never did she let him know her disappointment, even when he'd come home, his face long, after an unsuccessful audition. "Well, I didn't make it this time, honey," he'd say.

"Nonsense," Mae would tell him brightly, and cut an extra thick slice of meat for his dinner. "It's just not your time yet. Did I tell you what the baby did today? It was the cutest thing. . . ."

She'd make Dean forget for a while, but the next time an audition would come up and vanish into nothing, Dean wondered if he'd ever get anywhere. Hopes would flare up and fizzle. Like the Broadway show that Vernon Duke, the big New York producer, wanted Dean to do.

"Do you think you'd like New York after living here all your life?" he asked Mae happily, twirling her around. "We'll be a real Broadway family."

Then came the news that the show wasn't going to be produced after all.

Any young husband feels disappointed at not being able to support his family well. With Dean, there was an extra reason to make good. Mae's parents had asked her not to marry him; his own parents advised them to wait. He had to prove that he and Mae were right in running off and marrying secretly.

Then came the break. When he first received the news to audition at MGM he didn't tell Mae about it. No sense building her up for another disappointment. He kissed her and Carol Elizabeth and said, "Maybe there'll be something to tell you tonight."

When he bounced into the house that night, he couldn't contain himself. "This is it. But really *it!*"

His audition at MGM was a click and he was signed as a promising young singer-actor. That was two years ago, but he has yet to hit a note. In *Torpedo Run* and *Handle With Care,* he was so natural and displayed such strength and virility, that the studio put him into more hard-hitting roles such as *Imitation General* with Glenn Ford, and bypassed his singing for the time being. He'll be singing, however, when he joins Debbie in *Boy Friend.*

His records are a blast with the teenagers, particularly *Me, Please, Me,* and when he sings at high school proms he does it for sheer kicks.

**Dean's women**

Dean's proud not only of his fast-rising career, but of the women in his life. Besides Carol, there is now baby Deanna, and keeping up with the Joneses means, eventually, keeping up with a growing brood.

Mae takes care of their rented house, a cute modern place in the Valley, and Dean's a mighty handy guy when it comes to doing repairs. When he's not racing his jaunty little Austin-Healey, he packs his family off for a spin to Palm Springs or to Balboa, where they go boating. Night clubs don't see them at all; the outdoors is more their dish. Dean wasn't raised on a farm for nothing, and Mae's a true California product.

There's plenty of love and plenty of laughter at the Joneses. They're two kids who get a great boot out of life—together.

"It's great to marry young," says Dean, his arm around Mae. "That is, if it's right. It was right for us. We always knew that. I'm not telling other kids to do what we did. We're crazy about our parents and we've always been devoted to them. But when they said 'No,' I'm glad that was one time we didn't listen." **END**

*You can now see Dean in* BOY FRIEND *and in* IMITATION GENERAL, *both for MGM.*

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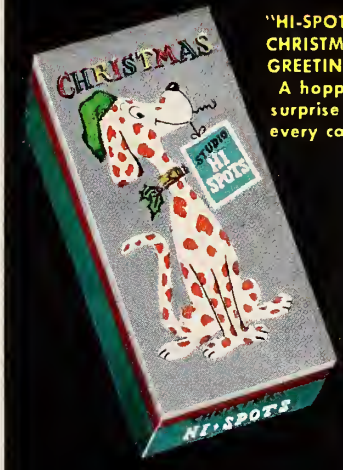
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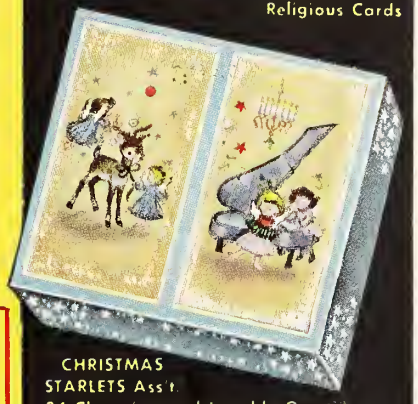
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HOW GOD SAVED OUR MARRIAGE—by Pier Angeli

# modern screen®

PT. 25¢

"Our Family"

Debbie + Eddie

RECORD
AUG 26 1958



## THE LOVES THAT SHOCK HOLLYWOOD

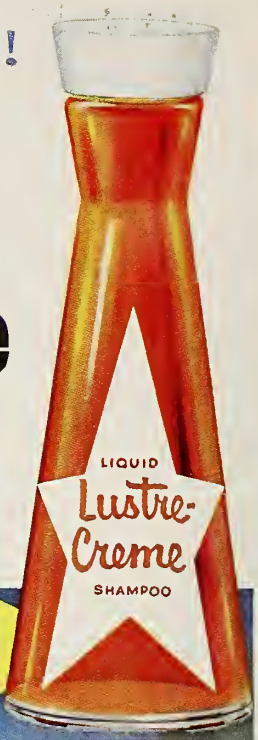
**KIM'S** "married general"

**JERRY LEE LEWIS'** 13-year-old bride

**SUZY PARKER'S** "secret husband"

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

# Now you can shampoo... Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!







**SANDRA DEE,** lovely star of **"THE WONDERFUL YEARS,"** a Universal-International Picture in CinemaScope, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo—and look at her shining curls! Why don't you try Liquid Lustre-Creme, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

**Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.** Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

**Set—with just plain water!** An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—the favorite of 4 out of 5 top movie stars—now in liquid, lotion or cream!




LUSTRE-CREME · NEVER DRIES · IT BEAUTIFIES!

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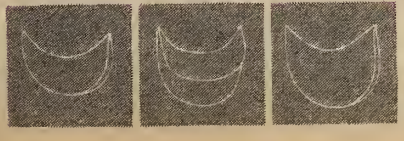


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the world's largest selling bobby pins




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# modern screen

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The cover portrait of Debbie and Eddie and the family is by Wide World. Other photographers' credits are on page 82.

DAVID MYERS, editor

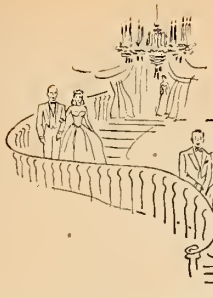
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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579, to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 52, No. 8, September 1958. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office 221 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years; $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Reentered as second class matter March 25, 1957, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1958 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.



A very funny (IT'S CRAZY, MAN!)



story of a gentleman (VERY SQUARE!)





and his high-brow lady (THAT "LES GIRLS" CHICK!)



who try to tame a teen-ager (SHE'S THE MOST!)



and her bongo beating boy-friend (VERY SOLID!)



**(MAN . . . everybody . . . but EVERYBODY HAS A BALL!)**

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# REX HARRISON · KAY KENDALL

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co-starring

## JOHN SAXON · SANDRA DEE

## ANGELA LANSBURY

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In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR • An Avon Production
Directed by Vincente Minnelli • Produced by Pandro S. Berman

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**FOR ROMANCE**
*Indiscreet*
*A Certain Smile*

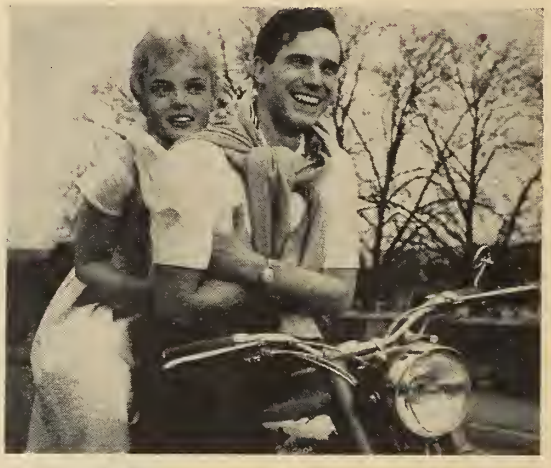
**FOR ADVENTURE**
*The Key*

**FOR DRAMA**
*Imitation General*

**FOR ACTION**
*The Law And Jake Wade*

# NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



## A CERTAIN SMILE

*a French word for love*

**Rossano Brazzi**
**Joan Fontaine**
**Bradford Dillman**
**Christine Carere**
**Eduard Franz**

▪ The smile belongs to Rossano Brazzi—what a ladykiller! While his gorgeous wife Joan Fontaine puts up a brave, well-dressed front, he is dashing about in his white Mercedes Benz casting a pearly smile on all the daughters of France. Here is a romantic young girl —Christine Carere—who's very lonely because her parents can't get over the death of their son. She's engaged to Bradford Dillman, a classmate at the Sorbonne, but he's not romantic enough to elope. Instead, he innocently introduces Christine to his uncle (Brazzi). In no time Brazzi's telling her he loves her but—you know—not forever. She says she knows, and spends a week with him on the Riviera. After that idyll Brazzi's ready to return to business (the money-making kind) but Christine's ready to die of love (the forever kind). This is quite a blow to Brazzi (to say nothing of what it does to his wife, who's become Christine's best friend). Come to think of it, it's also quite a blow to Bradford Dillman. Some elegant scenes of France.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

## THE KEY

*a romantic adventure*

**William Holden**
**Sophia Loren**
**Trevor Howard**
**Oscar Homolka**
**Carl Mohner**

▪ During the Second World War the English ran a sea-going tugboat service that went to the rescue of disabled ships. Lots of times the tugs which weren't armed didn't come back. But whenever tugboat captain Trevor Howard came back, he didn't have to sleep in a ratty hotel; he had Sophia Loren hovering over him. Howard tells new Canadian captain William Holden that she's a great girl and hands him the key to the flat. Holden is shocked. But Howard means well; he means Holden should use the key only in case of his death. And Sophia means well. Once she was in love with a tugboat captain and when he was killed she started on a one-woman rescue kick. Finally, much against his high moral code, Holden uses the key. What follows is touching and romantic—while the action at sea keeps the excitement high.—COLUMBIA.

## THE LAW AND JAKE WADE

*killer Widmark out west*

**Robert Taylor**
**Richard Widmark**
**Patricia Owens**
**Robert Middleton**
**Henry Silva**

▪ They're all set to hang Richard Widmark down there in New Mexico when Robert Taylor, all in black, rescues him. Trouble is, Widmark's a cocky killer and Taylor's a respected sheriff. But once they were bank robbers together and Taylor figures he owes Widmark one last favor. Widmark figures Taylor isn't going to get away that easy—not when he knows where the haul from their last bank job is hidden. All of a sudden Robert and his fiancee Patricia Owens are kidnapped by Widmark and his gang. Over hill and dale and desert they ride to a ghost town where the money's hidden. There's no doubt that old pal Widmark is going to kill old pal Taylor and his bride-to-be when he gets the cash. So there are some lively attempts at escape (all useless), some lively chatter (Widmark's clever), some outside trouble with the Comanches, and some inside trouble with Widmark's gang, among whom is juvenile delinquent Henry Silva.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM. (*Continued on page 69*)

# New!




# Only in BOBBI...

# 3 kinds of curlers

## for the 3 critical waving areas in soft modern hairstyles!

**Only new Bobbi gives you all 3:**

1. **6 large sponge rollers** give extra body where your hairstyle needs most support—add style flare at the sides, give a lift over the brow, curve a perky pony-tail.
2. **40 casual pin-curlers** for easy-to-make pin-curls that give overall softness throughout most of your hairstyle.
3. **6 midget rods** for curling the wispy neckline stragglers.






The new modern hairstyles need different kinds of curls in different areas—and only new Bobbi gives them to you. Three different kinds of curlers come right in the Bobbi package—nothing more to buy! And only new Bobbi is so *easy*. It's self-neutralizing.

No resetting . . . you brush out waves that are soft and natural looking from the first, yet really last. New Bobbi instructions for a variety of modern hairstyles show where each curler goes to give a style while you wave. Try new Bobbi Pin Curl Permanent!

*the easy way to lasting waves—the Bobbi way*

# Looking up to better things!

Happy you! You're the kind of girl who won't settle for sameness. You try whatever's new and wonderful—new lines, new shapes, new colors—smart new ways of living. Like so many of today's smart young moderns, you choose the nicest in sanitary protection, too . . . Tampax® internal sanitary protection! Because it's invisible and unfelt when in place. Because it's so dainty to use, to change and dispose of. Because you never have odor worries or carrying problems. Because with Tampax, you can all but forget about differences in days of the month! Who *wouldn't* use Tampax, you say! It's the *modern* way! Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.







**Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 321 West 44th Street, New York 36. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.**

**Q** How many children are **Eddie Fisher** and **Debbie Reynolds** hoping to have?
—L.T., Louisville, Ky.
**A** *They would like to have four.*

**Q** Is there any chance that **Liz Taylor** will marry **Montgomery Clift?**
**A** *Not much.*
—E.P., N.Y.C.

**Q** Must **Judy Garland** post a bond before she appears on stage?
—J.T., San Francisco, Calif.
**A** *Some employers are demanding a bond to insure her appearance.*

**Q** Who is the agent that is responsible for **Rock Hudsan's** success. Where can I reach him?
—D.O., Indianapolis, Ind.
**A** *Henry Willson, Famous Artists, Inc., Beverly Hills, Calif.*

**Q** Can you tell me who plays opposite **Charleton Hestan** in *Ben Hur?*
R.R., Syracuse, N.Y.
**A** *An Israeli actress named* **Hoyo Horareet.**

**Q** What's the status of the **Anito Ekberg-Anthany Steele** marriage?
—Y.T., Miami, Fla.
**A** *Shaky.*

**Q** Is it true that **Bing Crosby** has put his Elko, Nev. cattle ranch up for sale because none of his boys wants to become a rancher?
—L.R., Reno, Nev.
**A** *True.*

**Q** Is the **Jaan Callins-Hugh O'Brion** affair for real or for publicity?
—D.T., Denver, Col.
**A** *A little of both.*

**Q** Whatever became of **Jone Russell?**
—B.T., N.Y.C.
**A** *Just finished a* TV *series*—McCreedy's Woman, *which may debut this fall.*

**Q** Is **Grace Kelly** coming to the United States to resume her acting career?
—V.N., Philadelphia, Pa.
**A** *No. Just to visit her parents in Philadelphia.*

**Q** Can you tell me what **Tab Hunter** is doing these days?
—M.E., Ellenville, N.Y.
**A** *He will team with* **Sophio Loren** *soon in* That Kind of Woman.

**Q** Will Cheryl be allowed to live with her mother **Lono Turner** again?
R.T., Chicago, Ill.
**A** *When she is eighteen. Or before, depending on how the court rules.*

**Q** Isn't it true that the **Deboroh Kerr-Tony Bortley** marriage was on the rocks long before the divorce announcement?
—T.R., London, Eng.
**A** *Certainly it was slipping. (The whole story is in this issue.)*

**Q** I understand that **Fronk Sinotra** now cares more for books than he does for girls. Is this on the level?
—R.L., Newark, N.J.
**A** *That will be the day!*

**Q** Why does **Yul Brynner** tell all those stories about his background?
—N.O., Dover, Del.
**A** *It makes him sound more melodramatic.*

**Q** Is it true that **Rock Hudson** is taking singing lessons? If so, why?
—A.U., Portland, Ore.
**A** *Rock is ambitious, would like to star in a musical.*

**Q** Can you tell me how old **Mickey Rooney** is and whether he ever played a midget?
—V.T., Rutland, Vt.
**A** *Rooney is thirty-eight; he played a midget as a child.*

**Q** Does **Bill Holden** drink?
—E.T., Los Angeles, Cal.
**A** *Occasionally.*

**Q** **Lew Ayres** and **Jaonne Dru**—will they get married?
—T.E., Los Angeles, Calif.
**A** *A possibility but not a probability.*

**Q** Why won't **Jennifer Jones** pose for news photographers?
—F.I., Louisville, Ky.
**A** *She's camera-shy, believe it or not.*

**Q** Why won't Hollywood studios permit tourists to tour studios?
—E.T., Peoria, Ill.
**A** *They're afraid of interference and law suits.*

**Q** Is **Fronk Sinotra** afraid of TV?
—E.T., Minneapolis, Minn.
**A** *No. He plans to limit himself to movies.*

**Q** Is it true that **Jayne Monsfield** cut Mickey Hargitay's allowance?
—C.T., Akron, Ohio
**A** *Hargitay is not on any allowance.*

*"From the bottom of my heart . . .*

# I THANK YOU FOR MY NEW BODY!"



**". . . thank you, SLIMTOWN, for the slim, chic body Providence intended for me to have . . . for making it so easy, so calm, so peaceful to lose the fat, unhealthy bulk I'd been carrying around so long . . ."**

**This letter, in a neat frame, hangs on the wall of the office of the president of the SLIMTOWN Corporation. In the files of the Company are hundreds of similar letters . . . letters of thanks and of gratitude . . . letters full of the joy of a new life . . . letters of wonder that SLIMTOWN had done what it had said it could do—to let a fat person lose all the weight he wanted to lose—up to 10, 20, 30, even 50 or 70 lbs. of ugly overweight without struggle, without the stress of giving up good foods (even desserts), without a doctor's prescription.**

Once more, please read the excerpt from this lady's letter—*". . . thank you for making it so EASY, so CALM, so PEACEFUL to lose the fat . . . I'd been carrying around so long . . ."*

Yes, this lady has good reason to bless SLIMTOWN. SHE didn't have to pay the old-fashioned price for her new, slim figure. She didn't have to go through the long, long months of excruciating diet, giving up the foods she loved so much. Nor do YOU have to sweat and strain and labor week after week just to take off a solitary stubborn inch. You no longer have to watch hated calories, rely on habit forming drugs, snap at your friends and family, go through months of torture always with that hunger-pang deep in your stomach.

## No! You Don't Have to Suffer to Become Slim

Stop for a moment and read this sentence again: **You don't have to suffer to become slim!** Think what this advertisement is promising you—is GUARANTEEING you! YOU CAN LOSE THAT UGLY FAT QUICKLY, SAFELY, WITHOUT DISCOMFORT, WITHOUT HUNGER PANGS, WITHOUT FRUSTRATION . . . Right now, right this minute you can plan your NEW figure. Do you want to shed 9 pounds the very first week? Up to 24 pounds the first month? 40 . . . 50 . . . 70 pounds in all? Do you? What a question! Of course, you do.

But you ask another question: Will it cost me blood, sweat, tears? The answer is NO. You will eat what you want to eat, anything you want . . . and the pounds will drop off. You will be calm, peaceful, sleep like a baby . . . and the pounds will continue to melt away. You may have less will-power than a kitten. No matter. Steadily, surely, safely you will become slimmer and slimmer. Will you be tired, depressed, ill-humored? No, none of these. Astonished as you may be at the speed the fat is leaving you, you will be even more amazed at how much AT PEACE YOU ARE WITH YOURSELF. Your energy, your disposition, your zest for life will bring you almost as much joy as the new, slimmer you that your mirror will show you with each passing day.

## This Sounds Too Good to Be True. What Makes It Possible?

The answer lies in one word—SLIMTOWN. And behind this name is a story. An exciting, thrilling story of a doctor and his goal—a medical doctor who became obsessed with the belief that nature hadn't intended for people to become fat. Troubled by first-hand effects of obesity in his patients—heart disease, diabetes, hypertension, deep insecurity—he became a sworn enemy of fat, the killer.

He knew the problem wasn't so complex. The reason people become fat is simple. They overeat. How about the answer to the problem? Ah, not so simple. Up until recently, he, like other doctors, knew only one answer—vigorous, self-disciplined dieting. But in case after case he saw how rarely that was successful, how many times a patient would start off bravely on a diet and then, unable to stick to it, wander off it and grow even fatter than before.

Then along came a substance which depressed the appetite. Immediately, a rash of "reducing" pills, tablets, liquids, cookies, wafers all hit the market, all promising fancy results. But the trouble with this appetite depressant was that it also upset the person taking it. It made one feel lost, vaguely dissatisfied, jittery, as though all the fun had been taken out of life. And so, after a few days of half-hearted and miserable trying, the pills and the cookies and the liquids were doing nothing but taking up room in the medicine chest—all failures.

But clouds have silver linings, they say; and from these failures the doctor suddenly knew the clear, exciting answer—the answer to the quest for a safe reducing product which could make any fat person reduce, no matter how much he loved to eat. Of course, the pills and the liquids—the so-called reducers—had been bound to end up in the medicine chest! How in the world could they be anything but failures when the one, vital, all-important element was missing—the one substance that would go to work, not only on the appetite, but on the hunger pangs . . . the one agent that would SOOTHE THE PATIENT, KEEP HIM CALM AND HAPPY, AT PEACE WITH HIMSELF, HIS STOMACH, AND THE WORLD! That was the basic problem . . . and from that SLIMTOWN was born.

Now that he was on the right track, the doctor-scientist began his search for the method that would once and for all get to the real cause of overweight and overcome it . . . a method that a doctor could confidently recommend to all normally healthy people, but which would not require a doctor's prescription. And then he discovered the benefits of Pacifin. Yes, PACIFIN, the amazing wonder drug that calms and soothes. PACIFIN, the all-important, ingredient which all other reducing products lacked, and which made the difference between struggling to lose weight, or losing pounds easily, pleasantly, almost automatically. PACIFIN, that lets you sleep like a baby, smile at the world, look forward to each day with pleasure, secure in the knowledge that this is another day on the road to the body and health you've dreamed of possessing.

But like a true scientist, the doctor worked carefully. He knew he had the key to overcoming obesity; now his job was to test it beyond doubt. Expertly, he combined PACIFIN with other substances, each designed to perform a particular function. Experimenting and testing for months, he finally created what is unquestionably the only true reducing product sold without a doctor's prescription—SLIMTOWN.

## What Is Slimtown?

There is no mystery to SLIMTOWN. It is simply another testimonial to the great work coming out of medical science today. There are three medically-known ingredients that all work together to make your SLIMTOWN weight reducing program the surest, quickest, safest, and most pleasant you have ever tried. Here are the three ingredients, GUARANTEED to help you, no matter how many other methods have failed you in the past:

(1) SLIMTOWN TABLETS CONTAIN PACIFIN—the peaceful wonder-drug that calms and soothes you. PACIFIN'S all-important function is that it removes from you the strain that is inevitable in all other reducing methods. It helps your disposition to remain sunny, it helps you sleep healthfully and calmly, it eliminates the edginess that accompanies other reducing programs and pills. It is the benevolent weight guardian that insures the success of SLIMTOWN.

(2) SLIMTOWN TABLETS CONTAIN ANTIPATIN — another amazing substance that goes right to work on the centers concerned with hunger. With ANTIPATIN you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods, but magically that old craving for food has diminished, you hear yourself refusing seconds and thirds; you feel full, satisfied with life. You just don't want to eat more.

(3) SLIMTOWN TABLETS CONTAIN GASTROFILIN—a remarkable no-calorie ingredient that actually "fools" your stomach, makes it feel half-full of food, even before you sit down to eat. With GASTROFILIN you just don't find the room to put away your usual over-supply of food.

## The Most Unprecedented Guarantee You Ever Read

**You are going to read a guarantee you've never seen before—a guarantee that can be made only because the makers of SLIMTOWN are convinced they are putting out the finest reducing method known, without a doctor's prescription. Here is our guarantee:**

- **Lose 5 lbs. the first two days or every penny back (10 day Supply)**
- **Lose 9 lbs. the first week or every penny back (10 day Supply)**
- **Lose 20 lbs. the first 20 days or every penny back (20 day Supply)**
- **Lose 30 lbs. the first 30 days or every penny back (30 day Supply)**

**Lose *in all* every pound you've filled in on the coupon or *EVERY PENNY BACK* you've paid for SLIMTOWN (reckoned at 1 day's supply for every pound you want to lose).**

## The Most Unprecedented Guarantee You Ever Read

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# LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

**IN THIS ISSUE:**

★ A Special Party

★ A Disillusioning Divorce

★ A Surprising Marriage



*Clark Gable and his lovely wife Kay Spreckels were among the many stars who turned out to meet my honored guests at cocktails in my garden. . . .*

**LOUELLA PARSONS**
**in hollywood**



# louella parsons' GOOD NEWS



*Jack Benny's Mary hasn't been feeling too well lately, so he came alone. But found Bob Hope to talk to.*

## I GIVE A PARTY

**Modesty (a bit of it anyway) prevents me** from calling the party I gave in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kern, J. D. Gortatowsky, Frank Conniff and my other Hearst newspaper bosses, party of the month.

But I was very happy that so many stars turned out to meet my honored guests at cocktails in the garden of my home. Even the flowers seemed to be blooming their prettiest and the lawn looked its greenest contrasted against the white tables and white umbrellas.

California's Governor Goodwin Knight and his vivacious wife Virginia were among the first arrivals and it was hard to tell whether **Clark Gable, Gary Cooper** and **Jimmy Stewart** got a bigger kick out of being photographed with the governor and his wife—or the governor and Virginia with them!

**June Allyson** came in a black trapeze dress and I was amused to overhear **Ronnie Reagan**—Nancy was in the hospital after welcoming their son—say to **Dick Powell,** "Do you like those dresses?"

"Nope," said Dick, "but I like the girl in it." Now there's a nice husband for you.

**Mrs. Clark Gable** also was in black, a cocktail suit and small black hat, and Dana Wynter wore a stunning black figure-slim cocktail dress—but most of the other chicly gowned women were in the gayest colors.

I'll be a good scout—and hostess, I hope—and not mention the names of all the femmes who let out a big sigh when **Rossano Brazzi** and his wife Lidia arrived. There are few foreign stars ever to visit our town who have made the hit of the Brazzis. He's even better looking off screen than on, if possible, and she is a dear and so much fun.

I heard Rossano telling Lorena Mayer, widow of Louis B. Mayer, that her late husband was one of the giants of the industry both here and abroad and I know this pleased her. It was Lorena's first social appearance since the death of L. B.

**Jack Benny** came alone as Mary hasn't felt well lately and isn't going out much.

**Dorothy Malone** was escorted by socialite bachelor Arthur Cameron. She wore a rose taffeta dress caught up high on the skirt with a big rose.

Looking like a big doll in a summer cotton, **Debbie Reynolds** was very solicitous of **Eddie Fisher.** Eddie was just out of the hospital with an attack of appendicitis. (See my story about the Fishers on page 40.)

**Judy Garland** was given a warm reception. She and Sid certainly look happy now that their marital troubles are patched up. "Everything is all right with us again," Judy told me. "And, I feel so well again." She plays tennis every day and she is working hard on her voice, having just made a beautiful new album. Her friends are so happy about her Cocoanut Grove engagement, too.

Jack Warner, the Charles Bracketts, William Goetzes, Buddy Adlers, Jack Wrathers, **Ann Miller, Ann Blyth** and Dr. McNulty, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Greg Bautzer (with **Dana Wynter,** of course), **Irene Dunne** and Dr. Francis Griffin, **Jack Haley,** the Walter Langs, **Fred MacMurrays, Loretta Young** and **Tommy Sands** and many, many more dear friends all helped to make this happy event, an occasion I shall never forget.

# *It was good to see so many dear friends on this happy occasion...*



*Judy Garland and Sid Luft certainly show that their marriage is patched.*



*Comedian Danny Kaye seems to be in complete agreement with actor Jimmy Stewart and his wife Gloria. Agreeing on the sack-look question, maybe?*



*June Allyson confides to Edgar Bergen the funny comment husband Dick Powell made to me about her brand new black trapeze dress.*







*ABOVE One of the happiest couples around —the charming MacMurrays, Fred and June*

*FAR LEFT Dorothy Malone wore a taffeta dress. I thought it was so pretty. LEFT Rossano Brazzi is even better looking off the screen than on, and Lidia is a dear and so much fun. This couple have really made a hit.*

**Ricky Nelson, latest idol of the teenagers,** tells me he isn't planning to enter college this fall. "I can't—there's too much on tap," he explains.

One of the most important, other than his recordings and tours, is the offer producer Jerry Wald has made him to co-star with his father **Ozzie** in *The Wild Country* at 20th.

The original title of *The Wild Country* was *The Hound Dog Man*. Says Jerry. "We changed it lest somebody think it was the life of Elvis Presley.

**Jack (Mr. Dragnet) Webb and redheaded Jackie Loughery** had kept the seriousness of their romance so well that when Jack called me one morning and said he'd like to see me for a little while that afternoon, I thought he was coming to tell me about his new film deal with Warners!

But when he walked in, hand in hand with Jackie, they might have been singing—that's how happy they looked. They hardly needed to add they'd come to give me an 'exclusive' about their approaching marriage. They were married June 24th.

Frankly, I'll admit I was surprised. I knew Jack and Jackie had been dating—but I thought Jack was too soured on marriage to try again. He had said at the time of his divorce and property settlement from second wife Dorothy Towne, "never again." He was still paying on his whopping divorce settlement to Julie London by whom he has two daughters. Some of his pals referred to Webb as "alimony poor."

But cupid has struck again and this time, Jack is convinced things are going to be different.

"I'm not going to work as hard as I have in the past. I don't mean I'm not going to give my TV shows and films my best efforts, but I'm not going to work nights as well as days. I'm going to take some enjoyment from life with Jackie.

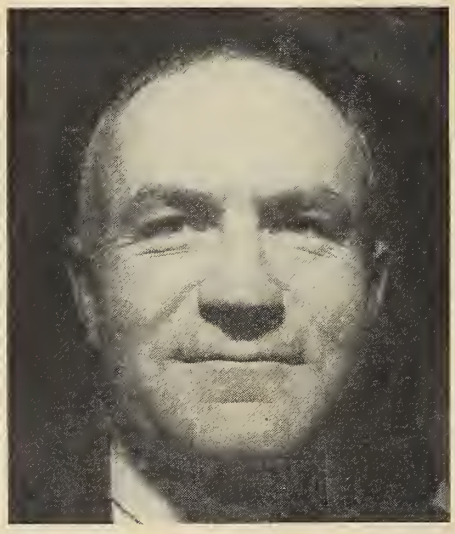
"We have similar tastes. We're not going to have a big house, for one thing. We'll take a small place near the studio and during our free time we'll travel."

They told me they met when Jackie was interviewed by Jack for a part in *Pete Kelly's Blues*. Jackie said, beaming, "It was on Valentine's Day—a year ago. I got the role—and the man." Quite a valentine.

Jackie, too, knows about unhappy marriage. She and Guy Mitchell had a short and unhappy union. Because of this, she's giving up her career to be the happy Mrs. Jack Webb, housewife.



*Jack Webb was soured on marriage. But Jackie Loughery changed his mind.*





*"It's all a lot of malarky," Peter Viertel (above, left) insists. But Tony Bartley (dancing with Deborah Kerr in happier days) charges him with 'enticing' the affections of his wife Deborah.*

**Neither of the 'gentlemen' involved in Deborah Kerr's** marriage troubles has conducted himself with any particularly marked gallantry, if you ask me.

After her husband, producer Tony Bartley, startled two continents by charging that writer Peter Viertel had 'enticed' Deborah's affections while in Vienna making *The Journey*, Viertel remarked to reporters, "It's all a lot of malarky." That's a very unfortunate and flippant word to describe the heartache that has been brought on Deborah by her husband's—as yet unproven—charges and his petition to the English Court to keep their two children, Melanie, ten, and Francesca, six, with him in London.

If this happens it is going to crush the heart out of Deborah. I know one thing—and Tony Bartley knows it, too—Deborah is one of the most loving and devoted mothers in the world.

No one really knows what goes on in a marriage, or what goes wrong with it but the two people involved. But if there is a villain in this break-up of what Hollywood and England considered a happy marriage, it is the long long stretches of time their work caused Deborah and Tony to be apart.

In the early days of their marriage, eleven years ago, Tony managed the career of his wife who was then looked upon as a sort of goody-goody leading lady. But it was not the best arrangement in the world, and Tony turned to his own work—he produces several successful TV shows in Europe—and Deborah began to soar—after her surprisingly sexy portrayal in *From Here to Eternity*.

During the past four years, friends say, they have spent just fifteen months together with Tony flying to Hollywood to be with Deborah and their children between pictures.

Deborah said she liked the arrangement. "It keeps us from ever becoming bored as often happens when people are constantly together," she once said. "Tony and I are always so happy to be together, so glad to see one another. I don't know whether it is the ideal marriage arrangement—but it has worked out happily for us." Everyone believed that. The Bartleys gave every indication of being one of the happiest of married couples and they both adored their pretty redheaded little girls.

And then these crushing charges from Tony—and Deborah's announcement that she is filing for a divorce in the courts of her 'adopted' California.

It's a sad and disillusioning ending to another Hollywood love story.





*Eddie shows off his latest baby photos to Liz Taylor between shows. Eddie Cantor shares Debbie's jubilation over Eddie's success.*

**Las Vegas weekend:** If there were any stars left in Hollywood when **Eddie Fisher** opened at the Tropicana, I don't know who they could be. Not only is Eddie a very popular boy with his fellow performers, but there were great shows all up and down the Vegas 'strip' including Sammy Davis, Jr. at The Sands, Joe E. Lewis at El Rancho Vegas, Polly Bergen, the McGuire Sisters and many more.

**Dean Martin** and his pretty, blonde Jeanne came up a couple of days ahead of good friend Eddie's opening. I got to know Jeanne better than ever before. She is such a fine girl and such a wonderful mother to Dean's seven children, four by his first marriage—and he and Jeanne have three.

Sitting and sunning, I asked Jeanne if it sometimes wasn't a bit of a burden having so many children to care for. She shook her head, "No, the older ones help me care for the younger children. I feel proud and happy to have such a family."

**Elizabeth Taylor** planed down with Mike Todd, Jr. and Arthur Loew, Jr. to be ringside when Eddie—Mike Todd, Sr.'s close pal—opened. Liz looking beautiful in a black dinner dress with pearl necklace, earrings and bracelets, attracted a lot of attention. But she wasn't mobbed by autograph seekers as she usually is; everyone politely respected Liz's feeling and desire for privacy.

Of course, **Debbie Reynolds** was on hand, having driven up the day before. She was so proud of the reception Eddie received —and deserved. Never in his life has he sung better and the place came down in a heap. I saw **Joan Collins** in one of the new chemise dresses, at Polly Bergen's show and she looked very attractive, but even Joan looked startled and surprised when Polly introduced her from the stage as "the most beautiful girl in the world." Polly, a looker herself, brought a $70,000 wardrobe to Las Vegas.

As for **Sammy Davis, Jr.,** at The Sands where I always stop, he was literally knocking himself out appearing twice nightly in Las Vegas and flying into Los Angeles at the crack of dawn for his *Anna Lucasta* movie role plus reporting at the Sam Goldwyn Studios for wardrobe fittings for his next picture, *Porgy and Bess*. I don't know how he does it—but he does, and the nightclub crowds just go crazy over Sammy.



*LEFT Joan Collins was surprised when Polly Bergen introduced her as "the most beautiful girl in the world."*



*ABOVE Robert Donat told Ingrid Bergman he would finish their latest film, and with great effort, he did.*

**We lost two great actors and fine gentlemen** this month in the deaths of British **Ronald Colman** and **Robert Donat.** Both had been ill for a long time. Ronnie with a chest condition, Donat with a devastating asthmatic condition. Each created his own tradition among motion picture artists. Neither can ever be replaced.

I had talked with Ronnie and Benita at their home near Santa Barbara just a few weeks previous to his fatal illness. At that time, Ronnie was much better and they were planning a trip to England with their daugher. I am glad that the last time I spoke with Ronnie, he seemed well and happy and excited about revisiting his native land.

As for Donat, it is a miracle that the man who made movie history as the loveable *Mr. Chips* ever got through his role with **Ingrid Bergman** in *The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness*. Only a super-human effort brought him through his arduous role. "I shall finish," he quietly told Ingrid—and he did. Two days after the final camera had turned, Donat was taken to the hospital where he died and a great talent was lost to the world.



## I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—

**I nominate for stardom—Tommy Sands:** and I mean stardom in a big way as an actor as well as the teenagers' singing idol. I have known this talented and modest boy ever since he and his mother came to Hollywood. Becoming good friends through our mutual friend, composer Jimmy McHugh, we have dined together, attended previews and premieres and talked at least twice a week on the telephone.

But even so, I was not fully conscious of the range of Tommy's talent until just recently when I saw him give a straight dramatic performance on a Studio One TV show. It was not an easy role. Tommy played a young singing celebrity who returns to his home town and takes up the cause of a juvenile delinquent, a boy who had been falsely accused on every side. In defending the boy, Tommy is rebuffed and thwarted by the local judges. It was a role that required a lot of dramatic know-how—and I admit I sat there with my mouth open as my young friend Tommy played it to the hilt.

I was amused the next day to read where Tommy's movie producer, Jerry Wald of 20th Century-Fox, didn't want Tommy to do any more acting on TV, just singing. Jerry says he should conserve the impact of his dramatic talent for his screen roles such as he is now playing in *Mardi Gras*. I won't get into that argument.

All I can say is that of the group of singers now appearing before the movie cameras (**Elvis Presley, Gary Crosby, Pat Boone** among them) Tommy thus far has shown the most natural talent for acting. Looking not at all like **Tony Curtis** off-screen, he bears a marked resemblance to the popular Tony before the cameras. And, that ain't bad.

**Kim Novak was smart** in minding her studio bosses and being conveniently 'out of town' when General Rafael Trujillo, Jr., made his return trip to Hollywood. Kim called me from Alisal Ranch, near Santa Barbara, where she was vacationing with her mother, sister, and brother-in-law to say that she was motoring back to Chicago with her family.

When I asked her, "Are you going to marry the General?" she said with finality, "Certainly not. You ought to know that."

It remained for Trujillo, Jr.'s other girl friend, **Zsa Zsa,** to pull the funniest crack about his having 'flunked' his courses at the army training school. "How could he fail?" inquired Zsa Zsa. "He's already a general."

**Marlon Brando and Johnny Saxon** have become friends. It's probably due to the Brando influence that young Saxon is refusing to discuss his private life, including the seemingly bitter ending of his long romance with girl friend Vickie Thall.

As both Marlon and Johnny hate personal publicity so much, I was intrigued indeed the other night to spot these young men in a drug store standing at the magazine rack leafing through movie magazines.





*What do Marlon Brando (above) and Johnny Saxon (right) have in common? It's probably that they hate personal publicity so much.*

# PERSONAL OPINIONS:

Those nice people, **Anne and Kirk Douglas** were sure they wanted a little girl but the stork brought a little boy—Kirk's fourth son—and now the Douglases are sure they wanted a little brother for their firstborn Peter all along.

**The Robert Stacks** got what they wanted. A boy, Charles, to go with their year-and-a-half old daughter.

I don't blame President Eisenhower and the First Lady for asking to have *Gigi* shown twice at the White House. It's the most delightful musical, with **Leslie Caron** and **Maurice Chevalier** plumb wonderful as usual, and **Louis Jourdan** a big surprise as the rich young man Gigi is out to marry. Should boost Jourdan's stock sky high.

**Mioyshi Umeki,** much discussed Japanese actress who won an Oscar for *Sayonara*, is marrying American Wynnfield Opie, TV director. "His name Opie sounds as Japanese as mine," giggles Miyoshi, blushing happily.

**Sue and Alan Ladd** will be the happiest grandparents in the world come February. Sue's pretty daughter, Carol Lee Ladd and her new husband John Vietch are on the stork's calling list.

**Lauren Bacall** still isn't dating anyone special since her romance with **Frank Sinatra** went on the rocks. She goes to parties with married friends.

**Jerry Lewis may take legal action** against **Jerry Lee Lewis,** the latter a singer who was booed off the stage after he married his thirteen-year-old cousin. Our Jerry is sick of being confused with 'this kissin' cousin.'

**One of the most beautiful** of the 'second generation' weddings was that of **Loretta Young's** daughter Judith Therese Lewis to TV producer Joseph L. Tinney, Jr. It will be many a day before there is a bride as lovely as Judy. A special blessing from the Pope was given at the high nuptial mass at the Good Shepherd Church in Beverly Hills. It was a beautiful, beautiful wedding Loretta gave her daughter, followed by a reception and a bridal luncheon at her home.

I saw **Rosalind Russell, Irene Dunne, Janet Gaynor, Cesar Romero,** Flobelle Fairbanks, Burden, **Wesley Ruggles'** young son, **Maria Cooper** (Rocky and **Gary's** beautiful daughter) among the many guests.

The bride wore the traditional white gown of velvet engraved satin with high neckline and long sleeves. A four yard trapeze-train flowed from the bridal veil set in a tiny crown of white satin trimmed with velvet rosebuds.

The proud mother of the bride, the lovely Loretta, wore a pale blue dress with matching hat.

It always gives me a lump in the throat to see these children of the stars growing up and marrying and starting their own lives. The best wishes of all of her mother's old friends go to Judy and her handsome bridegroom. And, oh yes, she'll continue the career she started in TV last year after they return from a Honolulu honeymoon.



*Sue and Alan Ladd will be the happiest*



*yt Stacks got what they wanted—a boy.*

# OPEN LETTER to Yul Brynner



I am very glad that you sent Walter Lang a letter apologizing for a magazine article in which it was stated that you were taking bows on the direction of *The King and I;* previous to this, you had sent previous denials to me and to your press agents in Hollywood from Vienna where you were making the journey.

If ever anything needed explanation and clarification, Yul, it was this implied slur against the record of one of the nicest men and finest directors in the industry, my long-time friend Walter Lang.

You won an Oscar for your portrayal in *The King and I.* Walter won a richly deserved nomination, many people thinking he, too, deserved an Oscar.

Seldom have I been so indignant about anything as I was when I read the ridiculous article. I wrote in my newspaper column, "How big-headed can even a bald-head get?"

I was fighting mad and one of the things I was most angry about is that Walter wasn't fighting back. Always the gentleman, he said nothing. But his friends, including myself, wouldn't take it lying down.

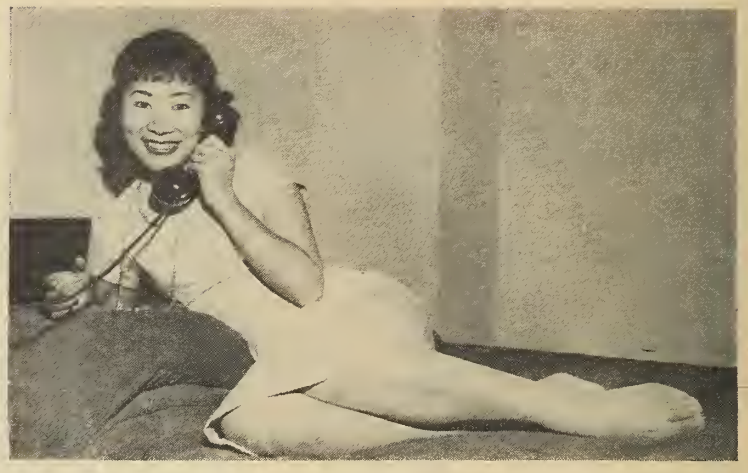
You, perhaps better than anyone else, know how much Walter's direction meant to the screen version of *The King and I.* It was a finer film than it was a stage production. You were excellent in the Broadway presentation —but you were far better in the screen version. Walter deserves a lot of credit because he knows movies and knows how to get the best out of even celebrated stage actors.

I am glad you acted so quickly in clearing up this unfortunate misunderstanding. I like you, I admire you as an actor and now, I can again, I admire you as a person. Only, in the future try not to even give the impression of taking bows that rightly belong to another. There's plenty of glory for you. You're a fine actor. P.S.: Now that we're friends again, I take back that crack about a bald head.



*LEFT A reader thinks that Brigitte Bardot is too selfish for Frank Sinatra. BELOW LEFT Another reader says Lars Schmidt should be called Ingrid's 'future husband.' BELOW Sorry, there wasn't enough space for a larger photo of Miyoshi, but next time. . . .*





# THE LETTER BOX:

Wow. Is **Paul Newman** zooming up fast in this month's letters? He's just slightly back of **Rock Hudson,** still No. 1 man. But Paul is breathing hot down his neck.

ELVIRA MEIGHAN, KANSAS CITY, just about sums up the feeling of many when she writes: *"Paul is handsome, a fine actor and he has dignity in his private life. He's the most important asset to motion pictures since* ***Marlon Brando."***

DIANNE HODGES, TAUNTON, MASS., says, *"I read your interview with* ***Rock Hudson*** *in the June* MODERN SCREEN *and loved it—except for one thing—Rock raving about* ***Mae West.*** *I saw their act on TV and thought it was the most vulgar I have ever seen."*

*"I didn't see* SOUTH PACIFIC *on the stage so I have no comparisons to make between* ***Mitzi Gaynor*** *and* ***Mary Martin.*** *But I think Mitzi is just great,"* enthuses MRS. SAM TROTTER, DETROIT. I agree with you, Mrs. Sam, Mitzi was very good indeed following Mary without imitating her.

"ESTHER," who says she won't give her full name because she is a stewardess on one of the big airlines—and her bosses might not like it—sends [illegible] *"Hers is the cutest and most expressive face I've ever seen."* How about it, David Myers?

BEBE BORSON—says she was named after **Bebe Daniels** and I can tell her she couldn't have been named after a sweeter person than my close friend Bebe—writes: *"It makes me laugh and laugh and laugh, all that nonsense of how* ***Frank Sinatra*** *is going to fall for* ***Brigitte Bardot*** *when they make a movie together in Paris. Frankie is the greatest and needs someone who understands him, not a little cutie who thinks only of herself."* How do you know Brigitte thinks only of herself, Bebe?

*"I always read your Good News column. It is informative and interesting—but when you refer to Lars Schmidt as* ***Ingrid Bergman's*** *'boy friend' it makes me feel that you are implying something unpleasant,"* chides N. ROTASH. *"I prefer to think of him as her future husband, her friend, and we can omit that word 'boy.' I'm sure the sophisticated, mature Ingrid would resent it also."* There are those who will argue with you that a 'boy friend' is something unpleasant, my friend.

That's all for now. See you next month—

Louella O Parsons

[illegible] *mental in the air even during bad weather.* ***Zsa Zsa Gabor*** *is always arranged in furs and diamonds and puts on as much of an act for the other passengers as she does on a TV program—but they enjoy her."* Thanks, Esther.

From the U.S. FORCES BASE IN NURENBERG, GERMANY, SUZANNE SCHOOLEY postcards: *"Have just seen* PEYTON PLACE *here in Germany and it is the best liked American movie we have seen this year. Most of us in the Armed Forces here think it should have won the Academy Award—and we've seen* BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI *too."* Jerry Wald, Lana Turner and the rest of the cast thank you.

*"I want* MODERN SCREEN *to print a full-page picture of* ***Miyoshi Umeki,*** *suitable for framing,"* asks LARRY EIVERS, NEW YORK.



*delivery to*

# GREER GARSON

■ One morning several years ago, a well known Beverly Hills decorator answered the telephone.

"This is Greer Garson," said the voice at the other end. "I have a small problem, and I wish you would help me with it."

At sound of the famous voice, the interior decorator was like a new man. Here was one star whom he liked to work for. She always knew what she wanted and, what was more important, she was rarely dissatisfied with a job well done.

"I'll be right over," said the decorator.

In less than ten minutes he was sitting in the handsome living room of the El Camino home Greer then lived in. She was prepared for him. She had a notebook in her hand, a well-sharpened pencil, a yardstick, and some color cards.

"You have a cabinet shop, haven't you?"

The interior decorator nodded.

"I'm asking that because I have rather a nice idea for a dressing table," she explained, "and also because I'd like to have it within a week." She started drawing rapidly—and expertly.

"I'm tired of the usual vanities with complicated drawers and folding mirrors," she went on. "So this is what I have in mind—and it's all done with a sheet of glass and two pillars."

However, instead of using cut-down sections of front porch pillars from an old house—which was very much in vogue at the time—Greer wanted her pillars made to order: hollow, and with a door that opened into each, with shelves inside where she could keep her cosmetics.

"I hate a dressing table littered with creams and powder puffs and astringents," said Greer. "What do you think of my idea?"

"Fine," said the decorator, "but the pillars have to be fluted, and that means each strip has to be carved and glued separately! One week??!"

"One week," said Greer, firmly. "I want everything in place for my housewarming."

The decorator sighed. "I'll do my best."

"You'll make it," said Greer, cheerfully. "Oh, and another thing—no knobs on the doors. I want tassels. Here's the color."

The decorator perked up. "I have exactly that color in a cotton tassel."

Greer Garson frowned. "I loathe cotton," she said. "They have to be silk; three inches long. Take some white ones and have them dyed.

"One week," she reminded him as he left.

The interior decorator kept his promise. A week later to the minute, he backed his station wagon into the driveway of Miss Garson's home, right up to the front door. Letting down the back of the wagon, he pulled the two fluted pillars forward. In the bright California sun they gleamed white and shiny, and looked most impressive. Then, feeling a touch of pride in his work, he rang the bell.

The door was opened by Greer Garson's stolid Welsh maid. She looked at the caller and at the two white fluted pillar supports. Then, before he could say a word, over her shoulder she called:

"Oh, Miss Garson—the man with the *garbage cans* is here!"

FARLEY GRANGER, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, TV



# "You can always tell a HALO girl"

## Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

**The magic of Halo shampoo** is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

**He'll love the satiny shine** Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

**Get that look-again look, today**—with pure, sparkling Halo.




HALO *glorifies as it cleans*



*Mr and Mrs William Washington*
*request the honour of your presence*
*at the marriage of their daughter*
*Patricia Michaele Hardy*
*to*
*Mr Richard Augustus Egan*



turn the page for the most beautiful wedding of the year

# The Most Beautiful Wedding Of The Year



*"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," spoke Father Willis softly.*

*It is not good that man should be alone; I will make him a helpmeet for him.*—Genesis II, 18

AND so they were married, on June 7, 1958, Richard Egan at the age of 36, Patricia Hardy at the age of 26, in the Church of Our Lady, Star of the Sea, San Francisco. Church law requires that the knot be tied in the home parish of the bride and, if not the bride's, the groom's. Pat's parish is Blessed Sacrament, in Hollywood; Rich's is in St. Martin of Tours, in Brentwood. But Rich wanted more than anything else in the world (*Continued on page 53*)

*by Mike Connolly*



*After the ceremony both families got together for an old fashioned family portrait: (l. to r.) Father Willis, Dad and Mom Egan, Richard and Pat, and Pat's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Washington.*



*Off to the honeymoon in a shower of rice.*







*At the crossroads of her life, Deborah Kerr prays:*

# "Please don't let me lose my children"

DEBORAH KERR paced nervously up and down the living room of her sumptuous cream-colored suite in the Hotel Imperial in Vienna, her pale pink dressing gown swirling around her. She ran a hand, anguished, through her auburn hair.

In her other hand, she held a paper—a paper which threatened her whole happiness.

Only a half hour earlier she had received a paper from her husband's attorneys in London. As she read it her face turned pale and she collapsed weakly into a chair.

"I can't let myself go to pieces," Deborah told herself. "I can't. . . ."

She forced herself to stand up and began to stride in nervous steps, as though to give herself strength. With unseeing eyes she looked out the tall French windows at the cars and people going about their lives in the busy street below.

The greatest thing in her life, her wonderful relationship with her two daughters, was being threatened.

She wasn't too surprised or shocked at Tony's wanting a divorce. . . they had both faced that problem for months. But the shocking thing was that Tony wanted to take the two children away from her, make them wards of an English court, so that they (*Continued on page 64*)

*by Joanne Smith*

"Maybe it's sad," admits Bob Evans, "but it seems to be a fact..."

# "I'll Never Fall in

When she walked into the cocktail party that night a few years ago, back when Bob Evans worked as a cloak-and-suit salesman on New York's Seventh Avenue before he became a Hollywood star—Bob had been about to leave. Instead, he put down his coat and went back over to the corner where he'd been standing for the last hour alone. He had been getting bored with all these drinking, chattering people he barely knew. But now he stood there—still alone—so he could watch her, this girl who'd just come in.

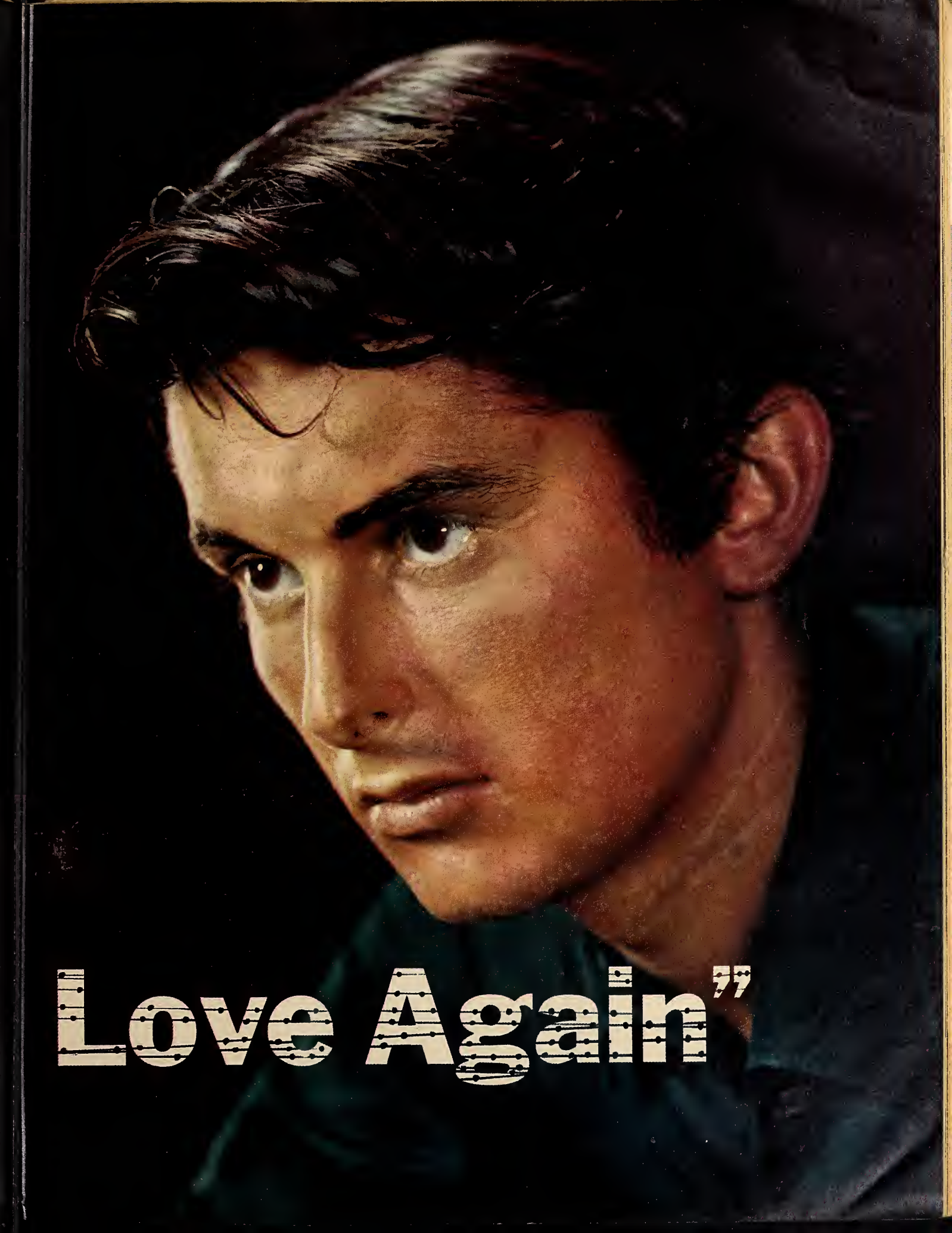
She fascinated him and she puzzled him.

She fascinated him because she was so darn pretty and sweet-looking and, though she was a blonde—and maybe even a dyed blonde, she was nothing like the hard, breezy girls he'd been meeting and then avoiding at the few parties he'd gone to in the past five or six weeks.

Yet she puzzled him, too. Because sweet as she looked, she'd arrived with two very dapper-looking men, not too young—in fact not young at all.

Bob stood there, holding a drink he wasn't really drinking and lighting a cigarette he barely puffed at from time to time. He nodded vaguely at people who stared his way now and then—but kept watching her.

And his fas- (*Continued on page 59*)


Love Again"

# Pvt. Presley answers his

Dear Private Presley:
Is it true that you are getting married soon to the girl whose picture you keep secretly in your wallet? Who is she?

Eunice Francis
Kenville, Texas

No one. Honestly. I heard this rumor myself. Don't know how it started. The only girl I carry with me is—my mother. I'm not in love and I'm glad. I wouldn't want to get a wife and leave her. I'm married to the Army for the duration.

Dear Elvis:
Have you changed much physically? Are you getting enough to eat? Do you like Army chow? Is there anything you need that we can send you?

L. P.
St. Joseph, Missouri

I dropped a few pounds of weight—but toughened up during my eight weeks of basic. I've acquired a good healthy tan, also a lot of muscle. I never felt better. Army chow is fine. Not like Mom's, of course—but no complaints. And I've been sent more 'treats' than the whole barracks can eat . . . cookies, candy, cake—and even lemon pies kept fresh in dry ice. And you know me. I can eat a whole lemon pie in fifteen minutes. I love them.

Dear Elvis:
Is it true that until you are a civilian again you'll make no more records, personal appearances or movies? Say it isn't so!

Mary Ann Exposito
Chicago, Illinois

It isn't, so far as records are concerned. I plan to continue making records while I'm in the service. It's OK with the Army and I don't mind working when I have a two or three day pass. Army regulations do not prevent my making personal appearances while on furlough but I'd rather go home then. Don't know if I'll be able to get enough time to make a movie though.

Dear Elvis:
Have you ever been in love? How did you know?

Phyllis Sullivan
Tucson, Arizona

Yes, I have been in love—exactly twice. Once for two years almost. I thought it was the real thing but it turned out it wasn't. Love is something you don't understand until you experience it.

# s private mail...from you

**about**
**his love life,**
**the Army,**
**his future,**
**his dreams . . .**



ng Elvis:
What's the most important quality you look for in a girl? Do you prefer blondes? Curvy figures? What? I'm blonde and very curvy. Picture enclosed

Lynn Masters
Brooklyn, N.Y.

You're a living doll. But to tell you the truth it doesn't matter to me whether girls are blondes, brunettes or redheads—as long as they are real girls—female. I don't like sophisticated girls. I like a girl who doesn't try to be anything she isn't, one who makes me feel a little superior and looks up to me as a man. Most fellows do.

MORE LETTERS ON PAGE 70



# HOW GOD SAVED OUR MARRIAGE

**by Pier Angeli**

*as told to Helen Weller*

I AM glad to tell you my story here. There has been so much gossip, so much misunderstanding about what happened to Vic and me.

We had a quarrel. He did leave; but the stories I have read made my hair stand up. They were so distorted. I cannot go from person to person and explain, so I will do it here, to MODERN SCREEN readers.

Vic and I had a real spat recently. We are both very high strung Italians. Usually when we have a misunderstanding Vic goes to his study, and I go to our bedroom. After we cool off, I knock on his door and we kiss and everything makes sense again.

That's the way it usually is. We have been married four years. During those years we have had arguments, just like almost every other married couple. Sometimes I think our quarrels are a form of love making. I often wonder if we don't quarrel for the joy of making up.

Besides, no one can be in seventh heaven all the time. Vic and I have many problems. We can't sit still and say, "This is heaven," even though our beautiful modern new home on top of a hill in Bel-Air, secluded, with only one neighbor across the road, is the closest thing we have known to heaven. We call it *Our Paradise*, but still we must work for our paradise.

One night in May I forgot all this. Vic and I had a dinner date with our dear friends, Helen and Fred Mortensen, the neighbors who live across the road. She is an art supervisor and he is a builder. They are charming, warm people and are like a mother and father to us.

Our dinner date that night was for seven. Vic had left early in the day to play golf but he said he would be home in plenty of time. I did not worry then, but this is what happened. . . .

By seven I am all dressed up. I had taken an hour and a half to dress so that I would look just right for Vic and our friends. I was wearing a beautiful grey Italian suit, my hair and my make-up just so. We do not go out often and I was looking forward with great eagerness to going out this particular evening.

It is time to leave, but Vic is not home yet. It is hard for me to wait, especially when I am all dressed up and expecting to have a wonderful time.

Seven thirty, and still no Vic. I am beginning to get anxious, worried—then upset and angry. It is eight and still no Vic. *How can he do this to me!* I am beside myself.

It is after eight when I hear Vic's foot- (*Continued on page 71*)





*Rafael Trujillo isn't just another romantic fling in Kim's life—this time she has touched the heights of love and excitement, such as she never knew before...*

# "We are not ashamed!"

KIM tugged at her lavender bedspread. She patted it smooth again and looked around the elegant bedroom, at the white fur rug, at the lavender walls, the king-size bed. The house was new, and this was the bedroom of her dreams. She didn't want the maid fussing with her very special room now. She liked taking care of it herself.

And besides, it kept her mind off other things . . . her loneliness, the thoughts that her life was grotesquely different. There was emptiness in her mind, in her heart.

She had everything she wanted now. Everything about the house—even to the electric-light bulbs tinted a faint rose-lavender—was an exact reflection of the dreams she had had for years. And she didn't have to worry about the cost of the home. Her studio, in a salute to her great box-office drawing power, had presented her with this luxurious $100,000 home in exclusive Bel-Air as a gift.

*Surely,* thought Kim, *I should be glowing with happiness. I am a star, as I always hoped to be. This home is exactly what I have always wanted. All the things around me are the things I dreamed of as a little girl living in a house with a wishing tree in the back.*

Then she shud- (*Continued on page 32*)

by Linda Post



Rinses twice as clean.

(*Continued from page 31*) dered a little, in spite of the sunlight pouring into the room. There was a wound stabbing at her. Only recently she had broken off with a man who—the studio had warned her—would be a threat to her career.

Harry Cohen had been alive then—Harry, the wise studio boss who had made her a star. He had said, "Kim, you told me a long time ago that you loved your career, that stardom meant everything in the world to you. Now you say you want to continue to see this man. Don't you know that you can't have both?"

And so she had made a final phone call to this man, telling him that they could never see each other again.

Now she shook her silver-blonde hair and sighed. She stared through the glass doors to the garden, to the pool glistening like a blue jewel in the sunlight. *No one understands,* she sighed. How well she knew the way the gossip had raged around her in Hollywood . . . how her name had been on everyone's tongue. . . .

Her phone rang. It was a gay voice, the voice of joyous Zsa Zsa Gabor. She wished she could be like the witty, bubbling Hungarian charmer, going lightly from one admirer to another, never caring very deeply for anyone.

"I'm giving a party," Zsa Zsa said. "Dollink, you must come. There is going to be a wonderful man there. You will enjoy meeting him. He is just your type."

In a tired voice, Kim said, "I'm not going to parties much these days."

"But dollink, this one you must go to. This man is wonderful. He is important; he is powerful and rich. And very charming. He has just arrived in Hollywood and he has done nothing but talk about a certain woman whose picture he has seen and whom he must meet. And guess who she is, dollink . . . *you.*"

Kim laughed. "Zsa Zsa, how you carry on! Who is this terrific man?"

"Rafael Trujillo, Jr.—he is the son of the head of the Dominican Republic, and a lieutenant general himself. He is the head of the Dominican Air Force, the handsomest man you have ever met, and young—he is just marvelous, dollink. You must come to my party."

"All right," said Kim, without much enthusiasm. "I'll come."

It was with this feeling of desolation that Kim set out to meet the man who has become the most important man in her stormy love life.

Kim went to the party alone. Kim always manages, by accident or design, to make a dramatic entrance when she arrives at a party. This time, when she arrived at Zsa Zsa's home, she stood for moments in the doorway, her statuesque figure draped in a form-fitting beige satin sheath gown.

A tall handsome man, lean and muscular, with dark, wavy hair and a wiry moustache, was the center of a group of people. As Kim stood and gazed coolly at the guests, he wheeled around and stared at her. "I must meet her," he said. Zsa Zsa, who was in the group, smiled knowingly and said, "I knew this would happen. Come, I will introduce you."

From that moment, General Rafael Trujillo and Kim were together all evening. Never for a moment did he leave her side. Every night during his stay in Hollywood, they saw each other.

Their romance, which began in an instant burst of attraction, was to make

headlines throughout the world—but while Rafael was in Hollywood, Kim moved in a lavender-scented mist of happiness.

As one of the most beautiful stars in Hollywood, Kim has always commanded attention. But now, with Rafael Trujillo as her constant escort, she got more attention than ever because this man was greatly in demand by every important hostess. Wherever Rafael took Kim, he was greeted with the kind of deference usually given only to visiting royalty.

He had come to Hollywood with an imposing retinue—his own cook, secretary and any number of aides. People bowed and scraped wherever he went. Nevertheless, this man who was used to being catered to constantly was so tender and thoughtful to Kim that it was obvious he wanted only to cater to *her*.

It was a giddy experience for Kim. Kim, born of a relatively poor family in Chicago, has always felt financially insecure. Even now, with a salary that approaches the four-figure mark each week, she has a disturbing feeling of insecurity. She couldn't help being dazzled by young, dashing Trujillo, one of the wealthiest men in the world.

Kim was a girl who had had to struggle hard for every dime she ever earned. Rafael had been accustomed to riches all his life, and the casually elegant way he spent his money was breath-taking to her.

From the first, he sent her beautiful roses every morning. Already her home was filled to bursting with flowers. They filled every vase she had, and he had even sent flowers to her in special vases, so that her home looked like a garden nursery.

Then a few days after they met, Kim opened her first gift—and was dazzled. Never in her life had she seen such a jewel! It was a piece of perfection, nestled in a box from the finest jeweler in Beverly Hills.

Kim, in her love-tossed life, has received many gifts from men who were infatuated with her, but never before so many from one admirer. "She has enough jewels from Rafael," one observer told us, "so that if she chose to hock them she could live on the money for a lifetime."

But it wasn't just Rafael's lavishness that swept Kim off her feet. It was very flattering to see the way other women fawned on him, and the way he seemed to disregard them completely to center his adoration on her. With unseeing eyes he would look at the glamor girls in the Mocambo, then turn to the quiet, almost shy Kim, telling her with every word he spoke, with every look he gave her, that she, and she alone was the woman he adored.

Kim has always responded to the romanticism of foreign men. While some of her best friends are Americans, she has been swept off her feet by the ardor of Latin men like Aly Khan and Count Bandini. But never anything like the ardor of this man!

Whenever Rafael brought her home, she knew that he would not be content until he called her again minutes later to find out how she was. Where American men-friends had been accustomed to taking her more or less for granted, he took nothing for granted.

One evening, when he had invited guests to dinner at the mansion he had rented in Bel-Air, he discovered at the last minute that he couldn't call for her and drive her to his home.

"Don't worry, Ramfis," said Kim blithely. (Ramfis is Rafael's nickname.) "I'll take a taxi."

"Never," Rafael had replied firmly. "I would not dream of permitting you to do such a thing. I would not let you come alone. I want to protect you, darling." And he had sent his limousine and chauffeur, with two of his aides to escort her to his home in a style befitting a princess.

At the dinner she sat at the place of honor at his right, and he showed her such tenderness and courtesy all evening that the other guests treated Kim with the same kind of respect. Such attention, such prestige—Kim was thrilled with it all. . . .

Rafael noticed everything about her. When she changed the style of her hairdo, when she wore something new that he liked—he would compliment her in ecstatic praises. "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever known, and one of the most charming," he told her.

Men have told Kim always that she was beautiful—but Kim has been obsessed with a feeling of inferiority from the time she was a child and went to public school wearing dresses her grandmother had made for her, dresses that made her feel clumsy and fat. Although men have admired her beauty, few men ever told her she had poise or personality. And here was Lieutenant General Trujillo—dashing, powerful, son of a famous and powerful Generalissimo, a fabulously wealthy young man with an income of $50,000 a month, a man who was accustomed to associating with world famous dignitaries—here was this man telling her how charming and wonderful she was.

Clouds . . . purple clouds . . . she'd been on them before, but never like this. She felt herself floating on a cloud so high in the sky it seemed as if she'd drift away into the upper stratosphere.

In spite of his devotion to her, Kim hardly dared believe that Ramfis was taking her seriously. She knew how pursued he was, and she believed their romance might last a week, maybe two or three, but that it couldn't possibly be the love of a lifetime for either one of them.

Early in their friendship, Rafael told her about his marriage, that he and his wife had separated many months ago and that he planned to get a divorce.

At once, the thought crossed her mind: *People will say I'm a home wrecker.*

So she said, "But isn't there a chance you may reconcile? It might be best, for you and the children."

He shook his head. "We are completely incompatible. Our marriage is dead. Only my devotion to our children has held us together. (*Continued on page 80*)


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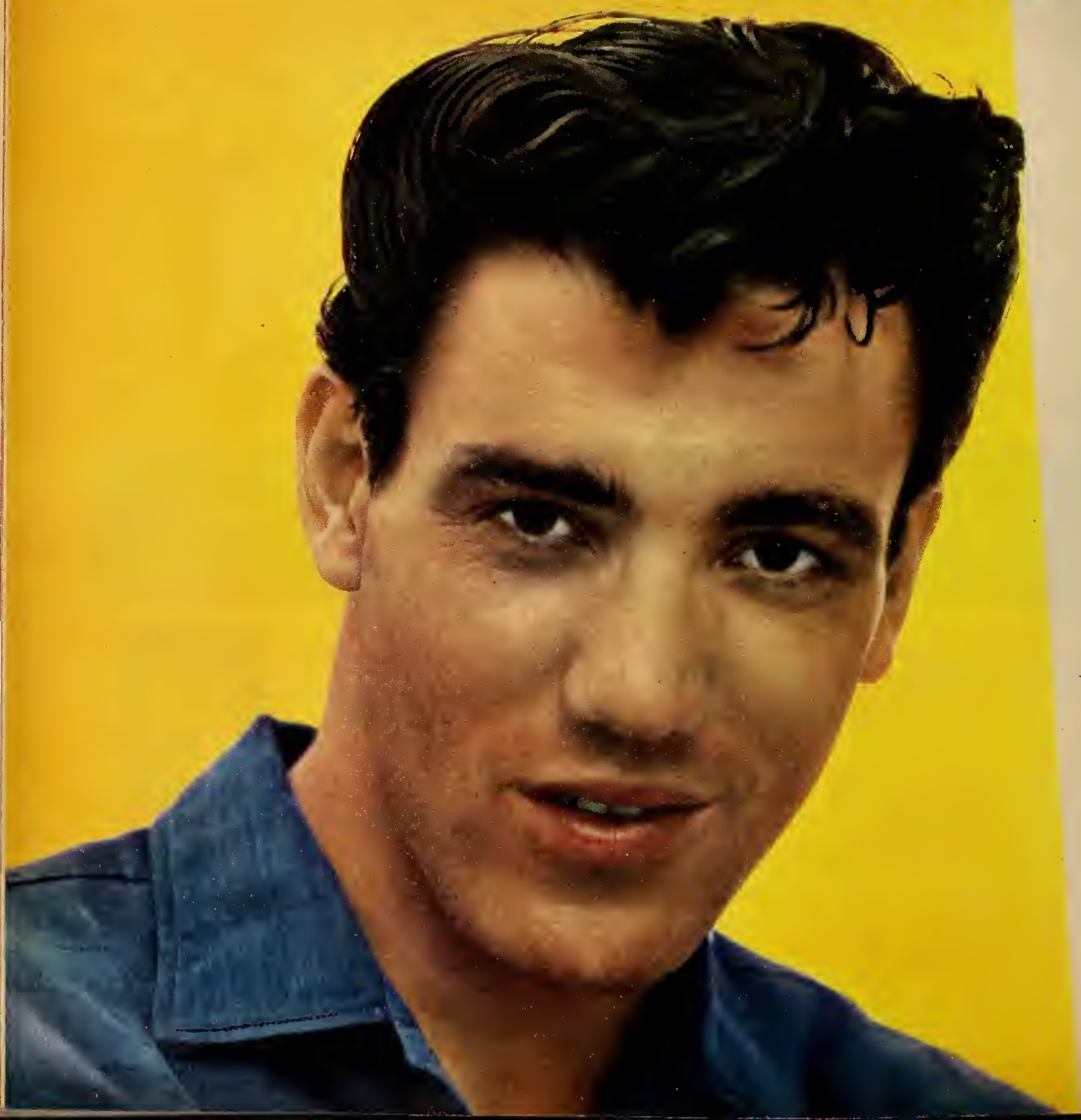
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*The complete life story of*

# JIMMY



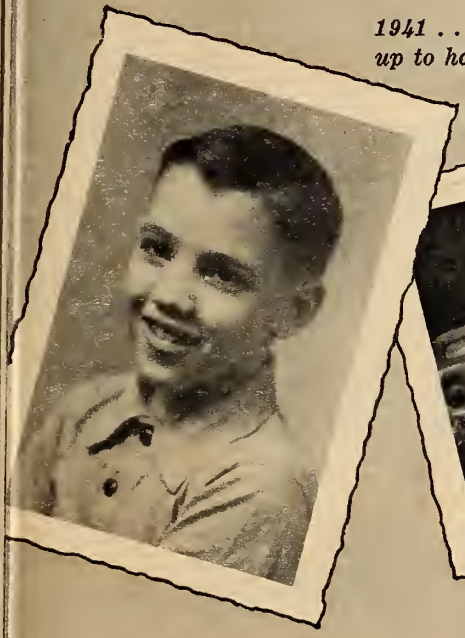


*1934 . . . Jimmy, a year old, with his mom out in the garden in the back yard.*

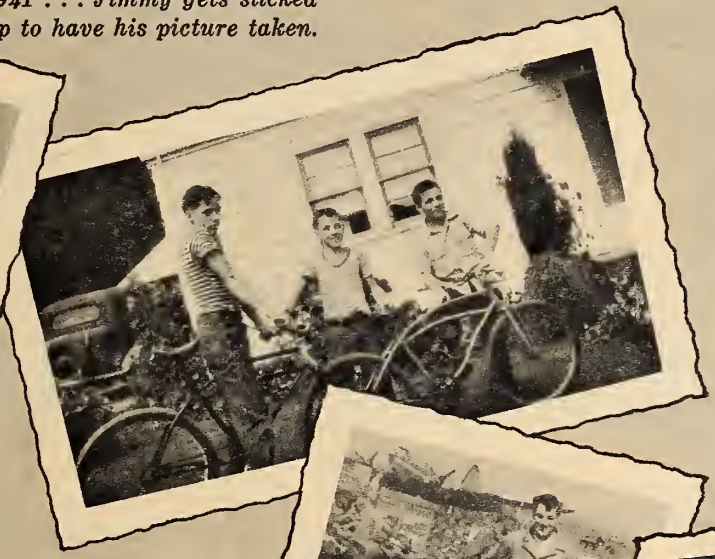


*1937 . . . Jimmy on the sled, his older brother Archie ready to pull him.*

# RODGERS



*1941 . . . Jimmy gets slicked up to have his picture taken.*



**Left** *1941 . . . Archie, Jim and their friend Lee Purdy all got together and built this three-wheel bike.* **Below left** *The Air Force, Seoul, Korea . . . picture taken "right out in front of where I work."* **Below** *That's Jimmy, the tall one on the right, with some of his Air Force buddies, relaxing off duty.*





*1955 . . . Jimmy tours with Air Force talent.*



One gray afternoon—barely a year ago—a slim, dark-eyed fellow named Jimmy Rodgers stopped his beat-up convertible before a dinky cottage in a run-down part of Hollywood. He switched off the radio, lit a cigarette and slumped down behind the wheel to think. He had some news for his wife Colleen inside, but he didn't know quite how to tell her.

Colleen was just out of the hospital and still too weak to walk. There wasn't any food in the house, unpaid bills cluttered the table (*Continued on next page*)

*by Kirtley Baskette*

next page:
THE WOMAN OF HIS LIFE

*The complete life story of* **JIMMY RODGERS**

*(continued)*



# ...a life which love built

and about everything Jimmy had, including his car, was hocked.

Six months had passed since he brought his bride and his guitar to Hollywood hunting a break as a singer. All Jimmy wanted to do was sing, but a married man had to face facts: he hadn't made it.

Jimmy braced his sagging shoulders, pushed back his rebellious black hair, pulled up the corners of his mouth and went inside.

"Well, honey," he began bravely, "Looks like I've finally got myself a job."

"Where, Jimmy?"

"Why—uh—," he stalled. "It's just for a while, understand—until we get on our feet. That Standard service station up the street. He says if I come in Monday—"

(*Continued on page 75*)







*Colleen and Jimmy share just about everything . . . even the fan mail that Jimmy receives so much of. Colleen does the sorting while Jimmy practices his music. . . . And they both take a minute to relax with their poodles*—Bivi *and (of course)* Honeycomb.



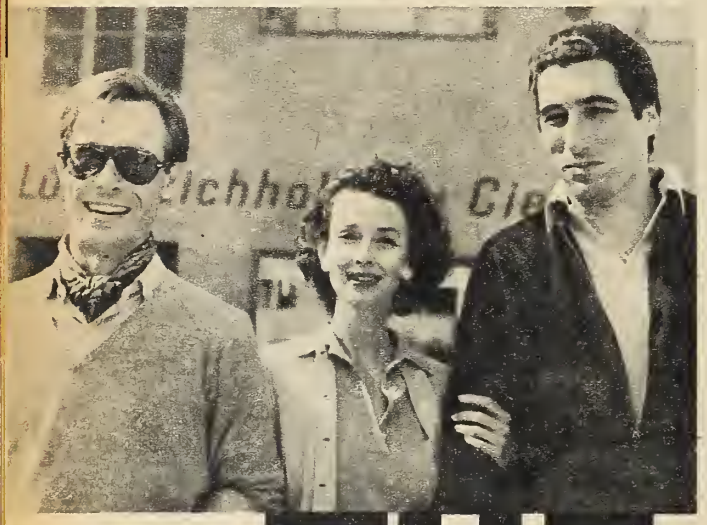
*Jimmy thinks that Colleen's the best cook in the world . . . and he makes sure that he is the official family Taster.*



*That glamorous world without morals, it looked s*



*Whoever thought the beautiful young girl (seated in front of her sisters, Florian, Dorian, and Georgiebelle) would become a femme fatale? Who needs marriage . . .? Or so Suzy led the world to think. Pierre (below, left) denied being married to Suzy . . . and Dorian (center) didn't marry the dashing Marquis de Portago (right) who was the father of her baby boy.*



# THE SECRET IN PLAYG

The nicest thing a man could say about me isn't that I'm beautiful or he's wild about me or something like that. The finest compliment he could give me is to say I'm his best friend. . . ."

That was Suzy Parker, talking to a reporter in Hollywood, giving out another of her explosive interviews. That was Suzy Parker, who didn't give a darn what she said or who heard it.

That was Suzy Parker, who didn't know that only a few weeks later she would be waiting in anguished uncertainty for a man to say a few short words about her—words on which her reputation, her career, her home, her life would hang.

Not the words she had so casually asked for: "She's my best friend." But simpler words by far: "She is my wife."

And the man wasn't going to say them.

Until it was almost too late, she was to lie helpless in a Florida hospital bed, both arms broken and useless, mind dazed by the horror of the auto accident in which she was injured and, worse, lost her beloved father—and hear her husband tell the newspapers: "We have been sharing an apartment for years, but we are not married. It is—a very big apartment."

She was to hear her sister Dorian say indifferently, "I really don't know if their marriage was ever solemnized—"

She was to see (*Continued on page 51*)

*attractive to Suzy Parker... From a distance...*



# LIFE OF AN NTERNATIONAL IRL

*by Linda Matthews*

**by Louella Parsons**



*Debbie and Eddie call me "Mom" --and there's no family I'd rather be part of....*

The afternoon was warm and soft and clear with just a motion of a breeze blowing in from the Pacific, and the young man in the swimming pool, plunging and turning over and cavorting like a fish, seemed to be putting on a private show for the sole enjoyment of a laughing little girl plunked in a nearby sandbox.

# "OUR FAMILY"





*Debbie and baby Todd Emanuel . . . Eddie and daughter Carrie Frances—here's one family I have a strong hunch will never be separated for any length of time.*



Every time the flashing figure in the water jumped high, or sank out of sight under the water, the baby girl laughed in delight and patted her chubby hands together and when she said "Dad-dy" she showed two rows of tiny teeth like pearls.

In addition to "Dad-dy," the enthusiastic swimmer had another name, Eddie. And, the livin', breathin' doll so entranced in watching him was named Carrie Frances Fisher.

Before I went out to join them, I stood in the doorway unnoticed for a moment, loving this happy, relaxed scene between a young father and his adored daughter, the world well lost except for the two of them.

I was twenty minutes early for my appointment with Debbie and Eddie at their Holmby Hills home, something rare for me as I have chronic trouble keeping appointments on time, much less ahead. But I was glad for this unheralded moment in the house of my adopted children Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher and their children Carrie Frances (now called just Carrie) and Todd Emanuel.

It's a two story modern house with a large living room of soft bisque- (*Continued on page 67*)





# the day I discovered my heart

*by*

## *Tony Perkins*

*as told to George Christy*



It all started innocently enough. It was just a studio-arranged date. Neither of us expected it to turn out the way it did. . . .

Elaine Aiken and I were in Lone Pine, California, on location for *The Lonely Man*. And on our first Sunday off from the movie cameras, we were asked by the studio to pose for a magazine layout near Mount Whitney.

So, like I say, it all started out innocently. It began as a picture date—more business than pleasure.

The photographer met us late that Sunday morning, and we drove to the Whitney Portal which (*Continued on page 78*)

# first on

Anna and Marlon Brando live in one of California's most extraordinary houses—a modern Japanese style house, high on a hilltop. It's not large in comparison to mansions—three bedrooms, two baths—but it's one of the finest of its type in this country. From somewhere I recall reading about the house and the phrase *mystical beauty* was used in describing it. There is a very unusual bed in Anna and Marlon's bedroom. It's a huge double one, very low, just inches from the floor. It's a real gem of a house if one likes Oriental art, and Marlon does. This home is the perfect setting for him.

When they first moved to the house, Anna and Marlon hired a housekeeper. Since the baby's birth, a nurse has been added.

Because of the baby, and perhaps because of their own preference, their entertaining has been very informal. Most of the time they just have their good friends Kathy and Lou L'Amour, the Joe Cantors and Phyllis Hudson over informally. Phyllis, Anna and Kathy spend a lot of time together in the daytimes. Shopping, etc. Phyllis calls Anna *Bones*. The nickname originated from a joke long ago and has hung on. Brando has no nickname for her, calls her Anna.

Marlon loves to play his bongo drums. Evenings home alone with Anna, he always has a go at them.

A typical leisure day at the Brandos' is spent around the pool with one of the above-mentioned friends dropping in, maybe staying for dinner, maybe not. Nothing planned.

If Anna and Marlon accept a dinner invitation, it's a toss-up whether Marlon will appear or not. Some say that Marlon is equally casual about his marriage, and that it's a toss-up whether or not he will keep *it*.

But certainly the baby has made a very big difference in his life.

After Christian was born, Marlon was at the hospital every possible moment. Marlon is now described as a doting father. It goes beyond casual father pride. He's become one of these guys who is interested in every detail about his baby and takes an active part in his care.

He was tremendously elated at the birth. While Anna and the baby were at the hospital, Marlon would return again and again to look adoringly through the glass wall of the nursery to see his son.

He was terrifically buoyed up by fatherhood and in a fine friendly mood. He made friends with all the hospital staff and other new parents on Anna's floor.

The (*Continued on page 78*)

# report as a father











*Paris... that first morning as Philippe's bride... now it was all a memory and Christine Carere was*

# THE LONELIEST BRIDE IN HOLLYWOOD

This is the first story we're running about Christine Carere. We think it will be the first of many. Christine is very French and very pretty and very much one of the most lovable young things to hit Hollywood in a long, long time. As we go to press, she has just completed her starring role in *A Certain Smile*, from the novel by another young French girl, Françoise Sagan of *Bonjour Tristesse* fame. Christine is now rehearsing for her second American picture, *Mardi Gras*—in which she plays opposite Pat Boone. But enough of the present for now! Let's go back a little instead to Christine and a certain night in her life not too long ago. . . .

It should have been one of the greatest nights in Christine's life—stepping off the plane from Paris and smack into Hollywood, the flashbulbs going off, the flowers, the fuss, the quick trip to the hotel to freshen up and then the quick trip to the party where all her favorite stars, Gary Cooper and Lauren Bacall and Van Johnson and dozens of others, had gathered to greet and welcome her and wish her well in her first American picture.

It should have been a great night for Christine. And it was, in a way. At least, at the start.

Except that the moment finally came—a few hours after the party, after the laughter and toasts, the being surrounded by all that glamor and all that glitter—when Christine was alone, terribly, suddenly, frighteningly alone.

It came a little while after she'd fallen asleep, in the middle of the dream.

It had started out as a nice, sweet dream. . . . She was young, just a little girl, and she was in Paris. She and her mother were in the living room of their little apartment and her mother was opening a big be-ribboned box



and was about to show her daughter a party dress she'd bought her. Christine was excited. She laughed and she tugged at her mother's arm and she urged, "*Vite*, Maman, hurry!" But then the noise had come. It came from outside the window and over the tiny garden, very soft at first, like a baby's wail. They had both looked toward the window at the same moment. Then her mother put down the box and turned to Christine. She had been smiling before, but there was terror in her eyes now. "Come," her mother said, rising and taking her hand, "it is the Germans in the airplanes and we must go to the shelter!"

Christine half awoke now on the sound of the word "shelter."

But she did not awake completely, and still the dream was there. And as it continued she could hear the noise from out the window growing louder and louder, not like a baby crying anymore but like the stark announcement of death's approach. And she could see herself being dragged out of the apartment and down the street, she and her mother running crazily toward the sign that read *abri*—shelter, the other people pouring out of their houses and running too, the blood-red glare of the sky on the other side of Paris where the Germans had already dropped some of their bombs.

Finally, the wailing noise grew so loud that it woke Christine, really woke her.

"Philippe!" she shrieked, as her eyes snapped open.

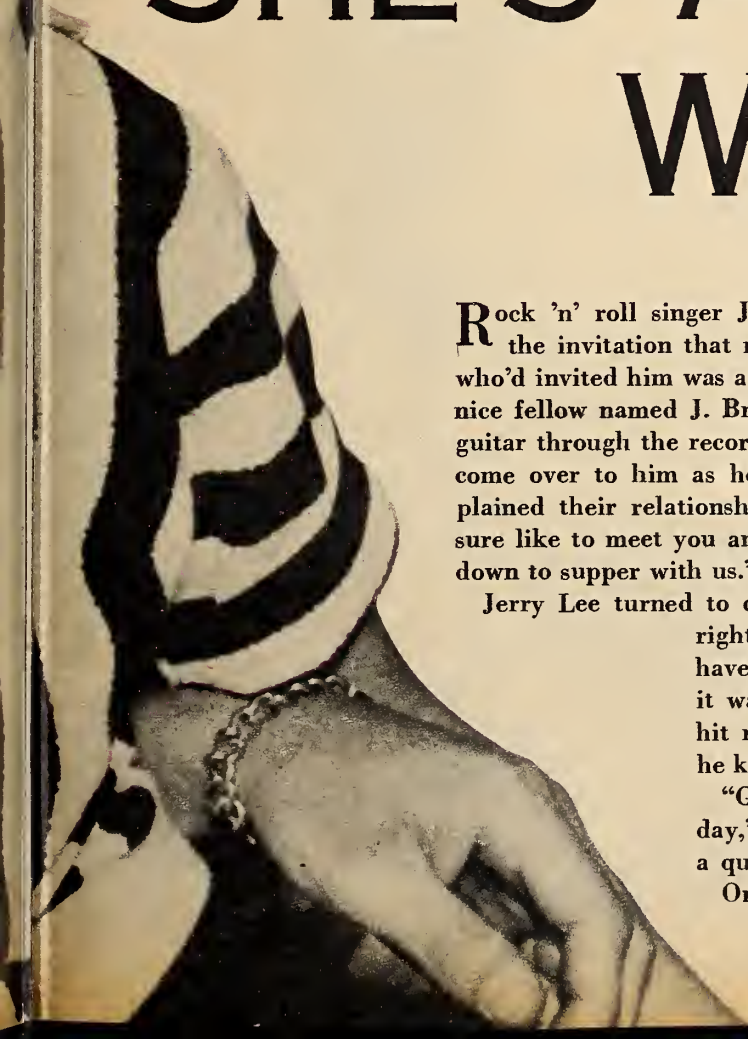
The room was pitch-black and she could see nothing. She reached out, desperate, to the other side of the bed.

"Philippe!" she said more softly. (*Continued on page 61*)



# "SHE'S ONLY 13 BUT SHE'S ALL WOMAN"

*the shocking story of Jerry Lee Lewis and little Myra*



Rock 'n' roll singer Jerry Lee Lewis was mighty happy to accept the invitation that night. And mighty happy, too, that the fellow who'd invited him was a cousin, a second cousin he'd never seen before, nice fellow named J. Brown who'd been sitting there playing rhythm guitar through the recording session Jerry Lee had just finished, who'd come over to him as he was about to leave, introduced himself, explained their relationship and then said, "The wife and kids would sure like to meet you and would sure be honored if you came and sat down to supper with us."

Jerry Lee turned to one of his managers to see if it would be all right. Couple of months earlier, Jerry Lee didn't have any managers. But now, all of a sudden, here it was December 1957 and Jerry Lee had two big hit records to his name and he had managers and he knew how they got if you didn't ask, so he asked.

"Guess it's all right tonight; you worked hard all day," the manager said. And Jerry Lee was off for a quiet evening with some kin.

On the way to the house, (*Continued on page 73*)

# Good-bye to a Gentle Hero

*We are all a little poorer for the loss of Ronald Colman*

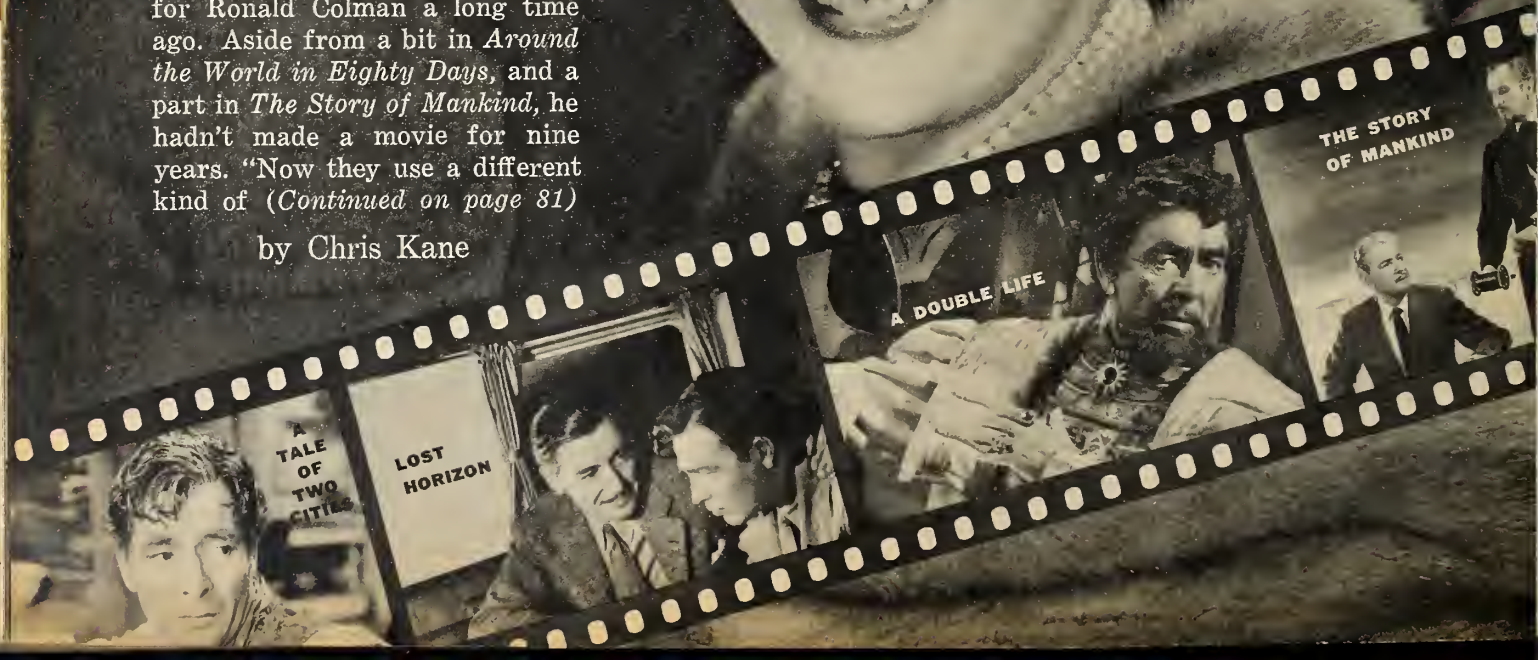
*"Here is my journey's end—"*
—Othello, Act 5, Scene 2.

In 1947, Ronald Colman spoke these words in his role as an actor, playing *Othello* in a movie called *A Double Life*. That role won him an Academy Award.

In 1958, Ronald Colman came to his own journey's end. At sixty-seven, in a Santa Barbara Hospital, he died of a lung infection and we are all a little poorer for his loss.

Professionally, the sun had set for Ronald Colman a long time ago. Aside from a bit in *Around the World in Eighty Days*, and a part in *The Story of Mankind*, he hadn't made a movie for nine years. "Now they use a different kind of *(Continued on page 81)*

by Chris Kane



# the secret life of an international playgirl

(*Continued from page 38*) her life crumbing around her—and be helpless to save herself. She was to wait and to pray as she—Suzy Parker who made her own life, thank you—had never done, until finally Pierre de la Salle retracted his words, admitted their marriage, and attempted to explain his denial:

"I had been told it was better for Suzy's career if no one knew she was married. I am a Frenchman; I don't understand things like this."

We are Americans. Neither do we.

We don't understand the sort of world in which a girl, young, beautiful, even brilliant, can prefer to let her friends believe that she is sharing an apartment with a man not her husband—rather than admit the simple truth: that she loves him, is married to him, wants to bear his children.

Yet that world exists and until now, Suzy Parker was part of it.

### How Suzy got here

We don't understand how a girl with so much can mess up her life so badly. We don't understand quite where she goes from here.

But we can understand how she got here—by looking back—back to the days before there was scandal and panic and death—the days that led, inevitably, to today.

Back, for example, to the days when George Parker packed up his wife and his four beautiful little girls and moved them, bag and baggage, from their home in New Jersey, to the Florida Everglades—for no apparent reason whatsoever.

Years later, a newspaper telling the story of the Parker girls came up with a reason: George Parker was a Republican, and he moved in protest against Franklin Roosevelt's third election to the Presidency. Why he should consider a move to be a protest, no one said. Even more, why under the circumstances he should leave Republican New Jersey for Democratic Florida, no one even guessed.

And no one tried. For they were 'those Parkers,' and that was all there was to it. George was an inventor; he didn't go to an office; he didn't go to the city; he puttered around in a white smock while the neighbors worried over explosions and told their children to stay away from his homemade lab. His family tree dated back to the Mayflower, and so did his wife's. Children who braved their parents to play in the Parker yard with Suzy or Georgiebelle or Cissy (Florian) or the oldest girl, Dorian, heard wonderful tales about the Parkers' family, about their Texan grandma who once heard that some people she didn't like were moving in next door. Grandma didn't say a word. She just went out on the front porch and sat herself down in her rocker—and rocked—with her shotgun across her knees!! That was all. Sat there all day, rocking and cleaning her shiny black gun—and by nightfall they brought her word that the prospective neighbors had decided to go elsewhere, after all.

That was the kind of people the Parkers were, the children learned. Not afraid of anybody, not afraid of what anybody thought. Oldest family in the country. Proud. Independent.

It all seemed so romantic and brave.

### Family life in Florida

Anyway, they moved to the Everglades. They were happy there. Mom joined the Church and the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Daughters of the American Revolution and half a dozen other organizations, and in between meetings she still had plenty of time for her daughters. Dad set up another lab, and in the balmy Florida weather, would disappear into it for days at a time. Dorian was growing up into the most stunning creature imaginable and talking about getting married, talking about going off to be a model, talking about New York and Paris. Her favorite little sister was Suzy, fifteen years younger than she, and already promising to be just as beautiful. There was an amazing closeness between them that seemed to utterly disregard the tremendous age difference.

And it was Suzy who cried hardest when Dorian finally left home and embarked on the first of her marriages, the beginning of her career. Suzy missed her desperately.

But you couldn't cry forever, not in Florida where there was so much to do, so many exciting things happening. Like the day Suzy looked up from her dolls to find two big men with fishing poles staring down at her.

"Hey, little girl—this where the Parkers live?"

"Yes."

"Well, run tell your mother we wanna talk to her."

Suzy's chin lifted defiantly. Nobody gave orders to Parkers, not even little ones. "She isn't home. What do you want?"

One of the men stooped down. "Listen, honey, is your mother the one who's been actually catchin' little fish to feed to the big ones in the river?"

Suzy's chin went up still higher. "Yes, she is, and I help her. I help her catch mosquitoes to feed the frogs, too."

The men stared at each other, then sighed. "Well, honey, we don't care if you feed the *frogs* prime sirloin, see? But tell your mother she's ruinin' the fishin' for miles around here. Them fish won't even *look* at our bait, after what your ma's been servin' 'em for weeks—"

Those Parkers!

### "I like people. . . ."

And there was school. Not that Suzy was so crazy about school, though she liked to read and learn things. But the teachers were always telling you what to do and when to do it, and giving you lists of things you couldn't do, even when you wanted to—that she hated, that she hadn't been brought up to expect. But on the other hand, there were the kids—and Suzy loved kids. "I like people even when they don't like me," she was to say years later. "Sometimes I like them *better* when they don't!" It was true even then. She liked people, and usually they liked her.

Time went by. While other children lived in a round of school, home, parties, Suzy lived half in her own life, half in Dorian's, related to her by letter. To Suzy they seemed a ticket of admission to a grown-up, glittering world, incredibly gay and exciting.

Someday . . . someday. . . .

And in the meantime, there were Dorian's visits to look forward to, the days when she would arrive, looking unbelievably sophisticated, wearing stunning clothes, smelling wonderful—to announce that she was getting divorced, or married, or bringing her children—she had three, a boy and two girls—home for a bit while she went to Paris for the winter. Even the divorces and the marriages that didn't last seemed glamorous when Dorian talked about them. People stayed good friends, it seemed. Life stayed exciting when you weren't tied down. Cissy and Georgiebelle with their high school sweethearts in tow and their dreams of getting married and settling down in a house somewhere—they mightn't think so. But to Suzy, Dorian's life was perfection; Dorian was a goddess. She'd like to be like that.

She saved all her problems for Dorian to solve. Like the time she greeted her with a magazine article in her hand.

"Dorian—you know that plastic stuff Daddy's been working on so long?"

Dorian nodded. "Sure, the stuff he's been at for years."

Suzy's face was troubled. "Well, listen—I read this article and—Dorian—I think somebody made the stuff Daddy's trying to make, years ago!"

Dorian threw back her head and laughed. "Why, sure, honey. Years ago! But why tell Papa? He's happy. We have enough to live on—so why hurt him?"

### Mama's method

Mama, perhaps, was closest to reality. At least enough to see through Dorian's appearance, to reason that any girl who couldn't make a marriage last couldn't be as happy as she claimed. She would have done anything for Dorian, if she could—but Dorian wasn't home. When she was able, though, Mama protected her. There was the time the Hollywood agent, a Roumanian by birth, got hold of Dorian's photos and phoned her in Florida. Only Dorian wasn't living home, and Mama answered the phone, listened patiently to the man, inquired about his accent and finally got her chance to speak:

"Oh, you're a European, you poor man. Well, under the circumstances, you probably won't understand what I'm going to say. You see, we're a normal, average, happy, middle-class American family, and I want to keep us that way. My daughter Dorian is impossible already. If she goes to Hollywood, she'll be intolerable. Please don't try to find her." And she hung up.

Perhaps, after all, mama was not so close to reality. Not even the other Parkers would have called themselves average middle class.

Suzy, of course, informed Dorian. "Get in touch with him," she urged. "It sounds marvelous—you could be a star—"

But Dorian, embarking on her third divorce, wasn't interested. "Why should I? I'm making lots of money modeling, I'm happy—and I don't want to be tied down on the Coast. Mom was right about one thing—Europeans *are* different. I've met the most marvelous people in Paris. You'd love them! And they'd love you!"

To Suzy, it was almost an invitation. "Then let me come. Please, Dorian—I'm fifteen, I'm done with high school, I could be a model, too."

"You could," Dorian agreed, visualizing Suzy, already stunning, in the right clothes, the right setting. "You could. But didn't I hear you have a boyfriend in school?"

"Oh, *him!*" With a wave of her hand, Suzy dismissed him utterly.

"All right," her sister said. "But New York. Not Paris. Not yet."

So Suzy said good-bye to her father and mother, good-bye to the boy she'd been going steady with for months, and at sixteen she arrived in New York, to live with Dorian, to be a model. The life of Dorian's set swept her up instantly. As long as she didn't *act* sixteen, no one cared how old or young she *was*. She learned to smoke and to order the right drinks; she learned all the latest dances. She learned to be quick with a clever retort and not to notice if the conversation went on, riotously, for hours without anyone saying anything. She learned to flirt with men twenty years older than herself, married men, sophisticated men. It never got past a flirtation, because Dorian wouldn't let it, because she insisted on taking such care of Suzy that disgruntled admirers protested, "Honestly, you'd think you were her mother instead of her sister!"

The only thing it wasn't, was a profes-

sional success. Why, no one could say, but somehow as a model, Suzy didn't click. Maybe it was because she was too much Dorian's type, maybe because even under the layer of quickly applied sophistication, she was still only sixteen, and it showed—whatever the reason, she didn't make a go of it. When she realized finally that she was going to be living off Dorian for a long, long time, Suzy packed her bags. The Parkers might be dreamers, might be crazy, but they were proud. With resolution and misery, she turned her back on New York and went home.

But once there, she was lost. "Go to college," her parents urged. "Pick your school, we'll send you." Unhappily, she sent away for bulletins, thumbed through them. But she didn't want to go to college, didn't want to live in a dorm, keep hours, go to formals, take orders, study nights. What would she talk about with the other freshmen, she who a few months ago had mixed with millionaires, playboys, princes and actresses?

And then, her former steady asked her to marry him.

It was as simple as that. In one hectic hour, her problems could be solved. She would be independent of her parents, wouldn't have to go to school. She would get her husband to take her back to New York—if she couldn't live there as a model, she could as a married woman, a gay young married. They would have an apartment, a maid. . . .

It was all perfect. She married him without ever remembering that at home marriages were not contracted as easily as they were in Dorian's set, that they were meant to last forever, that they were supposed to be founded, not on an idea of an exciting life, but on love.

It took only months for her to realize that she would not get the life she wanted out of this marriage, for the boy to realize he had not found a real wife. At an age even younger than Dorian's at the time of her first divorce, Suzy Parker's marriage was annulled.

Dorian came to the rescue. "Come back with me. The whole trouble before was that the agency was wrong for you. I've found another that really wants young people, new faces. I've promised to switch to them, if they'll take good care of you."

In a very short time, she was earning even more money than Dorian.

And the next time Dorian went to Paris, Suzy went with her.

It was a strange trip. On board the ship it was just like New York, elegant people, stunning clothes, constant cocktails, much laughter, much money. Suzy was in the center of it all, living it up. But when they got to Paris, Dorian spoke up:

"This is a wicked city. Honestly, Suzy, you have to be really mature to get along in Paris!"

### Little sister gets locked up

And Dorian proceeded—incredible as it may seem—to lock her sister in the hotel room every night before she went out.

It was an impossible situation, and it couldn't last. What was Dorian protecting Suzy from, but the life she herself was leading—the life to which she herself had introduced Suzy? How can you keep an adoring younger sister from following in your footsteps, how can you keep a girl earning almost $100,000 a year locked up at night?

How can you keep her from finding out that you're in love with a married man?

The answer is simple. You can't.

The locked doors had to open for Suzy, and they did.

She stepped into a world that made New York look like a hick town.

Here were people who didn't even bother to get a divorce before they swept off into passionate new loves. Here were men like her sister's boyfriend, the Marquis de Portago, wealthy, titled, clever—and married—who embarked on new romances knowing there was almost no chance of ending them in marriage—because they could not get a divorce. The Marquis' mother disapproved of divorce, would have cut off her son's allowance if he had permanently severed relations with his wife—who was herself a former American model. So the Marquis kept his wife in splendor and his new love in suspense—and it was regarded as perfectly natural. Sometimes he went home to see his children. Sometimes he lived in an apartment in Paris and saw Dorian.

The Marquis introduced Suzy to the fellow who shared his apartment—a free-lance writer, named Pierre de la Salle.

### Romance in that crowd

This time Dorian was too busy with her own problems to keep a firm eye on Suzy. This time she couldn't have done anything about it if she had tried.

For Suzy was falling in love.

It came like a revelation; she was utterly unprepared. She saw around her only people whose relationships existed on the surface of their lives, changed, ended, began anew with every impulse.

And she, to her astonishment, was becoming deeply involved, missed Pierre when he wasn't there with every ounce of herself, wanted him, loved him not for an interlude—but for life.

In Suzy's world, a pair of happily married people were misfits.

She and Pierre talked it over time and again. It wasn't that they were afraid of being laughed at. It was that for the first time, they were afraid of losing something precious. Could a marriage survive in their crowd, could a love?

In 1955, she and Pierre were married secretly in New York. Secretly because they were afraid of anyone's knowing, of anyone's ripping them apart. Secretly because in their crowd it was much easier to pretend to be merely lovers than husband and wife.

And at this time, Dorian told her that she was going to bear the Marquis' child, that perhaps when she had done so his mother would be forced to recognize their love, agree to Portago's divorce and remarriage.

She didn't mention what the future would be for her innocent child if the plan didn't work.

Suzy was too much accustomed to the ways of this world to be anything but blasé now. She took the news calmly, went shopping for a baby gift, went on loving Dorian as much as she ever had. But inside, the conviction grew that, much as she enjoyed it, this life was not entirely for her. . . .

Suzy was in Paris with Pierre when the invitation arrived for her to appear in *Kiss Them For Me* opposite Cary Grant. She accepted it, knowing she would have to go alone. Pierre, her husband, was one of the crowd of laughing, cheering friends who waved good-bye to her at the Paris airport.

She had taken the offer to make a movie not only because it offered money—she had plenty of that—and fame—that she didn't need—but because it seemed to extend the promise of a different life. But once in Hollywood she learned that a new star was better off single than married, that her bosses would prefer her that way.

"A little longer," she wrote to Pierre. "We'll keep it a secret a little longer. . . ."

Dorian's child was born, in a hospital in Switzerland. The existence of the baby was a closely guarded secret, until a reporter who had wind of it got to Suzy in Hollywood. "Is it true?" he demanded.

Without Pierre to help, Suzy had to make up her own mind, and fast. On the one hand there was her mother to be thought of, her mother, who on hearing rumors about Dorian and the Marquis had said proudly:

"We must pray for those who have nothing better to do than spend their time spreading lies."

On the other hand there was Dorian, whose baby was supposed to enable her to marry the Marquis. If Suzy denied the baby, might that mean to Portago's mother that the child was not his?

She came to a conclusion.

"It's true," she said finally. And added softly, "But it will be a death blow to my mother."

Having told that one great secret, she felt free to say anything she liked—and she did. Things like—

*I always give different interviews to different people.*

*I spend money so fast it hurts my conscience.*

*My mother regards Dorian and me as her punishment for being on earth.*

And in Hollywood, New York, Paris, she let people go on thinking that she and Pierre, sharing apartments, going off together on vacations, going home together at night, were not married.

Even Dorian didn't know for sure.

If it had not been for the tragedy of the car crash, on one of her visits home, killing her father, breaking her arms, —no one might ever have known for sure.

But when they carried Suzy Parker into the hospital, she was not, in that moment, the glamorous model, the new movie star. She was then what she basically had been for a long, long time: a frightened, helpless girl.

And she said then the words she had waited so long to say:

"I'm Mrs. Pierre de la Salle. Somebody tell my husband."

### What Suzy can do

She didn't know, saying those words, that the worst tragedy was yet to come, that somehow Pierre, flying to be with her, could imagine that the game was still on, the secret still to be kept. She didn't know that with the story that she wasn't married spread across every newspaper in the country, her reputation would suddenly seem a precious thing, that she would suddenly need to justify herself and her life in the eyes of a million people—and find that they did matter.

She didn't know that her scandal would fling its dirt into her father's funeral, torture her mother in her bereavement, come near to wrecking her own life.

She only knew that the accident somehow brought an end to the old world.

It now remains to be seen what becomes of the new. Whether this marriage-that-wasn't-a-marriage can be made, after all, into something wholesome and satisfactory, a marriage in which life can be shared, children born, without misunderstanding and fear.

Suzy's face was unscarred. Her arms will heal. The memory of terror will disappear, as it always does, with time.

But time alone cannot put her marriage back together, cannot give her those first years of love she should have had. Only Suzy can do that for herself.

Only she can make something good and lasting out of the Parker independence, the Parker pride—and her own life. Only she can turn the international playgirl into a real wife. . . . **END**

*Suzy is now in* TEN NORTH FREDERICK *for 20th-Fox.*

# the most beautiful wedding

(*Continued from page 20*) to have his beloved brother perform the ceremony. It took months, because the Church deliberates lengthily before it permits any of its age-old Laws to be broken. And permission was finally granted. . . .

I had known Rich from his beginnings in Hollywood, when he got his first break in *Wicked Woman*. A few weeks before the wedding I had the honor of hosting the wedding announcement party for the couple. Then I had to leave the next day for a quick jaunt through Europe—to look in on Hollywood's overseas production in these cities and to write some stories. I had to take an eighteen-hour flight over the Pole from London to Los Angeles to get back for the wedding. I was weary but I wouldn't have missed this wedding for all the sleep from here to the Land of Nod. This was one story that couldn't wait!

Pat was staying at the Olympia Hotel in San Francisco before the ceremony. She was so 'shook up' that she had absentmindedly brushed her teeth with the soap powder she had brought along to wash out her stockings, instead of with her tooth powder. And Rich, half-way across town, at the Fairmont Hotel, had reached for a cough drop, thinking it was a cigarette, and tried to light it! As for myself, I had forgotten to bring my wedding invitation.

But I managed to fight my way into the church anyway, through the crowd of 2,000 friends and fans. One thing I never forget is my press card. It turned the trick. I got in.

It had rained for days before the wedding. The sun came smiling through on the morning of the wedding, for one of the loveliest spring days San Francisco has known in years. And yet the next morning after the wedding, Sunday, the rain came pouring down again! *Happy the bride,* they say, *that the sun shines on.*

Happy the bride, indeed—from that first night, three years ago, at Ciro's, when their eyes met across the crowded nightclub while the orchestra was playing *Hey, There* (*you with the stars in your eyes*). * Richard was with a group that included Beverly Michaels, his co-star in *Wicked Woman.*

"Who is that pretty girl?" he asked Beverly.

"Which one?"

"The one with the beautiful smile and the dimples and the stars in her eyes."

"She's Pat Hardy. Cute, huh?"

"That's an understatement, Beverly. What does she do?"

"She's an actress. From New York. Wanna meet her?"

"My gosh, Bev—you *know* that angel?"

"Sure. Come on, I'll introduce you."

And so they met, and so the courtship began, and Rich asked the orchestra to play a few more choruses of *Hey, There* while they danced. . . .

### Next scene

Dissolve, again, to International Airport, Los Angeles, the day before the wedding. Jane Russell and I are taking the same United Airlines flight to San Francisco.

JANE: Why are you going up so early?

CONNOLLY: I'm tossing a bachelor party for Rich at the Palace Hotel tonight.

JANE: Poor Rich. The guy's been working so hard, and tonight they'll be rehearsing for the wedding, and tomorrow morning they've got to get up bright and early for the wedding Mass—what are you trying to *do* to the poor guy, kill him?

CONNOLLY: It wasn't *my* idea. They've had three bridal showers for Pat and nothing for Rich, so somebody said tonight's the night for Rich—his last night on earth as a free soul.

JANE: But a stag party—how *dull!*. Hey, I just got an idea—

CONNOLLY: Don't you dare—Jane, if you do—

JANE: Do what? I'll be doing him a favor, that's what! You guys will keep him up half the night, but if I bust in on it. . . .

So anyway, here we are in San Francisco. It's Friday evening, the night before the wedding. Rich checked in at the Fairmont yesterday, Thursday. Pat and the entire bridal party arrived at the Olympic today. They include May Wynn, Pat's maid of honor, and her husband, Jack Kelly; the bridesmaids—Maureen Lennon and Kathleen Davidson, Pat's sisters, and Leslie White, Richard's cousin; Kathleen Lennon, the seven-year-old flower girl, Pat's niece and daughter of Maureen; Pat's mother, Mary, and the stepfather of the bride-to-be, William Washington, both out from New York for the wedding. (Pat's own father died years ago.)

### The rehearsal

I checked into my suite at the Palace. I grabbed a quick dinner and took a cab to Star-of-the-Sea for the wedding rehearsal.

Everyone at the church was nervous and tired from all the pre-wedding preparation.

I ran into Stan Musgrove, Rich's press agent.

"Where's Rich?" I asked.

"I dunno," grinned Stan. "I think he just took a slow boat to Hong Kong!"

I finally found Rich in the darkness of the church. In the tradition of all grooms-to-be, he had left all the details to the last minute. But, tired as he was, he managed a smile. "Got an aspirin?" he asked.

The rehearsal took no more than a half hour. Then the bride and groom and the bridal party took off in a fleet of cars—Rich for the Fairmont, Pat for the Olympic. "I'm beat," Rich sighed. An usher grabbed his arm and joked as they walked down the steps of the church, "You've still got time to get out of it, Rich!"

The boys all showed up for the bachelor party on schedule at 9:00.

Rich headed for the hors d'oeuvres table. He hadn't eaten a thing all day. He'd been too busy and too harried. The champagne started popping. Rich and his usher wolfed down the hors d'oeuvres.

A very special guest arrived late—Lou Lurie, San Francisco's top theatre owner and one of the richest men in town.

Rich went over to him and greeted him with, "Mr. Lurie, I used to work for you. I was an usher here in town at one of your theatres, the Alexandria."

The party rolled on. It was mostly baseball talk: the Los Angeles Dodgers, the San Francisco Giants.

And then, at 11:00 Jane Russell 'busted in' on us, as threatened. But we were all glad she came. She had Pat with her, and the rest of the girls in the wedding party.

The bride and groom aren't supposed to see each other after the wedding rehearsal, until they meet at the foot of the altar for the marriage ceremony next day. But Pat and Rich arent superstitious.

The arrival of the girls broke up the party early, and high time. We were all pretty well beat.

The next morning I got to Rich's hotel a few hours before the wedding. The photographer was already there.

Rich was smiling happily. Too happily, it seemed to me—after all, his last few hours as a free soul. . . . But he was also very nervous.

He reached for that cough drop I told you about, started to light it, realized his mistake and grinned sheepishly. "I'll be all right," he said. "Anybody got a straitjacket?"

"Had coffee?" he asked. "Go ahead, order some."

### Richard's city

He walked to the balcony of his suite and looked out over the city—the city where he was born.

"Golly," he said, pointing, "there's Alcatraz." Sure enough, there was Alcatraz, forbidding, forlorn, in the bright morning sunlight. "The condemned man," said Rich, "ate a hearty breakfast." Then he laughed.

The waiter arrived with our coffee. "Want a cup?" I asked. "Sure," said Rich, "black!" I poured some for him. But Rich forgot to drink it. Wow, he was nervous!

"Oh." He started putting on his shirt. "Do you like this suit? Pat wanted me to wear one of those fancy-pantsy cutaway outfits but I wouldn't go for it. The ushers are all different sizes. I told her we'd look like a circus act. So here we go—blue worsted suit, white shirt, black shoes. Now about a tie—white or light blue?"

I thought the light blue went better with the suit and told him so. Rich put on the white tie. (*Continued on page 55*)

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# GOING STEADY

Seldom have sports togs been so happily accessorized as they are with the new fall shoes by Jills—from now on you'll want your sports clothes to be *going steady* with Jills, too. Natalie Trundy (you saw her last in *The Careless Years,* a Bryna production released through United Artists) poses with the Jills skimmer style trimmed with a detachable bow. The two styles shown above and below left are new easy hook-tye sneekers; the style below right is the muchly desired 2-face saddle oxford, also with easy hook-tye closing. Jills feature double wear *Stratcrepe* or *Karak* (also crepe) soles which are cushioned for easy walking. All these shoes are the new lighter weight types; all come in a wide range of widths, sizes and leathers. Jills by Bristol are priced from $6.95 to $7.95.







MORE FASHIONS ON PAGE 58

(*Continued from page 53*) Fred Pratt, Richard's cousin and best man, arrived at 10:00 on the button with the ring and the license, wearing the same kind of blue suit and shaking like a leaf. "I don't like that tie," said Rich. "Here, wear this one." He handed over the light blue tie. Fred, dazed, took it without a word, shed his own tie and donned the blue one.

I left Rich's suite at 10:30 and got to Star-of-the-Sea at 10:45. A cordon of police was holding back the crowd in front of the church. In the playground between the church and the school some youngsters were playing softball, as nonchalantly as though movie stars get married at Star-of-the-Sea every day in the week. It was Saturday, their day off, and they didn't have to be there, but there they were. Richard had played there too, when he was a boy.

The fans outside the church were extremely well-behaved. The limousine carrying May Wynn arrived. The Matron of Honor was with her husband and the fans crowded in on them—but politely—for autographs. May and Jack Kelly obliged graciously, signing as many as they could.

Pat and Rich, arriving in separate cars, were supposed to have stopped at Penelli's florist shop, a block away from the church, to pick up her bouquet and his boutonniere. No soap. The hour was drawing nigh. The florist brought the flowers to the church.

I walked through the church, down the main aisle. The church was almost filled now. Four urns of white stock and gladioli lined the aisles, and the altar and the rest of the church were decorated with bouquets of white carnations and more gladioli and stock—all white. The organ was playing softly.

In the Sacristy, back of the main altar, Father Willis was pacing up and down nervously. "Say, where's Rich?" he demanded. "Will somebody tell him to get himself in here—it's getting late."

**The bride wore—**

The bride's car was five minutes late. The police made the fans form a path. Pat walked through it, a vision of loveliness in a peau de soie gown embroidered with Chantilly lace, topped by a Swedish crown in pearls with a two-tiered illusion veil. She carried a Rosary from her aunt who had had it blessed by Pope Pius XII. She also carried a white Missal and the white Chantilly lace handkerchief that her great-grandmother had worn at another wedding many years ago. She carried a bouquet, too, of white gardenias and stephinotis, to match Rich's boutonniere. She wore a gold cross around her neck. Rich had sent it to her a year ago, when he was on a tour. She has never taken it off.

She wore—

*Something old:* Her great grandmother's handkerchief.

*Something new:* Her wedding gown, from the Bride's Shop in Beverly Hills.

*Something borrowed:* A pair of stockings, from Barbara Tobias.

*Something blue:* A garter, from her niece, Kathleen Lennon.

The bridesmaids wore bouffant gowns—pink dotted Swiss nylon—with sweetheart necklines—and pearl headpieces and necklaces. May Wynn and little Kathleen wore bouffant dresses too—green dotted Swiss nylon. May and the bridesmaids carried pink carnations and stephinotis. The little flower girl carried pink carnations and forget-me-nots.

The organ struck up *The Wedding March.* The procession started down the aisle. I could see Rich and his best man coming out of (*Continued on page 57*)


# $100 for you!

Fill in the farm belaw as saan as yau've read all the staries in this issue. Then (an a separate sheet af paper) name the stary yau liked *best* ar *least* and tell us in 25 wards ar less why yau picked it. Mail it ta us right away because the 10 best entries will be selected far prizes af $10 each. Entries will be judged by haw gaad yaur reasans are far liking ar disliking the stary yau chase. Remember—name anly yaur first chaice ar yaur last chaice—nat bath. Entries must be pastmarked na later than *September 9.*

**MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.**

Please check the space left of the ane phrase which best answers each questian:

**1. I LIKE RICHARD EGAN:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I Read: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**2. I LIKE DEBORAH KERR:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**3. I LIKE BOB EVANS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**4. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**5. I LIKE PIER ANGELI:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**6. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**7. I LIKE JIMMY RODGERS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**8. I LIKE SUZY PARKER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**9. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her

**I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**10. I LIKE TONY PERKINS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I Read: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**11. I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I Read: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**12. I LIKE CHRISTINE CARERE:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**13. I LIKE JERRY LEE LEWIS:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

**14. I LIKE RONALD COLMAN:**
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1)_____ MALE (1)_____ FEMALE

(2)_____ MALE (2)_____ FEMALE

(3)_____ MALE (3)_____ FEMALE

**AGE**.....**NAME**.....

**ADDRESS**..... STREET

**CITY**.....**ZONE**.....**STATE**.....

Here are the pall prize winners far September: Linda Latimer, Ontaria, Canada; Mrs. Freddy Nihart, Babbitt, Minn.; Judi Andersan, Carana del Mar, Calif.; Mrs. Barbara Quinn, Kansas City, Ma.; Ollie June Rush, Selma, Ala.; Minnie L. Caxe, Lake City, Florida; Betty Campbell, Sydney Mines, Nava Scatia; Ada Berge, San Clemente, Calif.; Martha Stewart, Indianapalis, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Stefanic, Girard, Ohia.

*A home perm will add one hundred per cent to any hair style*

# TOP THEM ALL

Hollywood news for fall hair styles is mixed between the "Tumble" cut, "Ripple" cut, and the sleek well-groomed long-line cut—choose the most becoming to you. The long-line cut surely becomes the fragile features of lovely Lee Remick, whom you will next see in 20th's forthcoming *Mardi Gras*. No matter which hair cut you choose for yourself be assured that your hair will have much more manageable beauty and style if you give yourself (*Continued on page 66*)



(*Continued from page 55*) the Sacristy and approaching the foot of the altar, where Rich would meet his bride. Pat was on the arm of her stepfather, her eyes glistening brightly.

The suspicious glistening in Pat's eyes turned to real tears that rolled unchecked down her cheeks when she reached the foot of the altar and took Rich's arm. They walked up the altar steps, past the altar rail, and knelt directly in front of the altar, on the two prie-dieus placed there.

Pat's voice cracked when it came time for her to recite the solemn marriage vows after Father Willis: "I, Patricia Hardy, take you, Richard Egan, for my lawful wedded husband . . . to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part." But she made it. She made it beautifully! Toward the end, as a matter of fact, she was practically singing the words.

Rich, repeating it all after Father Willis —"I, Richard Egan, take you, Patricia Hardy, etc."—created quite a problem—because he and Father Willis sound almost exactly alike! Their voices have the same timbre, the same quality. I looked over at his parents, and I don't think I've ever seen happier parents in my life: one son, a movie star, being married by another, a priest. A man of God and a man of the world, the worldliest of all worlds—show business. It was quite an occasion.

**A special blessing**

Father Willis pulled the biggest surprise of the day—a special Papal Blessing for the happy couple, cabled to them from Vatican City on their wedding day by His Holiness, Pope Pius XII. Father Willis read the cable, which will be reproduced for the Egans on a special scroll:

HIS HOLINESS CORDIALLY IMPARTS TO RICHARD EGAN AND PATRICIA HARDY ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR WEDDING HIS PATERNAL AND APOSTOLIC BLESSING.

Father Willis spoke about true Christian marriage: "Like all the Sacraments, the primary purpose is the sanctification of the individual. It is intended to make holy the soul, to make you intimately united with Almighty God. Dedicate yourselves to each other. In becoming united with each other, you are becoming united with Almighty God.

"I call upon all present," Father Willis continued, "to be witness to this holy union which I have now blessed. What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Fred Pratt handed over the ring. Father Willis said, "Now that you have been joined in Holy Matrimony, take this ring in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit as a pledge of your fidelity.

"O Lord, watch over them," he prayed. Then, to Pat and Rich, "May He unite your hearts in true love, and may you be blessed in your children and may the love you lavish upon them return to you a hundredfold. May the Lord grant you fullness of years so that you may reap the harvest of a rich life."

Rich kissed the bride at the foot of the altar. The bridal procession started up the aisle. The fans outside the church cheered the happy couple. Flashbulbs popped, reporters pounced on the couple, autograph hunters shoved pieces of paper and notebooks at Pat and Rich. Pat signed a few of them, as many as she could, *Pat Egan.*

On the way to the reception in Atherton, the car—a rented chauffered Cadillac—stalled. Some kind of mechanical trouble. "We're sunk," said Rich.

The chauffeur was fiddling with something under the hood.

"Wouldn't it be funny," Pat giggled, "if we had to hitchhike—me in my wedding gown—in the middle of the highway!"

"Good movie title," said Hal, "'The Bride Had to Hitchhike Home!'"

The chauffeur got the car started. Off they roared again.

"What's your advice to prospective bridegrooms?" Hal asked Rich.

The groom kissed the bride, grinned happily, and said, "My advice to all prospective bridegrooms is, 'Do it!'"

The garden of the French chateau-type home where the reception was held was filled now with guests. The reception committee, headed by Pat and Rich, their parents and the rest of the bridal party, lined up on the terrace, overlooking some huge oak trees under which more canopies and candy-stripe-umbrella'd tables and chairs were set. The guests were served champagne while Cerruti's combo played softly.

After the reception, the party moved to the huge playhouse facing the swimming pool, in back to the main house.

Two large hearts made of gardenias floated in the pool. "Pat" was spelled out on one of the hearts, "Rich" on the other. Red, pink and yellow roses, carnations and lilies floated in the pool too.

And the honeymoon?

"I've got to report to Fox next Monday for my next picture, *These Thousand Hills,*" Rich said. "So we'll just motor leisurely down to Los Angeles. Then to Durango, Colorado, for location shots."

The wedding party, which started at 12:30 noon, broke up at 8:00. Pat and Rich had left long before that hour, and everyone's good wishes went with them. And everyone agreed they'd had a wonderful time at the wedding of the year. **END**

*Richard will be in 20th's* THE HUNTER *and in U-I's* THE VOICE IN THE MIRROR.


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"much-ado" about your figure

# I'll never fall in love again

(*Continued from page 24*) cination grew. Finally, after what must have been half an hour, when for a moment she was alone, he walked over to her and said, "Excuse me, but I'm Robert Evans. And I've been watching you."

Bob had expected her to say *Oh, really?* or *Why? Is there a smudge on my face?* or *Do you think you saw me in Cannes, maybe, last Spring?* or any of a hundred empty nothings a girl who came to this type of New York cocktail party might ordinarily have said.

But instead the girl looked him in the eye and, frankly said, "I know. Because I've been watching you, too."

"I didn't notice," Bob said.

"That's good," the girl replied. "My sex has to be careful about being too obvious when it comes to things like that."

Bob smiled.

So did the girl.

And anybody else who might have been standing around at that point, watching them as they'd been watching each other, could have told you that the most beautiful and important chemicals in the world were beginning to brew up a storm right now between these two—a very subtle, complicated, crazy, wonderful, exasperating, incomprehensible kind of storm that is commonly known as love.

The meeting took place five or six years ago and we don't know too much about this girl today. As Bob told us recently, "I can't tell you her name. I wouldn't want to do that. But she's an actress. And you've probably seen her a few times, though she hasn't been doing very much work lately."

### His mother's view

In an interview a couple of days later his mother said, "She was a fine girl and very talented and we all wished her well in her career. For a time, when it looked as if everything was serious with her and Bob, we wished them well, too, even though she was of a different religious faith."

Said a friend of Bob's, "I liked her because Bob did. But I could never get over the feeling that no good would ever come of this match. She was a swell girl in many ways. She was smart and she was good-natured and she was fun. But like lots of girls who want to become actresses, she was as aggressive as a Russian in Budapest. She didn't show it much. But she showed it at times. And this I didn't like."

At the time they met, Bob was as ready to fall in love as any man has ever been. Unfortunately, as we will see, he fell too hard.

Why was he so ready? Simple. He'd been very sick for the last couple of years and he'd undergone a slow recuperation and at a time other fellows his age were going out on dates and flings, Bob had been getting to bed at nine and nine-thirty every night. As he now jokes about this period, "You can dream about girls that way, but you sure don't get to meet them!"

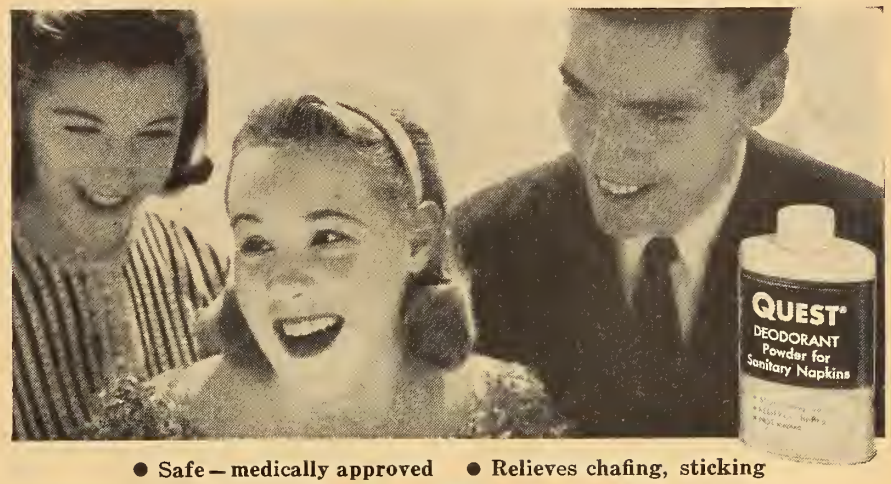
Joking aside, though, the illness was a bad one and it nearly cost Bob his life.

"It came suddenly," his mother says. "Bobby and his father and I were driving down to Flordia for a three-week vacation. We were in a little town, a little more than halfway there, when he began to complain about a pain in his chest. We rushed him to a local doctor. The doctor examined him and smiled and said there was nothing to worry about, that Bobby had a case of indigestion. He gave us some pills and said everything would be all cleared up by the time we got to Florida.

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Use QUEST especially at this time when sweat glands are over-active. Get QUEST at all drug counters.

"But when we got there, Bobby's condition was worse. We took him up to the hotel room first, thinking that maybe if he lay down for a while he'd feel better. But after a very little while we could see this was no good. Thank God there was a hospital right across the street from the hotel. We took Bobby there. A doctor examined him while we waited in an office next door. I thought the examination would never end. Finally, the doctor came out. He asked us to stay seated and be calm while he told us what was wrong. He said that one of Bobby's lungs had collapsed, that it was pushing against his heart—and that Bobby would be dead in another couple of hours if he wasn't taken care of right away.

"Bobby's father and I stayed up all that night, right there in the office. We prayed. And the next morning when the doctor came back in and told us that our boy had pulled through the crisis, that he'd have to stay in the hospital a couple of months and rest for at least a year after that, we were so glad he was going to live and we weren't going to lose him, that we couldn't do anything else but take each other's hands and cry."

So ends Bob Evans' *medical* history.

And it had lots to do with his later, romantic history.

Especially the night at the crowded New York cocktail party when he met the first girl he'd fallen for since his teens—this very pretty, sweet-faced blonde, this girl he'd first seen only a little while earlier and had suddenly wanted so much to get to know.

### That night was wonderful

They left the party and had dinner together. The girl explained that the two men she'd arrived with were theatrical agents who were so drunk that they could hardly remember each other, let alone *her*.

Dinner that night was wonderful.

The girl told Bob about herself: that she wanted more than anything in the world to be an actress; that things seemed to be moving along pretty well; that she expected she might be in Hollywood and in pictures by the end of a year or two.

Then Bob told her something about himself. He'd been an actor once, way back—when he was eleven, "Here I was, just a kid," he said, "with this ambition to perform burning inside me. Even at that age, though, I knew the theater was tough to crack. But our family used to listen to the radio a lot. And one day I realized there were lots of stories being told on the radio and that more than one of them had parts for boys about my age. So the next day I got on the subway and went to downtown New York, to CBS. By luck I got to see a director and I guess he liked the way I talked, the tone of my voice, because he said, 'Okay, young man, we can use you.' I remember it was later that day when Eleanor Kilgallen, Dorothy Kilgallen's sister, was signing me up, that she looked at me and said, 'This is the sorriest move you could make, my boy. You know, it's not going to be an easy life after this.'"

"It might not have been easy," Bob went on. "But it sure was fun." He continued with the kid radio stuff for a few years, then stopped a while, and again went back to radio in Florida where, for about a year, he worked as the youngest disc-jockey in the state.

"But now that's all behind me, I think," Bob told her. "A little while back, when I was recuperating, I decided maybe acting wasn't for me. So I came to New York again to get a job, a steady job. I thought I'd like to get into the garment business.

Nobody would hire me at first. They didn't think anybody with an acting background was stable enough. But finally this *one* place said they'd give me a try. They took me on as a messenger boy for forty-five whole dollars a week. Right after work, I'd go to school for a course in marketing and selling. I figured that in this business it's important to know what adjectives to use—because if you don't use the right ones at the right time, you might as well give up."

He ordered another cup of coffee for himself and the girl as he went on.

**Bob continues his story**

"The study paid off," he said. "I was a salesman in less than a year. And now, well, my brother, Charles, and Joe Picone, a friend, have started their own business in women's sportswear—it's called Evan-Picone—and they've invited me to join them as a partner. It's not a big business yet, but I think someday it will be, and. . . ."

The young man who was soon to become a millionaire through this very business, stopped now and shrugged. "Well, I guess you've heard enough about me for one night," he said.

"Why?" the girl asked, stirring her coffee but not looking down at it. "Will there be other nights?"

"There could be tomorrow night," Bob said.

"There could." She looked at him, very seriously for a moment.

And then she burst into a big, happy smile.

"I'll be ready at six-thirty," she said. "Or six, if that's not too early for you."

Bob made it at five to six that next night, secretly glad that he would be able to see this girl for five minutes more than the fates of time-arranging had planned.

And the girl was glad, too. After their first meeting, she'd thought about Bob all that night—as she was to tell him later—and all that morning and afternoon. And now he was there and they were going out on a date and there'd be no stopping the great time they would have that night.

And it wasn't many dates later that they both stopped long enough to tell each other they were in love and that there were no two luckier people in the whole wide world than they.

**Two of the nicest**

Their love lasted for two happy years.

"They were probably the most in-love young couple I've ever seen," a friend of Bob's has said. "And why shouldn't they have been? They were two of the most attractive young people in New York. They were two of the nicest. Her career was beginning to do better and better. And on Bob's side, Evan-Picone was becoming what it is today—one of the finest and most successful women's fashion houses in the world. Yes, things were really going great guns and there was talk of marriage.

"And then came a little phone call from Hollywood and it was like a love story in a magazine where the type-setters had made a mistake and suddenly it became a different story. Because the love element wasn't there any more—at least, not on the part of *one* of them."

The phone call, of course, was for the girl. It was from a producer who was offering her a part in a picture. The picture, he said, was due to roll within a couple of weeks and she would have to come out to the Coast, pronto.

The good-byes between Bob and his girl had to be brief. But somewhere along the line—at the airport, in fact—the girl made Bob promise that he'd be out to California to see her.

"It won't be easy re-arranging the business schedule," Bob said. "And you won't be out there very long, anyway. And—"

The girl interrupted him, frantically. "But you will be out, won't you?" she asked. "Please?"

It made Bob feel very good to know that this girl loved him this much, so much.

"Yes," he said, nodding, "I'll be out in a couple of weeks, just as soon as I can get away."

Then he kissed her long and hard.

And he watched her as she rushed off to board the plane for that fabulous town in the West that has a tendency to change most people who come in contact with it—some for the better, some for the worse. . . .

It was a few weeks later when Bob phoned his girl from New York. "Everything's set," he said. "I'm leaving on a morning flight tomorrow and I'll see you for dinner."

The girl sounded overjoyed. She explained that production on the picture was being held up for a while and so they'd have at least a week together, just the two of them.

"Hurry darling," she said, as if she were about to break down and cry. "Hurry."

And that was all Bob needed.

"I love you. I love you. . . ." he said over and over, till the operator interrupted and told him his time was up. "I love you," he said once again before hanging up, meaning those words as he never knew they could be meant before. . . .

**Then in Hollywood . . .**

When Bob got to the Hollywood hotel where his girl was staying, he knocked on her door and then looked down at his watch.

It was exactly five minutes to six.

He smiled. This was a very setimental hour in his book, and it seemed to him to be one of those perfect coincidences that could only lead to more perfect things.

When the girl opened the door, she was in her robe.

"Oh, Bob!" she said, looking terribly confused. "I'd almost forgotten you were coming!"

And if ever a heart has dropped, low, to the pit of the stomach, Bob's did then.

"Bobby," she said, after kissing him quickly and leading him into the room, "last night I got a call from the studio. They want me to go to Boston for about a week to do some public appearances for them."

"When do you have to go?" Bob asked.

"Tonight," the girl said.

At that moment, the telephone rang.

"Oh, hello," she said, beginning to laugh. "Yes, isn't it marvelous? Not that Boston is New York or Chicago, but I'll be doing publicity work before I've ever even been in a picture!"

She shot a quick glance over at a stunned Bob and indicated to him that she'd be off the phone in a minute.

"Yes, yes," she continued, "and I spent all day buying some new dresses and getting a hat and bag and. . . ."

She went on, for lots more than a minute.

And when she hung up, she barely had time to explain things to Bob. "It all happened so quickly," she said. "And I meant to phone you back last night, but then I forgot—"

"You forgot?"

"Well, I kind of put it off and then I got sleepy and—well, yes, I forgot," she admitted.

**In this business . . .**

Bob stared at her as she talked. It was as if, after two years, he were looking at another girl. Her voice sounded different—shrill, tense, excited. And her face while still pretty was different too. Her eyes, *especially* her eyes, were different—the softness in them Bob had loved so much was suddenly gone—all the warmth gone, all the love gone.

"I had thought that maybe you could fly back East with me tonight—that is, if you wanted to," the girl went on, "but then you're probably tired and would like to hang around here for a few days."

"Sure," Bob said. "Sure."

The girl patted him on the cheek. "I hope you're not hurt, darling," she said, this different voice spewing out the string of quick sympathy. "But if a girl's going to get anywhere in this business, she's got to go where they tell her."

With that she rushed into the bedroom to change.

And in less than an hour she was gone. . . .

"It took me a long time to get over that," Bob said the other day, "but after a while you get over anything, I guess, especially something that you learn probably wasn't worth having anyway. And still, though I got over it, it left me with the feeling that I would never fall in love again. . . . I still have this feeling."

Bob paused as if he were thinking about another trip he made to Hollwood a couple of years later, the business trip on which he was discovered by Norma Shearer and given a part in *Man of a Thousand Faces*, a bigger part next in *The Sun Also Rises*, and most recently the big hunk of part in a picture that is already, months before its release, being called a Western Classic by the inside movie crowd, *Quick Draw*.

"I guess I feel I may never fall in love again because, honestly, I don't seem to meet many girls," he went on. "Oh sure, I'm out in Hollywood, the business being what it is, I see a lot of glamor-type girls and date them from time to time. And when I'm in New York, at the office, there are models around all the time, beautiful girls, very beautiful girls. But, I don't know—for some reason I can't seem to get too worked up over them. I guess what I really want is a girl who's not in these professions and in a position like mine. It's hard to meet this kind of girl.

"So what do I do? Well, I turn down approximately one party invitation a night, maybe going to one a week. Maybe one or two other nights a week I'll go to a nightclub or to the theater. But the rest of the nights I go home and I just stay put. I have a big apartment in New York—a beauty, overlooking the East River. And on the quiet nights I make a bite to eat and sit around and read.

Again he paused. And then he asked, "It all sounds kind of sad, doesn't it? Well, I don't know if it's sad or not. But that's the way it is. Sure, maybe someday I'll be at the right place at the right time and the right girl will happen to walk into the room and I'll take a look at her and I'll know. But then again, maybe that time will never be. So if sad's the word you want—well then yes, it *is* sad."

As Bob was speaking this time, of that right girl just happening to walk in, we couldn't help thinking of another girl—a pretty, sweet-faced blonde, who'd walked into a certain room on a certain night a few years back.

And we couldn't help but wonder if maybe she—this girl who was going to become a big movie star and who gave the heave to a very nice guy who's on *his* way now to becoming a really big movie star—if maybe she feels things worked out pretty sad, too. **END**

*Look for Bob in 20th-Fox's* QUICK DRAW.

## loneliest bride in hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*) For an instant, everything was confusion. Half her mind knew that this had all been a dream—that she was a big girl now; that the war with the Germans was long over; that she was in Hollywood, California, far from France; that Philippe was not there in bed beside her.

But the noise, the wailing noise. That was not part of any dream. That was real. The noise, the terrible noise. Where was *that* coming from? And why did *that* not stop?

She jumped out of the bed and groped through the darkness to a window. It was open slightly. She pushed it open all the way and listened.

Slowly, very slowly, she realized that the noise was coming from a fire engine that had since passed the hotel and was now miles away, its siren still piercing the still night air.

Her first instinct was to laugh.

Except that she couldn't laugh, and so instead she began to cry.

"Philippe," she said again, whispering the name this time through her sobs as she stood there, staring out the window. "Oh, Philippe—" she said, as if she were calling for someone to come be with her and comfort her and, with his arm around her waist and his lips against her hair, dissolve the ache that filled her young lonely body.

But no one came.

"It is silly to cry like this, is it not, Philippe?" she said anyway, just pretending. "I remember my mother used to say to me when I was very little that if you cried about anything at night, alone in your room, you should immediately think of something happy that has happened to you. 'And *puff!*' she told me, 'the tears will vanish!'"

Christine nodded at the memory of that advice.

And then, still standing there, she searched back in her mind, way back, for some of those happier moments.

They came to her in flashes.

### Boys, I like

Like the day, when she was six or seven, at her uncle's farm in Burgundy. . . . Her uncle had a beet-sugar farm. He also had a young son and two daughters. When Christine arrived on the farm for a short vacation—a vacation from school and from the war that raged in the north of France—she was introduced to her cousins and then told to run off and play with the girls.

"There are two things I do not like," Christine told her amazed uncle on the spot. "One is arithmetic. And the other is girls."

And so Christine galloped off with her boy cousin, out to the fields to meet some other friends who were playing there.

For the next three hours they all played a farm version of soccer, using the big, heavy sugar beets as the ball.

When the game was just about over, Christine's uncle came out from the barn where he'd been working to see how his niece was enjoying herself.

"But my child—" he said, stunned, when he saw her. She'd just taken what must have been her fiftieth fall and was covered with blood and bruises. "You must not play like *this!*"

"Uncle," Christine said, taking his hand and smiling a strange smile, "always in Paris I have gone to school with girls. As I said, I did not like them. And always I wondered about boys, whom I did not know. 'Would I at least like *them?*' I asked myself. Well, uncle—I do, I do. So please let me play on with them."






The man had no choice but to laugh and say *all right.*

He had stayed around, Christine remembered, long enough to see her score three more goals and get herself two more cuts. . . .

### Another happy memory

And—Christine remembered, too, now—there was another happy time on another day, years later, and with another boy. Actually, the boy was approaching young manhood, being about nineteen years old to Christine's fifteen. Actually, too, Christine had no use for this particular boy because he was known in the neighborhood as the young handsome Don Juan and Christine, still a tomboy at heart, didn't like anything or anyone romantic.

But she had just had an appendectomy and she was in the hospital and this boy had come to visit her and she knew she must try her best to be pleasant.

So, whatever he would say, she would answer, "Oh, yes?" And, "Oh, is that so?" And, "Really—well, how interesting."

She was, in truth, not really interested in anything about him, so suave, so slick, so much the type all the other girls—silly things—were always mooning over.

But then, just before he left, he leaned over her bed and kissed Christine lightly on the forehead and he said, "You know, you are a very pretty girl."

For the first time in her life, Christine blushed.

"No," she said, trying to cover the blush with her words—true words, she thought. "I am quite ugly. Look, my face is chubby and there is nothing distinctive about it and—"

The boy shook his head. "You are so pretty," he said, "that if you were older, I would come call on you—often."

With that, he kissed her again and left.

And with that, Christine reached for a mirror and began to study her face.

When her mother came to visit her a little while later, the woman was amazed.

"What have you done to your hair?" she asked, coming toward the bed.

"I have pinned it back a little," Christine said, "like the true *Parisiennes* are wearing theirs."

"And what is that on your lips?" the woman asked, coming closer and closer.

"I know, Maman," Christine said, "I must not wear lipstick until I am seventeen years. But the nurse had some in her purse and I asked her if I could try it, just to see how I will look when the time comes."

Her mother shrugged.

"Maman," Christine said seriously, in the tone she always used when she was about to confess something. "Maman, I am beginning to grow old."

"Old?" her mother asked.

"Well, older," Christine said. "And I think—I think I now like boys."

"But you always liked boys," her mother said, very matter-of-factly. "The soccer, the water polo—"

"Yes, Maman," Christine said, nodding, interrupting her, "but now—I like them in a different way."

The woman looked at her, stunned for a moment.

And then, suddenly, she began to laugh.

### The garden party

*How we both laughed then,* Christine remembered now, this first night in Hollywood, standing by the open window, thinking back. "*But how Maman didn't laugh that afternoon the next year when I came home and told her about the charity garden party and the movie stars and the*

*producers and what they had all said to me. . . .*"

The party was held in a movie producer's garden in the heart of residential Paris. Every top movie personality in France was invited. Not invited was a young wide-eyed girl, by this time one of the top movie *fans* in France. Her name was Christine. And to get into the party, she just kind of walked in.

Her reason for doing this was two-fold: she wanted to see her favorites in person and she wanted autographs.

She'd been sneaking around the place for almost an hour and had already seen most everybody there and gotten a padful of autographs when two men and a woman, sitting sipping champagne at the far end of the garden, signaled her over.

Christine recognized one of the men as Noel-Noel, the great comedian. She'd already gotten his autograph, a long time back. She was confused. "You want *me?*" she called out.

The three nodded.

Praying suddenly that one of the other two people was not the host or hostess, ready to boot her out of the garden, Christine walked toward them.

"You see what I mean?" Noel-Noel asked, taking Christine's hand in his. "You see?"

"Yes," said the other man, who turned out to be producer Jean-Paul Paulin.

"She is lovely," agreed the woman—Jacqueline Audry, another producer.

"What are your measurements, Mademoiselle?" Noel-Noel asked.

"I don't know," Christine said nervously.

"Whatever they are," said Paulin, watching her, "they are good."

"And what is your name?" Mme. Audry asked.

"Christine de Borde," the girl said, methodically, as if she were answering a job questionnaire. "My father is the Count Ivan de Borde. He is a gentleman farmer and long separated from my mother. I live with my mother."

"And you would like to be a actress?" Mme. Audry asked.

"No . . . At least—I never thought about it."

"You are a student?" she was asked.

"Yes," Christine said. "I go to the secretarial school."

"You like it?"

"I do not like it at all," Christine said. "But since the war we have been poor. My mother must work and I realize I must help her, so I am studying to be a secretary. It is an obligation and I realize I must be happy at it. It is something I must do."

At the very moment she said that, a quality in Christine—a warm, sad, bittersweet quality—came shining through.

"You see?" Noel-Noel said triumphantly, turning again to the others.

And again the others nodded. . . .

### Mama is skeptical

A few hours later Christine was excitedly telling her mother, "The woman producer said to me that I should come tomorrow to the studio for a film test and that if it was good she would put me into a movie."

"You are sure this was a *woman* producer?" her mother asked, skeptically.

Christine described Mme. Audry and what she had been wearing, from her beautiful hat right down to her beautiful shoes.

"Well," her mother said—and then she thought for a moment. And then, with great finality, she said, "No, you may not be an actress. The cinema is not a good business and too many young girls like you are led into it with promises and then let out with nothing but a broken heart!"

And that should have been the end of that. Except that for three days running, Christine—suddenly intrigued with the idea of visiting a real movie studio and making a real test—bothered her mother so much that she finally gave in.

It was on a Friday that Christine phoned the producer saying that she could come for the test. The following Monday she made the test, and by Wednesday she was called back to the producer's office.

"This is fantastic, I know, Christine," the woman told her, "but I think you are an actress."

She handed the girl a script.

It was for a picture called *Olivia.*

In it was a part for Christine, a small part, but the kind that can do wonders for a young actress.

As it turned out, this particular young actress ended up doing wonders for the part.

And so began a beautiful career for the newly-named Christine Carere.

And so also began the strange chain of events that would eventually lead to her meeting the young man named Philippe.

She didn't like him at all at first.

*On the cover*

*of next month's*

**MODERN SCREEN—**

**ELIZABETH TAYLOR**

*and the little men*

*who kiss her goodnight . . . .*

As she explained it in a letter to a friend, one of Christine's very few close friends:

> *This morning I started work on a picture called* Springtime In Paris. *My co-star is Philippe Nicaud. You remember how I used to idolize him on the screen? Well, he is terrible to meet. He is good-looking, yes; but not really so great-looking. And he is so self-assured, so certain of himself—unlike myself, who is more quiet, and a little insecure. And yes, he is a good actor—but that, too, he knows. Honestly, my only reaction to him is: "Here is a man who is very happy with himself!" Well, you know how I feel about that type—*

In her next letter, written about two weeks later, Christine wrote all about the progress of the picture and the fun she was having making it. There was only one reference to Philippe Nicaud this time. It read:

> *Oh yes, about* him*—we'll be working together soon. And I can't say I look forward to it.*

Not long after, in her third letter, Christine wrote:

> *I have always liked and respected you, my good friend, but I think you are very silly to say that I have some sort of 'feeling'—as you put it—about Monsieur Philippe Nicaud. I feel absolutely nothing.*

And then, almost immediately after that, followed the fourth letter:

> *It was a difficult scene I was working on all day today with Philippe, our second scene together. Both of us were having a little trouble with it. And then, do you know what happened? He asked me if I would have lunch with him, so we could talk about the scene, he said. At lunch we talked about the scene and then we began to talk about ourselves. And do you know what? He was so nice to me and so helpful. After a while I realized that though he is a strong person he is not that strong—and that some of his attitudes which I didn't like are really used by him to cover up the feelings inside him about not being so sure of himself. Anyway, he asked me to have dinner with him tonight. And this will surprise you—or will it?—but I said yes!*

That evening with Philippe turned out to be the most wonderful Christine had ever spent.

And that evening led to another, and another.

Finally came the evening a few months later when—sitting together in a small Left Bank restaurant, their dinner over, sipping the remains of a small bottle of sparkling red wine—Philippe asked Christine to marry him.

"But there are things about me you should know," Christine said, suddenly flustered.

"Oh?" said Philippe.

"I don't like the color green," Christine said.

"Neither do I," said Philippe.

"And I hate to travel on airplanes."

"I have always preferred the train myself," said Philippe.

"And in my spare time sometimes I like to write novelettes. Only—until I write one I like very much—I will never let you read it," Christine said.

"I promise not to ask," said Philippe.

"And about my cooking," she continued, "I know all French girls are supposed to be good cooks. I am, too. But I don't like it. I give too much of myself. Then if it's no good I want to cry—and, believe me, sometimes it is no good."

"I have a very simple appetite," said Philippe.

He looked into her eyes and took her hand in his.

"Will you marry me, Christine?" he asked again.

"Yes," Christine said, radiating happiness. "Yes. . . ."

### Hollywood beckons

But word from Hollywood interrupted their wedding plans. The word was simple: Twentieth Century-Fox wanted to test Christine in their London studios for the lead in Françoise Sagan's *A Certain Smile.*

It was marvelous news in a way. It would mean Hollywood. It would mean co-starring opposite someone like Rossano Brazzi. It would mean everything a young actress could ever hope for.

Yet it was sad news, too—news that could mean not only putting off the wedding, but being separated from Philippe for month upon month upon month.

Christine didn't know what to do.

Philippe persuaded her to make the test.

Somewhat reluctantly, Christine flew to London. In the back of her mind was the strong belief that she wouldn't make it. After all, she knew no English—and hadn't that held her back once before, the time

she'd been considered to play opposite Kirk Douglas in *Act of Love*? And if you only half heartedly wanted something, weren't the chances pretty slim that you would get it?

But when Christine arrived in London, she really worked on the part. For days, she worked on two scenes. She learned her lines phonetically because although she couldn't read the English spelling, she could learn the sounds. Then she took her test and the prints were rushed to Hollywood.

And, a few days later, a contract was rushed from Hollywood back to Paris.

"Sign it," said Philippe, who had just been notified that he too had landed a plum part—the romantic lead in a stage play called *The Pretender*. "Sign it, and we will be married anyway. And what will happen after that, will happen. . . ."

The wedding, a few months later—after Christine had gone to Hollywood to perfect her English and prepare for the picture—was small and lovely. So was the bride. She wore a dress, with a bolero top and short tulip skirt designed by Dior, a veiled hat with a pony-tail of white satin roses, and carried a tiny bouquet of white roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

The church ceremony was held at Notre Dame Auteuil, with one near-mishap: when it came time for Philippe to reach into his pocket for Christine's ring—in France it is the bridegroom who carries the ring, not the best man—it wasn't there. Philippe was sure he'd put it in his pocket and he searched and searched. Finally, hopefully, he tried the other pocket and everybody present—especially Philippe—breathed a long sigh of relief when he came up with the tiny gold band.

Then Christine and Philippe and their forty guests drove to a small inn outside Paris for a champagne reception.

It was a beautiful party. And everything went beautifully, too, until it came time for one of the guests to make a toast. Lifting his glass, he spoke about this fine young couple, so much in love, embarking on their great voyage through life together. Then he reminded one and all that they should be proud that the play Philippe had just opened in was the hit of Paris, and that they should be proud that Christine would be leaving in just four days for the United States of America to play the lead in a great motion picture.

"It is a shame," he started to say, "that they will be separated—"

**Never let go**

Christine never heard the rest. She was too busy now fighting back the tears. She managed to smile when the speech was over, as everyone applauded and drank to their health. But then she reached under the table and clutched her husband's hand hard and she swore to herself that she wouldn't let go of it until that night, so few nights away, when she would have to board the plane and leave him.

Their honeymoon was as wonderful as it was short. They spent it in their new five-room apartment, right there in Paris. They had no furniture yet—nothing but a couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a few dishes and kitchen utensils. But who cared? They had each other. And they had their big terrace overlooking the city below. And on the two evenings when the weather was nice Christine prepared dinner—simple, as she had warned Philippe, just steak, potatoes, pastry and coffee—and they ate on the terrace. And then, as night fell, they continued to sit there, just the two of them, watching the lights of the city go on, then looking up at the stars as they too went on. And they whispered to one another the things that people in love will whisper, trying to fill into those few days and nights what they knew would soon be only a memory. . . .

The morning after her arrival in Hollywood—and exactly five mornings after her wedding—Christine got down to the business at hand—namely, to begin to work on her role for *A Certain Smile* and to try to wipe out the loneliness she was already feeling for Philippe.

For those next few months Christine was the loneliest bride in Hollywood.

Except that it would have been hard to tell if you didn't know her very well.

"At night, Christine was always alone," someone who does know her has said. "After a week she moved from the hotel to a small apartment. And after she got home for the day and made her dinner, she would either sit and study her script or her English, or go out for a walk, or turn on the little television set in her bedroom, and lie down and watch until she fell asleep. . . . But then day would come again and Christine would come to the studio. And so anxious was she to learn and be friendly, and so delightful a girl is she, anyway, that you would never know what she really felt about being separated from her Philippe. Of course, there were times when she'd be smiling a little more glowingly than other times. And if you pressed a little, she would tell you, 'Oh, I spoke to my husband on the telephone last night!' or 'Tonight, Philippe will call me and we will be able to talk for a while!' But other than those times, as I said, it was always a little hard to tell how she felt.

**That smile**

"And then," the friend went on, "came the day, midway through *A Certain Smile*, when the studio decided to shoot part of the picture on location—in France. I was with Christine when she was told this. And to try to describe her expression would be like my telling you about my first trip to the moon. Let me just say that it was a combination of everything wonderful and happy and thankful in life, all put together in one pretty little face.

"The trip back to Europe must have been a dream come true. I don't know exactly how much time Christine and Philippe had together in their new apartment. It was no more than a couple of weeks, tops.

"But in those couple of weeks they lived, the way some people never live, no matter how much time they spend together.

"And when Christine came back to Hollywood, finally, to finish the picture and begin work on another, she was in all truth a different person.

"Yes, she still spent her nights alone.

"And she was, no doubt, still lonely for her husband.

"But I think she learned something from that happy, though short trip back home.

"She and I got to talking about it. Philippe was still in Paris with his play; Christine was here for another few months with her new picture, *Mardi Gras*—a big bang-up musical with Pat Boone, Tommy Sands, Gary Crosby and June Blair.

"At one point she smiled and said, 'You learn that the miles mean nothing when there is love at both ends of those miles.'

"Then, quickly, she changed the subject.

"But that smile she'd been smiling, that certain smile of Christine Carere's—*that* remained.

"And it was good to see that, at last, everything was *très* okay!" **END**

*Christine will soon be in 20th Century-Fox's* A CERTAIN SMILE *and* MARDI GRAS.




# please don't let me lose my children

(*Continued from page* 23) would remain in England with him, and so that he could later get custody of the children.

When she had kissed eleven-year old Melanie and seven-year-old Francesca good-bye in London a month earlier, leaving them with their father, she had done it because she believed it would be better for them to be with him. She would have loved having them with her in Vienna, but she knew that her days would be crowded with work. She had felt that it would be selfish of her to keep them in Vienna, lonely all day, just so that when the day's shooting on *The Journey* was over she would have a chance to look at their bright, eager faces across the dinner table from her.

The words on the sheet of legal-sized paper seemed to mock her: *Because Peter Viertel has enticed the defendant (Deborah) away from her husband, we are asking. . . .*

She knew that there had been gossip about her and the handsome, thirty-seven-year-old writer who was working on the script of *The Journey* in which she was starring. There had been many late afternoon and evening conferences with the brilliant, sophisticated writer. Peter had been attentive. She had found him charming. But she had tried to be circumspect in her behavior. She had always been shocked at mothers who were so openly loose in their behavior that their actions brought scandal on their family.

Now she thought, her mind whirling with the impact of the news, *What will the children think when the newspapers in London headline this kind of story? Tony's always been popular in England—everyone remembers him as a war hero. What will they say about me when this accusation is aired?*

*I wouldn't care so much what they said about me—if it weren't for the children. But how can they stand up to such scandal?*

Unbidden tears—the first she'd wept in many years—came to her eyes. And her mind flashed back to the time when she was a child in England, when her father had died and her mother had said good-bye to her at the boarding school where she was to be enrolled.

### No heavy weather

"Don't cry," her mother had told her. "You must have strength and self-control and never cry just because you're lonely or unhappy. Remember, never make heavy weather of things."

Since then she had gone through many heartbreaks, many lonely moments. She had suffered as a child at boarding school, feeling bitterly lonely. Many times when she had crawled between the cold sheets at night, she had wanted to sob—but held back her sobs, remembering her mother's warning: *Don't make heavy weather of things.*

When she had borne her two children, she had faced her pains remembering the joys to come. When she and Tony—back in the early years of their marriage when love was strong—had been separated by work, she had repressed all tears.

And when she had had to kiss little Melanie good-bye and leave her with her grandmother and her nanny for four months, because you just don't take a child into the heart of Africa on location—even then she hadn't cried.

But now, at the thought of her two precious daughters being taken from her, these lovely children for whom she had endured years of married unhappiness . . . at the thought of the battle she would have to put up to keep them, the gossip they might hear about her—the tears she had never known before came freely now.

For several years, Tony Bartley and Deborah Kerr have not been happy together. Years ago Deborah fell out of love with Tony. She sadly admitted only recently, "Ours was not an ideal marriage as people thought. For some time it has been no more than a prosaic one."

That was putting it mildly. For years it has been a highly disturbing marriage to Deborah, an ardently lovely woman who had ceased to feel ardently about her husband. They had been separated many times, too many times perhaps, and the marriage that had begun with such high hopes had become a mockery.

**Walter Slezak's young son told his father he'd like to study higher mathematics. And he wanted to start with a bigger allowance.**

*Earl Wilson*
*in the New York Post*

In the meantime, Deborah—who when she married had been reserved, almost prim—had become more beautiful with maturity, more exciting and lovable than ever. But the dreams she had dreamed had died in marriage. A friend said, commenting on the frequent separations of Deborah and Tony, "When a wife and husband are often separated by so many thousands of miles, it's a miracle that the marriage survives at all."

Deborah's marriage has survived for twelve years, though it has been losing its meaning to her for the last few years, because from the day her first daughter was born she decided, "Nothing will ever come between Tony and me now. Our marriage is more important than ever now because we both adore our little daughter."

Thirteen years ago, Deborah was a young actress in Europe. To entertain the troops, she joined a company of *Gaslight* playing opposite Stewart Granger.

It was in Brussels that she first met the great English war ace, Squadron Leader Anthony Bartley, eldest son of Sir Charles and Lady Bartley. From the day she met him, she was attracted by this blond, handsome, brilliant man. How handsome he looked in his uniform!

But this romance turned out to be far more mature than her earlier heart-throbs. She was fascinated not only by Tony's good looks and his reputation as a great hero, but by his inner qualities as well. And he found her not only one of the most beautiful girls he'd ever known, but a gay, stimulating companion. They saw a lot of each other in London, and later, when he was ordered to the South Pacific their letters to each other carried such a world of meaning that they fell in love.

When Tony realized that he loved Deborah he was worried for fear his conservative parents would object to his marrying an actress. He asked Sir Laurence Olivier, one of his close friends, what *he* thought. "Marry her," said the charming Laurence. "She's a wonderful girl—even though she is unreasonably chaste!"

His doubts dissolved, Tony proposed to Deborah by cable. He was by this time back in England, but he was about to be sent to Australia. WILL YOU MARRY ME? he wired.

Confident that this was a love that would last a lifetime, Deborah wired baek: YES, WHEN?

And so they were married in November 1945, at a very fashionable church in London.

And all happiness was theirs.

How madly in love they were in the beginning! Deborah worshipped Tony. She was so quiet in those days—a bit of an introvert—afraid to go to parties.

When they'd get an invitation, she'd turn her troubled face to Tony. "I'd rather not go," she said. "I'm afraid of strangers."

His happy laugh rang out. "Afraid of strangers? With your beauty and charm, darling, you won't be a stranger to anyone for more than five minutes."

And Tony proved to be right. With this smiling, handsome man at her side, she was sought out by everyone at every party, and as long as Tony, beaming, was there, she felt sure of herself. It was obvious during these early years that Tony always wanted to be beside her—that he was not interested in any other girls, not even for the briefest moment. As for Deborah, in those days, she was interested only in Tony.

The magic of happiness continued to hover over their heads. Deborah attracted attention by her fine acting and her beauty and received such a fabulous offer from Hollywood that Tony agreed they had no choice but to accept it.

Their lives were beginning to revolve around Deborah's career, but Tony and she loved each other so much that they were almost blind to what was happening.

Deborah became an important star almost instantly in Hollywood. But nothing that had happened before was as exciting as the bewitching moment when her baby, Melanie, was placed in the circle of her arms, as she lay in her hospital bed. And when Tony said, a little later, looking with awe at Melanie, "I thought all new-born babies were homely, but darling, she is probably this beautiful only because you are," Deborah thought her heart would swell until it burst.

### A wonderful father

Francesca's birth four years later seemed to cement her happiness all the more.

Afterwards, there were many times when Deborah would awaken in the morning and think, *Things aren't going as well with Tony and me as they used to. I wonder why?* Then she would shut the unwelcome thought out of her mind.

He was wonderful with the children. . . . Why should she feel a strange little hurt inside? Why should she feel as though some part of her wanted something out of marriage she wasn't getting?

No woman got everything, and if her heart didn't feel like bursting at the sight of Tony any more, this was the way it was with good friends and lovers as the years went by. Marriage was a grown-up affair, and she and Tony were real grown-ups, not just romantic children playing at marriage.

Grown-up problems were beginning to appear, too. While Deborah became one of the busiest stars in Hollywood, Tony had little to do. He became irritated with the realization that though he was a hero in his own country, here he was regarded merely as *Deborah Kerr's husband.*

Deborah's studio, anxious to keep one of their most valuable stars happy, gave Tony a job as a TV producer. It was a fairly good job, but his salary couldn't begin to compare with hers. If there were times when she wished that she and Tony were not so dependent financially on her earnings, she stifled the treacherous thought. After all, as a sensible girl she realized that stars usually make more money than all but the most successful producers.

Even though she began to realize that her own marriage was beginning to be bogged down by this big problem, she hated the thought of divoree because of its consequences on the children.

"I don't want to criticize anyone," Deborah once told me as we had tea in the living room of her lovely Pacific Palisades home, with its warm English chintzes and glistening mahogany pieces, "but I've been surprised at the number of mothers whose names have made ugly headlines. I don't see how any mother can ever do anything to bring discredit on her child. All married people have their ups and downs, but I would never leave Tony because he loves Melanie and Francesca as much as I do."

If she had been as madly in love with Tony as she wanted to believe she was, she wouldn't have dreamed of making such a statement. But to Deborah there was just one big reason why nothing and no one could ever come between them. Her desire to keep her children happy and secure meant too much to her to take the easy way out of her growing dissatisfaction with her marriage by divorce.

**Her own childhood**

She could remember her own loneliness as a child, and she decided that even though she had to be away from home on location for months, she would make it up to her children in other ways. She bought her little girls all kinds of gifts and showered them with every visible and invisible symbol of love.

Even so, she used to worry about whether being an actress was interfering with her being a good mother until Melanie said one day, "Mother, it's always wonderful to know that whenever I really need you, you're always here."

Her personal happiness or lack of happiness with Tony became very secondary in Deborah's life. She lived only for her two little girls and her work. She loved and respected Tony—but it was mostly because he was Melanie's and Francesca's father. The old magic was gone.

But a very special magic entered into Debbie's life as a mother. Francesca was only four years old when she hugged her mother and said, "Mummy, I love you ten times." Then, not satisfied with that number she said, "I mean twelve times." Then she corrected herself, "I love you a hundred times."

Deborah beamed, but Francesca had still another contribution to make. "Mummy, nobody can count how many times I love you. It's more times than there are numbers."

Deborah held her little daughter close and said, "And I can't count the ways I love you, darling."

Then the stranger within herself said: "Yes, you cannot measure the love you feel for your two little girls. But what is happening between you and Tony? Why is that love becoming so much less important in your life?"

**What an adult is**

Deborah shut out the disturbing thought, as she had so many times before. This was what being an adult was: finding out that Prince Charming was just a character in a fairy tale. But even so, you kept a marriage alive for the sake of the children. It would be ugly to expose them to the kind of bickering she sometimes saw among husbands and wives who hurled accusations at each other in divorce cases.

Because of his personal popularity in England, and his contacts there, Tony opened offices for TV production in London; Deborah, as an international star, had to travel all over the world. The many separations forced upon Tony and herself were both a curse and a blessing. It was a relief in a way. They had so little in common these days—would they have had more if there had been fewer separations?

"We're adults, Tony and I," she'd say. "We have a very good understanding, even though we sometimes have to be separated. Ours was never a roaring passion."

(Never, Deborah? Never really? Have you really forgotten those early years? Have you fooled yourself that much?)

There was always her wonderful life with the children to compensate for many heartaches. Deborah was a great celebrity now, and when she went to London, the Queen herself wanted to meet her.

Deborah sent word to the Queen's representative: "I'm greatly honored, but would it be possible to bring my two children to the presentation?"

And Her Majesty said that she would love to meet Deborah's little girls.

So it wasn't so bad being an actress. You might not be able to spend quite as much time with your children, but when you *were* with them, your heart was filled to overflowing, and you were able to give them momentous experiences like meeting a Queen.

Later that night, when Deborah tucked them into bed, Melanie said solemnly: "Dear God, bless Mother and Daddy and Francesca, and mother's queen."

Deborah said, "My queen, darling? Why do you call her my queen?"

"Because I can't have a queen of my own, because I was born in America."

"Well," laughed Deborah, "let's all bless America."

She was proud of her children and their great sense of humor. How she chuckled when Melanie said once, after being scolded for being noisy, "Mother, dear, how can you make such a fuss about a little noise? What would you do if there were a war on?"

Looking back at this now in her suite in Vienna, Deborah's lips curved in a sad, small smile.

How could Tony, who said he loved the children, subject them to such disgrace? How could he have so little thought for the children as to allege in this legal paper—that she had been "enticed by Peter Viertel"?

Even if such an allegation were true, how could he deliver such a damaging blow to her and the children?

Her mind went back into the years, back to the days when she had been living a lonely life in a boarding school. Her father had been dead; her mother absent, she had felt like a rejected orphan at times.

How much worse for her children if their father made them feel their mother had disgraced herself, had ignored them and their welfare for a lover in Vienna?

Her hand reached for the phone.

She would fight. She would call her lawyer, Isaac Pacht, in California—tell him to enter suit in Los Angeles and a counter suit in Europe.

She would be free of this man who had thrown this charge against her and Peter. Above all, she would fight to get her children back.

She went down on her knees, trembling.

"Dear God," she whispered. "You are my final Judge. Let whatever judge hears our case on earth decide truly and honestly: Is Deborah Kerr a fit mother for her children?

"Only You, God, know the final answer. But, please God, if I have ever done anything wrong, don't punish these innocent little girls by tearing them away from me.

"Dear God, please don't let me lose my children." **END**

*..Deborah is now appearing in United Artist's* SEPARATE TABLES*; and she will soon appear in* THE SUNDOWNERS *for Warners; and* THE JOURNEY *and* THE BLESSING*, both for MGM.*

(*Advertisement*)

# The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

**By Valda Sherman**



**Did you know** there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

**Doctors say** this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by *special* glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this *kind* of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

**Science has discovered** that a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this offensive "emotional perspiration" odor. And now it's here . . . the remarkable ingredient Perstop*—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

**Use ARRID daily** and you'll be amazed how quickly this new ARRID with Perstop* penetrates deep into the pores and stops this "emotional perspiration" odor. Stops it as no roll-on, spray-on, or stick could ever do.

**You rub ARRID *in***—rub perspiration *out* . . . rub ARRID in—rub odor out. When the cream vanishes, you know you are safe, even when you are nervous or stimulated by emotional excitement. Doctors have proved that this new ARRID with Perstop* is actually 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested.

**Remember—nothing protects you like a cream** . . . and no cream protects you like ARRID with Perstop*. So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID with Perstop* to be sure. Only 43¢ plus tax.

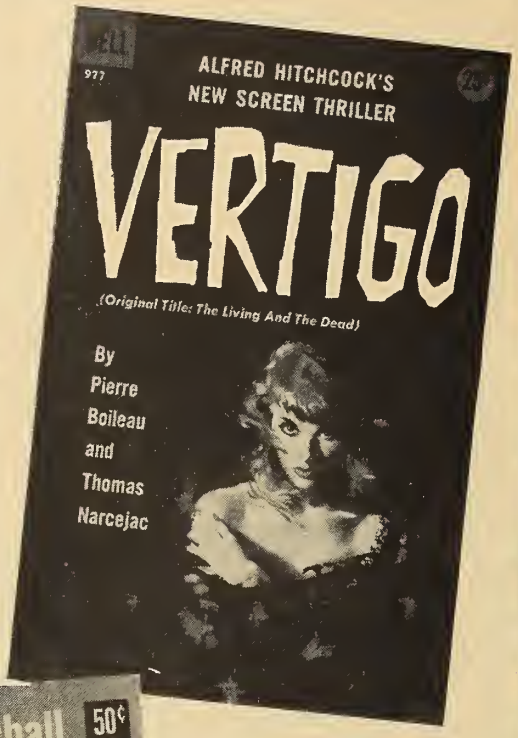
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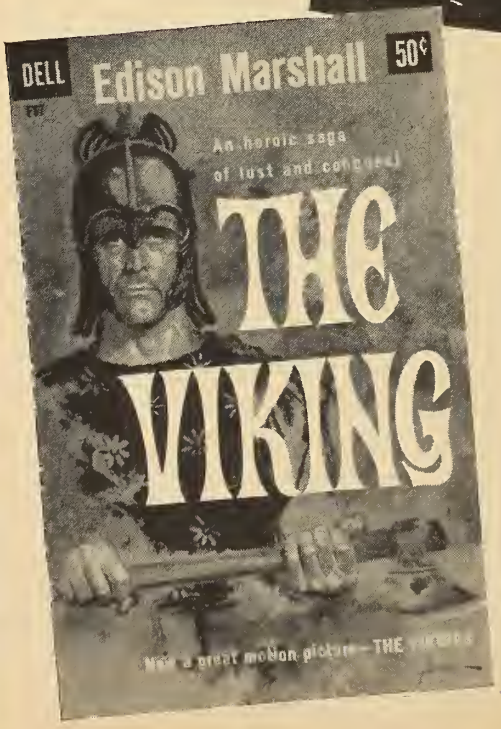
# The Best Movies are DELL Books

*Here are two of the summer's best*

A spellbinding eerie thriller about a beautiful woman who dies—three times.

*One of Hitchcock's best, starring James Stewart and Kim Novak.*




A magnificent, ringing novel of the days when lusty Northmen raped and plundered the civilized world . . . then set out upon unknown seas in search of new conquest.

*Now a spectacular, multimillion dollar motion picture starring Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh.*


## tops them all

(*Continued from page* 56) a home perm regularly.

For the new hair cuts choose a home perm that gives the hair *body* as well as curl for top results. With the home perm your hairstyle will never droop or let down in rainy weather—it will withstand heat and humidity.

Once you have given yourself your home perm regularly don't miss up on the use of hair sprays. Select those that condition your hair, that condition and hold your hairstyle, and those that particularly aid you with setting and styling tricks. If you decide on the new "wear your hair short—and wear it tumbled" edict you will need home perms and hair sprays just as much as the gal whose choice is the sleek long-line cut—for short hairstyles require much hair care and conditioning if they are to have the *groomed* look of studied carelessness. Also, remember that the new short hairstyles need expert and skillful cutting—and, you do need to set them carefully.

The "Tumble" cut (cut all-over the head to a length of about two and one-half inches) can be worn *windblown,* brushed down and forward in delicate strands to touch the eyebrows and cheeks; or, it can be *hoydenish,* arranged atop the head in a mad froth of open curls and wisps; or, it can be *elegantly sophisticated* (shown below, C).

The "Ripple" cut (shown below, D) with its fount of curls, short and close, springs forth as a fashion leader, too. And, "Ripple" is really a warm-weather darling. It also needs an expert and skilled hair cut. Ruel, style director of Coiffures Americana Salons, explains that "Ripple" is really the shortest hair cut since the "poodle" cut. It starts at the back of the neck, a bare one-half inch in length, and progresses to a maximum of two and one-half inches. Razoring is a *must* with this hair cut—a finely tapered strand molds perfectly into its lines.

If you've never worn a short cut—try it. It's a flattering easy-to-handle hair-do—it's perfect with the new silhouettes.

If you prefer the sleek long-line cut—have this cut expertly done, too. It isn't smart to cut your own hair. You will find your home perm and setting jobs are easier after you have had a professional cut.

Right now decide to adopt a new hairstyle. Your choice decided—the next step is your home perm—then your hair will be *ready* for the new sprays and novel settings.

All the hairstyles featured in this article are smart and new. Some are frothy—all are flattering and flirty. (Hairstyles below, courtesy *Coiffures Americana.*)

**C**



*Wear "Tumble" cut for the short open-curl hairstyle with tousle-look. Add a "headache band" for fun.*

**D**

*The "Ripple" cut is short, close and curly. It combs up in back, forward and over the temples and forehead.*



(*Continued from page 41*) colored walls and tangerine-colored chairs. There is a small piano near the window and across the room, a TV set. There are three pianos in all, two visible in adjacent rooms.

Comfortable and airy, this pleasant living room might belong to any successful American family rather than two movie and TV stars, many of whom have to have a special room or guest house by a pool for every conceivable activity. (One star I know has a room for just playing records.)

But this room in the Fisher house has the feeling of being lived in. On one wall hangs a clown painting of Eddie Cantor, bearing a remarkable resemblance to the comic who discovered Eddie. In a smaller space hangs an adorable painting of Carrie. On a coffee table is a large silver-framed photograph of Elizabeth Taylor, Mike Todd and their baby, affectionately autographed. (Of these prized possessions, more later).

Now I stepped through the door saying, "Hi."

The young man hand-sprung himself out of the water, brushing his eyes, shaking his head like a poodle. "Hi, Louella," called Eddie. "Debbie isn't back yet, but come on out and meet Carrie who's learned to talk since you saw her last. I'll just dry myself if you'll excuse me. You're early," the words tumbled out of him.

### Carrie talks to Louella

Wrapping a large towel about himself, he kissed me on the cheek and pulled me by the hand over to the curious Carrie who had stopped pouring sand over her head to regard me.

"Say 'Hi, Lollie,'" he prompted the twenty-two-month-old debutante.

Carrie considered this a moment. "Lollie," she said suddenly, so plainly both her father and I jumped. That did it as far as I was concerned!

"Say 'Lollypops!'" I cried. "That's what all the little boys and girls call me."

Again Miss Carrie mulled the possibilities. "Lollypops," piped the baby, and I was lost, sunk, gone!

"A *genius!*" laughed Eddie. "A lovable genius. My daughter is not yet two years old and—talking. And, she crinkles up her nose just like Debbie." He picked up the chubby little girl and handed her to me.

A cheerful voice called from the doorway, "What's going on out here?"—and we all turned to see the laughing face of Debbie who had come in without our hearing her from a charity luncheon.

I thought how smart she looked in a pale gray dress, matching shoes and a white hat, bag and gloves. Yet there is something so innately youthful about her that she still looked a bit like a teenager dressed up as a young matron.

"How are the charity club ladies?" kidded Eddie who may joke about it but who is secretly proud of the enormous efforts Debbie makes for many worthy causes, particularly those for emotionally disturbed children, her favorite work. Just the previous night she had won the Heart of Gold award for her outstanding work in connection with Mt. Sinai Hospital fund for children.

"Come on inside and I may tell you," threatened Debbie, leading me back into the house and taking Carrie who had been squealing with delight ever since the appearance of her mother.

She plunked Carrie on the floor, herself on the big divan, kicked her shoes off and pushed back her hat. "That's my girl," laughed Eddie, leaning over and kissing her. He had slipped into slacks and shirt.




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### Eddie's emergency

For the first time I noticed that he looked thin and a little tired. And why not? He was just out of the hospital after an emergency siege of appendicitis in which an operation was postponed, not avoided—and this coming on top of his strenuous TV season had taken a lot out of him. Debbie must have caught my train of thought for she said, "It's awful that Eddie has to be sick to get a rest." But she added, "I'm so proud of him and his wonderful rating—it's a real accomplishment."

We're all proud of Eddie. In a season that has seen top TV headliners chopped off right and left, Eddie Fisher has emerged a greater star than he's ever been, that greatness made all the more intense by his charming humility in front of the cameras. Someone said his graciousness made him 'a male Dinah Shore.' Certainly he has the same warm appeal of Dinah and also Perry Como.

"You gals are prejudiced," said Eddie. Then turning serious he added, "Naturally, I'm happy.

"But it's not my ratings alone. It's the guest stars who have made my show. I couldn't have done it alone." And then he told us of his plans to use big stars on his new series coming up in the fall—"the biggest of which shall be my talented wife, Debbie Reynolds," he smiled.

"Tell me about all your plans, professional and private," I put in. "This is an official interview, you know. Not just a visit from your adopted 'mother' as it used to be when I'd drop in your house near mine on Maple Drive."

"And, you're the only person we'd give an interview to in our home," said Debbie. "This is the very first, because you are our friend."

She's such an honest little person; I was touched. And proud.

### New York vs. Hollywood

"Well, getting back to our plans, there are a few things that should be cleared up, corrected," Eddie said. "Our moving back to New York next season, for instance. That isn't true any longer.

"I guess it started because Debbie and I had such a wonderful time our last trip back. We were in a whirl all the time. We fell so much in love with New York I thought, 'Why shouldn't I do at least half of my shows in the big town?' It would be a wonderful change."

Debbie, smiling, said, "Now tell her why we changed our minds."

Eddie whistled, "Do you know what it *costs* to live in New York for a family with two children? Ouch! Besides, it costs twice as much to put on a TV show in New York. I get $100,000 a show and foot all the bills for guest stars, music, etc. But there are more good guest stars available in Hollywood and a show can be produced with far less cost if it emanates from the West Coast."

"So, we're keeping New York for a vacation spot," laughed Debbie, "on an expense account, preferably."

And now, Eddie spoke very softly when he said, "New York always reminds me of Mike, too. Mike Todd. Whenever I'm there, I can't believe he *isn't.*"

The beautiful photo of Mike and Liz and the baby, the one which had appeared on the cover of *Life* magazine before the tragic air crash snuffed out Mike's life, again caught my eye. We all looked at it—at the pride and happiness reflected in Mike's strong face.

"He was like a father to me," said Eddie. "There's not another guy like him. He never saw little Todd, our son, but he was so delighted that we named the baby for him. He telephoned Debbie to thank her and to say he would make young Todd proud to be named after him."

Debbie, with her quick sympathy of all

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Eddie's moods, patted his hand. She, better than anyone else, knows how deeply he took the death of his pal.

Eddie went on, "Mike was so eager to see the baby. We made a date for him to meet his namesake—then something came up, a business appointment. The next day he wanted to come over—and I had to work. And then—," he could hardly go on for the choke in his voice, "—the terrible, terrible accident."

I've know Eddie a long time, and I believe that the shock of Mike's death has had a marked effect on his personality. He isn't the old carefree, sometimes thoughtless boy he used to be, loving night life, jam sessions and being out with the boys so much he sometimes forgot to go home until the wee small hours.

His grief in the loss of a valued friend has matured him; he has truly grown up. He is sweeter, more gentle, more appreciative and much more of a family man. Debbie and the children are his life these days and nights. His booming TV career is his 'job,' and between his family and his work he has little time for anything else.

Debbie, who had left the room with Carrie Frances, returned with Todd.

"Here's my fella," Eddie called, taking the heavy baby (he weighs 16 pounds) from Debbie—and he handled him most expertly I noticed. And, after that we all had eyes for no one but the youngest addition.

If you ever saw a beautiful baby, this is it! He gurgles; he laughs; he's such a good-natured darling he lets everyone hold him. His eyes are big and black with long sweeping lashes. He looks like a picture of a baby on a magazine cover, only cuter and prettier.

"He's another reason we aren't going to New York," Debbie kidded, "Todd likes California."

"He's never seen any place else—not much choice," Eddie laughed.

"Then with New York out of your plans, you'll just stay right here in this house," I continued after we'd temporarily stopped oh-ing and ah-ing over the baby.

"No, we'll build a new house," Eddie replied.

**Cake and potato chips**

Debbie, who was again curled up on the couch and eating potato chips (she's so thin she doesn't have to worry about diet) and sipping a Coca Cola, explained, "We like this house and architecturally it's good. When we bought it—there was just Carrie Frances then—it seemed all right. There are two bedrooms with connecting bath for the children and our own large suite, but the arrival of Todd makes a difference. We have to have more help—and we need more grounds, for little boys take a lot more room to *burst* around in than little girls."

"Where will you build next time?" I asked.

"In Beverly Hills," she said.

I told Debbie, "Eddie and I have been doing a lot of talking about his plans—how about yours, young lady?"

"I'll work," she replied, "as long as it doesn't take me away from Eddie and the children. I've just had a wonderful offer to make a picture in London, the best role of my career. I would tell you what it is, only it isn't fair to the star and producer because it would make the girl who accepts the part look like second choice. But anyway, I turned it down without a qualm because," she said, "I won't leave either of these boys or my girl." She smiled at them.

She took another potato chip and remarked as a simple matter of unargued fact, "Eddie's career is more important than mine."

He interrupted quickly, "I don't want it to be, Debbie. Maybe we could arrange things so I could get away to go to Europe with you if you really want to do that picture."

"I don't, and I won't—and nothing you can say will make me, sir," and now she was really laughing. "I have to have some *excuses!*" He sat down beside her and they held hands.

I have a strong hunch the Fishers will never be separated for any length of time. They are determined to make a success of their marriage and if you ask me, they're doing a very good job of it.

"More than I want to go London, I want to go with Eddie to Las Vegas for his eight-week engagement at the Tropicana," Debbie went on. "When he finishes there, which will be about the middle of August, he's due to start conferences and rehearsals on his new TV series. This is enough to keep one family busy. And, when he goes back to work on television, I'll probably start a new picture at MGM."

**Eddie's club woman**

I complimented her on still finding so much time to work so enthusiastically for charity. "I'm a member of the Thalians, a group of young players dedicated to helping emotionally disturbed and handicapped children," she said. Without mentioning that she had won a personal award for her own efforts, she explained, "Recently we've been putting out a special effort for Mt. Sinai Hospital which has a special fund for children, and we work hard for SHARE, too, because it's another fine organization."

"I told you I was married to a club woman," Eddie laughed.

"Well, it's better than all the effort *you* put in trying to get another dog in this house," his wife opined.

"We already have the poodle Eddie gave me," Debbie explained. "The poodle's name is Rocky Marciano and right now he's getting married. So I guess we'll have another baby around the place."

Before I could get into the dog argument, Gloria Luckenbill, Eddie's efficient secretary came in bringing with her some beautiful pictures she had taken of Debbie, Eddie and the baby, Todd. Gloria's really an expert with her camera and we all admired the photos—one of which I had every intention of stealing, of course the one of baby Todd—

"I love pictures and photos of people I love," Eddie said. "Maybe you notice we've got them all over the place." He pointed to the clown painting of Eddie Cantor and the one of Carrie Frances which I had noticed when I came in.

"That picture of Cantor is the best clown painting I've ever seen," he went on. "It catches perfectly the appeal of Eddie's comedy. And, the one of Carrie Frances was painted by Gali, who taught President Eisenhower to paint. I like these things around me, like to look at them. Makes me remember *who* to be grateful *to*—and *for*." I liked Eddie's saying that. When a young man is on top as he is, it isn't often he thinks of being grateful.

The afternoon shadows were growing shorter in the happy living room and it was about time for me to go when suddenly Miss Carrie Frances bounced back in.

Debbie hailed her daughter, "Do you want to see Gregg?" Carrie jumped up and down and clapped her hands.

"Who's Gregg?" I asked.

"Gregg is Carrie's boyfriend, Marg and Gower Champion's son," said Debbie. "She loves him and he loves her. Looks like everybody around here's in love."

That's the way it looks, I thought—and what could be grander? **END**

*Debbie is starring in* THIS HAPPY FEELING *for U-I, and will be in MGM's* SNOB HILL.

## new movies (Continued from page 4)



### IMITATION GENERAL

*an adventure of World War II*

**Glenn Ford**
**Red Buttons**
**Taina Elg**
**Dean Jones**
**Kent Smith**

▪ The funniest things happened during World War II. Like Glenn Ford and Red Buttons got hold of some hand grenades and tossed them into some German tanks (while sitting on the hatch so nobody could come out). And nobody did come out. This is the crazy, but maybe very true, humor that runs through *Imitation General*. Kent Smith was the real general, who surprised everybody by coming up to the front lines. He came up because a lot of American soldiers were stranded and surrounded in the French countryside and had lost their will to fight. Glenn Ford was the general's aide (and just a master sergeant) until machine gun fire changed all that. With Smith dead, Ford figures somebody has to take his place, or all is lost. Buddy, Red Buttons, thinks maybe it's wiser to let all be lost, but he goes along with Ford's idea. The fact that they're headquartered in Taina Elg's farmhouse makes things pleasant. Ford rallies the men to magnificent action; his only worry is that a private named Tighe Andrews is in the area and would like nothing better than to expose him. —MGM.

### INDISCREET

*sparkling romance*

**Cary Grant**
**Ingrid Bergman**
**Cecil Parker**
**Phyllis Calvert**
**David Kossoff**

▪ London has some beautiful flats and in one of the most beautiful flats of all lives one of the most beautiful actresses of all—Ingrid Bergman. But she's lonely. Her older sister (Phyllis Calvert) worries about her. Phyllis is comfortably married to NATO official Cecil Parker. It's Parker who produces American Cary Grant. What a production! Suave, important, rich—and unmarried? Well, no. But he can't get a divorce. Ingrid falls for him, anyway, and they have a wonderful romance. Then Grant drops the bomb—NATO wants to assign him to New York. They plan a sentimental farewell. Ingrid's being very brave; so is Cary. Too bad he's a liar. Ingrid's reliable brother-in-law has discovered that Grant was never married in his life. Don't think Ingrid takes that news lying down. She explodes, and the effect is comical and tender. The movie as a whole will charm you to pieces.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

### RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING:

**VERTIGO** (Technicolor, Paramount): Detective James Stewart quits the force when he discovers that he's got vertigo, that terrible feeling of dizziness. But he agrees to follow old friend Tom Helmore's wife (Kim Novak) because she seems to lose her memory at the strangest moments and forget who she is. Barbara Bel Geddes tries to keep Jimmy from falling for lovely Kim, but she's not too successful. For thrills and chills don't miss this one.

**THE VIKINGS** (Technicolor, United Artists): Ernest Borgnine, king of the Vikings, and his son Kirk Douglas think Tony Curtis is a slave, but he's really a prince in disguise—the son of their greatest enemy. Tony and Kirk stage a major hassle over princess Janet Leigh. And there are some pretty fantastic battle scenes that hold you at the edge of your seat.

**THE MATCHMAKER** (Paramount): Matchmaker Shirley Booth takes client Paul Ford to New York to meet lovely Shirley MacLaine. But things get mixed up and Ford ends up by dating a fictional charmer named Ernestine, while his chief clerk, Tony Perkins, takes out Shirley MacLaine. The mix-up leads to lots of laughs and a terrific movie!

**VOICE IN THE MIRROR** (U-I): Richard Egan, a long-time alcoholic, meets Arthur O'Connell, a drinking ex-schoolteacher. Egan, whose wife (Julie London) has tried to commit him to an institution, has run away from her and tries to help O'Connell. With each other's aid they make it on the long road to recovery. It's a tough struggle with lots of slips.

**GUNMAN'S WALK** (Columbia): Tab Hunter really gets himself into a jam when he pushes Kathryn Grant's brother off a cliff, then shoots his way out of jail. Brother (James Darren) is a good guy and thinks maybe something's wrong with Tab, but it takes Dad a while to agree with him. There are many moving scenes in this rip-roaring Western drama.

**TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS** (CinemaScope, U-I): Rock Hudson's a captain of a leaky ship en route to Mexico with lovely Cyd Charisse for a passenger. She doesn't tell Rock that she's got to get to Mexico fast to escape from the police and a murder charge. He's got some pretty hot secrets too. They fall in love and jealous Arthur Kennedy tries to break up their romance.


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## private presley answers

(*Continued from page 27*)

HI, BUDDY:

I'M IN SERVICE TOO AND FIND GIRLS GIVE ME A REAL TOUGH TIME. DON'T KNOW HOW TO COPE WITH IT. WONDERED IF A BABE EVER GAVE YOU THE BUSINESS AND WHAT YOU DID.

*Elmer Paterson, USCG*
*Key West, Florida*

*Yup. A girl can give me a pretty bad time, but I'm not begging. I've learned the hard way. A girl doesn't want a man she can lead by the ears. If there is an understanding from the beginning . . . "Look, I'm in love with you—but I'm not so in love I can't live without you,"—then it's right. Once a girl knows how much I care—she can make it rough. I know. So today I'll call a girl for a date and if she hesitates or kind of starts off with some excuse, I forget her. I don't call again. I learned not to go out of my way or break my neck to make a date. The more you try, the less they like you. So it's not going to do any good anyway. A girl seems to get the idea that if you run after her you're weak and she takes advantage of it. Sometimes, however, a girl wants the feeling that she's being run after. If a girl can't take a hint—well!*

DEAR ELVIS:

DO YOU MIND IF GIRLS CALL YOU? DO YOU EXPECT TO DATE MUCH WHILE YOU'RE IN THE ARMY? WHERE DO YOU LIKE TO TAKE YOUR GIRLS AND DO YOU SEND THEM FLOWERS?

*Dusty Towers*
*Washington, D. C.*

*I'm pleased when girls call me . . . and flattered. Yes, I hope to meet lots of new girls while I'm in service. It will be a long, long time before I'm a civilian again—and naturally I love all pretty girls. When they come running at me, I want to run to them—not away from them. I'm a great movie fan. I like to go to the movies with my dates. The flower bit? No, I don't send flowers to a girl unless she dies. I'm kidding. I send flowers if they are sick or if it's their birthday. But if I want a date I don't send flowers first.*

ELVIS:

I'M HEARTBROKEN. I HEARD YOU'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO BEING SHIPPED OVERSEAS BECAUSE FOREIGN GIRLS TREAT THEIR MEN MUCH BETTER THAN AMERICAN GIRLS DO!

*Jenny Lincoln*
*Lordsburg, New Mexico*

*Honey, you heard wrong. American girls suit me just fine.*

DEAR ELVIS:

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS TAKE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS TO MEMPHIS TO MEET YOUR FOLKS WHEN YOU HAVE NO INTENTION OF MARRYING THESE GIRLS?

*N. W.*
*San Francisco*

*My folks always like to know my friends and the girls I date . . . and I like them to.*

### About the Army

DEAR PRIVATE PRESLEY:

MY DADDY TELLS ME THE ARMY IS GOING TO MAKE IT REAL HARD FOR YOU BECAUSE YOU ARE FAMOUS. DADDY SERVED WITH GLENN FORD IN THE MARINES AND SAYS MR. FORD WAS KEPT ON LATRINE DUTY AND ASSIGNED OTHER DIFFICULT JOBS TO PROVE HE WAS NOT PRIVILEGED? ARE THEY TREATING YOU BAD? IF THEY ARE, I'LL FIX THEM GOOD.

*Elinore Stevens*
*Los Angeles, California*

*In the Army, I'm just another trainee, just another guy. Sure I did KP, stood guard, went through combat training in the field, made the fifteen-mile hike with sixty-five pounds on my back—but so did all the other fellows. The officers are strict but fair. They have a job to do and won't stand for nonsense. And I'm flexible. I expected to conform. I've never been accustomed to things real easy. If I make it hard, the only one it's going to be hard on is me. I certainly don't mind hard work. I've done plenty of it before this. I worked as a laborer, up at three every morning working in a defense plant. When I was in high school I'd get out at 3:30 and be on the job at 6:30 for $12.50 a week ushering. And I'd be up at dawn every morning to complete my homework. This is nothing to me. I can always make out.*

DEAR ELVIS:

PLEASE TELL ME—ARE YOU HAPPY, REALLY HAPPY IN THE ARMY? ARE THE REST OF THE FELLOWS FRIENDLY? DO YOU GET HOMESICK MUCH?

*Cynthia Goldstein*
*New York City*

*I like the Army and I like the fellows just fine. Nope—the guys haven't needled me about my career. Only time they seem conscious of it is in the evenings when they drop into the barracks to get autographs for their sisters or friends. About getting homesick—there's been so much to learn and do that few of us have had the time to get homesick after a day filled with climbing mountains, hopping fences, shooting at targets, etc. I had looked forward to going into the Army as a new experience. And it sure has been. I miss by buddies back home and my friends, but you can't go through life depending on friends. You have to depend on yourself. And you learn to do that in the Army.*

EL DEAR:

WHAT DO YOU MISS MOST WHILE YOU'RE IN THE ARMY? WHAT DO YOU ENJOY MOST?

*Suzannah Ballin*
*Mobile, Alabama*

*You can say I miss my Mama's cooking. Like her pork chops, brown gravy, apple pie and her vegetable soup. And it's nice to be home and lounge around in slacks and sweaters. I enjoy my freedom most. That might sound strange but it is true. I have more freedom in the Army. Of course I obey the rules and regulations—but off duty I'm left alone. As a civilian everyone feels they must 'protect' me: security police are hired and elevator operators aren't allowed to take anyone they don't recognize to my floor. Such protection can be isolating . . . and confining. That's why I feel more free now.*

### His Plans, His Future, His Career

DEAR ELVIS:

HOW DO YOU PLAN TO SPEND YOUR FURLOUGHS? ARE YOU GOING TO HOLLYWOOD OR NEW YORK TO WHOOP IT UP, LIVE IT UP, BE WILD AND GAY?

*J. D.*
*Memphis, Tenn.*

*You make it sound like I'm leaving life. I haven't any plans. I never do. I like to be in Memphis with my folks. I just take things as they come.*

DEAR ELVIS:

I PROMISE I WON'T—BUT DO YOU FEAR THAT MOST OF YOUR FANS WILL FORGET YOU OR FIND NEW FAVORITES DURING YOUR LONG SOJOURN IN THE ARMY? DO YOU FEAR YOUR CAREER WILL END?

*Mary Rogers*
*Salt Lake City, Utah*

*I hope not. But if they do, I hope I can start all over again when I get out as an actor. I want to be a good actor. My role in my last picture,* KING CREOLE, *is the best one I've ever had. I'm not a polished actor yet, but I'm trying to be efficient. I can't do anything I don't feel and I did feel these lines. I hope my fans will like me in it enough to remember me.*

DEAR ELVIS:

I MET YOU WHEN YOU WERE DOWN HERE MAKING *King Creole* AND YOU TOLD ME TO WRITE YOU WHEN YOU WENT INTO THE ARMY. I DID. FIVE TIMES. BUT I NEVER GOT AN ANSWER. DON'T THEY GIVE YOU YOUR MAIL THERE OR IS IT JUST THAT YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR FANS ANYMORE?

*Liliayne Dunne*
*New Orleans, Louisiana*

*Hon, I love my fans—and I miss them. I just hope they won't blame me for the Army regulations which at times force me to ignore them. About my mail—several thousand letters arrive here each week. Getting those letters were really great . . . and I did try to acknowledge some of the mail and packages. Only it's impossible to write or call everyone. The other fellows wait on long lines here to speak for a few minutes to their mothers and sisters and wives—and I don't want any special privileges. But getting all those letters are great for the morale. I'd be miserable if they stopped coming. That's why I humbly hope that although I can't promise answers—you, and the rest of my fans will understand that I'm not deliberately neglecting you, nor appreciating your loyalty any the less.*

*Luv ya. . . .*

Elvis Presley

*Elvis can be seen in* KING CREOLE *for Paramount.*

## how god saved our marriage

(*Continued from page 29*) steps in the house. "Here I am darling," he calls. Instead of greeting him with a kiss, I am so mad I begin to cry and shout at him. I have an Italian temper. So does he. I feel like a mess by this time. It is late; I do not feel we can go any more. I feel that he has forced us, by his lateness, to disappoint our dear friends.

Vic cannot understand why I am so upset merely because he is late. But I feel there is no reason for him to be so late. I begin to blabber in Italian. For me it is very important to keep a promise to be on time. He says, "Let's go. I can dress in a jiffy."

I say, "No. I cannot go out any more. You have ruined my evening. You have ruined their evening. You have ruined everything. How can you do such a thing?"

One word leads to another. He says, "Calm down." But by this time I am hysterical and cannot control my feelings.

This time he does not go to his study. I do not go to my room. We do not calm down, think things over and cool off.

We are both too upset. Finally, Vic looks at me and in a tired voice says, "We cannot be together tonight. It will only bring more words, more quarrels. I will go to a hotel. We will think better that way."

So he packs a bag and leaves. And there is no Vic in the study, no door to knock on, no lips to kiss mine. When I hear him close the front door, I fall on my bed and cry my eyes out.

I cannot sleep. I call my mother and she says, "You are being very foolish," and she gives me comforting words encouraging me to make up. Poor Vic, he has no one to go to. He stays in the hotel room alone.

The next day Vic calls. He says, "Darling, I could not sleep all night."

I say, "I could not sleep either."

He says, "I am coming home."

When he comes home, I call my mother to come over to help us settle our disagreement. When she arrives, we all go to our bedroom and sit and talk. We straighten it out—the three of us. All together. She makes a lot of sense. Vic likes to talk to her. He calls her *Mama.* She told us what she felt. We all opened up to one another. Italian people can't keep things to themselves, and in some ways that is very good. There are no tensions after we are through talking.

### How it is with us

People do not understand about my mother and Vic and me. There are so many things that they do not understand, and that is why some horrible stories have been printed.

It is true, my mother was unhappy when Vic wrote a story in a national magazine which said that my mother had brought me up to be a creation—a big movie star and not a happily married woman. My mother was very upset about what was said about her. And she is very direct. She never goes through two bends, but comes out straight with what she wants to say. So she came to our house very hurt and talked frankly to Vic. He explained that he did not mean it the way she took it. He had been reminiscing about a time when they did not understand each other—but now they do.

In the beginning it was very hard for Vic to understand my mother's attitude toward me.

You must understand what it is between my mother and me. For my mother it was an adjustment hard to make when I got married. All the years before that, it was she who had lived with me, traveled with me, been part of my life and my work.

Every mother, when her daughter gets married, is lonely for a while. Mine was more so than the rest because she had been with me all the time. And she was in a new country.

You see, we are a European family; she is a European mother. In Europe, the family is very close, even after marriage. Here a child is apt to be independent at the age of fourteen or fifteen. At sixteen many children go off on their own. Although his parents are Italian, Vic was raised in New York, and Vic was on his own since he was a boy.

In Italy it is not like that. It is hard for a mother to make her own life after her daughter marries. My mother still calls me *my little girl* and *my little Anna.*

People say Vic dislikes my mother and my mother dislikes him. That is not true. They do like each other, but it was hard for my mother to accept the fact that once I got married, my husband came first in my life.

I told Vic, "We must have a heart, try to understand my mother, see her side."

### The Italian mother

In the beginning of our marriage, when Vic and I lived in our former home, my mother lived close by and came to the house or phoned every day. It was hard for Vic to see my mother this way—how


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would you say it in English?—*possessive*. He did not understand. My mother does not understand either. In Italy, the mother is still very important in the household, even when the daughter gets married.

But Vic understands her much better now. And she understands him much better. She understands now that we should have some privacy, because we have so little time to be together.

When we bought the new home we live in now, my mother bought one fairly close to us. When Vic is away, she is with me all the time. But when Vic is here, she stays away so we can be together—alone with each other and our little boy Perry, who is now three.

The outside world does not know how we live. It breaks my heart that people should think there is anything seriously wrong. We live quietly. We stay home most nights; we want to be together.

And so when we have disagreements, like most married people do, they say *Pier and Vic are getting a divorce!*

This shocks me terribly. Out here in Hollywood there is so much divorce. Divorce to many people is as casual as smoking a cigarette.

But in our religion, marriage is a sacrament. To Vic and me there are three people in every marriage—the two who marry and God. So when two people decide on a divorce they are separating themselves from what God wants. Vic and I hate the very thought of divorce. We would not even think of it. As long as you believe in God, you will work things out.

When you have a religion, as Vic and I have, you work at solving your difficulties and problems. Vic and I always pray to God for help.

### The phone call

This is what happened when Vic and I came back together after that night when he was at the hotel.

A reporter called the house. Vic answered the phone. The reporter was surprised to hear Vic's voice.

The reporter said: "What are you doing here?"

Vic said, "What do you mean what am I doing here? This is my home. This is where I want to be."

The reporter asked, "Aren't you getting a divorce?"

Vic said, "Of course not. Here is Anna." (He calls me by my real name.) "Do you want to talk to her?"

I got on the phone and said, "It's terrible to have so many people talk about us. We had only an argument. How many people have arguments? Vic does not have a mother or a sister to go to out here so he went to a hotel to cool off. Is that so terrible? Why do people try to break us up?"

Even though the rest of the town was still repeating the rumors that Vic and I were separated, we knew in our hearts how much our marriage really meant to us.

After the telephone call, Vic says to me, "Darling, let's do something special tonight. Let's dress up and go out, just the two of us, and celebrate. Where do you want to go?"

Almost as of one mind, we both said, "Romanoff's!"

You see, it was at Romanoff's that Vic first proposed to me. What better place could there be in which to rejoice in our getting together again?

I wanted to look my most glamorous for my husband. I get all dressed up, in a beautiful dress with the new trapeze line, an elegant black satin with electric-blue roses painted on it.

As we walked to our table at Romanoff's I could see the people turn around and stare. They must have been surprised. It was so funny to see their expression when we walked in together, the happiness just shining from our faces. They had read so much about how unhappy we were!

The next afternoon, I went to a shower which our good friends, Jean and Paul Trousdale, were giving for their daughter. When Vic came to pick me up afterwards we sat around talking. Suddenly, Paul said, "You two have been through a lot of strain this week. Why don't you go to Palm Springs and forget everything. We would love you to stay in our home there and relax."

### Second honeymoon

That night, Vic and I are in our station wagon on our way to Palm Springs. I felt exhilarated, as though it were our second honeymoon. We were able to be away for only a few days—Vic had to leave for New York in a week—but I packed like for five months.

It was so wonderful. Jean and Paul have a beautiful modern home in the middle of the desert, and there is a Chinese couple to take care of the house and of us.

Vic and I got up early and played golf; then we'd come home and swim and have lunch by the pool. Then we golfed again. Vic is a wonderful golfer, but I am not. It seems to take me three hours to make one hole, but Vic is patient and waits for me and we laugh at the way I swing my club.

That afternoon I found a wild baby blackbird on the golf course. I picked it up; it was half dead and I talked soothingly to it. He is now my pet at home, no longer sick, no longer wild, but a darling pet who likes to perch on my finger.

When I picked him up that afternoon, so weak, he was like a symbol to me of how we can take the things that are weak in ourselves and build them into strength.

That is what Vic and I must do—take our faults, win God's blessing on them—and turn them into strength. I try all the time to work on my faults so that I can be a better wife and better also in the eyes of God.

When we were in Palm Springs some good friends of ours, Abe and Muriel Lipsey, called and said, "We are having a big party and we want you to come. You will have a wonderful time and see good friends. Frank Sinatra will be there and many other people you know."

We like the Lipseys. We like Frankie. But Vic and I wanted to be alone. This was indeed our second honeymoon. So we said, "Thank you very much. We would like to go to your party, but we have so little time to be alone together. The time is so precious. Vic must go to New York soon. Tonight we want to be alone with each other. Please do not mind. It means so much to us."

They understood.

### The sky and the stars

So we spent the night alone. I dressed up for the evening—just for Vic, no one else. We sat in the patio in swing chairs very close together and swung back and forth. We looked up at the sky and tried to count the stars. We almost fell asleep in our chairs.

Then Vic touched me gently on the shoulders and said, "Are you asleep, Anna?"

I roused myself and said, "No, darling. But on such a night as this, asleep or awake, it is like being in a dream."

And then he put his arm around my waist and we walked into the house.

And we knew again an excitement and happiness such as had touched our marriage on our first honeymoon. We knew the wondrous peace you can feel in the desert, when the stars and God seem very close.

We thought at first we would stay till Vic was ready to leave for New York. But the third night I looked at Vic and he looked at me and again we had the same thought.

"I miss Perry so much," I said.

"Isn't it funny? I was thinking the same thing just now."

It wasn't long before we were in our station wagon and on our way home.

The next morning, Vic and I and our little son went to church to pray. It was not on a Sunday—just a regular day in the middle of the week. We dressed the baby up and the three of us went to St. Victor's Church near our house. We kneeled in adoration of God—all three of us together.

We were very still—and sensed the presence of God in the great stillness. Vic and I were praying to the third Partner in our marriage.

We were a family together, praying that we would never be broken up.

Vic and I know so well what our closeness to God has done to bring us together.

### A wonderful Retreat

The other night, just before Vic left for New York, we went to a dinner at Danny Thomas' house and Jane Wyman was there. We talked about our experience and Jane Wyman (who has embraced the Catholic faith) told us about a wonderful Retreat she has gone to. When Vic and I drove home from Danny's house we talked about it. We decided that we would go to this Retreat together for a week, where we would pray all day and think of our lives together, of how we want to make our life as perfect and blessed and happy as possible.

When Vic comes back from his singing engagement we will go to the Retreat. It is something for the soul. We will even leave the baby for a week—it is that important to us. When you are at a Retreat you hear the nuns singing, listen to the priest talk. It is purifying and wonderful. Everybody in life should have some retreat—if not a Catholic Retreat then a retreat to find peace of mind, to discover yourself again.

Life is short. We want to make every moment of it important. We know many young couples who must be on the go every night. We don't do that. When Vic and I are together there is so much for us to discover about each other.

Vic must go to London this summer to do some TV shows there, and I am going to Italy to be at the christening of my sister Marisa's (Pavan) baby, Jean Claud. I will join Vic in London and take the baby with me. We will all be together.

Soon after this, a separation faces us. I expect to make two, perhaps three pictures in Europe. Vic will probably have singing dates in Europe—in Rome and Paris—so that we can get together weekends. But then he leaves again to sing in Australia and back to America. Maybe this will make for more talk.

But we are determined to keep our marriage a holy sacrament, blessed by God. We pray to God for help. All things will work for the good of our marriage, and for our good, as good is reckoned in the eyes of God.

We have to live our own lives and not care what people say. We have to close our eyes and ears to gossip. The main thing is to believe in each other and in God. And we do. **END**

*Watch for Pier in MGM's* MERRY ANDREW, *and in* THE SHORT WEEKEND *for United Artists.*

## she's only 13 but all woman

(*Continued from page 49*) Jerry Lee and J. Brown talked. J. Brown was talking about some of the things he'd done during his lifetime and Jerry Lee interrupted him at one point to ask, "How old you be, Cousin J.?"

"I'm thirty-one," J. said.

"Man, you look younger than that," Jerry Lee said.

J. Brown laughed. Then he asked, "How old *you* be, Cousin Jer'?"

"Twenty-two," said Jerry Lee.

"Almost time you were married, I'd say," J. Brown said.

Now it was Jerry Lee's turn to laugh. "Man," he said, "I've already been married twice."

"Son of a gun," J. Brown said, joining in the laughter as they pulled up to the house.

J. Brown's wife, Lois, a pretty young woman in her late twenties, met them at the door. Her husband had telephoned her from the recording studio about who was coming and she was obviously excited. "It's an honor to meet a member of the family who's becoming such a great success," she said, as she shook his hand.

She led him into the simply-furnished house.

"I'm sorry," she said, pulling up a chair for Jerry Lee, "that we don't drink and that we have nothing to offer you in the way of hard beverage."

"That's all right, Cousin Lois, I don't drink either, and I don't smoke," Jerry Lee said, and winking, he added, "*and* I never kiss a girl who wears lipstick or face-rouge or any of that stuff."

"Are you Assembly of God, Pentecostal, too?" Lois Brown asked, seriously.

"That's my church," Jerry Lee said.

"Well!" Lois Brown said, looking over at her husband, approvingly. "That sure makes it seem like real family."

At that moment, in another room, a baby began to cry. It was the Browns' second and youngest child, a boy, a little more than two years old. Lois Brown excused herself to go see what was wrong with him.

### Enter Myra

At that moment, too, the Browns' first and oldest child, a girl, walked into the living room. She was a pretty little thing, in her earliest teens, small, frail, extremely serene-looking, with a pale face and big brown eyes.

The girl's mother had surely told her a little while back about who was coming to supper that night because the girl had surely just washed her face and combed her tawny pony-tail to perfection and put on her best dress, a white dress with little red rosebuds scattered here and there on its starched collar.

"And who's this cute little ole thing?" Jerry Lee asked when he saw her.

"That's my daughter, Myra," J. Brown said, proud at how nice she looked tonight.

"Hello," Jerry Lee said, standing up and shaking her hand.

"Hello," Myra said, taking in his face with her big eyes and then nodding and saying, "It's just like what Grandma told me."

"What is?" asked Jerry Lee.

"Your beautiful hair," Myra said, pointing up to the wavy blond mat atop Jerry Lee's head. "My grandma used to talk about you as a little boy and she said you had the most beautiful hair and that it was just like hers when she was a young girl and single and out a-stepping with young men friends."

"Maybe I should take that as an insult," Jerry Lee said, smiling.

"Oh, no," Myra Lee assured him.

All through supper a little while later, Myra kept looking at Jerry Lee and talking to him, wanting to know all about him, barely touching her food so she could concentrate on him and his answers—until, at one point, her surprised mother turned to Jerry Lee and said, "Myra must certainly like you, Cousin Jer', because normally she's so shy with people, males especially, that I was beginning to think there was something wrong with her."

"Well," Jerry Lee said, gallantly, "the feeling is mutual, Cousin Lois, because I like Myra, too. In fact, if she wasn't my cousin I might even end up marrying her someday."

Everybody at the table laughed heartily at that one—except Myra. Myra was blushing now, suddenly and hard.

"How old you be, anyway, little gal?" Jerry Lee asked.

"I'm thirteen," Myra said, her voice suddenly trembling.

"Mmmm," Jerry Lee said.

And then someone said something about something else.

And that was that.

At least, lots of people think that should have been that.

### First date

But, a couple of nights later, Jerry Lee phoned the Brown house and asked to speak to Cousin Myra.

"How about a date?" he asked.

"I never been out on one before," the girl said.

"Wanna see what it's like?" Jerry Lee asked.

"Yes," the girl said, quickly, adding, "I mean, I would with you. . . ."

They were in the ice cream parlor about half an hour later, Jerry Lee drinking soda, Myra eating a sundae, when Myra said, "I know something about you I bet you don't think I know."

"You do?" Jerry Lee asked.

Myra nodded. "I heard my daddy tell my ma that you been married—twice," the girl said.

"Yep," Jerry Lee said.

Myra waited for him to go on and tell her a little about his wives or something. But all Jerry Lee seemed to be doing tonight was staring at her, in a kind of funny way, a funny way that made her uncomfortable but that made her feel good, too, at the same time.

"Were they pretty?" Myra asked, breaking the silence.

"Yep," Jerry said again.

"Did you love them?" Myra asked.

"At first I did," Jerry said. "But Dorothy—she was the first—I was only fourteen when I married her and she was seventeen, and she turned out to be too old for me. So I divorced her after a year. And the next year I married this gal Jane. She was okay, too, but after three years we didn't love each other no more so we said we'd get divorced and share the baby, six months for one and—"

"You got a little *baby?*" Myra asked, dropping her spoon in delight.

"Sure," Jerry Lee said. "He's named after me, his daddy, and he's cuter'n a passel of monkeys."

"He must be adorable if he looks like his daddy," Myra said, suddenly dropping her eyes and retrieving her spoon and digging into the sundae again. She shook her head. "You, a Daddy—and married two times," she said. "This must be right boring for a man like you, sitting here with me instead of being in a more interesting place."

"I don't like night clubs, if that's what you mean," Jerry Lee said. "Only when I was a kid, then I liked them. I used to sneak out of the house at night when I was small and go into town and stand near the night club doors and listen to the piano players playing their boogie-woogie.


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That's how I got started in music. I got near a piano once and began imitating what I heard and I was pretty good. Then, after a while, I started to sing and I found out I was pretty good at that, too."

"You're wonderful at singing, I think," Myra said.

### A real woman

Jerry Lee was staring at her again, hard and deep, and he was in the middle of saying, "Thank you for that nice compliment," when he noticed Myra turn and wave to a girl at another table.

"She's a friend from school," Myra explained.

"You still going to school?" Jerry Lee asked.

"Of course," Myra said, "I'm in eighth grade." Then, as if to make herself older-seeming and more sophisticated, she added, "That's nearly high school."

Jerry Lee smiled and sighed.

"I know," Myra said, "you must be thinking, 'She's a terrible young one, terrible young.' "

"No," Jerry Lee said, still smiling, "I'm just thinking how much a woman you really are."

Myra didn't know what to say now. So she said nothing and just sat there, eating her sundae, letting Jerry Lee continue staring at her in that nice, uncomfortable way. . . .

Two weeks later, to the night, Jerry Lee Lewis and Myra Brown were married. The wedding took place in a little town nearby. It was a simple wedding. Jerry Lee had asked Myra suddenly if she'd hitch up with him, Myra had said yes, and now they were here, in the office of a Justice of the Peace, the Justice not blinking an eyelash when he heard Myra's age, not wondering why no friends or relatives of the couple were there. All he knew was that this young man wanted to marry this little girl, that the young man had the two dollars to marry her with and that, in this particular State, it was all as legal as if the nine old men of the United States Supreme Court had flown down from Washington, D.C., to stand by as smiling, approving witnesses.

And so, alone in this quiet, gray-walled room, he married them. And the only thing that surprised him was the fact that the groom had neglected to buy his child-bride a wedding ring; that the groom, instead of saying, "With this ring, I thee wed," said instead, "Don't worry, in a few days I'm gonna buy this little doll a white Cadillac convertible car and that's more than a lot of gals can say they got from their husbands. . . ."

### Man and wife—almost

Jerry Lee got Myra back to her family's house just a little before midnight that night. Myra had said she'd marry Jerry Lee, and she had. But she didn't think it was right, she said, that they live together as man and wife till her folks knew about what had happened.

"Can't you go in and tell them now?" Jerry Lee asked.

Myra noticed how impatient Jerry Lee looked now, how he stood there at the front door, perspiring a little, his legs wiggling a little inside his trousers, looking a lot like he looked that time she'd heard him sing that wild song on television.

Myra still said no, she'd rather do it in her own way. "But by tomorrow night—" she promised. "By tomorrow night."

The first thing Myra did the next morning was to tell her mother that she wasn't feeling well and wasn't going to school. Then, after her mother had left the room, saying she'd go to the kitchen to fetch her a cup of cocoa, Myra jumped out of bed, grabbed her purse, reached for the marriage license she and Jerry had gotten the night before and placed it in full-view on the nighttable alongside her bed.

Her mother, back with the cocoa a few minutes later, didn't see it.

At lunchtime, the same thing happened.

Then again at about two o'clock.

At about four, Myra—too nervous to tell her ma, yet nervous too lest her ma wouldn't ever see the papers—got up out of bed again, placed them square in the middle of the bureau, went into the living room, turned on a children's TV show—one of her favorites, watched for a few minutes, then called for her mother.

"Ma," she said, "if you go near my room, would you please get me a box of cough drops I left on the bureau?"

Mrs. Brown came rushing out of the bedroom a few seconds later. "Myra!" her mother called. She was holding up the marriage certificate. "What in the world is this all about?"

**Gregory Peck, narrating *Small World*, a documentary about insect life, says it's the first time he has been emcee for a beetle.**

*Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post*

"It means what it says, Ma," the girl told her. "It means I'm married, just like you."

"But Myra darling—" her mother started to say.

"But Cousin Jer'—" her mother said a little while later, after Myra had phoned for her husband to come pick her up and take her away, "Cousin Jer,' this little girl is still in school, only eighth grade—"

"I can't go to school anymore, Ma," Myra corrected her. "Tennessee don't allow married ladies in school, not even if they're thirteen years old."

Her mother brought her hands up to her face. "And your pa," she said, worried. She turned to Jerry Lee. "She's her pa's little girl," she said. "He'll be so angry."

Jerry Lee shrugged. "He shouldn't be," he said. "Myra here is young in years, maybe, but she's a grown-up in her heart. Besides, she told me she's been driving a car since she was ten years old and that makes her pretty grown up, don't it? And she told me she can cook real good, and that ain't what kids do, is it?"

He looked at Myra as he said that, and she looked at him, noticing that look in his face and his body again, that look like he had last night, like he was ready to break out and start singing some wild song.

"I'm gonna make you spaghetti first thing," the little girl said to her husband.

"See?" Jerry Lee said. "And besides you don't have to worry about her future none, Cousin Lois, because I'm already starting to make over a thousand dollars a week sometimes and soon I'll be making more and that ain't the kind of money you worry about, is it?"

"But—" Lois Brown tried again.

"Besides," Jerry Lee said, "we're in love."

For awhile, it seemed as if their life together might be happy. Myra's Pa reportedly became reconciled to the fact, once he realized it was a fact. Jerry Lee's parents didn't seem to mind. Nor did his managers—though they didn't exactly publicize the news. Nor did Jerry Lee and Myra's small group of friends seem to think there was anything very unusual or wrong about it at all.

But then, suddenly, the world found out. And all hell broke out for the newly-weds.

### The reservations mix-up

The news came to light five months after the wedding, in May 1958. Jerry Lee had just signed a contract to sing throughout England and Scotland on a long and money-making personal appearance tour. Just before he left the States, he cabled the London booking agents that he was bringing his wife, his mother-in-law and his sister along and to please make hotel reservations accordingly.

They all arrived in London late at night a few nights later and the comedy of errors began. The manager of the plush Westbury Hotel greeted Myra's mother as Mrs. Lewis and assumed that Jerry Lee had left his mother-in-law at home and brought along *two* sisters instead. But he was more than a little surprised, once the formalities were over, to see young 'sister' Myra walk into Jerry Lee's room and remain there the night.

Someone at the hotel tipped off reporters about this mix-up the next morning, just before a mass interview.

It has been said in journalistic circles that there are no more hard-working or hard-asking reporters than the ladies and gentlemen of the London press.

They outdid themselves this time.

"Just who are you, young lady?" one of the reporters asked Myra.

"Why, I'm Jerry Lee's wife," Myra said honestly, nervously.

"And how old are you?"

Myra thought that if she told the truth these people facing her might not be quite so understanding as some of the folks back home. So she lied. "I'm fifteen," she said.

The reporters looked at one another and shook their heads.

And that night, at Jerry Lee's opening, an audience who'd read the news in the late afternoon papers applauded the singing of the newest rock 'n' roll sensation from the States as mildly as if he'd been lecturing on the planting and care of nasturtiums.

The next morning, while Jerry Lee was having breakfast with his frankly-worried booking agents, a couple of reporters who had a hunch about something decided to have another talk with Myra.

They found her in the lobby of the Westbury, looking happily through some comic books she'd just found stacked on the lobby's newsstand.

After exchanging a few pleasantries, one of the reporters asked, "How old are you *really*, my dear?"

"Thirteen," Myra said, figuring they somehow knew.

The reporters raced for the phones.

### Baby snatcher

And at that night's performance, an even quieter audience greeted Jerry Lee, so quiet that at one point Jerry Lee stopped in the middle of a number and said, "You all seem mighty silent out there. I'm alive and I sure hope you all ain't half as dead as you sound."

This was all the audience needed—an insult from Mr. Jerry Lee Lewis.

"Go home, baby snatcher," someone yelled from the gallery.

"Kiddy thief," someone else yelled.

"Go home," everybody joined in, finally, breaking up the performance, "baby snatcher . . . kiddy thief . . . go home . . . go home!"

It was during this second and last performance Jerry Lee was to play in Britain that those never-say-die British reporters were busy uncovering some more interesting news. A phone call by one of them to the police chief of Jerry Lee's home town revealed that "this makes twice Lewis has remarried before he's been divorced."

Now it was up to Jerry Lee to do some explaining.

"It's true," he said, wearily, in his hotel room late that night. "I married Myra before my divorce went through, and we haven't been remarried since. But I con-

sider that Myra is morally my wife and she will stay with me, here in this room."

A sleepy-eyed Myra— "up way past her bedtime," as one of the reporters noted— added, "I know my own mind, even though I am only thirteen. I don't regret marrying Jerry Lee and I'd marry him a million times if necessary. Jerry Lee's a wonderful husband and I love married life." As if to prove her devotion, she further added, "I'm going to have my first baby—"

A woman present gasped.

"—when I'm seventeen or eighteen," Myra finished. . . .

The next day, several things happened.

The management of the Westbury asked the Lewis party to please leave the premises.

The English booking agents cancelled the rest of the tour.

**The next plane out**

Jerry Lee's own agents—despite the fact that they said they now had proof 'from six lawyers' that the marriage was legal—bought a batch of airplane tickets for the States on the next plane out.

At the airport, there was a delay due to mechanical difficulty and Jerry Lee, Myra and the others spent an uncomfortable eight hours waiting.

To a cordon of reporters who wouldn't be moved, Jerry Lee said at one point, "People think I'm a ladies' man, a bad boy. I'm not. I'm religious and I love my wife."

Back in the States the next day, the Lewis party transferred planes at Idlewild Airport, New York, and flew straight home for Tennessee.

Then, a few days later, learning that all their marital troubles would be straightened out if they got married again, Jerry Lee and Myra went to the home of Jerry Lee's folks, summoned a minister and went through the wedding ceremony again.

After the wedding, a few people had gathered, among them a very old lady who'd very nicely thought of bringing a box of rice along.

"Good luck, Jerry Lee," she said, wobbly-voiced, as she flung a handful of rice at him.

"Thankee, Ma'am," Jerry Lee said.

"And good luck to you, little girl," the old lady said, doing the same for Myra.

"It's not little girl," she said, almost beseechingly; "it's *Mrs.* Lewis."

The old woman didn't seem to understand. "Yes, yes," she cackled, "good luck to both of you."

Myra watched her for a moment. And then, as the tears began to rush to her eyes, she got into the car alongside Jerry Lee and he began to drive away.

"'Bye, little girl," the old lady started up again, smiling and waving and emptying her box of rice, as the car moved faster and faster and faster away. . . . END

*Look for Jerry Lee in MGM's* HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL.

## life story of jimmie rodgers

(*Continued from page 36*) "No," she checked him.

"Look, Colleen," he blurted desperately. "It's either that or the papermill back home!"

"Never! Jimmie, I married a singer and a good singer. That's what you're going to do. We'll just hang on," she stated firmly. "Something's going to happen. . . ."

That same week something did. Jimmie Rodgers was called to New York to make a trial record. It was *Honeycomb*. Before a month was out he was famous and on his way. Today Jimmie has three more hits and a best-selling album. His bookings stretch from here to eternity. He's been on every big TV show that counts. He has a movie contract at MGM. This year, Jimmie will make over $200,000—and that's just the beginning.

Jimmie and Colleen's story is one of true love, faith and plain, old fashioned devotion.

Because, when Colleen courageously bolstered the belief in himself that was beginning to waver in Jimmie Rodgers, she was only paying him back in kind. Two years before, when Colleen desperately needed reassurance, hope and love, Jimmie was there.

That was after the foggy night when Washington state patrolmen lifted her out of a smoking wreck on a highway. In the broadside crash, Colleen's ribs were broken, her spine twisted and some internal organs ruptured. Worst of all was her face. It was smashed almost beyond recognition.

**Unwanted**

The highway tragedy was especially sickening. Colleen was the prettiest girl in Camas. In fact, she was so beautiful that Hollywood had already discovered and made her a starlet with a bright future. She was on a visit home when the accident occurred and, ironically, was to return to Hollywood the next morning. Hollywood would never want her again.

But Jimmie Rodgers did. He wanted her more than ever. And forever.

Jimmie wasn't with Colleen that tragic night. But he had been two nights before. He'd taken her into Portland, Oregon, sung to her until dawn and confided his hopes and dreams. When he took her home he had given her his heart—and Jimmie doesn't give that lightly. Although he was past twenty-one, Colleen was the first girl, and, from then on, the only one. To Jimmie, her beauty wasn't only skin deep.

For a year, as surgeons worked to restore Colleen's health and her face, Jimmie courted her in the hospital. Most of that time she was wrapped in bandages, with a plastic mask covering her shattered features. Seldom could she even walk. But in her pain and in her shock, Colleen could still give what Jimmie Rodgers had to have—encouragement and inspiration. In that year, with her urging, Jimmie made his start as a singer, developed his style and won his spurs. When Colleen was strong enough, he married her and they came to Hollywood.

By now, the miracle of modern plastic surgery had brought back much of Colleen's beauty, just as the success Colleen inspired has restored Jimmie's belief in himself and his future.

When Jimmie Rodgers sings, *I'm Just A Country Boy,* it's no mere lyric. The country is bred in his bone, blood and fibre. It comes out in Jimmie's clear, unpretentious voice, his raw-boned good looks, gentle, soft spoken manner and his uncomplicated values and virtues. Right is right with Jimmie, and wrong is wrong. Anger is anger, love is love and loyalty, loyalty. No sophisticated frills clutter him or his thinking—and he's not likely to collect them. Jimmie has been just himself from the time he was born in the timber country of Washington, September 18, 1933. His folks came from pioneer stock.

Jimmie's granddad, on his mother's side, fought with Teddy Roosevelt in the Rough Riders and, after that, drove cattle in Texas. Jimmie's mother, Mary Elizabeth Shick, was born on a ranch and is part Cherokee Indian. Brought to a Washing-






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ton farm as a little girl, she sat in a one-room schoolhouse next to a sturdy boy named Archie Rodgers, whose forefathers had hit the Oregon Trail West. When she turned eighteen she married him. James Frederick was their second son, although they'd hoped for a girl to balance the family. Maybe it was just as well that he was another boy.

**Depression days**

Because things were rough with Mary and Archie Rodgers then. The Depression was bumping rock bottom, and Archie eked out a living working for the CCC. Later when things picked up, he hired on at the big Crown-Zellerbach plant in Camas. He still works there, and so do Jimmie's mother and his big brother, Archie, Jr., four years older. When he was big enough Jimmie worked there, too. It was back to that mill that his thoughts turned in desperation a year ago in Hollywood.

The first home Jimmie Rodgers remembers is a dingy paint-flaked shack in Tidland Heights, out towards the woods from Camas. He had to toddle outside in the freezing winters to the privy and, on Saturday nights, his mom heated kettles on a pot-bellied stove, then poured hissing streams into a galvanized tub on the kitchen floor. She scrubbed Archie and Jimmie together, once a week, whether they needed it or not. Jimmie was a fat little guy until the big ice storm when he was four. Then he contracted double pneumonia and almost died.

That night the doctor couldn't walk up the steep, slick path to their lonesome house. He crawled up on hands and knees, and Jimmie remembers the ice-crusted bag he opened before bending over his tight, wheezing chest with the stethoscope. The doctor stayed all that night and all the next day until the crisis passed. He couldn't take Jimmie to the hospital; there wasn't any, anyway.

After that, Jimmie Rodgers dropped his baby fat and seemed to stop growing. All his boyhood he stayed runty. Jimmie weighed only 99 pounds as a sophomore in High School and today, although he pushes six feet, he fights to keep 140, gulping malteds with raw eggs almost every time he turns around. It's just a fix with him now, but back then it was a real problem. "I hated being a runt," remembers Jimmie. "So I did everything I could to prove I was as good as any other kid." Mostly, where he lived, that meant a scrap.

**Little tough guy**

Jimmie's long, string-pickin' fingers are still crooked from the times he busted them flailing out for his honor. He had his head split open four times. His cheeks were chronically striped with cuts and his eyes framed with purple shiners. He didn't always fight fair and didn't feel bound to. "If a big kid—even Archie—was beating me up, I grabbed a club or a rock and let him have it," admits Jimmie. "I wasn't fighting for fun."

By now he can control the flash temper, but as a kid what he chronically saw was red.

Jimmie's mortal enemy was a German boy named Alvin—bigger, of course—who lived across a field. They were constantly engaged in bloody combat. "I guess I developed my voice," allows Jimmie, "yelling insults at Alvin from my back porch. He cussed me back in German, and I never figured that was exactly fair." Stealthily at night he'd raid Alvin's yard for his toys. Next day, he'd find his mother's flower garden stomped. And that really hurt.

His mom's gladioli were the only dependable asset the Rodgers boys had until they became men. Glads were Mary Rodgers' specialty. In the rich soil and moist Northwest climate she grew giant stalks of every variety. Archie and Jimmie worked the year round in the beds. In the fall they'd dig the precious bulbs, husk and divide, tag and store them and then replant that winter. When summer brought the crop of gorgeous blossoms, they'd pack them in a wagon and pull it to Camas. On street corners the flowers went fast at fifty cents a bunch. Sometimes between them Jimmie and Archie would collect $100 a summer—and that meant their clothes for school.

Money was always scarce, it seemed, around the Rodgers' house, even though everybody worked. When Jimmie's dad came home from the paper mill, his mother left for the night shift in the bag factory. "I wish I had a penny for every meal I've cooked and dishes I've washed," smiles Jimmie. "I'd be rich."

**"We live in an age where the money is all over the place except in your pocket," said Alfred Hitchcock. "It's called being Rich."**

*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*

Still, it wasn't all drudgery and Jimmie looks back on his boyhood with a special fondness. His country was a kid's paradise. All around him tall pines pierced the sky, deer bounded, rabbits scurried and quail whirred away with heart-stopping surprise. Jimmie could hike in the summer days to Lacamas Lake or Dead Lake to fish for trout, bass and perch. The swimming was great in Sandy River.

You ask Jimmie Rodgers when he first began singing and he can't rightly remember. "Why, I guess I've been singing all my life," he says, a little surprised at the question. It's almost the truth. Music and song were as much a part of the Rodgers family daily fare as food.

Mary Rodgers played the piano and sang with a silvery voice. Jimmie's father liked to sing, too, and even Archie. They gathered around the piano after dinner and on Sunday afternoons to sing the old sings that Western people love. In a way it was their only home entertainment. There was no TV then, of course, and half the time the battered radio was out of action. As soon as he could wobble to his feet, Jimmie joined the group, piping first a song his mother taught him:

*There must be little Cupids in the briny.*
*There must be little Cupids in the sea. . . .*

In first grade at Forest Home School, Miss Schimmelpfennig, the teacher, used to crook her finger. "Jimmie Rodgers," she'd say, "The kindergarten children are about ready for their naps. Come here and sing them to sleep."

Jimmie never had to be urged. He'd sit down by his wriggling wards and happily croon *Danny Boy* or *Let the Rest of the World Go By* until they fell asleep peacefully. Pretty soon Mrs. Inez Russell, the music teacher, was taking him over as her special project. It got so that every youth singing group in town had Jimmie Rodgers out front, leading with his cool, clear boy soprano. He was a regular in the Christian Church school choir every Sunday.

Oddly enough, the other guys never razzed Jimmie about his singing. Because what Jimmie sang were the songs they'd heard from their fathers, mothers and grandparents, and when he sang them it was like waving a state flag.

Singing wasn't all he could do, of course. Jimmie was good in his studies. He caught Archie—who'd been sick a year and flunked twice—in sixth grade. Later, they graduated from Camas High in the same class. Reed thin but wiry, Jimmie still was a fair country athlete, too. He played top basketball, football and starred on the tennis team.

**Jimmy drew a blank**

In romance, though, Jimmie Rodgers drew a blank. He never had a date all through high school. At dances he'd sing to the girls but he didn't dance with them. Why? "Well," explains Jim, "I didn't have a car, I didn't have any money, I didn't have time and I didn't have a girl I cared for." Funny part was, Jimmie had already met the girl who was to mean more in his life than anyone ever could. But he certainly didn't suspect it then.

He was playing one afternoon with the Pollack brothers, in their barn out in the country, riding the plough horses, when the little girl down the road came over and made herself a pest. Colleen McClatchey was her name, and she was as Irish as *it* was. "A blonde, blue-eyed, freckle-faced monster," was how Jimmie first remembers Colleen. They tried to shoo her away but she stuck like gum. Finally, to get rid of her, they tied her to a tree and told her they were going to burn her at the stake. All through Camas High Colleen McClatchey followed Jimmie three grades behind, and he never knew she existed. But there were plenty of things Jimmie Rodgers didn't know about then.

Even when he graduated, at seventeen. Jimmie was as vague as the average teenager about what he'd do for a living. If you'd have told him that strumming a guitar and singing those old time songs would make him rich and famous he'd have called you crazy.

After high school, most guys around Camas counted on the paper mill for a living. Some joined the service, as Archie did, three days after graduation. Jimmie Rodgers did both, as things turned out, with an unhappy crack at college thrown in.

It might have been the Aaron Music Award he won on graduation day that made him try to swing a classical music education. Clark Junior College in Vancouver, thirteen miles away, had a good music department. So Jimmie worked that summer as fifth hand at the mill, bought a $200 Ford and that fall checked in at Clark. He left home at 7:00 in the morning, got out of school at 3:00 o'clock, drove home and took on his heavy mill chores from 5:00 to midnight. He lasted seven months before he was skin and bones and falling asleep in his classes. He thinks what made him finally figure *what's the use* was his voice teacher's verdict: "You're wasting your time—you'll never be a singer." How could anyone arrive at that conclusion? It's sort of funny—Jimmie's voice didn't change for keeps until late. In college, trying to sing exercises, he sounded like a mocking bird with the croup.

Jimmy joined the Air Force and was sent to Japan next with Supply, but it was so dull dishing out gear over a counter that he promoted a transfer to Korea. In Seoul, Combat Cargo Training kept him loading freight and passengers on planes, twelve hours a day. One GI passenger heading for home, proved to be a lucky passenger for Jimmie.

He spotted him lugging a guitar toward the plane and swearing as the clumsy box banged his other baggage. Jimmie saw opportunity and grabbed it. He bought it for ten bucks.

Until then, Jimmie Rodgers hadn't touched his pads to a string or sung a tune outside the shower. "I'd been too

busy," recalls Jimmie, "learning a thousand things—including how to control my temper." For hot-headed, independent Jimmie Rodgers, Service discipline wasn't easy. Right off, in basic, he bumped another trainee on a stairway, and got a name he wouldn't take. Jimmy knocked him headlong down the steps, bounded down after and stomped him—Indian fashion—right into the hospital. Don't think Jimmie got off easy for that. But he mellowed. "I finally learned to count ten," grins Jim.

**Barracks jam**

Now, with his ten-buck guitar he started fooling around with the old tunes again. Soon you couldn't jam your way around his bunk at the barracks. A band called *The Melodies* was swinging things around the Officers' Club, and rec halls, finally copping second prize in an all Korea barracks contest. Jimmie sang, of course, and tickled his guitar along with a piano, drums and fiddle.

Whenever he got lost in a song Jimmie Rodgers also got homesick. When Jimmie sings today, done out in a tux, at some big city spot like Hollywood's Moulin Rouge, he's really back in the timberlands of Washington. It was that way in Korea. And just about then he got a box of cookies and a note from a girl he knew at home, doing her bit for the boys overseas. "Hope you enjoy these, Jimmie," she wrote. "Colleen McClachey helped bake them." As Jimmie remembers, he got just two cookies out of the box in the scramble. But as he munched them he mused, "Colleen McClatchey—wonder how *that* kid turned out?"

It took Jimmie Rodgers some time to find out. He came back stateside July 4, 1954, and dropped by Camas on leave. Colleen was out of town. Jimmie Rodgers wound up his service hitch in Nashville, Tennessee, as base dispatcher loaded with the responsibility of as many as forty planes in the air at once. But he still found time to win the talent show and, in a national service contest at Langley Air Field took second. A female impersonator—of all things—beat Jimmie out for first prize. Still, that showing told Jimmie Rodgers part of what he wanted to know.

"At last, I knew what I was going to try to do when I got outside." To prep himself he sang on week ends at the Club Unique in Nashville.

But then he went back home to Camas and started a ninety-day sweat. Inside that time he could take over his old job at the mill and not lose seniority. In the same period of grace, he could re-enlist in the Air Force without losing his rank. "I tell you, I chewed some on that one," says Jimmie. "I had just $200 saved up and I was past twenty-one. I guess I still didn't believe that singing was really a man's work." Very soon he found out it surely was.

Jimmie also found out that Colleen was in Hollywood—with a contract at Universal-International. Audie Murphy, himself, had discovered her working in a Portland hospital. Jimmie eased out a low whistle when he heard that. "I guess that crazy freckle-nosed kid turned out all right," he said.

One afternoon Jimmie dropped by McClatchey's Cleaning Shop with a jacket. "How's Colleen doing down in Hollywood, Mrs. McClatchey?" he asked.

"Just fine," she told him. "But, she's here now—right in back. Don't you want to say 'hello'?"

Jimmie said more than 'hello' when he saw Colleen. He blurted, "My goodness—how you've changed!" That night he took her out for a cup of coffee, then got an idea. "How'd you like to drive into Portland? There's the swingin'est little band there that you ever want to hear!"

**All night long**

That was the night Jimmie Rogers still remembers as strictly a case of Cloud Nine. They went to the Yalta Club and stayed until 4:00 in the morning listening to the throbbing rhythms around them and, as far as Jimmie was concerned, to a deeper beat from inside himself. It was the first like that he'd ever felt. They went on to another all-night spot and wound up finally at 7:00. "I sang all night long," sighs Jimmie in recollection. "I was in heaven." He was also in love.

Next day Jimmie's head hummed with melodies that his heart echoed. They told him two ringing truths: He'd never be happy in any other job but singing—and he'd never love another girl like he loved Colleen.

She'd promised Jimmie another date before she left. In between Jimmie went over to Seaside, Oregon, and into the Sandbar Club. He practically forced the hillbilly band there to let him sing, and he sang as he never had before—all night long. By morning he had a job at $65 a week. Jimmie called his folks with the news, but he made them promise not to tell Colleen McClatchey. He wanted to tell her that triumph himself, when he drove back for the date. But there wasn't any date. When he came home Colleen was in the hospital. She'd almost made it safely home from a dance in Seattle—but not quite.

It was a poignant courtship those next few months for Jimmie Rodgers. "I knew Colleen wouldn't want to see me or any of her friends," he says. "So I stayed away. But I sent her notes and flowers and little gifts and I tried to be jolly and keep her spirits up." Later on, when she could be moved, he took her out for drives into the country they both loved so much, even though it stabbed his heart to see her lovely face covered with bandages.

But if Jimmie worried secretly about her, Colleen didn't. Her anxieties were about Jimmie Rodgers. Jimmie was still singing with the hillbillies at the Sandbar.

"You're too good for hillbilly music," she told him. "You ought to go on your own. You can make it. When I get out of here," declared Colleen spunkily, "I want to see you doing a single—Jimmie Rodgers and *his* songs!" Before she was through with the hospital, Colleen got her wish. Although what she saw made her burst into tears.

**One-man band**

That was up in Wenatchee, Washington, at the Elks Club, where an agent in Portland booked Jimmie sight unseen at the fabulous figure of $150 a week. He'd driven up all by himself, excited and trembling with what he thought was the Big Break at last. The manager met him the minute he walked in. "Where's the rest of the band?" he asked.

"What band? I'm a singer. There's just me," stated Rodgers.

"You mean," exploded the boss, waving his hands wildly around the room, "you and that guitar are going to make all these people dance?—How?"

"I don't know, Mister," confessed Jimmie Rodgers. "But I'll sure try."

Jimmie junked the guitar at first, sat at the piano and sang. Nobody moved. Desperately, he yanked a chair out to the middle of the room, called for a spotlight, introduced himself and explained the mix-up. Then he sat down and went to work.

He mixed up the old songs with rock 'n' roll, pop, hillbilly and what have you. But even to things like *Danny Boy* and *Cool Water* he gave a dance beat. When


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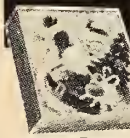
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Jimmy had time to look up the dance floor was jumping. The manager came over and patted his back. "Son," he said, "I don't know how you did it, but it looks like you're in."

But Jimmy was more than just 'in' and earning his $150. That night, working forty-five minutes out of every hour, he hit on something new that has been Jimmy Rodgers' trademark ever since. He became a 'folk-swinger.'

All that week—as a one-man dance band—he packed them in. "People came just to see if it was true!" grins Jim. One who came—even though it was a big effort—was Colleen. She was still wearing a mask to fill out her face. That's when she cried—not for herself, but for Jimmy.

His left wrist was raw from sliding up and down the guitar neck. His fingers were oozing blood. You can still see the scars.

After that, Jimmy Rodgers didn't have any trouble finding a job in those parts. He went to the American Legion Club next, with a drummer to help carry the load. He broke all records there and at the Fort Cafe in Vancouver, Washington. People started coming from miles around. But Jimmy's fairy godfather turned out to be right across the street.

Chuck Miller was a veteran song-and-piano man from the East. One night Chuck came over himself to hear Jimmy. The minute he heard Jimmy it was no longer a mystery. He knew talent and he recognized a new singing style.

**Jimmy gets an angel**

From then on Chuck Miller became Jimmy's volunteer praise agent, advisor and financial agent, too. Back in New York Chuck talked up Jimmy and his style around the pop recording set he knew. Hugo Peretti and Luigi Creatore, then with Mercury, were especially interested. So before long, Chuck Miller wired Jimmy $300 from his own pocket, with the message, HOP A PLANE, HONEYCOMB.

All the way back to New York the propellers seemed to drum that tune. When Chuck took him around the record offices, it was *Honeycomb* he sang for them. Later, of course, it became the tune that made Jimmy big. But not that trip.

"We'll get hold of you later," is what he got everywhere, but that didn't cash out at the bank. Jimmy stayed nine days while Chuck staked him. Then he flew back to the Fort Cafe. A telegram was already there from Chuck, telling him to get down to Hollywood, if he could, and look up Chuck's agents there. Maybe the Golden Gate for Jimmy *was* out West.

Jimmy bought that idea, but he had to settle something first. Those few days in New York away from Colleen had proved that without her he was nothing. He bought an engagement ring, took Colleen out for a drive and, at a stop sign, begged, "Here, Honey—put this on—please." She did. They were married in a double-ring ceremony January 4, 1957, in Portland. At the time, Jimmy Rodgers' fortune amounted to exactly five dollars. He worked at the club until he had $200 coming, then they drove to Hollywood.

Things looked all right at first. Jimmy hooked a job the first week at the Keyboard Club, and Chuck's agent lined him up for a few TV guest spots. Then—nothing. But Colleen, hungry and sick as she was, said, "No—hang on. It's coming."

Call it a woman's intuition, maybe. But even as she spoke, 'it' was already on the way. Back in New York, Hugo Peretti was frantically trying to locate Jimmy in Hollywood. He'd started his own Roulette record firm and wanted to tee off with a new singer. He remembered *Honeycomb*, but the bee had buzzed off. Nobody knew where Jimmy Rodgers was.

Of course, they finally tracked him, and that was a day Jimmy Rodgers won't forget. "It was two o'clock in the afternoon," he recalls. "And all morning it had been gray and foggy. But when that voice said, 'We're sending $300—can you come back and record *Honeycomb*'—I looked out the window. You know what? The sun was shining bright!"

He drove East with Colleen and, with his honey by his side, Jimmy didn't have much trouble cutting *Honeycomb*. But there wasn't any advance and toward the end they got down to dining on tootsie rolls and collecting coke bottles to cash in at the flea-bag hotel where they lived. Then a lucky $700 he made on the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout show paid their bills and left enough to drive home on.

In North Platte, Nebraska, stopping with Colleen's relatives, he got the verdict. "You'd better get set for a disk-jockey tour, Jimmy," advised Hugo; "*Honeycomb's* starting to move." It moved, all right—clear on past the million mark.

"Ever since then," grins Jimmy, "it's been wonderful. And it's been murder. . . ."

The wonderful part, of course, has been Jimmy's terrific success. "I love it, because I love to sing," allows Jimmy, "I wouldn't really be happy doing anything else. But it's sure been no vacation."

Jimmy hasn't had a rest since the ball began. Most of his play dates have been one-nighters, so he's been hopping all over the country like a flea, leaving one plane for the next, dressing out of a suitcase, getting along on six hours' sleep, dropping pounds and collecting an ulcer. Whenever she can, Colleen travels with him, because, "I like to know she's in the audience," Jimmy Rodgers reveals. "She's my good luck piece."

Right now, the only family the Rodgers own are two toy poodles—Bivi, a white one Colleen had before they married, and a black one, named Honeycomb, naturally. They're camping in a small rented house perched above the Sunset Strip, with a black Thunderbird and a white Plymouth in the garage. But they aim to buy a bigger place and fix it up, "when the dust settles."

The Rodgers haven't been to one Hollywood shindig and that's only half of it. Neither Jimmy nor Colleen dig the social bit in the slightest. In fact, about their only good friends among the entertainment set are Tommy Sands and Molly Bee. Sometimes, when there's a breather, Jimmy takes Colleen dancing to the Cocoanut Grove. But, neither care about drinking. The other night some business friends dropped in and Jimmy hastily called his manager, Bill Loeb. "How do you make martinis?" he asked. Bill gave him the proper formula for gin and vermouth. "And you might drop in an olive or an onion," he added.

The guests almost gagged. Jimmy filled their drinks with chopped scallions!

"Actually, I don't need much to make me happy," says Jimmy Rodgers honestly. "I'm grateful for all the luxuries I never dreamed about that have come my way, of course. I want to keep on singing and have people like to hear me. I want a home someday near good hunting and fishing—maybe a boat to fool around with, too. I want some children, if we can have them. But mostly, I want to do as much for Colleen as she has done for me."

In his pocket, Jimmy keeps a silver medallion and he wouldn't think of singing a note without it. Colleen gave it to him when she married him. It's engraved with the prayer, GUIDE MY DESTINY.

The face on the medal is that of St. Genesius, patron saint of entertainers. But to Jimmy Rodgers it's the face of Colleen, the girl who has guided his destiny since he put it in her hands and, always will. **END**

*Jimmy is scheduled to be in MGM's* SNOB HILL.

## first report on marlon as a father

(*Continued from page 44*) prescribed time for a new mother to stay home after having a baby is four weeks. Anna went out one evening, three weeks after Christian was born. She wanted to see *The Purging of Simon Madden*, a new play a friend of hers was producing. Marlon couldn't go. He had business to take care of. He drove her to Phyllis Hudson's and Anna went with her. She looked lovely, slim and beautiful in a black early summer dress with a deep red, full-blown rose design. There was a party after the play but Anna skipped it to go home to Marlon and the baby.

Only five days later, Anna started feeling ill. Slowly her temperature began to rise. By the time they called the doctor it was obvious she was really ill. It was a kidney infection and she was rushed back to the hospital. Kidney infections aren't too unusual after childbirth and unless complications set in, modern drugs cure them. But it's painful and a very difficult thing for a young mother to go through. Far more than the pain, it's bitterly difficult for a new mother to leave her infant when it's only three and a half weeks old.

It was no easy set-up for Marlon either. Even though there is the housekeeper and the nurse, it's not like having the mother or some member of one's own family around. The nurse has been there only since the baby's birth. No matter how it's twisted, Marlon had the main responsibility of Christian when Anna was hospitalized. He visited her often. She needed his cheering up and every snitch of news about the baby was important to her.

Marlon was so entranced with his new son he didn't mind. In fact it was a labor of love in the true sense. Housekeepers and nurses have days off, Marlon didn't.

There's a new Brando at the hill-top house. Those who think of him as an aloof genius should see him tenderly steadying the tiny wobbly head, gently comforting the infant son. He knows about vitamins and formulas.

Christian's nursery looks like a toy shop. Marlon had a heyday buying toys for him in the weeks after he was born and before Anna got sick.

Marlon has been slowly changing in recent years. There are many evidences. His more conservative clothes and more conventional public behavior. Everything about him is more tempered. His car is no high-powered Mercedes Benz. It's a family-type Chrysler. When he bought Anna a car as a gift it was a Ford.

Some men seem to be born fathers. A child seems to give meaning to their lives and they are willing to give of themselves unendingly. So far Marlon Brando seems to be emerging as that sort of a man. While marriage didn't seem to change him drastically, a little boy named Christian has! **END**

*Marlon is now starring in* THE YOUNG LIONS *for 20th-Fox.*

## the day I discovered my heart

(*Continued from page 43*) is at the foot of the mountain. We drove out in two cars—Elaine and I in one, and the photographer and his assistant in the other.

The air was brisk, not too cold, the kind that puts a pink glow in your cheeks and warms you inside.

When we arrived at the spot the photographer wanted for the setting, the air was so invigorating that Elaine and I began to race around the trees, around the lakewater which was as blue as a summer sky.

The photographer was pleased. He preferred taking candid pictures. He didn't like formal poses—and so he took a slew of candids.

It was then I realized how enjoyable Elaine was. She was willing to try anything I wanted to try. If I wanted to climb trees, for instance, she'd go along with me. If she scraped her hands on the tree trunks, that didn't matter. She wanted us to have fun, and she let me be the leader which, no matter what they say to the contrary, a fellow likes.

Don—the photographer—took innumerable snapshots. About two o'clock in the afternoon I said I was famished, thinking we'd head back to the diner in Lone Pine for hamburgers.

Elaine ran to the car, took out a canvas bag, and gave me the surprise of the afternoon. She had packed a picnic lunch! A little early in the season for picnics, yes, but very thoughtful.

She had fixed it all the night before. We were living in a motel court while we were on location, and we all had tiny alcove kitchenettes in our rooms. The kitchenettes were the kind where you have a pint-sized refrigerator and a small stove on top of it and a baby sink that your two hands barely fit into when you wash a coffee cup.

Elaine really did a bang-up job with the picnic food. She had fried chicken and hard boiled eggs and potato salad and pickles and a chocolate layer cake—which she confessed was store-bought—and milk.

### Picnic in the car

We all sat in the car the studio had loaned Elaine and me for the day, and we devoured the food. I never thought Elaine had it in her, this talent for cooking, so it came as a pleasant shock to me.

We told funny stories while we ate and we looked at the vast mountains and the calm lakewater. There was a peace about the surroundings which was comforting after the hectic week we had in front of the film cameras. The sun was bright, and it gave the snow a dazzling sparkle. And the air was fresh and bracing.

We finished our food and thanked Elaine. Don said the picture-taking was over, as far as he was concerned. We could return to Lone Pine and our motel.

I didn't feel like breaking up the party. Don and his assistant were putting their stuff away in their car, and I looked at Elaine.

"Do you feel like going back?" I asked her.

"Doesn't matter," she said. "What would you like?"

I hemmed and hawed like a jerk. Women are so much better at expressing themselves. I wanted to stay, but I was ashamed to say it out loud. I didn't say anything. Elaine came to the rescue.

"Would you like to stay?"

When she said that, I realized she understood me. She knew I wanted to stay. She was tuned in to my feelings.

"Yeah," I said. "It's so nice here. How about you? How do you feel about it?"

"Sure," she said. "I'm game."

So we told Don to head back to town. We were going to explore the Mount Whitney country. Don and his helper left, and we waved to them as they traveled down the long, winding road.

Elaine and I were both smiling.

"I'm glad we stayed," she said. We took a hike and looked for animals. We never saw any close up, but we did hear a lot of different animal noises. Elaine yelled out to me when she saw a flash of red wings in the treetops but we couldn't make out if it was a cardinal or a red-winged blackbird. Far off, on snow-capped Mount Whitney, it seemed to me as though I saw a coon, but his coloring camouflaged him. When I went to point him out to Elaine, we could no longer see it. He was gone.

We returned to the car and the sunlight was beginning to wane. I turned on the radio, but couldn't get a decent music program. There were either operatic selections or preachers lamenting the crisis in education.

### Mountain dance

Elaine fiddled with the dial and in a few minutes, picked up a Nevada disc jockey who was hip on rock music. We listened to the program for a while.

"Let's dance," I said.

I turned up the dial all the way. We got out of the car and began dancing right out there in the open. I swear if anyone saw us they would have called us nuts.

But I couldn't care less if someone did see us and say we were crazy. For the first time in my life I was really relaxing on a date. Elaine made me feel like myself. She didn't push or press me in any way. She let the conversation flow naturally. She was herself, I guess, and I was myself; it was wonderful to know that two people could get to know each other like this.

We danced in the setting sun, hardly noticing that the day was getting cold and dark. We danced to Elvis and Fats Domino and LaVerne Baker.

Evening comes early up there in that Whitney country, and so I figured the day had ended. We would go back to Lone Pine, and that was that.

We got into the car and began driving back. I was saying to myself that I didn't want our day to end. I was hoping by some miracle it wouldn't. It was too good to give up.

We arrived in Lone Pine and were driving along the main drag to our motel which was called The Portal. The neon sign of one of the restaurants caught my eye. I had to be reminded that we would have to eat soon. I guess men wait for their appetites to remind them. They never think ahead.

I suggested we go to our cabins to shower and dress and then go out for dinner and do the town.

She responded enthusiastically. But she added, "Let's not expect too much of Lone Pine."

Now Lone Pine is a hamlet of only a few thousand people. A general store, a saloon, a movie house, a barber shop, an alderman's office and not much else—that's the main drag of Lone Pine.

Both of us were used to living in big cities that have all kinds of entertainment within arm's reach. In New York you can go to the theater or any movie of your choice on the spur of the moment. Movies play at hundreds of movie houses all hours of the day and night. There are restaurants everywhere—two, three and four in a block; and there are all kinds of them—Chinese, French, Greek, Mexican or plain old steak-and-potatoes American. If you like symphonies, there are concerts. If you like night clubs, they're everywhere in town. So to 'do the town' in Lone Pine might take some meditating.


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I parked the car in the motel courtyard, and I left Elaine at her cabin which was next to mine. We agreed to meet in a half hour.

**Getting ready for a big night**

I showered and shaved and put on a white shirt and tie and my dark brown herringbone suit. I was excited. Our day was turning out to be an adventure. We hadn't expected it to be this way, and suddenly we were looking forward to spending the evening together.

When I went next door to pick her up, she was dressed up, too. She was wearing a smart neat-fitting red wool dress, little pearl earrings and high-heeled shoes.

She put on her coat. I was wearing my raincoat. We headed for the main drag of Lone Pine which was about a block long —like a Western frontier town.

We didn't have much choice of restaurants. We walked to the one where the neon sign had attracted my eye.

The restaurant was called Mama Theresa's. It was Italian. We weren't full-fledged movie stars in the sense of people recognizing us, so we entered unnoticed. Anyway there weren't many people eating.

Mama Theresa's was small but cozy. The tables had red-checked tablecloths, and there were candles stuck in old raffia-covered wine bottles. There was a white trellis in the back covered with crepe-paper flowers, and it masked the kitchen area. In a corner was a juke box, and I got up and played some of the songs. All the titles were in Italian so I just punched a bunch of numbers, and in a minute the place was lively with that jumpy music I call Italian rock-and-roll.

An old man with a big white mustache and his fat wife, Mama Theresa, ran the place. I asked then what we should order, and he told us they'd take care of everything.

It was one of the best Italian dinners I've had in my life—Italy included.

We started off with a terrific antipasto. Then veal cutlet parmigiana, a side order of spaghetti *al dente* and a fresh green salad. It was so good, all of it, that I decided to celebrate and order red wine. I never drink, but this was turning out to be a special occasion.

The old man with the mustache served us the wine, and Elaine and I both toasted to the future and the good things it would bring.

For dessert we had spumoni and espresso coffee.

We could barely move from the table when we finished. The other guests had left, and the old man with the mustache and Mama Theresa showed us around the kitchen with its gleaming pots and wooden workboards.

They told us about the time they immigrated to America from Italy, and how they loved the United States, their adopted country. It was good to them, they said. It gave them work, and they raised their children and were able to send both their boys to college. They showed us snapshots of their sons who were handsome and rugged-looking.

After we said *arrivederci*—goodbye in Italian—we walked along the dark, empty street.

We window-shopped, looking into the few lighted store windows. The most exciting window in Lone Pine was the hardware emporium's—there were all kinds of guns, knap-sacks, fishing tackle and bowie knives.

At the end of the street there was a dimly-lit pool parlor, and we walked in and watched some cigar-smoking, red-skinned Indians shooting pool.

**A new game**

We played some pool, Elaine and I. She had never held a cue stick in her life, but she told me she was willing to learn so I taught her a few fundamentals and we played a couple of games.

It was eight-thirty when I looked at the clock on the wall in the poolroom. I asked the Indians when the last movie was playing. They told us around nine. . . .

After the movies, we went to the soda parlor next to the movie house. We read movie magazines on the racks and wondered if we'd ever be in them, if we'd ever become important movie stars.

They kicked us out of the soda parlor because it was closing time.

But I didn't want to go home. We walked in the direction of The Portal, our motel. Behind our motel was a baseball diamond with billboard ads—BUY MOXIE, BUFFERIN FOR QUICK RELIEF, GET RID OF YOUR FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW. The moon was floating high in the sky like a bubble, and it cast a beautiful bluish light on the baseball field. We held hands and walked around the diamond; we touched the bases and looked at each other in the moonlight. Then I brought Elaine home to the cabin, wishing that we were just starting out, that it was Sunday morning and we were getting ready to go to the foot of Mount Whitney for the picture-taking.

Maybe you can't believe it, but this was the greatest date of my life. It was so simple that we were very relaxed, and consequently we discovered each other. And I discovered something else too—I discovered my heart. I've never been able to discover a girl in the same way as I did Elaine—maybe because I've never experienced such an easy-going date again. Elaine and I talked about easy things, unpretentious things. We were honest and down-to-earth with each other. When we held hands walking around the baseball diamond in the moonlight, I really felt a communication with her. I felt I had gotten to know her. We had shared something unexplainable. . . . and made a wonderful discovery. **END**

*Tony is now appearing in* THIS ANGRY AGE *for Columbia, and in Paramount's* THE MATCHMAKER; *he can soon be seen in* GREEN MANSIONS *for MGM.*

---

## we are not ashamed

(*Continued from page 33*) finally come to the conclusion that it is wrong for us to remain together. It is a farce."

The infatuation, which began like a sudden flame, now was raging like a forest fire. . . .

Then came their first separation. Kim had to follow studio orders and leave for San Francisco to help publicize *Vertigo*. She knew that Rafael would have to leave soon for the Army Staff Officers' School at Fort Leavenworth, where he would study American techniques in air and military procedures. Leaving him was like dying a little. She begrudged each day she would be away from him. For a moment they even considered his following her to San Francisco. But they decided their romance would be a little too obvious if he did that. For the time being—until he could come to her a divorced man, free to woo her openly—it would be better to keep their romance as quiet as possible.

Then while she was in San Francisco, a bombshell exploded.

Black newspaper headlines told of the lavish gifts the young Latin general had bestowed on Kim—the $8500 Mercedes Benz, and of the $11,000 chinchilla coat he'd bought for Zsa Zsa for introducing him to her. There were critics who believed that the money for these gifts came from our gifts to the Dominican Republic.

*We might as well give our foreign aid directly to famous actresses as let a young playboy from the Dominican Republic spend our money on such lavish gifts,* the critics said very loudly.

"This is ridiculous," replied an aide of the General's. "General Trujillo is one of the wealthiest men in the world. He believes he has the right to spend his money as he sees fit."

**The studio is alarmed again**

The studio, alarmed by the publicity, called Kim on the carpet and suggested that she try to mollify the reporters. Kim and Rafael had been hoping to announce their romance with some dignity once he was free. Now Kim was shattered by the bitter criticism.

Confused by the spotlight glaring on their romance, she began to stammer out denials that she knew he was married. Does this seem wrong? Put yourself in her place. If you had been foolish enough to fall in love with a man who was still married, who was separated from his wife and wanted to get a divorce without exposing himself to harmful publicity, would you like to see your love affair blazoned to the world prematurely in screaming headlines?

So often on the screen Kim has played 'the other woman.' She knew how unsympathetic most of us are to such a woman. But she had nothing to feel shame for. "I'm not the other woman," she kept telling herself. "I never met Rafael until long after his marriage was dead."

She told one reporter that she was shocked at the news that Rafael had a wife. She told another that he was a kind, sincere man and that it was dangerous to our country's relationship with the Dominican Republic to treat a good-will ambassador so cruelly. Then she retired to her room with a splitting headache.

When she got back to Hollywood, she wouldn't see anyone. She wouldn't leave her lavender house. She changed her phone number. She had received orders from her studio to say nothing to anyone.

But Rafael was not ashamed of his love. If anything, he seemed to be relieved that he could now tell the world the truth about his romance. Previously, for Kim's sake he had wanted to wait until the divorce was an accomplished fact.

Now he said, "I love Kim. My wife Octavia and I have been formally separated since last December. I started divorce proceedings in March. Some day, soon, I hope our divorce will be final."

On a misty Spring night, Kim kissed Rafael good-bye on the platform of the station where his streamliner was to take him to Fort Leavenworth.

"Till we meet again, Ramfis. . . . *hasta la vista*, darling," she cried. She waved to the departing train and blew kisses. When the train disappeared around the bend, Kim stood alone for a few moments, looking forlorn. Then she turned and walked slowly down the platform to the car waiting for her. . . .

**The new Kim**

Many men in town thought that with the glamorous Trujillo away, they could make time with Kim. But Kim wouldn't date any other men.

She did go to a lavish party given by a millionaire oilman in town, Arthur Cameron. But she went mainly for the sake of her mother and sister, who were visiting

her. She wanted to give them the thrill of seeing a big-time movie party with loads of stars. Although she could have been escorted by any one of a number of eager young men, Kim chose to go alone—except for her family. In a clinging, lavender gown she was the sensation of the party. Guests noticed how Kim had changed. Once she was always quiet; this night she sparkled. In the past Kim kept to herself at a party. This night, she laughed gaily, danced all night and displayed a vivacity that she had never shown before. What the General has done for her! His magic was at work even though he could not be with her.

At the party, Jeff Chandler found the new Kim so fascinating he hung around her all night. In fact, he paid such marked attention to her, that the grapevine says Esther Williams slapped his face and walked off in a huff.

If Jeff tried to get to Kim the next day he was in for a disappointment—like every other man who was anxious to date her. Because Kim drove up north to a swank dude ranch in Ojai to get away from everyone—and all those questions.

She may not be in to the Hollywood big shots who call, but she certainly is to her Ramfis. Whenever that call would come to her from Fort Leavenworth, Kim would rush to the phone and spend long periods listening to Ramfis tell her how much he missed her.

**That car**

Although the studio had sent out a story saying she was returning the expensive car he had given her, Kim did no such thing (according to reports).

"Why should she?" said a friend to us. "This was a gift given to her by a man she loves, who loves her. It would be an insult to give it back to him. True, it's expensive—but what's an $8500 gift to a man whose income is over $600,000 a year? It doesn't mean much more, in dollars and cents, than the gift of a piece of costume jewelry to a girl by the average guy! And the sentiment's just the same. These two are definitely gone on each other."

Kim—practical Kim with the ever-present fear of poverty—was reported to have eventually sold the car for $4500, and used the cash to buy furniture for her new home.

Perhaps she'll put the restraining hand on her big-spending boy friend if and when she becomes his wife.

Meanwhile, she was bedazzled by the fact that when he was in Hollywood he was pricing yachts. He told her of his plans to have a yacht off the coast of Ensenada, Mexico. . . . So that he and Kim can drive to this nearby town across the border and sail off on a romantic honeymoon at sea?

It could be. . . .

There are many things to be considered. Mainly, does Kim love Rafael enough to give up her career for him? Grace Kelly did that for her prince. But Kim is more ambitious than Grace; she is more in love with the idea of being a movie star than Grace ever was.

On the other hand, if she tells Trujillo that she wants to remain in pictures, will he stand for it? Would he give up his powerful standing in the Dominican Republic to become the prince consort of a movie queen?

The truth about Kim is that she's unpredictable. A close woman friend says, "Kim often sails off on clouds of romance. She reaches great romantic peaks. But just when she is breathlessly sailing along on a cloud, she gets out her little parachute, and goes right down to earth when you least expect it."

No one knows whether she'll marry her Ramfis or not. Even Kim may not know for sure. One thing we do know—that this isn't just another romantic fling in Kim's life—that this time she has touched heights of love and excitement such as she never knew before.

There may be problems ahead for this woman, but neither Kim nor her beloved are plagued with feelings of guilt. They know in their hearts that they did all they could to keep their love honorable. They are not ashamed. . . . **END**

*Kim can be seen in* VERTIGO *for Paramount and will soon appear in* BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE *for Columbia.*

## good-bye to a gentle hero

(*Continued from page 50*) material than what I used to do," he said regretfully, in 1956. "What I used to do is gone—romantic films, the classics. You don't see any more pictures like *A Tale of Two Cities, Beau Geste* and *Lost Horizon.*

Gone were the days of the swashbuckler, the cavalier, the debonair hero with the courtly manners who feared dishonor more than death. In movies fraught with Freud, in cowboy epics, in dramas of violence on the docks, there was no place for Ronald Colman. He was not an actor Elia Kazan would seek out, and he knew this, and could face it without bitterness.

Not so the fans who missed him from the screen. They sent letters demanding his return to movies, and Mrs. Colman answered them all. To one disconsolate admirer, she explained that Mr. Colman simply could not work so hard any more. "He *is* getting older," she wrote gently, and added, "He is no less immortal for being mortal."

**A gentleman in Hollywood**

Ronald Colman cared about his good name. He was that rare creature in the modern world, a gentleman. He lived in a town where sin was copy, yet no breath of scandal ever touched him. He lived in a town where major stars were mixed up in paternity suits and rape trials and wild parties and drug addiction and even murder, yet he made for himself an island of peace in that place. Surrounded by his family, his dogs, his books, his antiques, he was somehow the essence of a modest country squire. Even after thirty-eight years in this country, he seemed still very English.

If the villages of England, and their little rivers, coursed through Ronald Colman's blood, it isn't surprising. He was born in Richmond, Surrey, and absorbed its quiet greenness with his first breaths. The young Ronald went to the Hadleigh School at Littlehampton, Sussex, and was wonderful at sports, terrible at history. He liked the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, and he liked girls. Stevenson he committed to memory, but girls he could only worship from afar. "I was extremely shy of them," he said once, in what may have been the understatement of the age.

When he was sixteen, Colman's father died, and the boy had to go to work. He got a job in an office at $2.50 a week, eventually became a junior accountant. He might have risen to some high job in banking, and been bored the rest of his life, but for the advent of the first World War.

1914 found him a private in Lord Kitchener's Contemptibles. He fought at Ypres, was wounded at Messines, and came out of the army discontent with everything he'd known before. He was sure he didn't want to go back to his old accountant's


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existence, but he wasn't sure what he wanted to go forward to.

Adjusting to being a civilian "was difficult," he explained, "and while I was still full of uncertainties, I became interested in the theater."

### Early theater

The theater didn't seem to return Colman's interest. He did a vaudeville sketch in a music hall, and nobody cared. Then he covered his face with burnt cork and made a black-face legitimate-stage debut in a play called *The Maharanee of Arakan.* "I do not feel disposed to belabor the acting of Ronald Colman," wrote a London critic. "I saw Mr. Colman and the play at a disadvantage. The curtain was up."

Years later, Colman would tell this story in order to encourage some young actor from giving up too easily, but the tale always enraged Mrs. Colman who could not forgive the now-forgotten critic. The night Colman won his Oscar, Mrs. Colman bethought herself of her old enemy. "I hope he's eating his words," she said fiercely.

Next, Colman tried films. He made a two-reeler but it was so terrible it was never released. In 1919, he married Thelma Victoria Maud, an English actress known as Thelma Raye. The marriage didn't work; it was one of those post-war liaisons, both people determined to build something out of ruin and confusion, both people searching for roots in an uprooted world. What went wrong, no one knows. Colman was not the man to gossip about his private life, nor would he ever utter a word against a lady. But in 1920, he came to America, his wife stayed behind, the brief union was over.

He arrived in New York with fifty-seven dollars, three clean collars, and two letters of introduction. "I didn't stop at the Waldorf or the Ritz, old boy," he told a friend wryly, remembering that first, strange, American year.

He lived in a small room in Brooklyn, and traveled to the city every day on the subway, and made the rounds that actors are still making. He went to agents' offices, and producers' offices. He got a walk-on in a play called *The Dauntless Three,* and thought *this is it*—but it wasn't. Actually, he had to play three walk-ons for the same salary. The audience wasn't supposed to be able to recognize him because he wore three different beards!

For two years, he did extra roles and bits, and got shabbier and more depressed. One afternoon he went up to Central Park and sat on a bench and stared at his shoes, one of which had a hole in it. It was a bleak day, the wind cut through him, all his thoughts were grey and cold. He'd left his green countryside, and come here to live among strangers. His family was dead. He could hardly remember the face of the girl he'd married. All the books and colored prints he could afford wouldn't make that furnished Brooklyn room cozy, and his career seemed to consist of being able to hold his head up while wearing false whiskers.

He imagined himself in years to come, one of those pitiful aging character actors, neat, threadbare, proud, being turned out of office after office, eating his Christmas dinner in a drug-store, wondering what had happened to his hopes, his youth, his life.

### The Broadway show

Colman got up from the bench with new strength, new determination, and walked down to Broadway. He walked until he came to the Shubert office. They were casting a show called *La Tendresse* which was to star Ruth Chatterton. When he walked out of Shubert's, he had the third lead in the show.

Movies came after that. Henry King signed him for *The White Sister* opposite Lillian Gish, and right from his very first picture, he was a star. He and Vilma Banky became the silent movies' second-sexiest team—right after John Gilbert and Greta Garbo—but of the foursome, only Garbo and Colman went on to even greater success in talkies.

Success made Colman no less the gentleman. Once a columnist watching the shooting of *If I Were King,* noted that Colman was fumbling a love scene with Frances Dee. After a couple of bad takes, Colman turned to the bystanders and said, in what was for him an unusually irritated tone, "I do wish you people would at least look the other way—it's hard to make love so publicly. . . ."

When the audience had left, Colman and Miss Dee wound up the scene with no further trouble.

Since he had no gift for crudeness in his private life, it was always hard for Colman to talk tough to a woman on the screen. Once he had to tell a bunch of chorines, "You look like swamp rats," and he stopped rehearsals to apologize. "I'm terribly sorry, girls," he said. "I really think you're awfully good."

### A great love

On September 30, 1938, Ronald Colman found the meaning of his life, when he married Benita Hume, at Montecito, California. Miss Hume was a great beauty who behaved as simply as a plain woman. (She is also the kind of woman who gave blood to the Red Cross so often after hearing an appeal from Korea that the Authorities had to implore her to wait longer between trips.)

At the time Benita met Colman, she was engaged to a rich Englishman named Jack Dunfee, but once she'd looked into Colman's eyes, she was lost. She broke her engagement. As for Colman, he was astonished. His first unhappy experience with wedlock had left him wary of females. He had been satisfied to live alone, settling for peace, since he had no hope of bliss. Suddenly, bliss overtook him. This woman, tender as she was exquisite, turned house into haven, man into lover. She gave up her own career because, "More than one movie star in a family is no good, and I'll be too happy just being with Ronnie to miss the limelight—"

At the age of forty-seven, Ronald Colman looked around him, and found he had come home.

All through his bachelor years, his family had consisted of six dogs. Now, in July of 1944, he became the father of a baby girl named Juliet. Fifty-three-year-old daddies must be forgiven if they're a trifle giddy. He, who had never kept a clipping of a single one of his triumphs, filled scrapbooks with every line about Juliet, every picture of her. When she began to talk, all Hollywood knew it, and he could scarcely tear himself away from her long enough to make movies.

In 1946, Colman was listed among the nation's top moneymakers. In 1947 came his Oscar. In 1950, he tied (with Laurence Olivier) for second place as Best All-Time Actor (Charlie Chaplin came in first) in a poll conducted by Daily Variety. 1950 was also the year that a group of plastic surgeons named Colman the world's best-preserved person. They spoke of his smooth young face, but Colman was not impressed. Concerned with his dignity, he felt he was too old to go on playing love interest parts. He didn't need money, so there was no point in compromising with his own fierce standards. He refused to let a whiskey company use his name, though they offered him a fortune, and he would not work on television for a beer sponsor.

### The Halls of Ivy

When he did turn up on television, it was in 1954, with Benita, in a series called *The Halls of Ivy.* They played the president of a college and his wife. Their show was warm, literate, witty. It was the same show they'd begun on radio, four years earlier, after Colman had coaxed his wife out of retirement.

In 1956, *The Halls of Ivy* folded, and Colman packed up wife and daughter and left for England, a long rest and vacation. Ironically, it was on this trip abroad that he contracted a lung infection. Last year in Santa Monica he was operated on, but his health was never really good again. On May 18th of this year, he became ill at his ranch home near Santa Barbara. Benita took him to St. Francis Hospital. Twenty-four hours later, he died. The funeral services were held at All Saints Episcopal Church by the Sea, in Montecito. Montecito, where he and Benita had been married. . . .

And now there are so many memories, cherished by those who mourn him. Memories of the time when Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Lillian Gish, Janet Gaynor and Richard Barthelmess were given awards for "distinguished service to motion pictures," and Colman wired them, CONGRATULATIONS. HOWEVER WITH JOHN BARRYMORE, EMIL JANNINGS, LESLIE HOWARD AND JOHN GILBERT GONE, IT BECOMES INCREASINGLY SIMPLE FOR US TO WIN. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS STAY ALIVE.

Today he is gone, along with Gilbert and Barrymore, and his friend James Hilton, who once was asked if he were writing his new book with Colman in mind. "Well, I haven't exactly got him in mind," Hilton said, "but he just naturally creeps into everything I write."

For Benita, after twenty years, he must just naturally creep into everything she writes and reads and thinks. She must hear him at the piano, playing badly, but loving it. She must see him coming across the tennis court, going to feed dogs, bending over the garden.

For her child, because she is young, with everything before her, Benita will be strong, pick up the pieces of her life and go on. But the pieces of her heart, she will never be able to put together again. Some of them she left at Montecito, where she married; some of them she left at Santa Barbara, where she lived; some of them she left beside her husband's grave.

### POSTSCRIPT

As this story was being prepared, word came that Robert Donat, another great English actor, had died. Oddly, James Hilton, the man who always wrote with Ronald Colman in mind, also gave Robert Donat his greatest role, Mr. Chips. Now Mr. Chips too is gone. So good-bye, Mr. Chips. Good-bye, Mr. Colman. Good-bye all you gentle heroes who once made movies beautiful. Your day is done, but it was a golden day. . . . END

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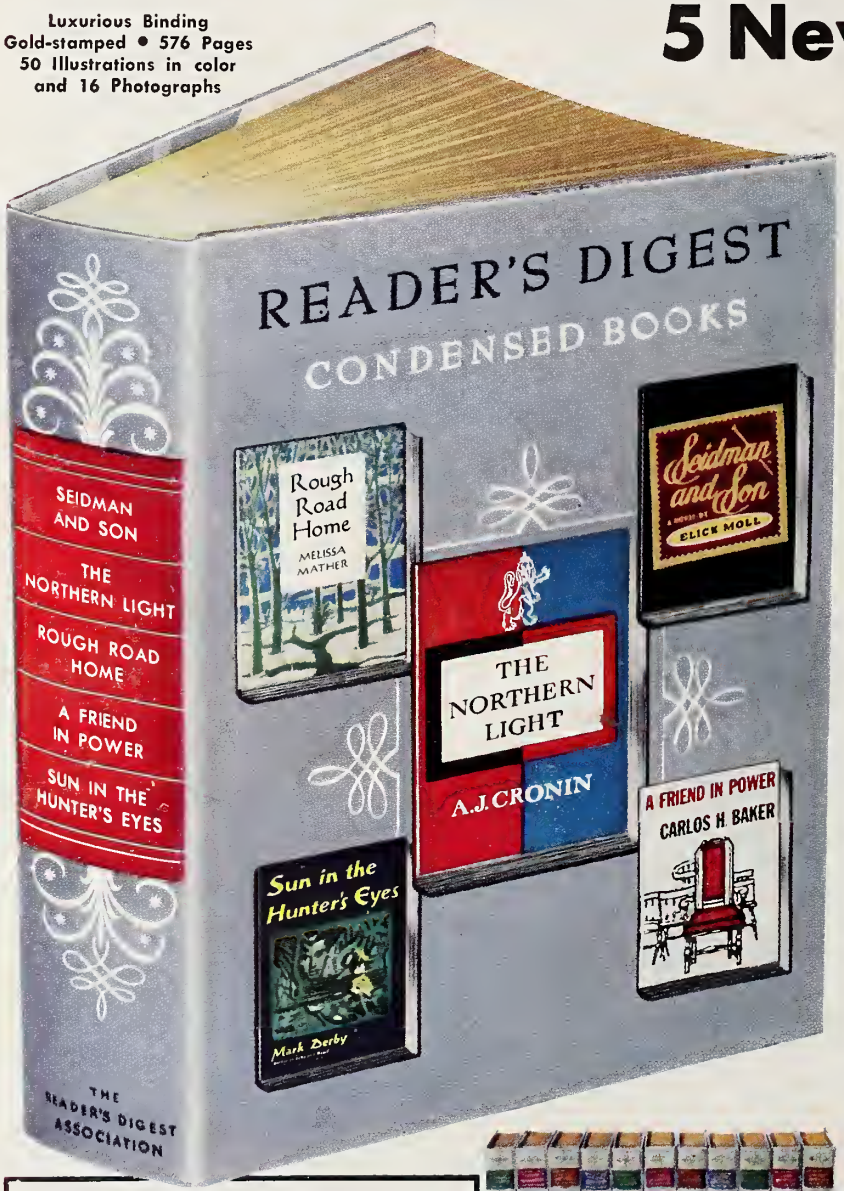
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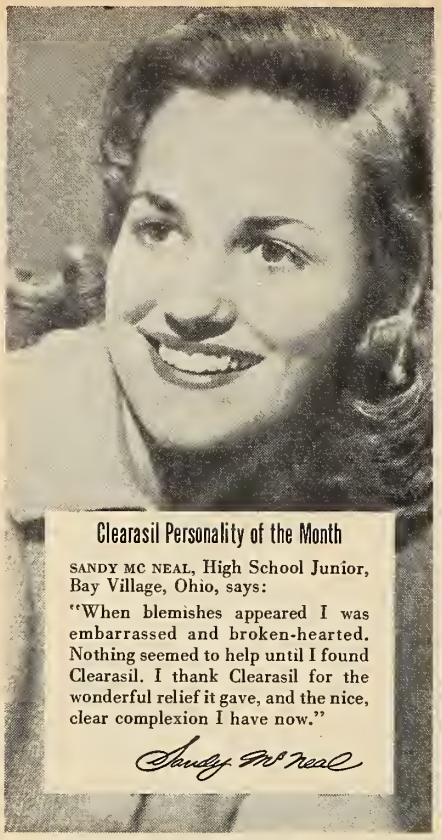
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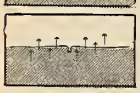
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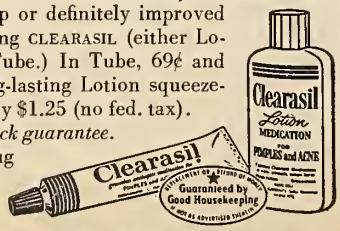
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MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 52, No. 9. October 1958. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office 221 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher, Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years; $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Reentered as second class matter March 25, 1957, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1958 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No 596800

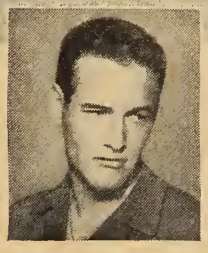
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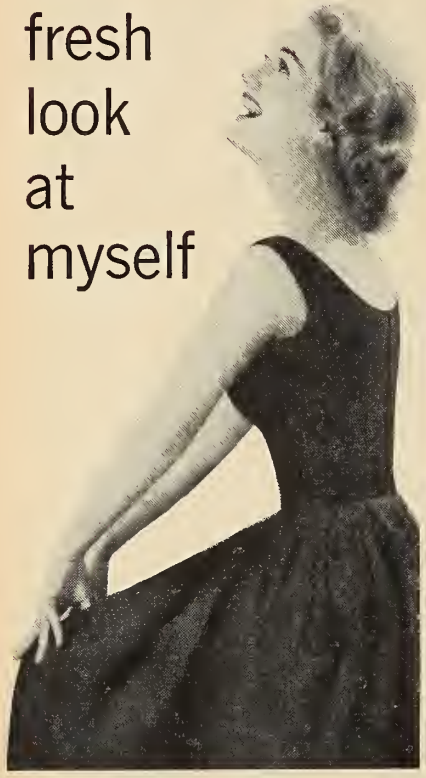


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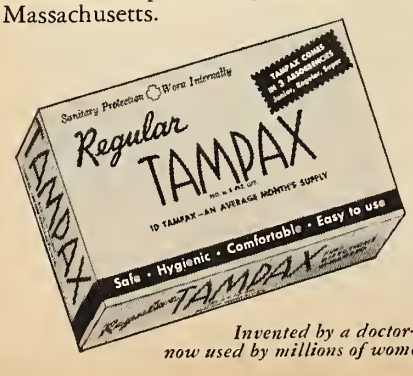


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**Q** Is it true that **Joanne Woodward** and **Joan Collins** are both under the care of the same psychiatrist?
—L.T., N.Y.C.
**A** *They are both consulting the same psychiatrist.*

**Q** Who are the richest directors in Hollywood?
—E.T., Baltimore, Md.
**A** *Cecil B. DeMille and Willie Wyler.*

**Q** Would you dare tell the true story of what happened between **Frank Sinatra** and British actress **Doreen Dawn?**
—S.T., London
**A** *Miss Dawn refused Mr. Sinatra's company, walked out on him.*

**Q** Does **Marilyn Monroe** have much money of her own, or is she dependent upon her husband for support?
—V.Y., Brooklyn, N.Y.
**A** *Dependent upon husband playwright Arthur Miller.*

**Q** Why has **Mario Lanza** cancelled his South African tour?
—B.T., Chicago, Ill.
**A** *Lanza has cancelled his South African tour because of a supposed financial dispute.*

**Q** Is **Lana Turner** broke? Has she given up men? Is her daughter being looked after by a psychiatrist?
—V.R., Phoenix, Ariz.
**A** *Lana must work to support herself; she has not given up men; the court has recommended that her daughter consult a psychiatrist.*

**Q** Who is the Dr. Ernest Wynder who's been dating **Kim Novak?**
—H.H., Chicago, Ill.
**A** *He is a top authority on the link between lung cancer and smoking.*

**Q** What happened to **Edmund Purdom?**
—L.T., Louisville, Ky.
**A** *He is being sued in London for $500 arrears in rent, gas and electricity bills.*

**Q** Is there any chance that **Elizabeth Taylor** will marry Arthur Loew, Jr.?
—B.T., Raleigh, N.C.
**A** *Not much. Read about their true relationship on page 22.*

**Q** Does **Dolores Hart** autograph all her photos?
—L.T.L., Shelby, N.C.
**A** *Most of them.*

**Q** Does **Elvis Presley** have a girl waiting for him in Germany?
—N.Y., New Orleans, La.
**A** *Many girls are waiting for Elvis.*

**Q** Will Peter Viertel and **Deborah Kerr** get married after their divorces?
—R.T., Rochester, N.Y.
**A** *That's what everyone's saying.*

**Q** Is **Audie Murphy** retiring from movies?
—P.T., Dallas, Texas
**A** *No; he's making* The Wild Innocents *with* **Sandra Dee.**

**Q** Is **Loretta Young** divorced from Tom Lewis? Is her daughter who just got married adopted?
—P.S., McAllen, Texas
**A** *Loretta is separated from Tom Lewis; her recently-married daughter Judy was adopted.*

**Q** Can you tell me how long **Jimmy Durante's** nose is?
—V.T., Council Bluffs, Iowa
**A** *Four inches!*

**Q** What religion is **June Allyson?** What religion is **Debbie Reynolds?**
—E.L., Salt Lake City, Utah
**A** *June is Episcopalian; Debbie, Presbyterian.*

**Q** How come all of **Bing Crosby's** boys go for Las Vegas showgirls?
—T.Y., Elko, Nev.
**A** *Vegas has some of the world's most attractive beauties.*

**Q** Why don't **Dean Martin** and **Perry Como** acknowledge the fact that they are brothers?
—M.H., Columbia, S.C.
**A** *Because they're not.*

**Q** Is **Arlene Dahl** washed up in Hollywood?
—L.T., Colorado Springs, Col.
**A** *She hasn't been getting too many top offers.*

**Q** Who is the most popular actor in Hollywood?
—K.T., Rawlins, Wy.
**A** *A lot of people think* **Rock Hudson** *is.*

**Q** Does **Dinah Shore** have a son twenty-one years old she's been keeping secret?
—B.T., Memphis, Tenn.
**A** *No.*

Released as safe by UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!

***New doctor prescribed wonder drug does away with all special diets!***

BONDED OFFER!

# YOU MUST LOSE UP TO 49 POUNDS OR WE PAY YOU $14.00!

**Never before! Now an amazing wonder drug contained in RX-120 available without a prescription! A miracle drug prescribed and tested by thousands of doctors for over 10 years! Take off ugly fat without special diets, without habit-forming drugs, calorie counting, exercise, hunger pangs, massage! Your own doctor can tell you about this great new victory over obesity!**

Of all the problems that have baffled medical science, obesity has been one of the toughest to lick! Think of it – there are 67 million overweight men and women in America and nothing sold without a prescription–until this electrifying discovery . . . has done any good! Do you wonder why the whole medical profession is enthused about this amazing development that has produced such astonishing results when tried by thousands of doctors . . . when tested with brilliant success on thousands of patients? Do you wonder why the United States Government was happy to release this formula as SAFE to sell over any drug counter in the United States WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION? This is tremendous news . . . news that can change your whole life, lengthen your life span, make you healthier, happier, more active, younger looking . . . slender and glamorous instead of "matronly."

**Yes, RX-120 is the fabulous formula scientists have sought for since Dr. Nooden published his report on obesity back in 1900. Everything offered without a prescription since then has failed miserably–chewing gums, liquids, powders, crackers and hundreds of other so called reducing preparations. You can take your doctor's word for it, the wonder drug in RX-120 does work . . . it helps you take off up to 49 pounds. The most extensive clinic testing ever devoted to any drug is back of RX-120. There's never been such overwhelming medical evidence, such convincing PROOF! There are no "ifs, ands or buts" with this miracle drug. In fact, we are so positive we will pay you $14.00 if you don't take off up to 49 pounds. Never before has any pharmaceutical company put such a daring guarantee in WRITING! The truth is no one could make such a guarantee because up to now there never has been a wonder drug sold over the counter that does such an amazing job of taking off unattractive excess weight!**

**HERE'S HOW YOU PROVE IT YOURSELF!**

We don't have to tell you all the products you've wasted your money on trying to gain back your youthful figure are either frauds or too dangerous! You know this. Think back – you tried tablets that were supposed to put bulk in your stomach, you nibbled on cookies, ate crackers, swallowed liquid drops, tried chewing gums, ate candies, vitamin mixtures, went nearly out of your mind with calorie counters, pages of special diets! You got nervous, jumpy as a cat on risky drugs that many doctors condemned because of dangerous side effects! You'll be happy to hear all this is a thing of the past! Amazing new RX-120 contains such an advanced wonder drug it makes all other so called reducers old fashioned. RX-120 is an honest product. It really works! It's backed by more medical evidence than any other product ever sold to take off fat! No other effective product has proven so SAFE . . . that's why the United States Government released it as safe without a prescription in every city and hamlet in 48 states. It's true RX-120 will positively take off up to 49 pounds of excess weight caused by overeating or we'll pay you $14.00. There's no doubt about it. Here's one product you don't risk one cent to PROVE! It really works!

**Think of it! You must lose 9 pounds in 10 days . . . 18 pounds in 20 days . . . 27 pounds in 30 days . . . and 49 pounds in 8 weeks . . . or the medicine is FREE. Now here's our unheard of offer–read it carefully. You must lose the minimum number of pounds stated here with RX-120 or we'll give you back every cent you paid for each vial of RX-120 tablets!**

**PROOF POSITIVE!**

| | |
|---|---|
| You must lose **49 POUNDS** in 8 weeks or we'll pay you **$14.00** | You must lose **27 POUNDS** in 30 days or we'll pay you **$7.00** |
| You must lose **18 POUNDS** in 20 days or we'll pay you **$5.00** | You must lose **9 POUNDS** in 10 days or we'll pay you **$3.00** |

Let's make this perfectly clear. If you take RX-120 for 10 days and don't lose at least 9 pounds, we'll send you a check for $3.00. If you don't lose at least 18 pounds in 20 days, we'll send you a check for $5.00. If you don't get rid of at least 27 pounds in 30 days, we'll send you a check for $7.00. If you don't lose at least 49 pounds in only two months, we'll send you a check for $14.00. Did you ever read an offer like this in your life? No–and you NEVER WILL – because only a good product that does everything claimed could be backed by such a guarantee!




**HERE'S HOW RX-120 WORKS!**

Unlike other reducing products you may have tried, new RX-120 works on an entirely different principle. It does four amazing things starting the very second you swallow the first tiny tablet–

**(1) It depresses your appetite.**
**(2) It acts on your central nervous system; decreases your desire for food.**
**(3) It acts in your intestinal tract–fights hunger contractions–telegraphs a "stop signal" to your brain when you're tempted to overeat or indulge in between-meal snacks!**
**(4) It makes the food you eat stay in your stomach for a longer period.**

Just think what this means to you! With this amazingly SAFE formula–that does not have the terrible side effects of other reducing drugs – your body will oxidize fat automatically as you eat less food . . . excess weight will literally vanish into thin air! Yes, your weight goes down, down, down every single day. The exciting part is you don't have to torture yourself with starvation diets! You don't have to take food supplements, habit forming drugs! You don't have to follow long winded reducing plans! You don't have to bore yourself counting calories! You don't have to exercise, spend miserable hour after hour in reducing salons! A whole new world will open up as you discover you can eat and enjoy the thousands of delicious, nutritious low calorie foods! You will live an active normal life–feel better than you ever did in your life–while you TRIM down to a glamorous figure in days, weeks! For now at last you can get RX-120 containing the new doctor tested wonder drug–without a prescription!

**HELPS YOU RETRAIN YOUR EATING HABITS!**

**Doctors tell us that in most cases you are fat because you overeat. It's as simple as that! You may not realize it but fat people have what amounts to an abnormal craving for food. YOUR appetite is aroused by the VERY smell and sight of certain foods. Be honest now. How many times have you started to reduce only to find you just can't stop or even CUT DOWN between-meal snacks? Over-eating soon becomes a deeply ingrained habit you can't break. "But why do I have this craving for food?"-you ask. There are many reasons. Good food and lots of it may have been a family tradition. Some consider rich food a symbol of success.**

What can you do about it? The answer has been a difficult problem to solve until the development of the wonder ingredient in RX-120. You know how hard it is to change long established habits. You know self-denial is not easy. You know how almost impossible it is to develop a will power of iron! But with new RX-120 you can change your habits – practically overnight. You can eat less without giving up the foods that taste so good. Down comes caloric intake–off comes excess fat. You don't have to rely on strong will power. You don't have to fight yourself every time you're tempted. Now you can take off that excess weight . . . without your ever being conscious of it!

**GET YOUR RX-120 BEFORE IT IS RELEASED TO DRUG STORES!**

Remember, RX-120 is not a diet, not a dull plan or regimen that tells you what to eat! It's not an ordinary dietary supplement–it's a clinically tested, doctor approved medicine that has been PROVED effective when tried on over 2,000 overweight patients! . . . according to published reports. We'll be glad to send your doctor medical literature. RX-120 has been released as SAFE by the United States Government for sale without a prescription . . . but supply is limited. It won't be shipped to drug stores until November 15, 1958. But you can order direct from Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.–if you act now! So hurry–order your RX-120 right NOW. Just fill out the coupon today and mail it while you're thinking about it. RX-120 is sent to you on a no risk 10-day trial.

**Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in 10 days or we pay you $3.00. You must lose 18 pounds in 20 days or we pay you $5.00. You must take off 27 pounds in 30 days or you get $7.00. You must PROVE you can lose up to 49 pounds in just 8 weeks or we pay you $14.00. You have nothing to lose but ugly fat!**

**SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL!**

**Fill out coupon below. Be sure to indicate the size of RX-120 you want us to rush to you immediately! Start taking RX-120 the day it arrives. Check your scales every day. Keep a careful record of your weight losses! Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in just 10 days or we pay you $3.00. You can just as easily take off 18 pounds, 27 pounds or up to 49 pounds depending on the number of days you take this new wonder drug! Don't forget, you must lose the minimum number of pounds claimed or you get every cent back. If you don't lose 9, 18, 27 or up to 49 pounds–merely send us proof of purchases. Yes, you must lose up to 49 pounds with NEW RX-120 or we will rush you a check for $14.00. Don't wait–check the quantity wanted, fill in the coupon today and mail it right now. You don't have to send any money–your first bottle will be rushed to you. But do it NOW!**

©Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

**RUSH NO-RISK COUPON NOW!**

Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Avenue, Dept. 122 Tuckahoe, N. Y.

**Rush my RX-120 immediately. I must lose pounds guaranteed by you above or you will pay me the amount specified.**

☐ **Rush 10 day supply. I will pay postman only $3.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.**
☐ **Rush 20 day supply. I will pay postman only $5.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.**
☐ **Rush 30 day supply. I will pay postman only $7.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.**

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SAVE MUCH MORE! Postal rates have gone up! Enclose ☐ cash, ☐ check, or ☐ money-order for ☐ $3.00, ☐ $5.00 or ☐ $7.00 and you save high postage and C.O.D. handling charges! Same money back guarantee

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**New, mild "Lysol"** won't harm your delicate insides. Cleans you thoroughly. Leaves you sweet and fresh. Try it.

**Discover new** daintiness. Be sure. Use "Lysol." Look for "Lysol" in the new safety-grip bottle. Use it regularly.

**To find out** how to douche the way *doctors* think best, send for *free* booklet (mailed in plain envelope). Write to: "Lysol," Bloomfield, N.J., Dept. DM-1058.




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**WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH**

# NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein

**FOR DRAMA**
*Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*
*Proud Rebel*
*The Defiant Ones*

**FOR ACTION**
*The Naked and The Dead*
*The Hunters*
*The Big Country*

**FOR CHILLS**
*The Fly*

**FOR LAUGHS**
*Your Past Is Showing!*
*Imitation General*

**FOR SENTIMENT**
*Andy Hardy Comes Home*

**FOR ROMANCE**
*Houseboat*
*The Parisienne*



*Liz Taylor holds on to husband Paul Newman with the tenacity of 'a cat on a hot tin roof' in the picture of the same name, also starring Burl Ives.*

## CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

**Elizabeth Taylor**
**Paul Newman**
**Burl Ives**
**Jack Carson**
**Judith Anderson**

*prize-winning drama*

▪ Big Daddy (Burl Ives) is worth about ten million dollars. He has a wife (Judith Anderson) he's never loved, and two sons—Jack Carson—who knocked himself out trying to please Daddy by studying law and getting married and having five children, but Daddy doesn't even know he exists—and Paul Newman—Daddy's favorite, who was a high school football hero and hasn't done much since except drink and tell his lovely wife (Elizabeth Taylor) to get lost. Liz wants her husband back and she hangs onto him with the tenacity of 'a cat on a hot tin roof,' and she doesn't want to be poor the way she was before her marriage. Burl Ives wants to live to be a hundred. He announces his medical specialist says he isn't going to die, as he had feared. Carson's wife (Madeleine Sherwood) is very much disappointed; she feels she's done her bit and deserves to inherit the estate through Jack. Everybody pretends to be joyous at Big Daddy's birthday party. Then Burl tries to bully son Paul about his loused-up life and Paul retaliates by blurting out the news that the doctor was lying—Big Daddy's going to die, and soon. When these two face the reality of themselves and of how they've failed each other the screen throbs with life. The acting throughout is excellent.—METROCOLOR, MGM

## YOUR PAST IS SHOWING!

**Terry-Thomas**
**Peter Sellers**
**Peggy Mount**
**Shirley Eaton**
**Joan Sims**

*low comedy in high places*

▪ Everybody's got a secret—but if you're famous and have a secret you're right up Nigel Dennis' alley. He's an urbane rat who's getting together a British scandal magazine called *The Naked Truth*. Apparently it's the truth, too. Wherever Dennis goes tipping off his intended victims—for money he'll clam up—suicide is likely to follow. Until he threatens middle-aged Peggy Mount—a celebrated novelist and current winner of a purity award. Peggy decides to murder Dennis—and tells her terrified daughter how to do it. Daughter goofs and stuffs the wrong body into a trunk. The body belongs to Lord Terry-Thomas, just another of Dennis' victims who, fortunately, revives. He and Peter Sellers, a boyish TV idol, separately and together try to end the menace of Dennis by ending Dennis, but nothing

works—not until they get nation-wide support from all of his future victims. It's an involved, hilarious plot full of highly comic characters. —RANK

### PROUD REBEL

**Alan Ladd**
**Olivia deHavilland**
**David Ladd**
**Dean Jagger**
**Cecil Kellaway**

*a Western with heart*

▪ All Alan Ladd has left after the battle of Atlanta is his young son, David Ladd. All David has left is his collie; the shock of the war has turned him into a mute. Father and son wander up to Illinois looking for a doctor. There they run into a couple of brutes who try to steal David's dog and get Alan locked up for disturbing the peace. His freedom is bought by Olivia de Havilland who runs a farm of her own, needs a hired hand and a little protection, although she has the character of a pioneer. In his desperation to gather more money for an operation, Alan sells David's dog, earning what seems like David's undying hate. The poignancy of a father's devotion and the faith that sustains him is beautiful and touching.—TECHNICOLOR, GOLDWYN.

### ANDY HARDY COMES HOME

**Mickey Rooney**
**Patricia Breslin**
**Fay Holden**
**Joey Forman**
**Sara Haden**

*soap opera time*

▪ Let me tell you, the city of Carver ain't what it used to be. Once Mickey Rooney was a love-struck teen-ager; now he's a family man. He's in Carver to buy land for a missiles plant. A newcomer to town proposes a shady deal to him and when Mickey refuses to go along, the newcomer manages to make everyone think that a missiles plant in Carver would be a catastrophe. Andy puts up a fight for what he believes.—MGM.

### RAW WIND IN EDEN

**Esther Williams**
**Jeff Chandler**
**Rossana Podesta**
**Carlos Thompson**
**Eduardo de Felippo**

*Jeff Chandler's island*

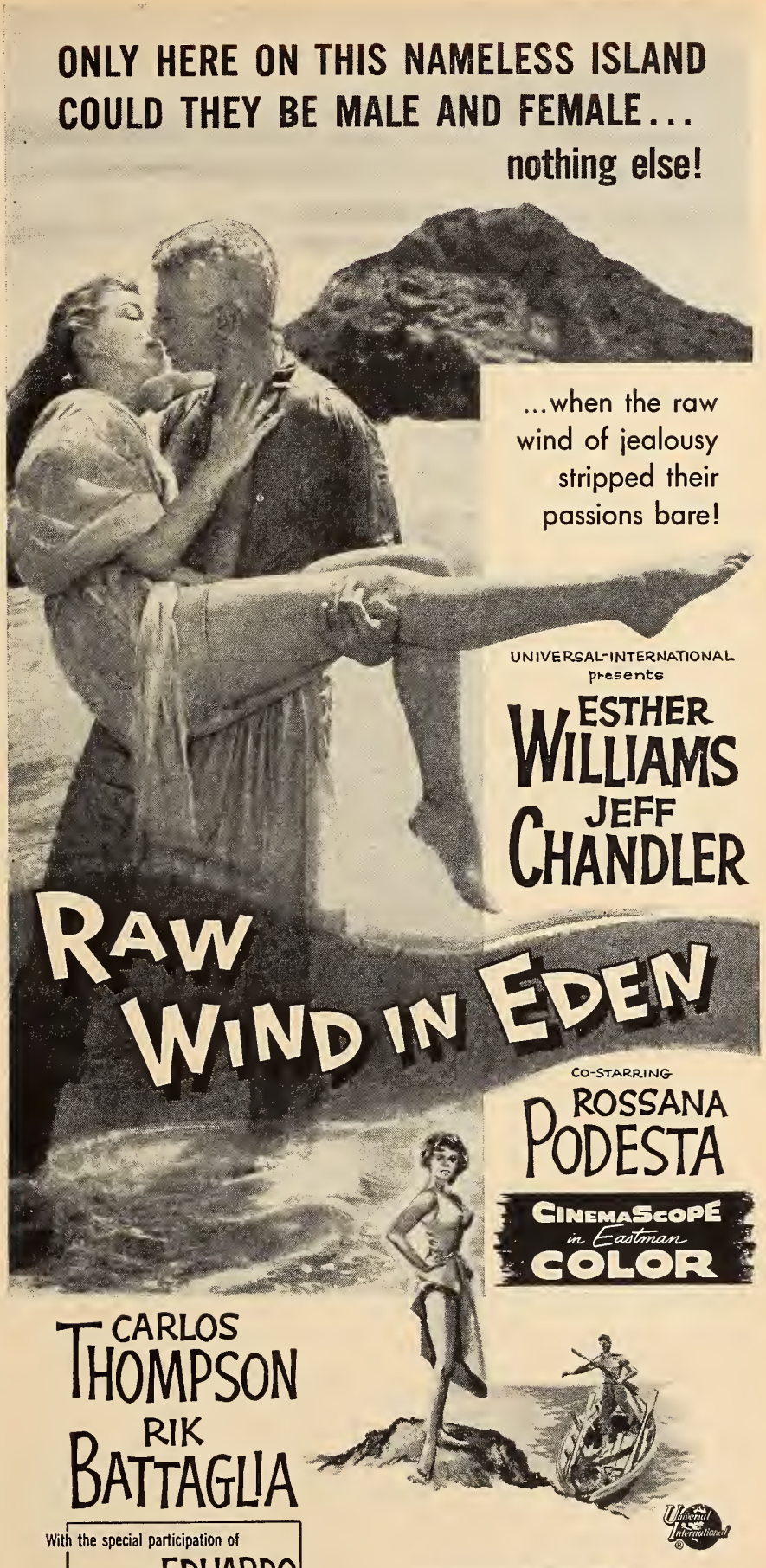
▪ Playgirl-model Esther Williams is out to get a man—so long as he has a few million dollars. Playboy Carlos Thompson attempts to fly her to Greece. En route their plane crashes into Jeff Chandler's Italian island. Chandler hates everybody—except peasant Eduardo de Felippo and his daughter Rossana Podesta who share his hut. In between hanging out petticoats—distress signals—and reclaiming an old yacht—Chandler's, Esther sets him straight. —CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

### THE DEFIANT ONES

**Tony Curtis**
**Sidney Poitier**
**Theodore Bikel**
**Cara Williams**
**Lon Chaney**

*Tony Curtis on a chain*

▪ How rough can it get for Tony Curtis who'd been a grease monkey all his life until he did something bad and wound up on a chain gang? Pretty rough. Now he is chained to Sidney Poitier, a southern Negro charged with attempted murder. The prison truck they're being transported in crashes and they escape—still bound together. The governor of the state isn't too worried; he figures that they're going to kill each other anyhow. He's not far wrong. Tony hates everybody; Sidney hates nearly everybody. The trouble is—if one dies the other's going to have a lot of dead weight to haul around, so they keep saving each other's life. When they reach the broken-down farm of Cara Williams, things change; a chisel breaks the chain, and Cara breaks the ice around Tony's heart. But what's going to happen to Sidney? Here's a lesson in brotherhood learned the hard way.—UNITED ARTISTS.

For the mother-to-be

# 51 gauge

## ALL-ELASTIC STOCKINGS

by Bauer & Black



**Guard against *varicose veins* this fashion-right way**

Pregnancy frequently increases the possibility of swollen legs and varicose veins. Don't take a chance—see your doctor. Chances are he'll recommend the sheer, new 51 gauge elastic stockings by Bauer & Black.

**Sheer yet all elastic**

These are the only full-fashioned, full-foot hose that employ the famous Bauer & Black principle of *all-elastic support* (with rubber in every supporting thread).

You get the support part-elastic stockings fail to give, and you get the sheer look of regular nylons, too. Ask for Bauer & Black stockings at drug, department, surgical stores.

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### THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

**Aldo Ray**
**Cliff Robertson**
**Raymond Massey**
**Barbara Nichols**
**William Campbell**

*war in the Pacific*

▪ According to General Raymond Massey, a good soldier is bred out of fear—fear of him and all the higher-ups. According to the General's aide, Cliff Robertson, men find their strength through the spirit of love—and if they don't, what are they fighting for? Sergeant Aldo Ray seems to be fighting for as many gold fillings as he can find in the mouths of dead Japanese; he's also fighting to forget his unfaithful bride (Barbara Nichols). And there are other soldiers—some are gentle boys like Richard Jaeckel whose wife's expecting, and Joey Bishop who wouldn't kill a bird, and James Best whose religious faith never fails him; some are jokers like L. Q. Jones who manufactures whiskey and carries a blanket on which is painted the luscious figure of chorus girl Lili St. Cyr; some are bitter or cowardly. All of them are here together on a Japanese-held jungle island. There's plenty of action in this movie which is based on Norman Mailer's best-selling novel.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

### THE FLY

**Patricia Owens**
**Vincent Price**
**Herbert Marshall**
**Al Hedison**
**Charles Herbert**

*fantastic science fiction*

▪ Old fashioned monsters are pretty compared to what's loose in this modern electronics lab—all because the scientist was careless. Vincent Price is not the monster; he's just a wealthy Canadian businessman. His brother (Al Hedison) is the man who likes to put everything he can get his hands on into a bottle. Well, not exactly a bottle—a big glass case that resembles a phone booth. Then he pulls a switch, hundreds of lights flash, there's a blood-curdling screech and—poof! Whatever was under glass is still under glass—but in the next room. As Al explains to his adoring wife, Patricia Owens, he's discovered how to disintegrate atoms and put them back together again. (However, a pet pussycat he disintegrates simply flies off into space, which is one up on the Russians.) So how come Pat calls up Vince one night and tells him she's just killed Al? And how come she spends the rest of her free time frantically looking for a fly—with a white head? I shudder to tell you; so I won't.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

### HOUSEBOAT

**Cary Grant**
**Sophia Loren**
**Martha Hyer**
**Eduardo Cianelli**
**Harry Guardino**

*full on the Potomac*

▪ Cary Grant has three kids—and they need a mama. Now Sophia Loren's father—famous conductor Eduardo Cianelli—won't let her out of his sight. So one night after a concert, Sophia runs away—and meets Grant's younger son. They both go to a fun park. Grant hires Sophia as a nursemaid. So there they are, all living on a houseboat. "That's a nursemaid?" screams Martha Hyer. "Yes," says Cary. He's got a lot to learn!—CINEMASCOPE, PARAMOUNT.

### THE HUNTERS

**Robert Mitchum**
**Robert Wagner**
**Richard Egan**
**Lee Philips**
**May Britt**

*thrilling adventure in the sky*

▪ During the Second World War Major Robert Mitchum was a flying ace. Ten years later, during the Korean War, he's a little older, but he hasn't lost anything. He even finds something—he finds beautiful May Britt sitting the war out in Tokyo while her husband, Lieutenant Lee Philips, is turning into an alcoholic because he thinks he's a coward. May's faithful to the memory of the man Philips was and asks Mitchum to look out for him. Mitchum gets Philips assigned to his jet squadron, which includes daredevil sharpie Robert Wagner. Between them Wagner and Mitchum clean up the sky; Philips finds himself blasted out of it over enemy territory. True to his promise. Mitchum parachutes after him. Wagner follows suit—and the three begin a tortuous escape. It's real he-man adventure with excitement in the sky and a sensitive unfolding of human character on the ground beneath. Robert Wagner, in an unusual role, is outstanding.
—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

### THE PARISIENNE

**Charles Boyer**
**Henri Vidal**
**Brigitte Bardot**
**Noel Roquevert**
**Madeleine Lebeau**

*the spicy life*

▪ It's spring in Paris—so Brigitte Bardot is madly in love. Her papa's the prime minister and in his cabinet is a fellow named Henri Vidal who has a file full of women, all kinds. But none of them chase him like Brigitte. None of them look like Brigitte, either, so it's hard to understand why Henri puts up such a fight. When papa finds Brigitte in Henri's bedroom—in fact, in his bed—he hauls out the shotgun. Now her only worry is to keep that husband faithful. When Prince Charles Boyer arrives on an official visit, Brigitte decides that a little jealousy won't hurt. Trouble is, Henri doesn't believe that she and the Prince flew to Nice together!
—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

### THE BIG COUNTRY

**Gregory Peck**
**Jean Simmons**
**Carroll Baker**
**Charlton Heston**
**Burl Ives**

*saga of the 1870's*

▪ When Easterner Gregory Peck arrives out in the big country he's a pretty picture in his top hat He's engaged to Carroll Baker, daughter of wealthy rancher Charles Bickford. Foreman Charlton Heston can hardly keep from trying to get Peck's goat—but that boy's a gentleman. Too gentlemanly, it turns out, for Carroll. But not for Jean Simmons. Jean owns land that has water on it. Bickford and Burl Ives are dying to buy the land. While these two feud violently with each other, Peck buys Jean's property. He plans to let everybody's cows soak themselves in the river, but everybody doesn't want it that way. There's plenty of action against some magnificent scenery.—CINEMASCOPE, UNITED ARTISTS

### RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING:

**A CERTAIN SMILE** (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): Christine Carere who's engaged to fellow-student Bradford Dillman falls for flirtatious—and married—Rossano Brazzi. Christine betrays her friendship with Brazzi's wife (Joan Fontaine) and goes off secretly with him for a week of bliss. After a week, Brazzi's ready to forget the whole thing, but not Christine; she'd rather hop in front of the nearest car than give him up. There's a lot of heartbreak before the main characters find themselves.

**INDISCREET** (Technicolor, Warners): NATO officer Cecil Parker produces a man—Cary Grant—for one lonely girl—Ingrid Bergman. But he's married—or so he says—and Ingrid thinks their romance is only a temporary one. When Cary is called back to New York, he bids Ingrid a fond farewell, but not before she discovers that he's really unmarried. What an explosion! The results are amusing and tender.

**IMITATION GENERAL** (MGM): When General Kent Smith is killed at the front lines, Glenn Ford thinks that someone ought to take his place, so he secretly elects himself. Buddy Red Buttons isn't so sure that it's such a good idea. Both Red and Glenn are quartered in Taina Elg's house, and that's fun. But when the going gets rough, Glenn pulls the men through. There's just one hitch—a certain private named Tighe Andrews wants to show Glenn up for what he really is—a lowly sergeant.

# THE BATTLING BEANS

*Editor's Note:*

You, lovely Mitzi Gaynor and you, husband Jack Bean, have often been called The Happiest Couple in Hollywood. We mention this because (one) we're awful glad for you and (two) we thought it might prove to be a real pain in the neck for us. You see, we wanted to do a story about you two for this issue. But we just didn't want any of those cootchy-coo, lovey-dovey, can't-bare-to-be-parted-a-minute jobs. So when we met you the other day—remember?—we decided to be ornery about it, and we asked, right off "Do you two ever argue?"

"Do we???!!!" you both laughed.

And thus began a session of the nicest, funniest, most refreshing husband-and-wife tattling we've ever sat in on.

Now we'd like to re-tattle about those arguments of yours.

Ready in your corner, Mitzi?

Ready in yours, Jack?

Sound the bell.

## ROUND ONE

TIME OF BOUT: *Last Christmas Eve*
ARENA: *Mitzi's kitchen*
ACTION: *Mitzi, just back from MGM Studios where she's completed a hard day's work on* Les Girls, *sits at the table poring over a recipe book. Suddenly, Jack—just back from his office—walks in. They* hi, *kiss then—*

JACK: What you doing?

MITZI: Honey, I nearly forgot, but our Orphans are coming over tonight. . . . (*The Orphans is the name Jack and Mitzi have given to all their unmarried pals*) . . . and I've got to prepare a buffet. I can order all kinds of cold stuff. But we've got to have something hot, too.

JACK: We do?

MITZI: (*pointing to book*) Oh boy, here it is. Mushrooms *à la Ritz*—hot and easy. (*She scans recipe for a moment. Closes book.*) Darling, if you didn't garage the car yet, let's drive down to Farmers' Market *toute suite*. I've got to pick up seven pounds of mushrooms.

JACK: Seven *pounds*? Are you sure?

MITZI: Darling, have I ever mis-read a recipe?

JACK: You sure have.

MITZI: If you're referring to my spaghetti sauce last week, I think it's much better to have had extra than not enough.

JACK: A whole gallon extra?

MITZI: Please, Jack. Our Orphans are due in a couple of hours.

JACK: (*taking her hand*) Okay, Mommy. *Forty minutes pass. Mitzi is back in the kitchen, happily peeling the mushrooms.*

JACK: I haven't seen that many of those things since I was a kid. We boys used to climb a hill near the house called Mushroom Mountain and—

MITZI: Oh Jack!

JACK: Mitzi, I know you never check recipes once you've read them but—

MITZI: I did once, and I felt restricted.

JACK: Yeah, I remember . . . But just this once, couldn't you check.

MITZI: (*making circles with her knife*) You're the most wonderful husband in the world. But will you please take care of








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# Rinses twice as clean...

the ice cubes and keep your nose out of my mushrooms! Besides, they shrink terribly after they're cooked and—
JACK: (*retreating*) Okay, okay—
*Another forty minutes pass. Jack, who's done a few pre-party jobs, returns to the kitchen. He stops short when he sees Mitzi, sitting with her face in her hands.*
JACK: What's the matter, honey?
MITZI: (*pointing to a sideboard*) Look.
JACK: (*He looks. There, in all its gigantic glory, in a round fat bowl, sits a skyscraper of—mushrooms.*
MITZI: (*miserably*) I cooked them and they didn't shrink as much as I thought. . . . And I checked the recipe just now and it said seven *ounces*, not pounds. You were right darling. You know what this means?
JACK: (*smiling*) I know. We'll be having mushrooms and chocolate pudding, mushrooms and yogurt, mushrooms and mushrooms—
MITZI: (*trying to smile back*) No, honey. It means I'm gonna become the most horrible recipe-checker you've ever seen. It means that after a while you're not going to know whether you married me or that old cook book there. It means—
*And though Mitzi goes on and on, Round One is virtually over. And the verdict goes, hands down, to Jack. . . .*

## ROUND TWO

TIME OF BOUT: *One night last month*
ARENA: *Jack and Mitzi's* TV *den*
ACTION: *Jack and Mitzi are watching a newsreel. The announcer says something about a Red demonstration in Tokyo.*
JACK: Hard to believe Tokyo's the second largest city in the world after New York, isn't it, Mitz'?
MITZI: Sure is. Because London is the second largest city.
JACK: Tokyo, Japan—my dear.
MITZI: London, England—my pet. Jack, you're so stubborn about facts. You know, someday we're going to have a big house, after we find time to move, and I'm going to stack one whole room with reference books and nothing else!
JACK: (*chuckling*) Should be fun. . . .
*A few nights pass. Jack and Mitzi are now watching* Playhouse 90. *After the first act, Jack nods admiringly and says—*
JACK: This director Frankenheimer—great, isn't he?
MITZI: The greatest.
JACK: Only twenty-six years old, too.
MITZI: Oh Jack, he can't be that young.
JACK: I said he's twenty-six.
MITZI: (*throwing up her hands*) Ohhhhh, if I only had those reference books. . . .
*A few more nights pass. Jack and Mitzi are watching the late show—an old Barbara Stanwyck movie this time.*
MITZI: (*in the middle of an exceptionally fine scene*) Golly, I've been nuts about Stanwyck ever since I was a kid.
JACK: Me, too. . . . Say, Mitz', is this the picture she got an Academy Award for?
MITZI: It's amazing, isn't it, but Barbara Stanwyck has never received an Oscar.
JACK: (*definitely*) Of course she has.
MITZI: (*just as definitely*) She has *not*.
JACK: Sez who?
MITZI: Sez me!
*Suddenly, Mitzi rises from her chair.*
JACK: Where you going?
MITZI: (*as she leaves*) The other day, darling, I cleared out one of my closets. Then I went to the bookstore and spent my whole darn allowance on some books—books with answers to questions in them.
*Mitzi is back a few minutes later. Triumphantly, she begins to read from a book.*
MITZI: Ahem. In 1927, the first year

Oscars were awarded, the prizes went to Janet Gaynor and Emil Jannings. In 1928, they were awarded to Mary Pickford and Warner Baxter. In 1929, Norma Shearer and George Arliss. In 1930—(*a few minutes later, concluding*)—and last year, in 1957, the winners were Joanne Woodward and Alec Guinness. (*She turns to Jack*). Well?
JACK: No comment.
MITZI: And, much as I love her, no Barbara Stanwyck. (*She kisses the book, then walks over and kisses her husband*).
*So ends Round Two, a victory for Mitzi.*

## ROUND THREE

TIME OF BOUT: *7:30 a.m., one recent Saturday*
ARENA: *Jack and Mitzi's bedroom*
ACTION: *Jack and Mitzi are fast asleep. The alarm goes off. Jack jumps out of bed as Mitzi opens one eye and asks—*
MITZI: Why up so early? It's Saturday.
JACK: Baby, last night at that party I met this fellow Joe Bigshot, remember? (*Joe Bigshot, by the way, is a fictitious name for a Hollywood bigshot named Joe Something-else*).
MITZI: Yes, I remember.
JACK: Well, he wants to see me about some business.
MITZI: On Saturday morning?
JACK: That's right. He asked me to call him at nine.
MITZI: But darling—
JACK: Never mind the but-darlings. I know how *you're* always late and—
MITZI: Jack, I'm only late because so is everybody else in Hollywood always late.
JACK: That's nonsense. You're late because you're a woman and women are never on time. Well, I'm a man and when one man makes an appointment with another, it's kept.
MITZI: (*going back to sleep*) Ha ha.
*Nearly an hour passes. Jack has shaved, showered, shined his shoes, etc. He's even rushed together a breakfast. At nine on the dot he picks up the kitchen phone and makes his call. . . . A few minutes later he walks back into the bedroom.*
MITZI: (*inquiringly*) Well?
JACK: (*indignantly*) Huh! I phoned. The maid answered. I asked for Mr. Bigshot. And the maid said, "Are you kidding, Mr. Bean? He won't be up till noon. Never is. Not even on weekdays." (*He turns to Mitzi, quickly.*) And don't *you* go saying "I told you so," either.
MITZI: But I didn't say a word, darling.
JACK: (*defensively*) You were going to.
MITZI: (*smiling and patting the bed*) Darling—come lie down for a while.
JACK: I'm all dressed.
MITZI: So?
*Jack thinks it over for a second, yawns, walks to the bed and plops himself down. And so ends Round Three, making it a two-to-one victory for Mitzi.*

## ROUND FOUR

TIME OF BOUT: *About 9 p.m., the following Friday*
ARENA: *Living room, bedroom, back to living room.*
ACTION: *Jack is in the garden and Mitzi is in the living room, on the phone—*
MITZI: (*into the receiver, struggling with her high school Spanish*) Oh *si, si. Nosotros* would be very *alegre* if you would come over, right away, *pronto. Si?* Okay? (*She hangs up*) Dear, that was that nice Mr. Gonzalez we met in Havana last month, remember? He just got off the plane and he's only going to be here overnight so I invited him here. I'm going up to get dressed, darling.
JACK'S VOICE: What for?
*But Mitzi is already gone . . . A little while passes and we shift now to the upstairs bedroom. Jack walks in, wiping his garden-soiled hands on a towel. He drops the towel when he sees Mitzi. She has changed from blouse and slacks to a strawberry-pink nylon chiffon cocktail dress. Tear drop pearls hang from her ears. Her hair is brushed back in the new angel fluff cut. She looks gorgeous. But Jack wants to know.*
JACK: Why all glitzed up, honey?
MITZI: Because we've got to take Señor Gonzalez out, that's why.
JACK: But honey. Señor Gonzalez has just flown to Hollywood from Havana. He's obviously tired. He phoned because he'd like to come over and see us for a while, and spend a *nice quiet* evening—right here at home.
MITZI: Really, Jack, I don't want to make a big magoo over this—but nobody spending one night in Hollywood wants to sit in anybody's *house.* I'm sure he wants to get to Romanoff's or Mocambo or the Crescendo—or maybe all of them.
JACK: Grrrrrrr!
*Hours pass. It's now 2:00 a.m. Jack, Mitzi and Señor Gonzalez sit in the living room. Jack and Mitzi look at one another. The señor is fast asleep in his chair.*
JACK: (*whispering*) He wanted to go out! When he arrived he said, "How nice to be in your house after such a long trip, a house where one can relax."
MITZI: Is that what he said?
JACK: *Si, si, Señora* Bean—that is what he said.
*They begin to laugh softly and move toward one another, snuggling up close, as Round Four ends—with Jack an easy winner this time.*

*Editor's Note*—again:

If our readers have been keeping count, they'll have noticed that the score is tied again—two rounds for you, Mitzi; two for you, Jack.

And maybe they'll agree that we should leave you two battling Beans at that.

After all, the important thing is that you were good enough sports to admit that—just like husbands and wives who *don't* live in glamorous Hollywood—there are times when you disagree about this or that little thing.

And that you're so crazy about each other that—unlike lots of people in glamorous Hollywood—you can be real Champs and admit it.

So you can put down your dukes now, Mitzi. And you can, too, Jack.

And yes, you *can* go off in a corner and clinch to your loving hearts' content! **END**


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# modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

# LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

**IN THIS ISSUE:**

★ **A Big Birthday Party**

★ **Introducing Millie Perkins**

★ **Inside Those Studio Feuds**



*"It's so good to be home," beamed Marilyn at Jimmy McHugh's birthday party . . . And it was certainly good to see my charming friend again.*



*Pat Boone's teenage babysitter nearly swooned at seeing so many famous stars.*

## I GIVE A PARTY

**"We'd love to come to your garden party for Jimmy McHugh's birthday tomorrow," Pat Boone** told me over the phone the day he and Shirley and the children arrived back in Hollywood, "But there are a couple of things I'd like to ask you first."

I laughed, "Ask me anything. Feel free."

"Well," Pat began laughing now himself, "we have two fifteen-year-old girls Shirley and I have brought out from the East who are young friends and baby sitters for our children—and could we bring them? I mean, the girls. Not the children. They'd get such a kick out of seeing the stars at your party."

"Of course, bring the girls," I told him, sincerely delighted to have the young teenage visitors.

Pat went on, "And another thing. Wednesday is the night our whole family goes to prayer meeting. Would it be too late for your party if we came after the meeting?"

I told Pat "Certainly not," and I was quite flattered when the wholesome Boone clan came to the party with the two charming teenagers early, left in a body for prayer meeting —and then came *back* for the rest of the evening!





*Dean Martin and Alan Ladd (above,) such gracious young men, talked about work, work, work . . . while lovely Dana Wynter and Hubby Greg Bautzer (left) beamed birthday greetings on Jimmy. The McGuire Sisters (below)—Christine, Phyllis, and Dorothy—chat with Anna Maria Alberghetti. And Dinah Shore looks fine.*





**More about the party.** After not having entertained in quite awhile, I found myself hostessing *two* parties within a month. The first I told you about last month honored my Hearst newspaper bosses. Then, some friends of mine, composer Jimmy McHugh, Mike Connolly (of the *Hollywood Reporter*) and hotel executive, Hernando Courtright all had birthday parties around the same day, so out came the umbrellas, the party chairs, and the decorations all over again.

The famous party-giver, Perle Mesta, happened to be in Beverly Hills from Washington, D.C. at the time, and when she arrived as my guest I said, "Honestly, I'm not trying to steal your thunder as 'the hostess with the mostest' ". Perle laughed and delighted me by staying right through cocktails for dinner and complimenting my help on their good food!

Another guest who caught every eye was **Marilyn Monroe,** back in Hollywood for the first time in two years. She, too, had arrived just twenty-four hours previous.

I've always found Marilyn to be a perfect darling, and to me there is no change in her personality. Outwardly, her hair is shorter and blonder (if possible) and she was wearing a tight-fitting black sheath. She was so gracious to everyone who met her and kept saying,"I'm so glad to be *home* again. You all look so well." We could return the compliment wholeheartedly.

**Dinah Shore,** with **George Montgomery** of course, was also in black, a sort of modified version of the chemise, in chiffon. She's becoming quite the social belle while she's vacationing from her TV show and those two teenagers Pat Boone brought nearly fainted with excitement when they met Dinah.

With the exception of Marilyn and Dinah, most of the girls wore white or summer pastels including **Dana Wynter,** Jeanne Martin (with the effervescent **Dean**), both in white, Sue Ladd, pounds thinner in a pretty eyelet linen yellow gown, **Ann Miller** in red and white polka-dot chiffon with matching shoes, **Anna Maria Alberghetti** in beige and brown linen and **Judy Garland** in a very Chinese-y outfit were as colorful as the flowers in the garden.

Judy, bless her heart, came after her rehearsal for her Coconut Grove opening ten days away. And, even after all that singing, she turned loose and gave us a concert with Jimmy McHugh and Nelson Riddle alternating at the piano that was just wonderful. She sang so many of the songs from her early days in vaudeville when she and her sisters were billed as *The Gumm Sisters.*

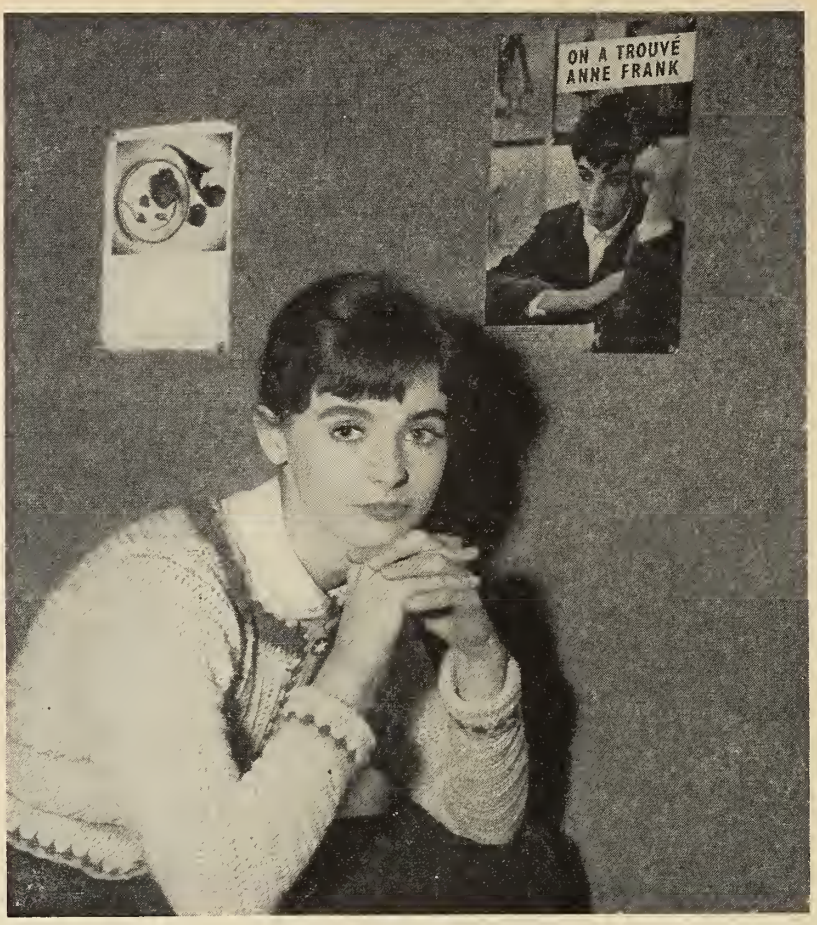
One particular song, *I'm Saving For A Rainy Day* brought tears to her eyes. "My Dad used to sing that," she explained, embarrassed. "It always makes me cry—I love it so."

If I've neglected the gentlemen guests, I haven't intended to. My young friend **Tommy Sands** was very much on hand—with his short, short haircut for his scenes in *Mardi Gras.* And I had quite a chat with **Alan Ladd** who tells me he's tired, tired, tired, from so much picture making.

"Be glad you're popular and working," I kidded him.

"Don't worry," he breathed with gratitude, "Every time I get so tired I can hardly stand up I keep telling myself, 'Lucky me!' "

And, when it was quite late and everyone had gone home after such a gay evening, I found myself echoing Alan's words and thinking how lucky I am to have so many wonderful friends.




## I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—

**I nominate for stardom—Millie Perkins.** She's the girl who, without an ounce of previous dramatic experience (other than modeling) won the starring role in *The Diary of Anne Frank* and set all Hollywood to chattering that even famed producer-director George Stevens would have his work cut out for him making of a star of a complete novice.

That's before Millie's daily rushes started coming through the projection room. The results are—either George is one of the greatest star makers in the world. Or Millie was the greatest undiscovered natural talent for acting.

A shy youngster of eighteen, with dark hair and huge hazel eyes, she's now being termed a young Audrey Hepburn at 20th. Although her role of Anne is sheer tragedy, I found she has quite a sense of humor when I talked with Millie on the set.

She told me, "The day Mr. Stevens told me I had won out over hundreds of other girls for this great story, I celebrated by stopping in a drugstore on my way home and having a soda. On the stool next to me was a pretty girl I'd never seen before but who was very friendly and said, 'They're looking for a girl of your type for *Anne Frank* at 20th. Why don't you try for it?'

"Without thinking, I blurted out, 'Oh, I already have the part.' You should have seen her expression! She thought I was the biggest liar in the world—and I don't blame her."

Born in Passaic and brought up in Fair Lawn, New Jersey, Millie began her scant career as a juvenile model for clothes and before she was fifteen was posing for covers on teenage magazines, *Glamour*, *Seventeen* and *Miss*.

George, who literally had been combing the world for a girl to play Anne saw her picture on the cover of *Seventeen* and sent a talent scout to contact her. That's how easily the big break came to Millie Perkins who is now on her way to stardom.



**There's never been such pre-production heckling** as is going on between 'sex kitten' **Brigitte Bardot** and **Frank Sinatra,** scheduled to make *Paris By Night* early in '59.

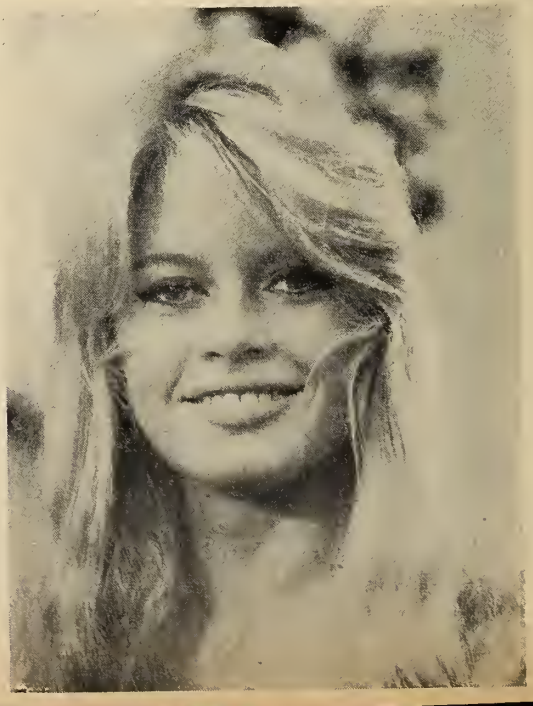
The French charmer, said to be pouting because Frankie by-passed a visit to her enroute to Monaco on his recent trip to Europe, is quoted as saying, "He will fall in love with me, naturally. But I am immune to singers."

And, in far off Hollywood where we have heard much about Brigitte 'worrying' pounds and pounds off her co-stars, producers and directors with her temperamental antics, Frankie says:

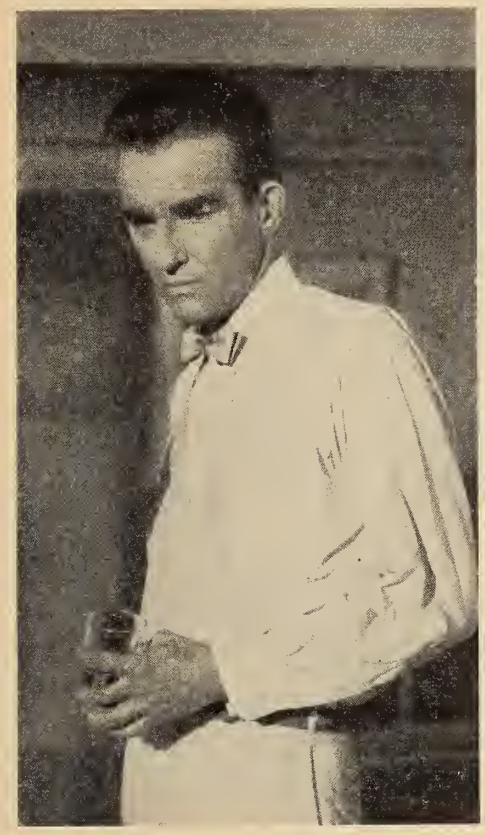
"If anybody loses weight it's gonna be *her!*"

Well, this should be something to watch!

*Brigitte Bardot is certain that Frank will fall head over heels for her . . . But Frank has other, different ideas.*



# OPEN LETTER to Monty Clift:



I hear that when you met Dore Schary, before you signed a contract for his *Lonelyhearts* you said to him:

"Do you think I'm crazy? Do you believe all those printed stories that I behave strangely, that I will hold up your production and cost you much money in production delays because of my eccentricity?"

And, Dore's answer (as repeated to me) was, "If I believed any of that I would not have signed you. I have great respect for you as an artist and as a person. I believe you will give a fine performance in my picture. I like you, Monty."

And then I hear that you reached across the desk and shook hands with Dore and said, "Thank you for your confidence. You won't regret it."

Good for you, Monty. That's the right idea. Like Dore Schary, I like you. I think you are one of the finest and most sensitive young actors on the screen. And I know you to be a loyal friend to people you really admire, like **Liz Taylor** and **Dean Martin.**

But there's one thing I wish you would get out of your mind and that is that the press is your enemy. Did you read the brilliant reviews on your work in *The Young Lions*? They must have more than made up for some of those exaggerated magazine stories in which some of your personal eccentricities were overemphasized.

Hollywood had great respect for you as an artist and we of the press would like to know you better as a person.

How about holding out your hand to the press, just as you did across that desk to Dore Schary, and say, "Let's be friends and understand one another." You'll be surprised at the response.



**NATALIE WOOD**



**BILL HOLDEN**



**DEBBIE REYNOLDS**



**GLENN FORD**



**JIM GARNER**

**Fussin', Feudin' and Fightin'—** There's been plenty of it going on this month among some top stars and their studios.

**Natalie Wood** (on suspension at Warners) says: "I may never work again. I've worked hard ever since I was a child and I have found my greatest happiness being **Mrs. Robert Wagner.**" Nobody believes that Natalie will never work again, including Natalie and Warners. What she wants is a raise.

**Bill Holden** says: "I consider that my contract with Paramount has expired and that I am a free agent." Paramount says he still has six pictures to make for them. This dispute has gone to court for clarification.

**Debbie Reynolds** says: "I'm disturbed that MGM hasn't sent me a script I like in over a year. Until something comes along that will really advance me in my career, something more than a cutie-pie part—well, I love being free to be with Eddie and the children." (This isn't a serious feud and I'm betting Debbie is back before the cameras by the time you read this).

**Glenn Ford** says: "The role Columbia offered me in *The Last Angry Man* is secondary to that of Peter Ustinov who plays the doctor. So I refused it." Columbia argues that Glenn's role is not secondary and that he himself asked to make this particular picture. Meanwhile, he can't work anywhere else until the battle is settled.

**Jim Garner** (doing the movie *Up Periscope* between his *Maverick* TV episodes) says: "I'll reluctantly live up to the contract I signed with Warners five years ago. It wasn't a good one, but I signed it. I think the studio is stupid not to give me a new deal."

**Clint 'Cheyenne' Walker** says: "I'm going back to farming. No more 'Cheyennes' under the present set-up."

**Fess Parker** (on suspension from Walt Disney for refusing to do *Tonka*) says: "I don't know what will happen. Perhaps it will be settled by my doing another story. I don't want to be unreasonable." And knowing Walt, I'm sure he doesn't either.

Over a period of many years I have made it a point not to take sides in these career arguments. As the old cliché goes, there are two sides to every problem.

But I do say that these long drawn-out cold wars benefit no one! Staying off the screen for long stretches at a time is not good for any actor or actress.

And the studios which have spent so much money building up these personalities are robbed of the financial return they should realize on their investments when said investments are not appearing in pictures.

The sooner these things are settled, the better for all concerned.



**FESS PARKER**

**PARTIES, PARTIES, PARTIES**—and certainly few of us have seen a more dreamy one than the *Midsummer Night's Dream* affair which millionaire movie producer C.V. 'Sonny' Whitney and his bride Mary hosted at Romanoff's. Shakespeare himself would have gasped in admiration of this veritable fairyland.

All the women guests were asked to wear only pastel gowns. Only the pastel flowers and colors were used in the decor. Each table was covered with a pale pink, blue or lavender cloth over which was draped silver or gold net. The centerpieces were small lamps banked with sweet peas, yellow roses and misty green foliage over which butterflies of silk and sequins were suspended.

The long bar was banked by a garden scene of flowers, giant toadstools and flying elves!

Sonny and Mary received their guests under a fantasy tree of carnations shading from lavender to purple representing the tree under which Titania and Oberon courted. 'Twas a sight to see, my friends.

"I've never seen anything so lovely," **Jennifer Jones,** looking like a dream herself in a white Dior gown, said to me. "What a nice setting for David **(David Selznick)** and me for our ninth anniversary!"

Adding to the beauty of the evening, in various shades of pastel colors I saw **Merle Oberon,** who flew in from Mexico City just for the party; **Mrs. Gary Cooper, Dana Wynter, Irene Dunne, Mrs. Jimmy Stewart, Joan Fontaine, Dolly O'Brien, Mary Pickford** and many Los Angeles socialites, all with their respective husbands, of course.

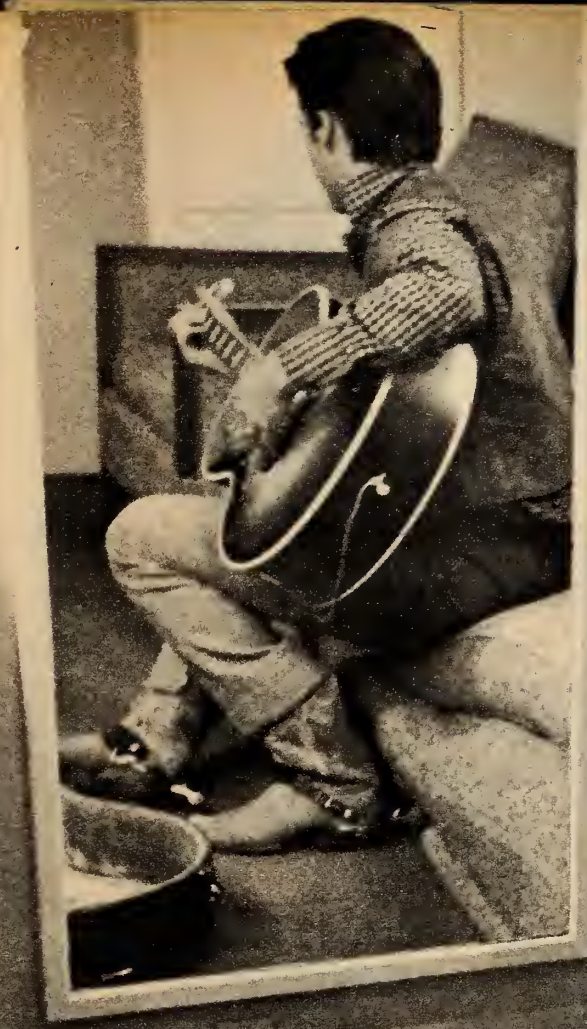


*Judy Garland, and two friends take an exciting whirl in a barrel, as the bottom slowly but surely drops out from under their feet.*





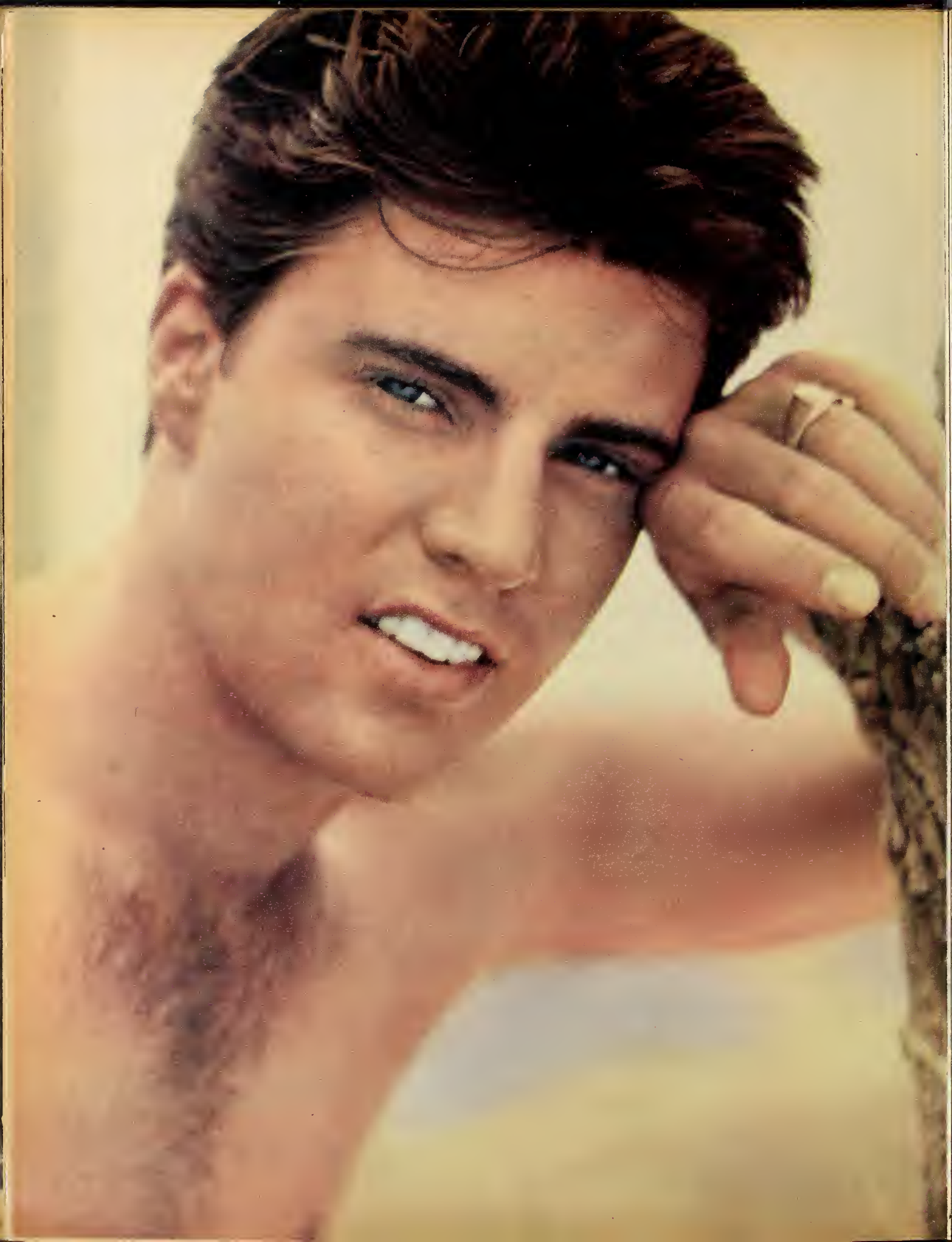
*Lauren Bacall (left) admires the lightbulb on the end of Chuckles the clown's nose. But Shelley Winters felt that enough was enough . . . And so she decided to sit down and take it easy for a while.*





**Until now, stories about RICKY NELSON have been closely screened by his agents and his dad. Recently, MODERN SCREEN determined to pierce the curtain of censorship and find the truth. We went to the people who knew Rick best—the kids he grew up with, THE KIDS IN HIS OWN GANG. In our opinion, what they told us adds up to THE FIRST REALLY INTIMATE STORY ever published about Ricky Nelson—the most talked-about teenager in the world today.**

please turn the page





## RICKY'S GANG TALKS

# the Uncensored ricky nelson story

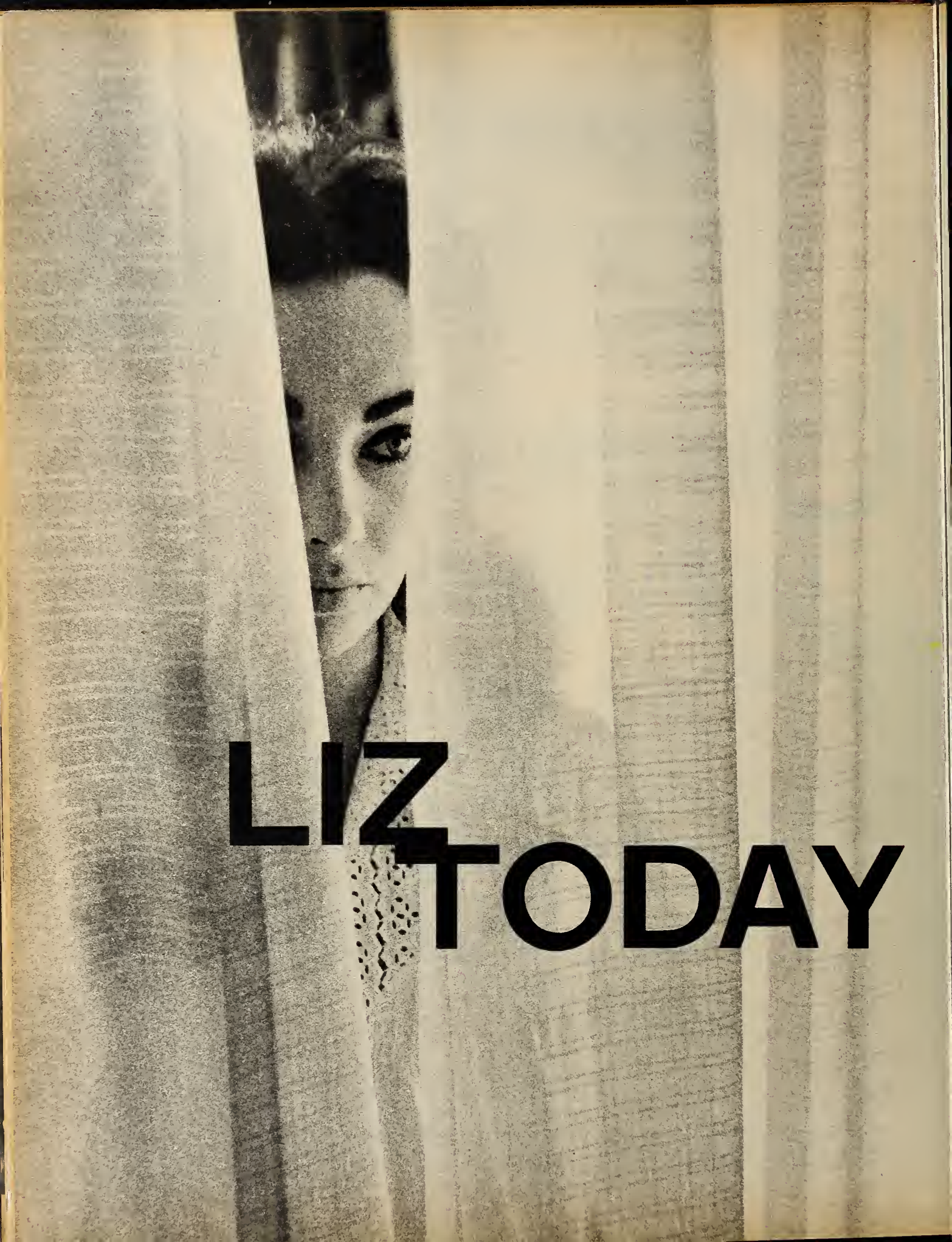


*Bruce Campbell, Forrest Stewart, and Terry Donnally—three of Ricky's closest friends—gave* MODERN SCREEN *the lowdown.*

Blonde, blue-eyed Terry Donnally (see picture on the right) flew in from Honolulu on Friday. She planned to fly to Dallas on Sunday. Hearing that the gang was finally talking about Rick, she gave up her Saturday to lend a hand. Terry is typical of the gang. Through the Los Angeles Tennis Club and Hollywood High, she and Rick have shared the teens together.

"When I read these stories on Rick, I get sad. People just don't know him. One thing they definitely know," she grinned, "is that Rick likes hamburgers, malts and girls. It's true. But there's a lot more to Rick than that. Our group went through this fame thing with him. None of us took it seriously—his first record I mean. Before that he was just one of us. Oh, we knew that he was on TV, but he played it casual and so did we. His work didn't have anything to do with our social life. I can remember a couple of times when we had a party on the night *The Adventures of Ozzie* (*Continued on page 81*)

*by Dee Phillips*


LIZ
TODAY

The nights are still bad for Elizabeth Taylor. It would be a lie to say they are not painful. Her children still waken from time to time to the sound of her muffled sobbing, carrying faintly through the darkened house. Her servants still leave their beds at night to warm a glass of milk, to carry a pill to the bedroom where Liz lies moaning, dark hair tumbled on the pillow, eyes closed tight against the nightmares that will neither let her sleep nor wake.

But the days, one by one, are growing better.

One by one, they are bringing life back to Liz—life in the laughter of her children, the comfort of her friends, new sights, new work, new hope.

"I love and care for Liz dearly," said one of these friends, Roddy McDowell, recently. "She is a girl of great courage and humor—and tremendous spirit. She is fighting to stay alive as a human being, not only for the sake of her children, but also for the sake of her own life."

Not many people know it, but it was Liz' sister-in-law, her brother Howard's wife, who gave her the courage to begin that fight.

And she did it, not by treating Liz with kid gloves as everyone else had been doing, but by almost slapping her face!

It happened only a short time after the funeral. It had been a bad week. Liz, the children, the nurses, had flown to Palm Springs as soon as Mike was buried. It was a tragic error. She and Mike had almost lived in Palm Springs; everywhere she turned she saw him. They had had to bring her back after three days, on the verge of a complete breakdown. After that she was under sedation a good deal of the time, emerging only to sob hysterically, to refuse to eat, to talk brokenly of being only half a pair of scissors without Mike. Over and over she would moan, "Why wasn't I with him? Why couldn't I die with Mike?"

Until at last, the doctor would put her to sleep again.

Whenever she was awake, friends clustered around her—her brother, Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman, Mike Todd, Jr., Helen Rose, Eva Marie Saint, Sidney Guilaroff, Arthur Loew, Jr., Debbie and Eddie Fisher. Debbie came daily with news (*Continued on page 58)*

## THE PEOPLE AND THE LOVES THAT MADE HER SMILE AGAIN



Debbie took care of Liz' children Michael and Chris for her



Eddie made her stand bravely in front of the world, and smile



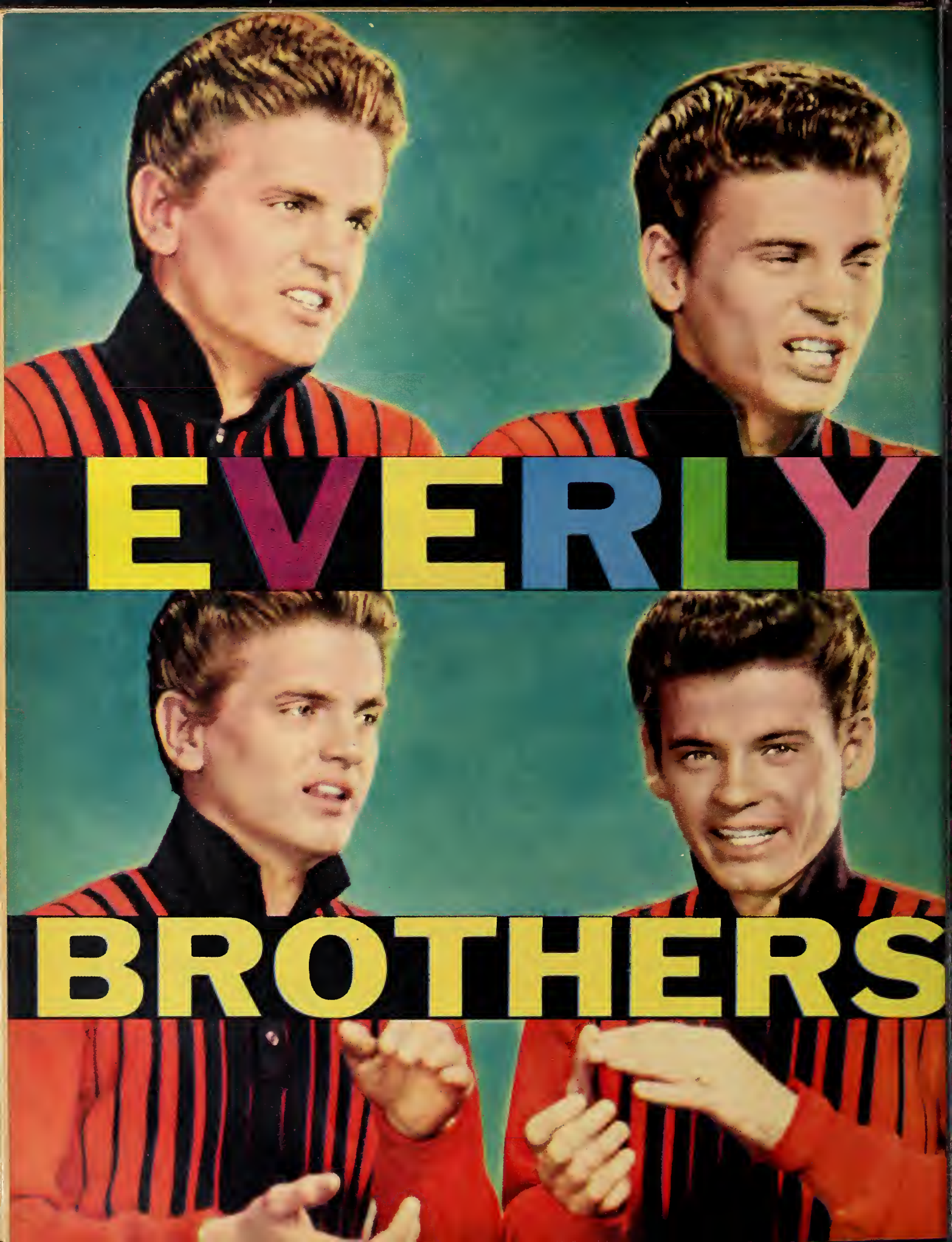
Mike Todd, Jr. found her a place to live without unhappy memories



Monty Clift gave her the courage to fly again, to laugh again



Arthur Loew, Jr. brought Liz to his ranch to rest


EVERLY
BROTHERS

*by Paul Denis*

PHIL Everly was a spindly blond six-year-old, but he knew how to tell a joke.

"Dad, I've done a good deed today."

Dad said: "Fine, Phil . . . what did you do?"

Phil: "You're going to be proud of me . . . I kept two boys from fighting today!"

Dad: "I am proud of you, Son! Now how did you keep those two boys from fighting . . . and who were they?"

Phil: "It was me, and another boy . . . and I ran away."

Audiences laughed, and Ike and Margaret Everly were proud of their little boy just as they were proud of their older boy, Don, eight, who sang so well.

It was 1945, and Phil and Don had joined their parents' musical act. It was no longer Ike and Margaret Everly in spirituals and country songs. It was now The Everly Family, in songs, snappy sayings, bass fiddle thumpings, and geetar plucking.

It was the year the Everlys had settled in Omaha, Nebraska, for the season. They always quit touring during winter so that their growing sons could finish their school term in one place. Then, during weekends and summers, the family would get into their jalopy and tour the mining towns and farm areas around Kentucky, Ohio, Nebraska, Tennessee and Oklahoma. They would entertain at festivals, weddings, church socials, revival meetings, country music jamborees, picnics and street corner political rallies . . . anywhere they could earn some money for food and lodgings.

**You can live on spaghetti,**
**walk in pain,**
**play on a broken guitar—**
**None of it matters**
**if you have faith . . . .**

It was a precarious life. But Ike Everly could not forget how he had worked in the same mine in Ohio County in Kentucky as his father had . . . how he had drifted from one back-breaking job to another . . . and how he had, finally, found some measure of happiness when, in 1932, he joined a band of country musicians in need of a guitarist. Soon after that, he had married the girl next door, Margaret Embry.

Each year now, the Everlys would drive from one small radio station to another, asking for an audition. Once they got the job and settled in that town, they would stick it out until the boys finished their school year. They were like gypsies, periodically looking for new work, driving their much-repaired jalopy, carrying a cooler of milk and home-made sandwiches so they wouldn't have to spend (*Continued on page 63*)




*by Doug Brewer*

NATALIE AND BOB were just about to take off on their honeymoon. There was late-afternoon sunshine. There was shining white rice. There was the sweet sound of music that still flowed from the reception room behind them. There was a lot of smiling, too, and oohing-and-ahhing and everybody was behaving just the way you're supposed to behave at the end of a beautiful wedding.

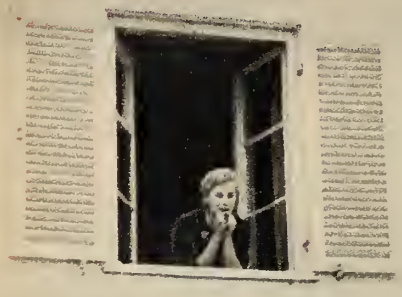
Everybody but Nat's pretty little sister, Lana, that is.

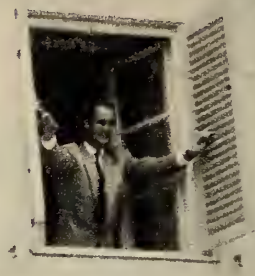
Not that Lana meant to say the wrong thing to the snoopy newspaperman. But, like Nat, she'd been brought up to be an extremely honest girl. And so when the man with the pencil and pad took her aside and asked her what she thought about her *(Continued on page 74)*



# THE MYSTERY OF MARIA SCHELL

*As we write this, the internationally famous movie star, Maria Schell, (Yul Brynner's co-star in* The Brothers Karamazov*) has disappeared somewhere in Europe. Here, for the first time in any American magazine, is the full, strange life-story of the little Swiss blonde who found suddenly that she had to pay a terrible price for having her dreams of stardom come true....*





A few months ago, Maria Schell burst like a bombshell across this country—across the world—in *The Brothers Karamazov*. She was hailed as the most beautiful, the most exciting, the most talented actress to come out of Europe since Garbo. For weeks, all you heard were people singing her praises, all you saw in the papers was her incredible smile, her wide blue eyes, her brushed-gold hair. She gave press interviews, talked of her new Hollywood contract, introduced her husband, German director Horst Haechler, to everyone, chattered about how she might play opposite Charlton Heston in *Ben Hur*.

And then—she disappeared.

It was as if she had vanished off the face of the earth; it was as if she had never been. A newspaperman in Europe claimed to have seen her, to have been told that she was going on a vacation with her husband—but she said that even *she* didn't know where.

And that was all. The broad, radiant smile was gone—and no one knew where.

But a few people knew *why*. Why this girl who had dreamed and fought all her life to reach the top should disappear the moment she got there. Why this frail blonde who had traveled across war-torn Europe, pretended to be a Communist, almost lost her lover, made enemies right and left in pursuit of her dream—should walk out on it now, should hide from the world that acclaimed (*Continued on next page*)

*by Héloise La Nouvelle*









*The day Maria married Horst Haechler should have been the happiest day of her life. But voices all around her insisted, "It won't work—the wife more famous than the husband!" Yet it did work, blissfully . . . for a while.*

her to be such a great actress.

Here is the answer to that question.

It began on her wedding day. . . .

April 26, 1957—a shining, beautiful, glorious day. She woke up before six that morning and already the sunlight was filtering through the curtains and warming her room. Around her, the house was quiet—but in another hour there would be footsteps and voices. Her mother's voice: "Sshh, children—let your father sleep another half hour. Please let him get some rest."

Her father's voice, a low rumble: "Nonsense, I'm up. Let's go nudge the bride—"

It was so good to be here, to have them fussing around her, making plans, laughing, teasing, bringing back her childhood. *I'll shut my eyes for just another minute,* she thought. *Today I'm entitled to dream. Today all dreams come true.*

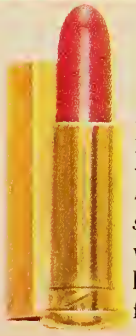
It was well after nine when they woke her up, and she opened her eyes smiling. "Has anyone spoken to Horst? Are his folks all right? They'll be here on time?"

"Everyone's fine," her mother assured her. "Everything is ready—you must get dressed."

"Of course," Maria agreed. She threw back the covers, ran to the window. "Oh, a perfect day," she breathed. "Everything just like I've wanted it all my life. Sunshine, our old priest to marry us, the Meadowchurch—oh, beautiful. And nobody knows a thing about it but us. Everything (*Continued on page 69*)




Now! A moist, glowing lipstick that gets more brilliant as you wear it!



Max Factor hi-fi Lipstick

©1958, MAX FACTOR & CO.

IF YOUR LIPSTICKS lose their life and fade away, MAX FACTOR has developed your perfect lipstick! *Hi-Fi* glides on . . . clearer, truer, sparkling . . . and *stays* sparkling! Even gets more brilliant as you wear it. Because *Hi-Fi refreshes* its excitement! You'll love it in exciting new Sparkling Scarlet and 12 other fabulous shades by MAX FACTOR. 1.25 plus tax.

# confessions of hugh o'brian's private secretary



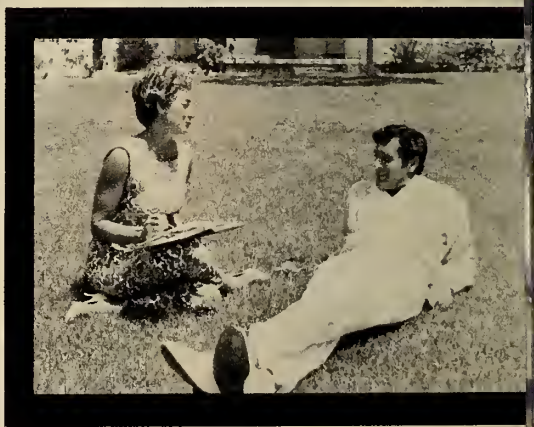
by goody levitan

■ The sun was bright and warm. My boss, Hugh O'Brian, leaned back in a deckchair beside the Beverly Hills Hotel pool.

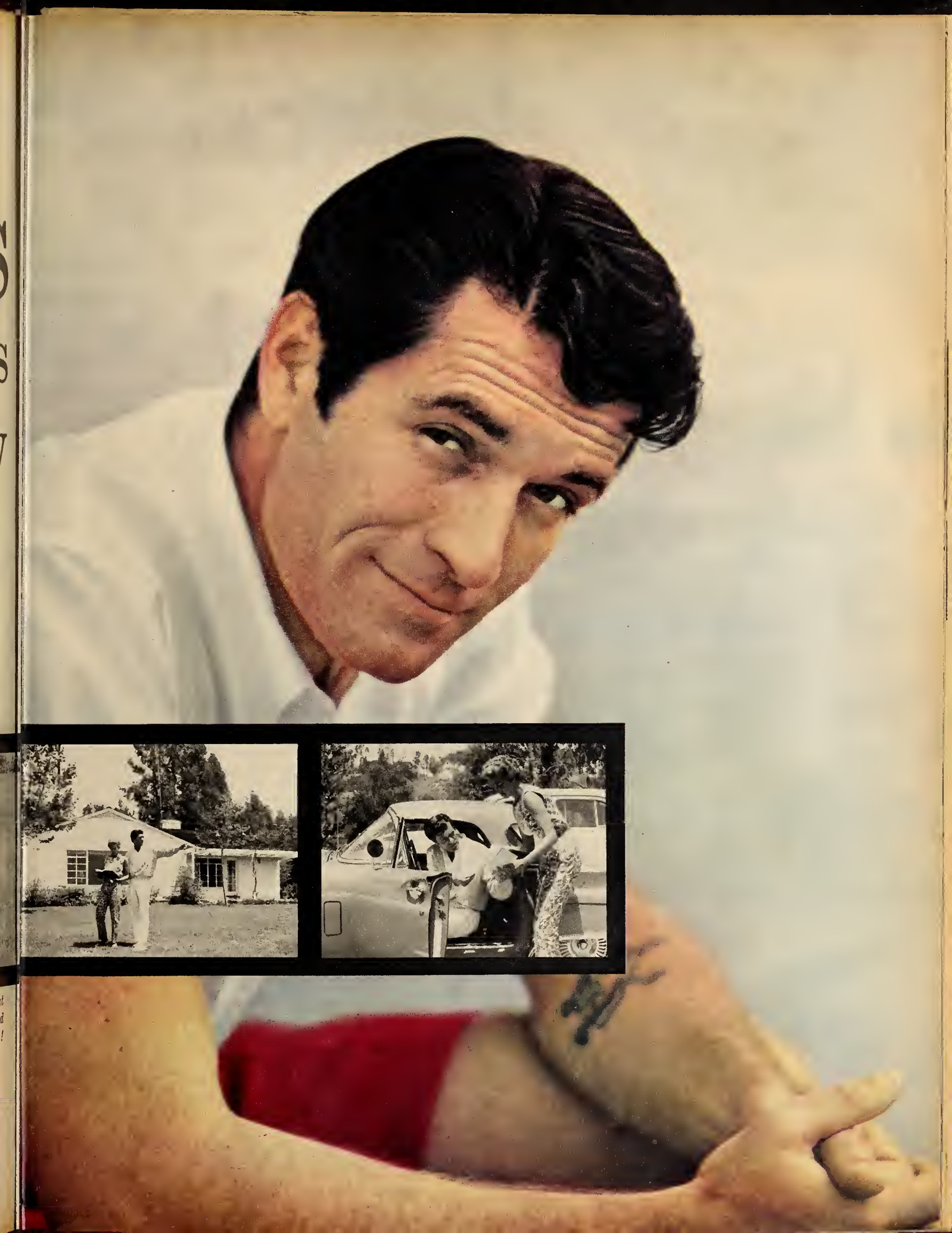
Both of us were dressed in bathing suits, our usual working garb for hot afternoons. Hugh usually gave me his dictation while lounging around the hotel pool.

As I took down a letter to a lawyer in Chicago, Hugh suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence. I didn't have to look up to know the cause. "What's she look like?" I grinned.

"Keep your mind on your work, Goody!" he ordered. But his was no longer on it and when I followed his glance my eyes came to rest on a shapely blonde who was nicely filling out the briefest bathing suit I've ever seen. Two seconds later Hugh dove into the pool and shortly afterwards happened to come up where (Continued on page 72)



*As Hugh's private secretary I've picked out his house, his dates, and I've even saved his life. Believe me, it's a full time job!*





as told to George Christy

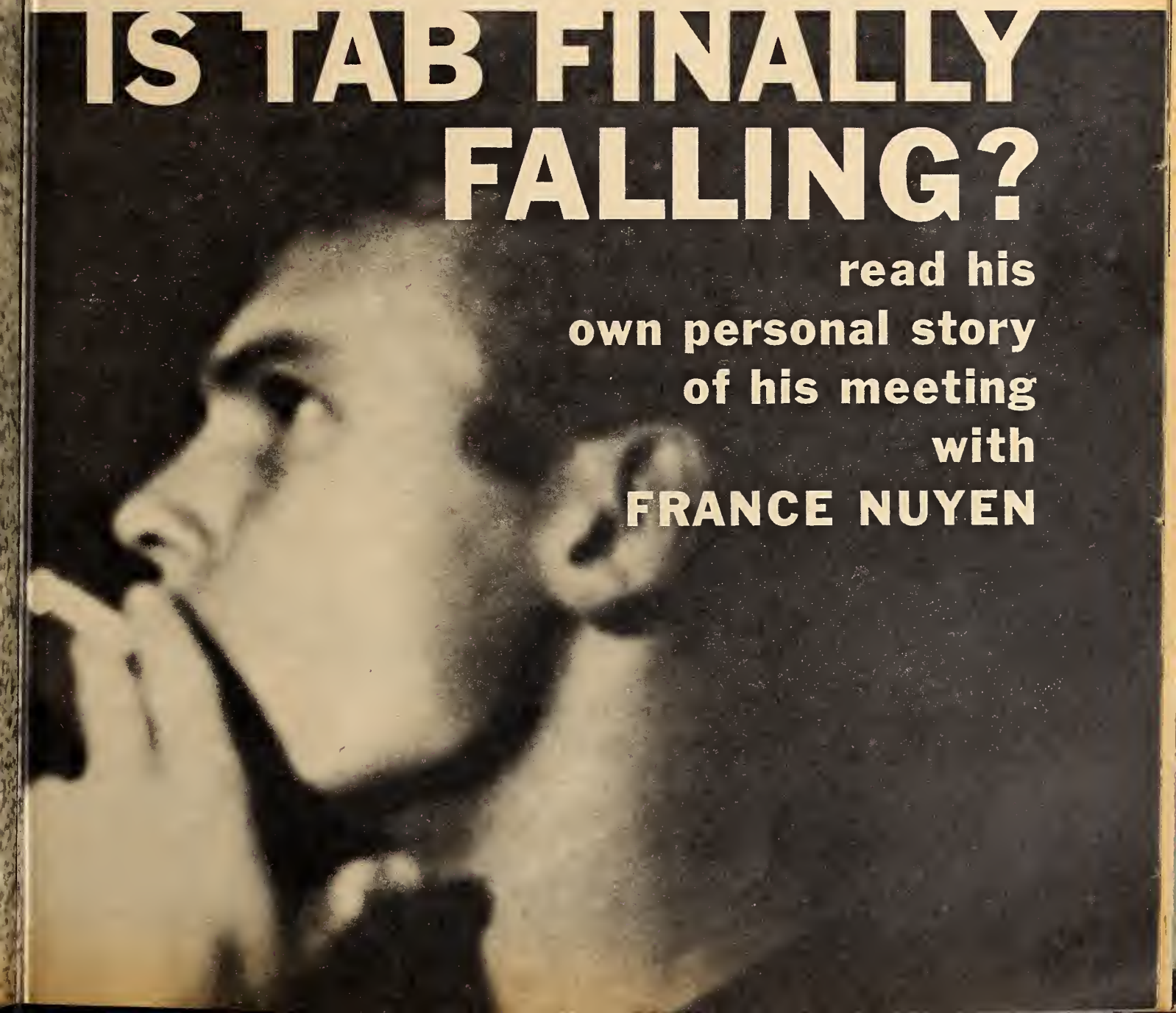
You know something important's happened to you if you can't put a girl out of your mind. Lots of times when you go to do something, there she is—like a ding-a-ling bell in your brain, calling you. Some nights you can't fall asleep without her whispering an imaginary good-night. Some mornings you wake up and right off—a little sleepy, perhaps—there she is again, haunting you and beckoning with a smile.

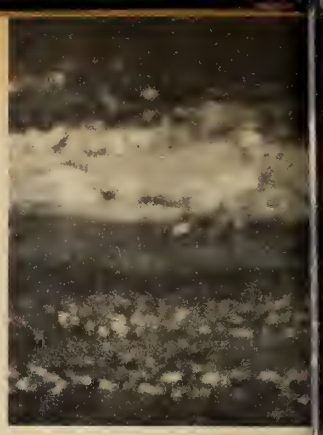
Is this the way love sneaks up on people? I don't know. But let me tell you a story of what's happened to me. . . .

I first met France Nuyen on the 20th Century-Fox lot. Dick Clayton—he's my manager—asked me to drop by with him to see her. France was getting ready for the première of her movie, *South Pacific*, which (*Continued on page 61*)

# IS TAB FINALLY FALLING?

## read his own personal story of his meeting with FRANCE NUYEN





NEVER BEFORE TOLD

# DICK CLARK'S SECRET INSPIRATION

*Without a tragedy 15 years ago, Dick might never have found the great happiness he and his family now share ...*

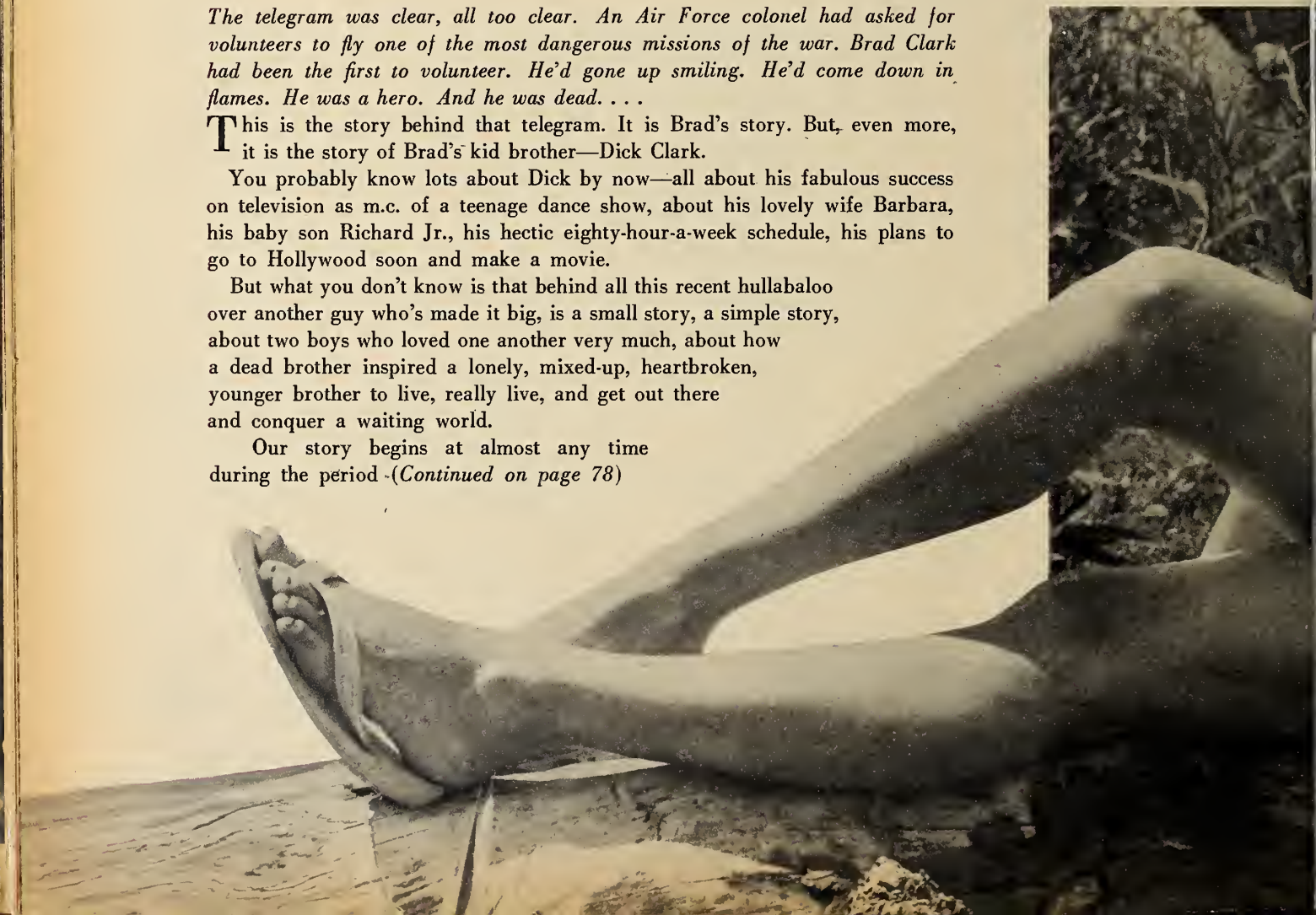
*The telegram was clear, all too clear. An Air Force colonel had asked for volunteers to fly one of the most dangerous missions of the war. Brad Clark had been the first to volunteer. He'd gone up smiling. He'd come down in flames. He was a hero. And he was dead. . . .*

This is the story behind that telegram. It is Brad's story. But, even more, it is the story of Brad's kid brother—Dick Clark.

You probably know lots about Dick by now—all about his fabulous success on television as m.c. of a teenage dance show, about his lovely wife Barbara, his baby son Richard Jr., his hectic eighty-hour-a-week schedule, his plans to go to Hollywood soon and make a movie.

But what you don't know is that behind all this recent hullabaloo over another guy who's made it big, is a small story, a simple story, about two boys who loved one another very much, about how a dead brother inspired a lonely, mixed-up, heartbroken, younger brother to live, really live, and get out there and conquer a waiting world.

Our story begins at almost any time during the period (*Continued on page 78*)





# SHOULD INGRID BERGMAN, ABOUT TO MARRY FOR THE THIRD TIME, BE CONDEMNED OR FORGIVEN?

*An old friend of Ingrid's helped us decide.*

I'd like to remain anonymous . . . because I misjudged Ingrid and I'm one of her closest friends. I've known Ingrid as long as anyone in Hollywood. But it's sad how easy it is to make that kind of error. . . .

We were in France, twenty-five miles out of Paris, in a village called Choisel. I had driven there with Ingrid in time for lunch—and it hadn't been a nice drive. Stiff and cold, I sat beside her and watched the quiet French countryside roll by. I didn't want to talk to Ingrid or to see her.

True, I was one of the ones who thought she had done the right thing when she left Peter Lindstrom. I had been in her house, had heard his harsh, cold voice talking to her, had seen him with my own eyes countermanding things she told her little girl, making it plain that only he was boss around here. So when Ingrid ran away and the storm broke loose over her head, I stuck up for her, loud and clear. But now, this! To have her marriage to Rossellini turn out to be nothing much after all. To have him chasing after other women, leaving her. And then to have Ingrid instantly—*instantly*—pick up with another man, plan another marriage, go skyrocketing off again—well, it made a farce out of her whole life and all her loves. *It made fools out of all of us who had believed that what she found with Rossellini was so beautiful and rare that it was worth defying the world and* (*Continued on page 76*)




A HEART-TO-
HEART TALK*
WITH JAYNE

# *...about a blessed event



*Nothing could have made Mickey and me happier than the news that we were going to have a baby.*

**US** *We're so happy for you. We know how much you and Mickey have been hoping for a baby. When did you first know the good news?*

**JAYNE** On April 10, just before I left for England, my doctor in Beverly Hills confirmed the wonderful news.

**US** *But the story didn't come out until four months later. How did you manage to keep the secret for so long?*

**JAYNE** I swore my doctor to secrecy. I told him I wanted a good baby doctor. I made two visits to the doctor in disguise. You'd never have recognized me, for no one did! By the fourth month I hadn't gained a pound and I started wearing sack dresses —for obvious reasons. Mickey and I kept our secret—such a very personal precious one, just between the two of us!

**US** *How did you break the news to your daughter Jayne Marie?*

**JAYNE** Well, that was a disappointment. I had hoped to tell Jayne Marie one night at our special bedtime—I always take her on my lap and we talk and confide to each other. I sing her one of three lullabies—and then when I kiss her good-night, we exchange a secret.

But before I had a chance to tell her, she heard the news flash on the radio.

**US** *Was she pleased?*

**JAYNE** She was so excited. She ran to me, and kissed and hugged me, and then to Mickey and kissed and hugged him. And she kept saying, over and over, "I just can't believe it is true. I want a baby brother!"

**US** *And you? Are you hoping for a boy?*

**JAYNE** I just want a *baby*. I don't care whether it's a boy or a girl.

**US** *Do you think Mickey would prefer a boy?*

**JAYNE** Mickey has never said, but I can't help but feel—he being so masculine and athletic—that he would love a son. And I'd like to think of him as Mickey Hargitay The Second.

**US** *You're not worried that Jayne Marie might feel just a little jealous . . .?*

**JAYNE** Jayne Marie is so delighted about having a baby coming to us that being jealous has never entered her pretty little head. I have read in my child-care book about a first child's reaction to the arrival of a second child. So already I have been careful to make Jayne Marie feel that this new baby is equally hers.

Last night when I sang her lullaby, she whispered, "I'll help you bathe the baby, Mommy, and I'll help dress the baby and I'll take such good care of the baby." I thought she was asleep—but no. For suddenly her eyes popped open. "Mommy!" she exclaimed. "We'll have the baby for Christmas."

**(continued on next page)**



**JAYNE** continued



**US** *You're looking so well and radiant. Your happiness certainly shows!*

**JAYNE** Our baby is the glorious fulfillment of our marriage. It is the God-given enrichment of our lives. I went through thirty-six hours of labor with Jayne Marie, but I am sure that now —since I am in top physical health and I am emotionally secure and happy— it will be wonderful. I am not afraid —the reward is so much greater than the pain you go through. I am not dieting. I have learned to eat correctly and for health since I met Mickey.

**US** *Then you're not concerned that your fans will consider you less glamorous now?*

**JAYNE** Having a baby is the most beautiful thing in the world. I don't believe that my fans will find me unglamorous. Today's Paris fashions—the sack, trapeze and the new waistless Empress Josephine with the high bust and belt and flowing skirts—are just perfect for me. And America's Mr. John's Gainsborough collection is made to order. As soon as the news of the baby was out, the telegrams of congratulations started pouring in. And after our wedding, we received thousands of letters of congratulations and more than half said they hoped Mickey and I would be blessed with a baby soon.



**US** *And your parents—they must be thrilled.*

**JAYNE** Mickey and I longed to tell my parents our precious secret right away—but long-distance wires have a way of not keeping secrets. But when I did call, Mother said, "You must come right home to us in Texas. We can hardly wait to see you. And of course I'll be with you when the baby is due."

**US** *How many children would you and Mickey like to have?*

**JAYNE** We hope to have at least four.

**US** *Was your studio upset at your pregnancy? Will your picture schedule have to be changed?*

**JAYNE** We finished *The Sheriff Of Fractured Jaw* early in my pregnancy. In fact, I got over my morning sickness when we were in Spain on location for it. The baby is due December 5th, and I have a picture scheduled to start the last of December.

The studio was pleased with my news. I think they expected it, for we gave them warning by saying we wanted a baby. Studios are not heartless, for they are topped by people, people who are understanding—and who have babies of their own. 20th Century-Fox is wonderful to me.

**US** *How do you feel about breast vs. bottle feeding?*

**JAYNE** I hope to breast-feed my baby—for that is the natural way. And I'd like the 'rooming-in plan' in the hospital, so the baby can be with me right from the time of birth. That is as it should be. Oh, I'm so happy. I have everything a girl could wish for. A sweet daughter, a wonderful, wonderful husband . . . and soon, a precious new baby. Having a baby is a woman's greatest blessing and the richest fulfillment of her creation. **END**

Time takes care of some heartaches but others have to be conquered by you yourself. The stories that follow are of young people who hated where they were, or what they were, or the way the world treated them. So they changed themselves, and they changed their worlds. Maybe one of their stories will apply to you . . .

# A SPECIAL SECTION

# you can beat these TEENAGE HEARTACHES

CAROL LYNLEY:
they called her
"square"



DICK SARGENT:
he thought he was
"too rich"

MARK DAMON:
he knew he was
"too poor"



DIANE JERGENS:
they called her
"stuck-up"

PAUL ANKA:
they called him
"pest"





# DICK SARGENT: "I was a MESSED-UP RICH KID"

*With June, Dick fought loneliness.*



In a few months a movie called *Bernardine* would be released and a fellow named Dick Sargent would be a star. The fan mail would begin to pour into 20th Century-Fox studios. People who had previously nodded at him would rush up to him and greet him.

But for now Dick Sargent was still an unknown. And he was pretty new to Hollywood. And he was a pretty lonely guy.

He felt even lonelier the first time he saw June Blair.

He'll never forget that morning. There he was at the studio, sitting in the drama workshop class along with about a dozen other newcomers, listening to a director talk about the finer points of this technique and that, when the door opened and she walked in.

She was, right off, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

The director stopped long enough to welcome her and introduce her to the class. Then he pointed in Dick's direction and said, "Miss Blair, will you take that seat next to Mr. Sargent?"

Dick watched her as she walked towards him and smiled.

Now Dick is not a pushy-type guy. He is far (*Continued on page 55*)



# DIANE JERGENS: "They called me STUCK-UP"



*Peter is the love Diane thought she'd never find.*

In another few weeks Diane Jergens will be a bride. MODERN SCREEN will be at her wedding to Peter Brown; next month we'll be bringing you the pictures of that wedding and the love story that goes with them. We know already what you'll see—a radiant, beautiful bride—a gloriously happy moment.

But this month we are telling you a different story—the story of Diane's years of being unpopular and misunderstood . . . years so bad that they might have poisoned her whole life—might, indeed, have kept her from ever falling in love, ever marrying. It's a painful story, but we don't mind telling it now. For Diane is well on her way to happiness.

And after all—the happy ending is only a few weeks away. . . .

It was awfully warm in Minneapolis for the end of May, but Diane Jergens felt a little cold shudder go down her back.

"I just thought you'd like to know about Eddie," the girl told her nastily. "Not that I suppose you'll show up at the prom anyway. *You're* too busy trying to be a movie star. . . ."

And she turned and walked away.

So that was that.

Diane Jergens, fourteen years old, did her darndest not to cry. Not here, right in the middle of the main hall at Nokomis Junior High, anyway. Later, when she got home she would barricade herself in her room and turn the phonograph on loud, so that her parents couldn't hear her. Alone and miserable, she would throw herself on her bed the way she had every night for almost a month, and bury her head in her pillow. *(Continued on page 51)*

*by Linda Matthews*



# CAROL LYNLEY:

# "They called me a GOODY-GOODY PARTY-POOPING SQUARE!"

Carol Lynley is sixteen. She's beautiful. She's a successful model turned even-more-successful actress. She's on her way to earning more money than she can count without the help of an adding machine. She'd need that same machine to help her keep up with the number of date offers she gets every night of the week. One day last June she received twenty-seven prom invitations from college boys ranging from Yale to the Yukon—all promising expenses paid and a ball. She's got all this—and lots more.

And still, she's upset!

As Carol says, "I just wish some people would stop trying to make me into something I'm not. I mean, I was born Carol Jones on February 13, 1942, in The Bronx, New York, and only sixteen years have passed between then and now and yet some people won't be satisfied until I start acting like a glamour girl in my middle twenties with all kinds of marvelous stories to play up. They can't believe I (*Continued on page 65*)

*by Edward Tone*

# MARK DAMON:
# "I hated being POOR!"



It was a windy day, I remember—and whooing gusts of wind chased around the street corners and rattled the windowpanes of our crowded tenement in Chicago's tumbledown West Side. I hadn't started school yet. I was almost six.

My mother and I were waiting for the stranger. My baby brother Bob was sleeping in his crib.

"When the gentleman comes," my mother told me, "you behave like a gentleman. He's coming to help us."

My mother always tried to appear calm in front of us, but I knew she was upset, that things were bothering her. I had heard her crying at night for a couple of weeks, and I remember being scared everytime I heard her cry. She tried to amuse my brother and me with funny stories all day long, but at night when she went to bed and the lights were out, I'd hear her sobbing in her pillow and I'd go to her and ask what was the matter. And she'd say, "Nothing, my son, nothing. I'm only clearing my throat. I must be catching cold."

Although those winters in the late thirties were miserable winters,-long, bleak stretches of biting-cold weather that chilled you to your bones—my mother was lying to me. It wasn't a cold that bothered her. It was worry, and the fear (*Continued on page 66*)

*as told to Tony Stevens*

*RIGHT Sandra Meek, official hostess for Las Vegas sure didn't seem to want to get that brand new gold lamé swimsuit of hers wet, but Paul pulled her in anyhow! BELOW Rodeo Queen Sandra got her rightful revenge at last.*





# PAUL ANKA: "They called me a PEST..."



*Even at the Desert Inn, Paul has to pester someone—here Ed Sullivan and Sandy.*

When Paul Anka was a plump six-year-old lad in his home town of Ottawa, Canada, he discovered workmen laying sewer pipes in front of the Anka house.

He quickly brought out a water-filled bucket and floated a saucer in it. Then he urged the workmen to pitch pennies into the saucer. For every penny that stayed in the saucer, he would sing a song . . . and keep the penny.

Naturally, he also kept the pennies that missed the saucer.

That afternoon, he earned thirty-five pennies with this game.

When he was ten and vacationing with his parents at their friend Johnny Karam's hotel. in Gloucester, Massachusetts, he decided one day to entertain the guests in the dining room with imitations and songs. He was so charming, the guests threw coins to him, and Paul was not above picking them up. He picked up thirty dollars' worth of coins that way.

He began to learn, early in life, that there was money in entertaining folks. In fact, Paul Anka always knew it. "He was a going (*Continued on next page*)

concern from the day he was born," says his father, Andrew Anka, who ran a restaurant in Ottawa until recently.

Paul's home town remembers Paul as a big, lovable pest. "He hounded everybody who had show-business connections," says one of his Ottawa friends.

Paul's father sighs, "He would have gone off to New York at twelve, if I had let him. He always wanted to demonstrate his songs there."

Paul, born in Ottawa July 30, 1941, was baptized Paul Albert Anka. And from the time he could crawl, he chattered away and charmed everybody within reach of his pudgy hands.

An elderly neighbor, Harry Bradley, says little Paul fascinated him. "He would come over and sing and entertain us, and we would give him twenty-five or fifty cents. He liked talking to older folks; he was always so eager to learn. And he had confidence. When he was eight, he told me, 'Some day, Mr. Martin, I'm going to be a big name!' "

Andrew Anka says, "Paul always knew what he was saying and what he wanted."

There was the time Paul was ten and his sister Marion eight, and daddy bought a piano for Marion. When Paul wasn't busy with his paper route, he monkeyed around the piano. He bought a *How To Teach Yourself To Play Piano* booklet and learned to tinkle out a melody. His proud parents promptly turned him over to piano teacher Mrs. Winifred Rees. She spotted him at once as a budding musician. But, after six lessons, she suggested he drop out and come back only if he could have more time to practice.

Paul then went to Dr. Frederick Karam, who conducted the choir at St. Elijah's Syrian Orthodox Church, where the Ankas went Sunday mornings, and took lessons in music theory and voice. Paul took nine lessons, and dropped out. It seemed he couldn't stay (*Continued on page 77*)

*These teenagers don't think Paul's a pest. He was the hit of the party at* MODERN SCREEN'S *Helen Weller's house.*



# they called me stuck-up

(*Continued from page 45*) And maybe then she'd cry.

And why? Because Eddie had a date for the prom. Because with the dance only a week away and everyone in school dated up for it for months already . . . she had still hoped that maybe at the last minute, maybe Eddie would ask her. Not that she had a crush on him, not that he was particularly smart or nice or good-looking—not that she liked him, even. But he *had* spoken to her a couple of times in the hall at school, he *had* picked up some books she dropped, he *had* smiled at her one day.

When you're as lonely as Diane Jergens, that's enough to make you go home hoping, to iron the formal you bought so excitedly six months before, to think about corsages and moonlight dancing.

It's enough to break your heart when the dream doesn't come true.

Oh, there'd be plenty to cry about tonight.

Two and a half years ago, it hadn't been like this for Diane. Her crowd had been too young to really date then, but she'd had plenty of friends, lots to do. She'd been happy as a lark what with pajama parties and beach parties and a best friend to walk home with, giggling. Not to mention her singing and dancing—she'd been doing that since she was five years old or so, at charity affairs and civil functions, and sometimes even professionally. She had a whole slew of costumes and routines, and sometimes she'd get dressed up and do her act for the kids. They loved it.

But that was two and a half years ago, before the Variety Club in town told her she ought to be a professional and gave her mother and her a pair of tickets to Hollywood.

### "Stick around," they told her

They had gotten on the train, she and her mother, in a blaze of excitement, and ridden all the way to the Coast telling each other to calm down, don't get your hopes up, it's just a dream. But by a miracle, the dream had come true. Universal-International tested Diane, told her she was a second Shirley Temple. They changed her name from Irgens to Jergens and gave her a contract. They also gave her dancing lessons, singing lessons, acting lessons. "You'll be a big star eventually," they told her. "Stick around."

So Diane and her mother stuck. They moved into an apartment in the Valley and tried to keep busy. Because when they weren't busy, they were lonesome. Even Diane, in her daze of happiness and work, was lonesome for home, lonesome for friends, lonesome most of all for her beloved father. When the weeks stretched out into months and the months began to look like a year, Mr. Irgens, back in Minneapolis, couldn't take it either. He wrote:

*I'm finding someone to take over the business. I'm coming West. Diane has to have her chance.*

As far as Diane was concerned, life was pure heaven after that. She threw herself into her schoolwork and her practicing. She made friends among the other movie kids—kids who talked like old-timers about routines, and bits, and breaks. She wasn't exactly setting the world on fire—in fact, she'd scarcely been in front of a camera. But she didn't mind. She was learning.

And then one night, when a year and a half had gone by, her father read a letter aloud at the dinner table. A letter from home. The business, it said, needed him. The city missed his services as alderman. The bowling team wasn't the same without him. Wouldn't the Irgens please come home?

Diane looked at her father's face, at her mother's wistful eyes, and woke up suddenly from her year-long daze. Of course. She'd been blind as a bat. Maybe a neon-sign business wasn't very glamorous compared with movie-making—but it was the business her father had built up himself, in the town where he was somebody—and he missed it. And her mother—didn't she miss the familiar streets and people?

They had given up a lot to give her her chance. Now it was her turn to do something for them.

"I think we ought to go home," Diane said suddenly.

Her parents turned to stare at her.

She winked back the tears. "I miss the kids," she said quickly. "Honest I do. And it isn't as if I don't have all the time in the world. I can take lessons and practice just as well at home as here. You'll see. I want to go."

And that was that.

### How to be a celebrity

The Irgens went home. They dusted off their old furniture, and tried to pick up their lives where they had left them. For Diane's folks, it was easy.

For Diane, it was something else.

She went back to school, not in the grammar school she used to attend, but to junior high. She saw a lot of familiar faces right away. All the kids from her old school were there.

But the old feeling wasn't. At first the kids treated her like a celebrity. They deluged her with questions.

"Tell us about Marilyn Monroe!"

"Hey, Diane—you ever meet Rock Hudson?"

She was a little bewildered, but she figured it was natural—after all, everyone wanted to know about her favorite stars. So she dug back through her memory and came up with all the stories she could think of—of who patted her head, and who shook her hand. The kids were fascinated. Every time Diane tried to change the subject, to talk about what had happened at home while she was away, who was going with who—they steered her right back to Hollywood.

But when they talked about themselves, she was left out.

"Oh, you don't know him, Diane. He moved to town while you were away. It's such a long story, you'd be bored. . . ."

"No, I wouldn't," Diane would beg. "Tell me."

But the kids were too busy with their dates and their parties, their swimming and bowling, to let her catch up.

So, desperately, she would try to turn the conversation back to movie stars—anything, just so long as it included her. Until the day she overheard a couple of the boys in the hall. . . .

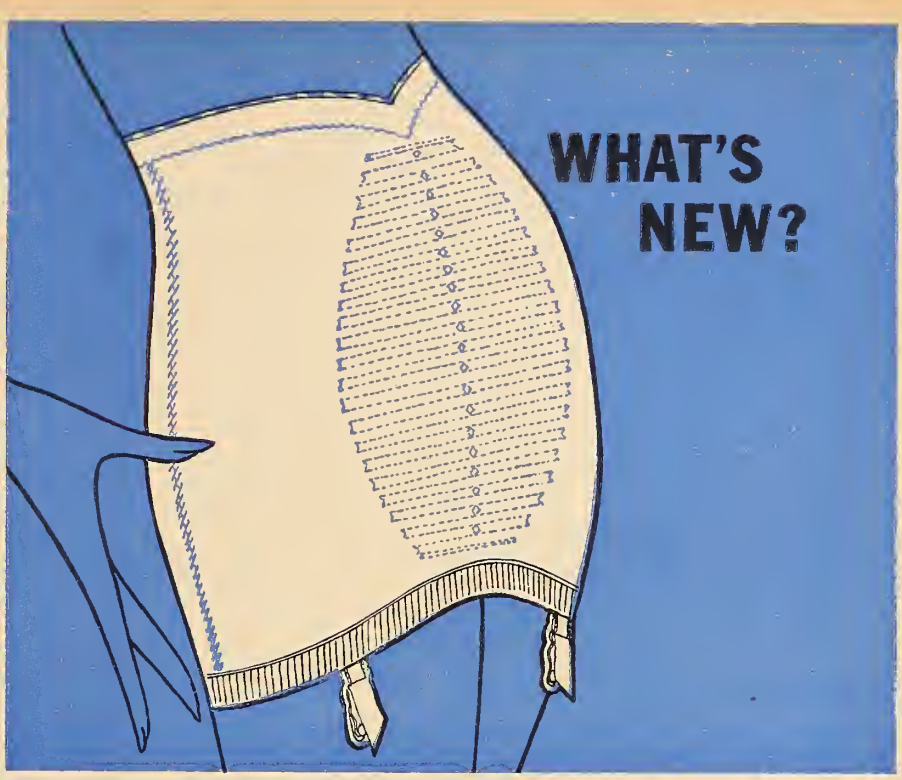
"Who, Diane? Oh, she's cute all right—but boy, is she stuck on herself. Movies, movies, movies, that's all she talks about. And a name-dropper, too."

Diane crept home, stricken. It wasn't true, it wasn't. But what could she do?

### Left out

She talked it over with her parents that night. Don't worry about it, they told her. It'll straighten itself out as soon as you get back into the feel of things. Besides, you'll be starting your dancing lessons soon. We found a wonderful teacher. That'll take your mind off it, honey. . . .

But it didn't. The dancing lessons were marvelous—she loved every minute of them, even loved her practice hours. But the invitations to (*Continued on page 53*)




You . . . looking at *least* a size slimmer in *maidenform's** exciting new girdle! It's Diminuendo*, with exclusive *stitched-control* panels fore and aft! No bulky set-in panels or seams — no bones about it! Airy nylon power net, girdle or pantie styles — 5.95 and 6.95.

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*All photos U.A.*

*new excitement in beauty* **the**

# BARDOT LOOK

Are you one who suffers a secret inferiority complex—about your figure, your beauty, your hair, even your look? In filmdom the stars meet these same fear challenges constantly. There is always the fear of the new star on the threshold—not only with more acting ability—but also with perhaps a better figure, a greater clothes sense, a more dynamic personality, or —a completely devastating new look! Brigitte Bardot is the new dazzling personality of this season. She is the toast of two continents and she has really brought a rousing excitement to gals—and to the world of feminine beauty. Don't miss her in *La Parisienne,* a United Artists release. Bardot may not be your answer to beauty but she is top stuff with the guys and has surely made all gals take a serious look in the mirror and reevaluate themselves. Bardot, and the (*Continued on page 64*)

(*Continued from page 51*) join the crowd at school came fewer and fewer now, and when they did come:

"Diane, we're going bowling on Tuesday. You want to come?"

Diane would bite her lip. "Oh, I can't—I have a lesson. Listen, couldn't we make it another day?"

"No. We always go on Tuesdays. Sorry."

And Diane would just stand there.

When things got too bad—when the girls forgot to save her a seat in the cafeteria, when their conversations stopped abruptly if she walked by, when they asked her nastily if she had a date for Saturday night, knowing the answer would be no—on those days, Diane found herself crying helplessly wherever she thought she could be alone—in the girls' room at school, in her own room at night. Sobbing quietly and miserably, and telling no one, because it wouldn't be fair, her parents had given her her chance.

Only—where did she, Diane, belong? Where would she ever belong if no one could like her, no one could even want to take her out for a coke.

She danced her heart out. She told her parents that it was practicing that made her look tired, too much reading that made her eyes so red. She might have fooled them forever, and retreated more and more into herself, if it hadn't been for one thing: The Irgens loved each other. Love gives a person a great deal of insight.

By the time the school year was over, they had found out what was wrong.

The prospect of her being a star, making lots of money, hadn't been enough to keep them there. But now, the knowledge that going back would give her her lost happiness—that was enough. They were taking Diane back to Hollywood.

They were on the Coast in time for the opening of the fall term at Hollywood High.

At first, when her parents told her they were taking her back, Diane had been stunned—then overjoyed—and then, terrified. All these months she had told herself she would be fine, if only she were back in Hollywood. Now she had to prove it. What if it wasn't so?

Then what an utter failure she'd have turned out to be!

Gone was the youngster who had bounced and bubbled with enthusiasm and happiness. It was a nervous, almost shaking Diane who started school the first day of the fall term at Hollywood High.

At first she was afraid to talk about herself, afraid to mention her career. She would pause at the edge of a group of chattering kids, listen a minute, and then walk away alone. Until the day she realized how much of the conversation was about acting, about career, about dancing teachers. Until the day she finally got up enough nerve to say something about the teacher she had had in Minneapolis—and to her infinite surprise and relief, the kids turned around to listen, to ask her questions, to discuss it professionally.

After that, she began to feel at home in the group—at least on a professional level. There she knew she could be respected. But personally—she was more scared than ever. It seemed perfectly possible to her that the only reason she was liked was for her talent, that as a girl she was still a dud. Every time a boy walked by, she froze. When one of the fellows stopped to talk to her, she found herself tongue-tied.

Her second year in school, she went out on a few dates and the dates were miserable. Diane couldn't think of a word to say. If the boys asked her about her career, she couldn't answer—she didn't want to be called a name-dropper again. If they didn't ask, she was sure they would have nothing to talk about—and so, they didn't.

Gradually, though, she began to get her confidence back. There were a few boys, she discovered, who seemed to see through her shyness, to help her come out of herself. They called for second dates, for thirds. Sometimes they would even ask her to go steady, and in gratitude and happiness at not having to worry any more for a while, Diane would accept. But she never fell in love, and finally she and the boy would go their separate ways again.

By her senior year in high school Diane had matured into a stunning blonde with a tremendous dancing talent, a beautiful singing voice and a promise from Jimmy McHugh to employ her when she graduated. She had loads of friends, plenty of dates—and was gaining confidence.

Her dates included 'older men' in their twenties and college boys. But she discovered that they didn't have much in common, that she was happier dating actors. It didn't make her feel insecure—she knew now that every guy is not for every girl.

And then the guy who *is* right for this girl came into her life—Peter Brown, the handsome young Warners actor who made such a hit in *Darby's Rangers*. They're engaged and soon will be married. They find each other fun, interested in the same things—and easy to talk to. They can tell each other outright when something annoys them; they expect a lot of each other because they're each ready to give a lot. They're in love and they know it because they don't want to hurt each other, or test each other—only to be together to be good to each other, to make a home as warm and loving as the Irgens' home was, during those bad, dead years when everyone was calling unhappy Diane 'stuck-up.'

**END**

*You can see Diane in* MARDI GRAS *for 20th Century-Fox.*


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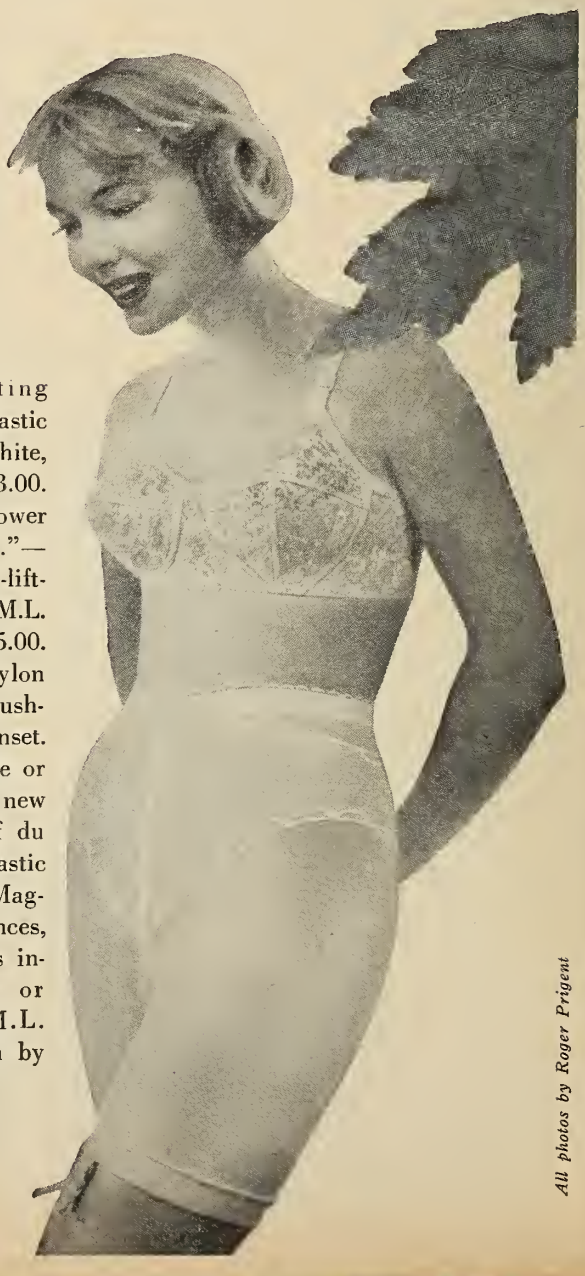
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# NEW FIGURE SHAPES FOR FALL

*News in fashion dictates the full rounded look*





*Left:* Perma-lift's self-fitting nylon lace bra. *Neveride* elastic band holds bra securely. White, black or burnt red. About $3.00. Perma-lift's sheer nylon power net girdle— "Stem-line, Jr."— has a special tummy and hip-lifting band. 15" length. S.M.L. White or black. About $5.00. *Right*: "Magic Push-Up" nylon lace bra with exclusive "push-up" foam section on Magic Inset. *Neveride* elastic band. White or black. About $5.00. The new "Stem-Line" panty girdle of du Pont Fiber K power net elastic (with no rubber) features "Magic Open Oval". Weighs ounces, controls miraculously. Dries instantly. Never wrinkles or shrinks. 15" length. S.M.L. White. About $12.50. Both by Perma-lift.

*All photos by Roger Prigent*

# I was a messed-up rich kid

(*Continued from page 44*) from pushy, in fact. But he made up his mind then and there that he would be very debonair about all this, turn to her as soon as she was settled and introduce himself.

He cleared his throat for the Cary Grant effect.

He turned, very slowly, the way Gregory Peck might have turned.

He was just about to say something when he caught June's profile and, unable to help himself, all he could say was "Wow!"

June turned now. "What was that?" she asked, pleasantly.

Dick gulped. "N-nothing," he said. "I just—" He knew now that he was beginning to blush and that his knees were beginning to shake.

He shrugged and turned away and he thought to himself, "Nuts—do I always have to goof?"

### Not really a goof-ball

Now Dick is not a goof-ball by nature, either. But there were times in the past when he just sort of fouled things up. And he remembered them, very distinctly and disgruntledly, now.

Like the time in college when he signed up for golf—and flunked the course!

Like the time, in college too, when he appeared as a spear-carrier in a play and fainted from the heat midway during a big crowd scene—to cries of "How far does a guy have to go to steal a scene?"

Like the morning when he was rushing out of the house to test for *Bernardine* and he fell down the stairs. And his dog, Orson, stood beside him, licking the daze out of his master's face, his canine eyes seeming to ask, "What's the matter, Boss, don't you ever do anything right?"

Dick shrugged again.

And then he sneaked another look at that gorgeous profile to his right.

And then he turned back to the front of the classroom and the director and all that talk about techniques.

But, he sat there with just two things on his mind. One was to quiet down those shaking knees of his. The other was to drum up every ounce of courage in his six-two-and-a-half frame and—come the end of the hour—turn to June again and ask her where she was headed and then say something like *Gee that's funny, I'm headed the same way. Can I walk you?*

It all might have worked out fine, too, *if* June hadn't jumped up from her chair as soon as the director gave the end-of-class signal and gone rushing out of the room.

Dick slumped back as he watched her leave.

And then he began to think things. He could see it all. There was a big white convertible sitting in front of the building right now, he figured. Behind the wheel was a guy, a good-looking guy with shiny white teeth and black wavy hair and the best sunburn this side of Malibu. He would wave at June, this skunk would, Dick figured, and she would wave at him and then she'd jump in beside him, maybe even kiss him, and then they'd be off to lunch at some swank little restaurant up on the Strip, a French place probably, with wine and *pâté-de-something-or-other*, just the two of them, all alone and very happy with each other.

Dick gritted his teeth.

"Nuts," he mumbled again.

And, lonelier than ever, he sat there, watching the others leave now, trying hard to forget about a girl he didn't even really know. . . .






It was a little before midnight that night when Dick reached for the phone alongside his bed. He'd been trying to sleep for the last hour or so, but it was no go. Everytime he'd close his eyes he'd see a face, a certain beautiful face topped by beautiful long auburn hair. He tried to forget that face, from early that afternoon. But that was no go, either. So now he reached for the phone and called a friend who knew everything and anything about Hollywood.

"By the way," Dick said, very casually, after a few minutes of forced chit-chat, "do you know June—what's-her-name—oh yeah, June Blair?"

"Sure," said his friend. "She's really something, huh?"

"I guess so," Dick said, so casual now that it hurt. Then he said, "I was just wondering—I mean I'm just asking out of curiosity—who does she date steady?"

"No one," said his friend.

"But the convertible—" Dick started to say.

"What?" his friend asked.

Dick cleared his throat and got back to the original subject.

"Oh yeah," his friend said. "Nice girl, Junie. She's not only good-looking. But she's smart. Only thing is she's a little shy. I remember trying to fix her up as a date for a pal of mine a couple of weeks ago. She said, 'Thanks, but no.' I could see she didn't like the idea of a blind date. Well, you know how some type gals are about these things."

"I know," Dick said, thoroughly approving of the type.

They talked for a few minutes more.

And then Dick thanked his friend for the information, hung up, snapped off the light, threw his head back on the pillow and grinned himself to sleep. . . .

It was after class the next day when Dick did it. He forgot about the debonair approach. He decided to let Cary Grant and Greg Peck remain alone in their suave niches. He knew only that he was Dick Sargent and that he liked June Blair and that he would like it very much if she would go out with him some night that week.

And so he asked her.

And so June looked at him with those greenest of eyes and smiled and said, "I'm very glad you asked me, Dick. I'd love to!"

### A fancy-shmancy premiere

Their date came about a few nights later. Dick wasn't taking any chances that June might get bored or not have a good time. So he arranged for them to go to the very fancy-shmancy black-tie-and-evening gown premiere of *Island in the Sun* and then to a big party at Romanoff's later.

Nothing, it turned out, could have been better or more fun.

Nothing, that is—Dick realized midway during the party—except being alone with June for a little while.

He kept the thought to himself.

But then, while they were dancing, June asked him, "Why so quiet?"

"Oh, I was just thinking," Dick said.

"About what?" June asked.

"About how I'd like for you and me to be on the beach now," Dick said, very honestly, "walking near the water in our bare feet and just kind of talking."

"Sounds nice," June said.

"It does?" Dick asked, suddenly standing still, there in the middle of the crowded floor.

June nodded.

"Well, c'mon," Dick said, taking her arm and leading her away—quick, before she changed her mind. . . .

It was a lovely night at the beach when Dick and June arrived. The moon, nearly full, shone bright and seemed to hold the ocean in place with a long silver ribbon it sent streaming over the water. The water itself was calm and lovely. The sand was warm. Dick and June took off their shoes and left them in the car. They held hands and began to walk.

They walked in silence, for a long, long time, till finally they came to a little hill overlooking the water. They climbed the hill and sat.

For a while longer, neither of them spoke.

Then, suddenly, Dick began to talk.

"You know, when I was a kid," he said, "I lived up in Carmel. The beach there is beautiful, even more beautiful than this. And when I wanted to be alone I used to come to a hill like this. And from it I used to look down the coast, at the rocks, at a nunnery way up on a higher hill—at the vastness, the ocean, the beach, everything. It made me feel real small and unimportant. But it made me feel good, too."

**The mad woman**

"I wish I'd had a place like that to go," June said, looking first at Dick and then down at the water. Slowly, very slowly, she began to talk about her own childhood —the same story she was eventually to tell MODERN SCREEN readers in the August '58 issue—about the poverty of those early years, about a mother who was too sick to take care of her properly and who turned her over to another woman, a mad woman as it turned out—a woman who for years beat and tortured and threatened her and very nearly ruined her life.

"Yes," June said again when she'd finished her story, "I wish I'd had a place like that to go to, a pretty quiet beach, a nice quiet normal life, a life like yours probably was, Dick—without any problems, anything to ever worry about or feel different about."

"I had problems," Dick said simply.

June smiled.

"Not like yours," Dick said. "But—"

He stopped. He looked away. He was silent now but it was as if he was asking *Why would you want to hear anything about me?*

June seemed to catch the quiet question. She brought her hand up to Dick's shoulder and held it there for a moment, till Dick turned back around to look at her again.

June, he saw, was still smiling. And it was the warmest, loveliest, most sympathetic smile he'd seen in a long, long time.

And slowly, very slowly, he too began to talk—as June had a little while earlier—about himself, about the people who'd been close to him, about the ups, the downs, the little and the big things that had happened to him through the years, the things that made him what he was right now, this minute.

"Everything was great up until the time I was twelve," he said, starting somewhere in the middle. "Until then, the family had money and we lived in one of the most beautiful spots in the world. I loved my dad. I loved my mom. I even loved my sister, Eadie, though I guess I thought I hated, loathed and despised her at the time. It was funny with Eadie because—though I couldn't be crazier about her now —my mom really favored me when I was younger. I guess it's because Mom had lost a son by a previous marriage before I came along and so her love kind of doubled up on me when I did come along. Eadie resented this. And I resented her resenting it. And so things weren't so good between us there for a while.

"But, anyway, things in general were still pretty swell. I had my family, my friends, my dogs . . . I had about everything a kid could hope for.

**A fabulous man**

"My dad was a fabulous man. He was only a high school graduate when he went into World War I as a corporal, but he came out a colonel by the end of the war. After that, he went on a self-study course and in a few years he was one of the smartest men in all of California. He did well from then on. Everything he did was good and profitable and just right. Until World War II started, that is, and he decided he wanted to go back into the service.

"I'll never forget the night before he was supposed to report back to duty. We sat around after dinner, talking. I was very proud that I was allowed to stay up late for such a special occasion, proud that my dad was going to go off to be a hero again. I remember being a little concerned about something my dad himself was concerned about—the fact that he'd been gassed a little in that first War and his heart had never been first-rate since and that he'd been taking special pills for the past few weeks to keep his blood pressure down for the physical he'd have to take at camp the following day. But still, to me, this was only a little something to be concerned about. What was important was that my dad, this dad I idolized, was off to do another good job and that he was allowing me to stay up late just so I could say good night to him.

"Except that that goodnight turned out to be good-bye. Because when I woke up


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Please check the space to the left of the one phase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE RICKY NELSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE THE EVERLY BROTHERS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ more than almost any stars ☐ a lot ☐ am not very familiar with them
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with her

I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE MARIA SCHELL:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE HUGH O'BRIAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE DICK CLARK:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE INGRID BERGMAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE DICK SARGENT:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE DIANE JERGENS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE CAROL LYNLEY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE MARK DAMON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I LIKE PAUL ANKA:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all ☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

Age.....NAME.....ADDRESS.....

.....CITY.....STATE.....

the next morning my dad was dead. He'd had a heart attack during the night. And he was gone just like that. . . ."

Dick looked away from June and to his right, out at the silver-black waters of the Pacific as he went on:

"Things really changed after that. I seemed to grow away a little from the rest of my family. Suddenly, I didn't seem to want any friends any more. I was turning into a messed-up kid.

"It was at about this time, too, that I went off to military school.

"And boy, how I hated that!

"I guess for one thing I was smarter than most of the other kids, and *that* didn't help. And then at the same time I began to find it hard, physically—to feel like anything other than a tall, frail, idiotic-looking kid. I was really something to see. I shot up six inches in this one year between twelve and thirteen. Well, there's nothing like a jump like that to throw your equilibrium off, and gradually I developed into a real goof-ball. I couldn't do sports well. I was ashamed to stand in formation with the other kids, because I was so much taller. Everything seemed to embarrass me.

**Smiling with TB**

"So what did I do? I got sick. I got TB, in fact. I think I had a subconscious desire to get it, just so I could get out from the academy. Whatever the reason, I *got* it and nobody could seem to understand why I was smiling the afternoon they carried me away on a stretcher off to a hospital, while a dozen instructors stood at the academy door tsk-tsking the fact that I probably would never be able to come back."

Dick smiled now at the recollection of that afternoon and he turned to June again.

He told her next about the following few years in another school, a better and somewhat friendlier school. And then about the toughest years of all—the years in which the self-styled tall, frail, idiotic-looking kid tried to grow up and decide what he wanted to do with his life.

In the back of his mind, always, was the big wish to become an actor—even if it meant peanut butter sandwiches every day at least once a day for year after year after year. Which it did.

Because when Dick was graduated from high school, what money his family had had after his father's death was gone. And nobody pays you anything for *wanting* to be an actor.

So came the choice—the theater and all its hardships; or a nice respectable try at the business world. Dick wasn't sure. He thought it might be wise to try them both.

He went to college with what money he'd earned from odd jobs here and there, majoring in business for a while and then switching over to drama. And with the money he had left, he stocked up on the peanut butter.

Then, college over with, he started out to conquer the world. Or, at least, those few high-priced acres of it known as Hollywood, California.

Nothing, but nothing, happened at first. And he used to give up acting every six months. To fill the gaps, he went back to tackling those odd jobs.

Then he got an unexpected check from his grandfather's estate. Not a big one, but enough to use half the money as a down-payment on a house.

With the rest, he figured he could live comfortably for at least a year while he made the studio and TV rounds.

Then came the call from the family doctor in Carmel.

"Dick," the doctor said, "Your mother has just had a heart attack—"

"How much is it going to cost, Doctor?" Dick asked firmly, interrupting him.

The doctor named a figure.

"I've got it," Dick said.

**What to do with life**

What he didn't say was that that was all the money he had in the world—less a few hundred dollars he'd have to raise somehow, that from here on in the fluke luck was over, that from here on in it was going to take a decision, a really big decision, about what he was going to do with the rest of his life.

He made his decision a few nights later, while sitting in a quiet Carmel hospital room, a few feet from his sleeping mother's bed.

"I'm going to be an actor," he decided, very simply, "come hell, high water or both . . . I'll rent out the house . . . I'll fix up the garage attic and live there . . . I'll go back to peanut butter sandwiches again, for as long as I have to . . . I'll hound every casting director in town till they're so tired of me they'll have to give me a job . . . I'll stop being a kid . . . I'll be a man . . . And with God's help I'll get there, I'll get there, I'll get there!"

And so he did.

There was a job for Dick soon after—his first professional job, on the Joan Davis TV show.

Next came two assignments for *West Point*, another TV plum.

Then the movies beckoned. The movies didn't happen to beckon very hard—this first time round for Dick being a one-day stint in *Love Me Tender*, a Hollywood first for Elvis Presley, too. But it was a job and it paid $75 and it was a step in the direction of a second movie—*Bernadine*. . . .

Then he threw himself back on the sand. His eyes caught a fistful of stars directly overhead. "Hey, look," he cried.

June leaned back, too: "How beautiful."

"You know, it's funny," Dick said. "At night I'll wish on the first star I see, always, and then I don't know whether to wish for me or someone else, and so I usually confuse the star by asking for so many things."

"I do the same thing," June said.

They looked at each other for a long, very long moment.

Then June looked back up. She picked out a star and took her wish. "There," she said "Now it's your turn, Dick."

"I already took mine," Dick said, "—and only one this time."

"I guess I can't ask what it was," June said. smiling.

"Uh-huh," Dick said, smiling back.

Then Dick asked, very quickly, "June, this Saturday, would you like to go out? For the day, I mean. We can listen to some hi-fi records at my place and then we can come to the beach and then maybe we can go back to my place for a barbecue."

June nodded. "Yes," she said.

"Yes?" Dick asked.

"Yes." June said.

"Well!" Dick said. And with that, he jumped up from where he lay and helped June up, too, and together they started to walk toward the car.

It was just before they got to the car, in fact, that Dick turned and looked up again and winked at a certain winking star.

"Thanks," he said.

"Did you say something?" June asked, turning too.

"No." Dick said, trying to hide his smile and taking her hand again and beginning to run towards the car, as if by running it would make Saturday come that much sooner. **END**

*Dick and June will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's* MARDI GRAS.


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## liz today

(*Continued from page 23*) of Liz's sons, whom she had taken to her home. She talked constantly of them to Liz.

"Liz, you should have seen Chris today. I gave him a glass of milk with his lunch, and the first thing I knew, he was pouring it into his egg. And he looked up at me with this innocent face, and said, 'I'm makin' puddin'.' Isn't that a riot?"

Anxiously, she would watch Liz for a response, a smile, even a nod. But the flushed face on the pillow wouldn't even turn towards her. Defeated, Debbie would at last go home.

And in the darkened bedroom, Liz would repeat, "I want to die . . . I want to die. . . ."

Instantly, a dozen people would be at her side.

"No, Liz, you don't mean that."

"Poor child. Here, I'll fix your pillow."

"Poor Liz. . . ."

"Liz, it's God's will that you live. . . ."

The sobbing would begin again. "I wish I had been with him. . . ."

### The first step

And then one day, her sister-in-law strode to the bedside. She and Liz had not been as close as many sisters-by-marriage, partly because Howard Taylor preferred to raise his family outside of Hollywood, outside show-business circles. But she had been with Liz since Mike's death, running the house, seeing that doctor's orders were carried out.

Now she walked to Liz and stood in front of her, hands on hips.

"Elizabeth, you ought to be ashamed!"

In the shocked silence, her voice was loud and clear. "You have three children. Two sons and Mike's own baby. It's your duty to get yourself strong and well to look after them, no matter how you feel."

She bent over Liz.

"Mike would be *furious* if he could hear you now!"

The silence continued as she turned and left the room. Eyes followed her to the door, then turned quickly to Liz.

And saw that she had stopped sobbing. That her eyes were opened. That she lay against her pillows, not dazed, not numbed—but as if for the first time she had heard something that made sense, something she needed to hear.

Ten minutes later, she sat up.

"Where are my children?" Liz Taylor asked.

She had taken the first step on the long, hard road back.

That was the day of the Academy Awards. That evening, for the first time, Liz came downstairs and seated herself before the television set. She remained there, watching calmly, until the announcement that a technical award was given to the Todd-AO camera process. That was too much; that brought back too clearly the memory of the other Oscar night, of Mike kissing her and bounding down the aisle. She went to pieces and had to be helped back to her room.

Several people followed her, clucking sympathetically, almost in tears.

"I knew you wouldn't be able to take it. . . ."

"Don't try to think, dear, just lean on me. . . ."

### The decision

Listening to them, the three men closest to Liz came to a decision. They were her brother Howard, her 'dear son'—Mike Todd, Jr., and Arthur Loew, Jr., who had been her friend since childhood—once a frequent date, now a beloved friend.

Liz had to be gotten away from these well-meaning, but tragically wrong people.

She had had enough of tears and sympathy.

She had to learn to stand alone.

She had to look forward instead of back.

The next day Arthur suggested to her that she spend a while at his sister's ranch near Tucson.

Liz hesitated, said she'd think it over, then said no. She wasn't up to it, said she couldn't. . . .

An hour later, Arthur had his sister June on the phone, talking to Liz. And again, Liz heard words that made sense.

"You must come. You must get away from places filled with memories, Liz. The change of air will do wonders for you. And besides, my mother would love to see you."

They were words Mike would have approved.

So she went, for three weeks.

She found herself treated as an honored and beloved guest, but not as a bedridden invalid. She made a trip to see Arthur and June's mother a short distance away. She visited Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger on their nearby ranch. She awoke to the smells and sounds that had been so dear to her as a child—horses, drying hay, animals everywhere. Associations that had nothing to do with Mike, but with the world that had been hers before him—and would be hers again.

She returned to Hollywood much stronger, and took her babies home.

She was still not ready to face strangers, to return to work. But she could go through a day without breaking down.

At the time of Mike's death, he and Liz had been living in a sprawling old house in the hills for almost three months. By the time Liz got back from the ranch, the lease was up and the doctors were advising very strongly against Liz' staying on—if she wanted to avoid the nervous collapse that had been so close. While she was gone, several of her friends hunted for another place she could rent until she was ready to buy or build a permanent home.

### No memories of Mike

Arthur Loew took her to see two of the houses they had found. She looked at the first, and didn't care for it. She walked through the second one slowly, room by room, pausing at windows, touching the walls.

Finally she turned to him and said wistfully, "This is just the kind of home Mike liked so well. . . ."

Arthur nodded. Then he took the real estate agent aside.

"Sorry," he said. "Nothing doing."

An hour later, Mike Todd, Jr., spoke to Liz.

"I think you should take a cottage at the Beverly Hills Hotel. It'll have lots of room for you and the kids and the nurse, and you can get all the service you need. Besides. . . ."

He didn't have to finish the sentence. By now Liz knew the unspoken words.

There were no memories of Mike at the Hotel.

That was the trouble with having lived with Mike Todd. There was almost nowhere in the world they hadn't been together.

She was still hiding, and she knew it. But she needed time. Mike always gave her time.

So she moved into the hotel, and every weekend she left it for La Jolla, where she and the children stayed with Howard and his wife. What they said to her there, what they did for her, nobody knows.

But it was after one of those weekends that Liz called the studio.

"I'm coming back to work."

It was a hard decision. *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* was not an easy movie to make under the best of circumstances—but for Liz it was now a thousand times harder.

The scenes she had to do dealt with death—Big Daddy's death by cancer.

And there was one scene that had to be photographed at Santa Monica's Cover Airfield, when Big Daddy arrived by plane.

No one knew how she would get through that one, how Liz—who had been so carefully shielded from memories—could stand plunging into them this way.

The night before the scene was shot, she woke up screaming at three in the morning, seeing in her dreams Mike's plane going down in flames.

She reached for a telephone, dialed Eddie and Debbie's number. Eddie answered, sleepy.

"Eddie," she sobbed, "it's me, Liz. I'm sorry to wake you. I'm sorry—"

He was awake instantly. "Any time, honey," he said. "Anytime at all."

They talked for almost an hour, till Liz was able to go back to sleep.

She got through the scene the next day like a trouper.

Another step had been taken.

**One terrible moment**

She began to spend more and more time with her children. They gave her one terrible moment—it happened the day the boys came home to her. She had welcomed them with open arms, trying not to cry.

Michael had looked around the room. "Where's Mike?"

Liz had taken a deep breath, prepared for the question. "Mike isn't here, darling. He's dead."

Five years old, Michael had understood that this meant Mike had gone away for good. He nodded, silent. But Chris, three, had never heard the word. He picked it up as if it were a new toy.

"Mike is dead," he had chanted. "Mike is dead, yes, he's dead, Mike is dead, dead, dead—"

Until Liz, still trembling constantly on the brink of hysteria, had clapped her hands over her ears and began to scream.

But that was the only time, the only bad moment. Since then she told friends, she vowed never to lose control in front of the children—and she kept her vow. Her first smiles were for them, welcoming them home. She watched them at play, held them in her arms, and more smiles followed. She kept her tears for herself. That was what Mike would have wanted.

It wasn't all progress, though. There were days of agony when she slipped the disc in her back that had troubled her for years. It put her to bed at a time when she was just finished with *Cat*, and looking desperately for something else to do, something to keep her looking ahead, something to keep her too busy to remember. But for days she was forced to lie flat in bed, to groan with pain—and to remember Mike flying her from Mexico to New York on a stretcher, Mike telling her, "*I'm* going to make you well—me, Mike Todd."

There was nobody this time to make her well except herself.

And she did it. She had to get well, because she had to face the press—meet newsmen for the first time since their cameras had pointed at her at Mike's funeral. Then she had been drugged, only half aware of what was happening. Since then she had been in hiding, protected by her friends. Now she was going to start a new movie, *Busman's Holiday*, and there was a press conference set up. Mike had never missed a press conference in his life. Neither would she. Mike Todd, Jr. went to the conference with her, and watched her greet newsmen with dignity, with smiles. He heard her say gently:

"Please, ask my sweet son your questions. The men in the Todd family do most of the talking."

She was on display for the first time; she knew that reports of her behavior, her calmness or her hysteria would be broadcast through the world, and she was determined to come through.

**Twenty-five and very old**

With Mike, Jr.'s help, she made it. She even smiled when they asked her if it was true she would sing in the picture.

"I'll have to make the recording in the bathtub," she said. The newsmen grinned. Then Liz said, "It's been a long, long time since I've sung. I haven't sung since I was very young."

The grins faded. She was twenty-five years old, and her youth had become, overnight, a memory.

When plans for the picture were suddenly cancelled, her friends were stricken. Work was what she needed, work had done her good, kept her busy. Whenever she was idle, her appetite disappeared, the children couldn't seem to make her laugh, the nightmares began again, the Fishers' phone would ring in the middle of the night.

Worried, Montgomery Clift called her from New York and begged her to fly out for a few days, see some shows with him. She went, drugged against the long hours on the plane. Monty has always been good for Liz, and he didn't fail her this time. He fed her Hawaiian food, remembering that she liked it, and saw that she ate every bit. He took her to shows, and to Eddie Condon's to listen to jazz, and for long walks to bring color back to her pale cheeks. He cooked spaghetti for her at his apartment, and when he put her back on the plane for the Coast, it was with the promise that he would be out to join her soon.

He did her so much good, in fact, that she deliberately refused sedation on the way home, though they were to fly almost directly over the place where Mike's plane went down.

The time had come, she told Monty, to stop running away. It would be harder—but it was the only way back.

Her friends on the Coast knew how hard it would be. They tried not to leave her alone for a moment. Arthur Loew—though there was no question of romance between him and Liz—gave up his dozens of dates to be with her everywhere. He took her to a screening of *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*. He took her to Tucson again. He even took her to a nightclub, where a comic, famous for picking on the celebrities in his audience, teased Liz good-naturedly about her looks, her acting.

She wasn't up to laughing, but neither did she run.

And then Eddie Fisher asked her to come to his opening at the Tropicana in Las Vegas.

**The hardest test**

It was probably the hardest thing Liz had been asked to do since the tragedy. She and Mike had been many times to Vegas. An opening, with its gaudy, loud, expensive excitement, was the kind of thing Mike had loved, had enjoyed to the fullest, had filled with his roaring laughter, his dynamic presence.

This was the hardest test of her new life without Mike—and Liz elected to meet it. She said yes, and Arthur Loew said he would take her.

She dressed for the opening in black—a simple, sleeveless French jersey cocktail dress—and she wore her magnificent diamond and ruby necklace, earrings, and


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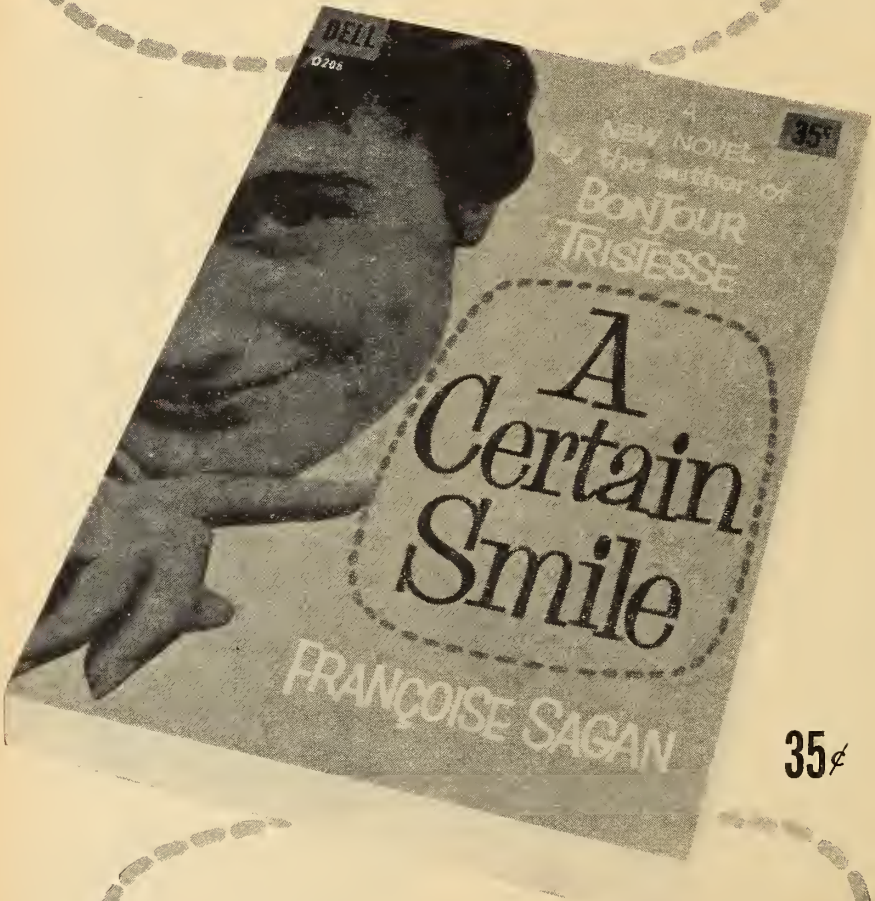
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*San Francisco Examiner*




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bracelet. She went backstage to wish Eddie luck, and when he wanted to make the photographers, with their flashbulbs and pressure, leave—she wouldn't let him.

"Let them stay, and take pictures. That's what they're here for. I didn't come to be a damper on your big night."

She meant it. She went back to her table and tried to throw herself into the gaiety of the room. For the first time, she was surrounded by people who weren't there to comfort her, but to applaud someone else. She laughed at jokes. She tried to eat. When she thought no one was looking, her face sobered and her eyes traveled wistfully over the crowds, laughing and dancing. Arthur Loew saw her, and reached across the table.

**Ray Bolger's philosophy at the track: "The less you bet, the more you lose when you win."**

*Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post*

"Would you care to dance—just once, Liz?"

She hesitated for a long moment, then she smiled and put her hand in his. He led her out to the dance floor, and for the first time in months, she felt a man's arms around her.

They danced one dance, Liz almost stiff with tension, with the necessity to smile.

When he led her back to the table, Rock Hudson, sitting nearby, stood up and walked over to her. "Would you care to dance with me?"

Rock had been her co-star in *Giant*. He had been one of her closest friends during her marriage to Mike Wilding. She stood up again.

But there is a limit. They danced a few steps, then Liz smiled wanly.

Rock walked her back to her table.

But she didn't break down. Because Mike would have been furious if she had spoiled Eddie's opening.

The show began. If she remembered how Mike loved Eddie's voice, called him 'my kid,' if she wept because Mike would have wanted to be here—then she wept inside. Nobody saw a tear.

She was Liz Taylor, widow, at a party her husband should have been at. And she was determined not to spoil it.

The show ended. Eddie Fisher took his bows and then began to introduce the celebrities in the room. After each name, there was a round of applause.

He came to the end. He took a deep breath and then he said, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I want to introduce my very dear friend, Elizabeth Taylor Todd, who has done me the great honor of coming here tonight."

The sound of the applause was incredible. It was thunderous, it was universal, and it had a quality that was almost impossible to describe. It was not the applause of fans for a star. It was the applause of people for a woman, for bravery, for courage. It was the sound of admiration and respect.

And Elizabeth Taylor, dressed in black, rose slowly to meet it. She stood up straight and tall, with her jewels flashing, and acknowledged the ovation. She bowed her head. She smiled. So that everyone could see how Mike Todd's widow was coming back to life. So that they could know she was doing what Mike would have wanted her to do.

So that Mike Todd, if he was watching anywhere, could be proud of his Liz. END

*Watch for Liz in MGM's* CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF.



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## is tab finally falling?

(*Continued from page 35*) was scheduled for the following night. France had confided to Dick that she was really distressed.

If she was upset when we arrived, she didn't show it at all. She welcomed us to her small studio apartment, made us feel completely at ease. She was wearing an Oriental kimono, and I commented on it.

"I like to lounge in loose clothes," she said.

She had been painting a portrait of a mother and child with a fine-line brush and India ink. Dick asked her to show me some of her other paintings.

In her broken-English dialect, she said sweetly—without false modesty or embarrassment, "If you like. But they are nothing. I just paint for fun, to do something with the time."

"I've always wanted to paint," I told her, "to capture a quality or a mood on paper. But no go. I always end up with a mish-mash—"

"What means this mish-mash?" she asked softly, smiling.

"Mish-mash," I said laughing, "means a mess!"

She laughed too, and there was a lively, star-like twinkle in her dark eyes. She opened a bureau drawer, took out a couple of her drawings and showed them to me.

### Learning from weeping

Then France showed me a mural she had painted, a wide-branched tree that cried. The tears fell onto the ground, and beautiful rose blooms grew from them.

I wondered about it. "Is it supposed to mean something?"

"Oh," she said, "my father's people believe you learn from weeping. Not selfish weeping, but honest weeping. You sow the tears and you can grow something beautiful—inside," and she pointed to her heart.

Do I have to tell you I was entranced, fascinated with her? I looked at her long black hair, dark slanting eyes and pale lemony coloring. She was only seventeen or eighteen, but she had such understanding. I asked about her parents. She told me her father was Chinese, her mother French. She was what people here call Eurasian. Her father, a navigator, sailed to Marseilles on a mission, fell in love with a Frenchwoman and married her.

Remember I mentioned that things weren't going right for France? Dick began to pry at her troubles. She didn't want to bother us with "such silliness," she said.

The trouble was this. Her studio wanted her to go to the première of *South Pacific* as a Hollywood glamour girl.

"They want me to get dressed up in lots of furs and fancy clothes. They give me these clothes from the wardrobe department. But these clothes," she said with a tone of melancholy, "these clothes, they are not me. I am not Marilyn Monroe. I cannot wear her kind of dresses. This is my trouble," she said.

The studio asked her then to buy her own. But she couldn't afford the elegant Beverly Hills shops where evening dresses sell for a king's ransom.

"So, I borrow a dress dummy," she said, "and I make my own clothes. I buy some silk for ten dollars. And for a coat, I have a problem because coat material, it is so expensive in this country. Everybody says if I get Hollywood salary I can afford Hollywood clothes. But I am not a star. I'm only a starlet, and I get a small salary and I send it home to my mother to pay the bills on our house in France. Anyway," she said, "don't you think a girl should dress for her—whatyoucallit?—personality?"

Dick and I agreed with her. "So what did you do?" I wanted to know.

"Wait!" she said. "I show you." She went through the mural-walled foyer to her small bedroom.

I looked around at the things she did with the place, this tiny doll's home of an apartment. It had been furnished in a nothing-special way by the studio—but with an embroidered scarf, a vase of lemon leaves, a mural of a crying tree and a few other simple touches France managed to bring her special spirit into a very ordinary room.

No sooner did I tell Dick, "Why didn't you bring me here before?" than she came out of the bedroom wearing a floor-length Oriental sheath—a knock-out. I think Oriental dresses are much sexier than the tight-fitting dresses lots of guys like on girls. Oriental dresses suggest, rather than point out—and suggestion can drive your imagination crazy.

### Fan-fan's dress

Her sheath, of flowered silk—orange and yellow blossoms against a shimmering white background. was cut simply. There was a slit along the side of the skirt, all the way up the calf of her leg.

"You like?" she said shyly, her eyes looking at us fearfully as if we were a Supreme Court jury.

"Oh yes," Dick and I chimed.

She smiled, then ran into her bedroom and came out with an olive-green cape thrown over her shoulders. The cape was lined with the flowered silk of the dress. It was breathtaking.

"France!" I said, overwhelmed.

"You call me Fan-Fan," she said with a smile in her eyes.

"Fan-Fan," I said, "this cape is terrific. Where did you get it?"

She turned around for us to admire it. The cape had rich, deep folds that fell to the floor with great elegance. Here and there along the back of it a delicate pattern of silk posies had been sewn on the heavy wool.

"Fan-Fan," I said, "Where'd you get it?" I harbored a suspicion her mother sent it to her as a gift from the dress salons of Paris.

She twirled around once more. She was so thrilled we liked it. The cape, she said, cost her $2.50—a surplus blanket from an Army and Navy Store; the pattern cost her $1.00.

Dick and I were bowled over. I would have sworn it was a Dior design, the kind you see on the cover of *Vogue* Magazine, the kind that costs a sweet fortune. . . .

No sooner had I met Fan-Fan than I lost touch with her. She was called to New York for personal appearances. But, I wondered about her often—almost every day. She had me curiously intrigued. What was she really like? Was this wonderful child-like quality always a part of her? What fascinated me especially was that she had a child-like air yet the quiet understanding of a woman.

Was it a month later—it seems like forever—when Dorothy Wood called me about Dick's birthday . . . Dot and her husband are both dear friends of mine—and of Dick's. Her husband was out of town on business for a couple days and she said she was lonesome.

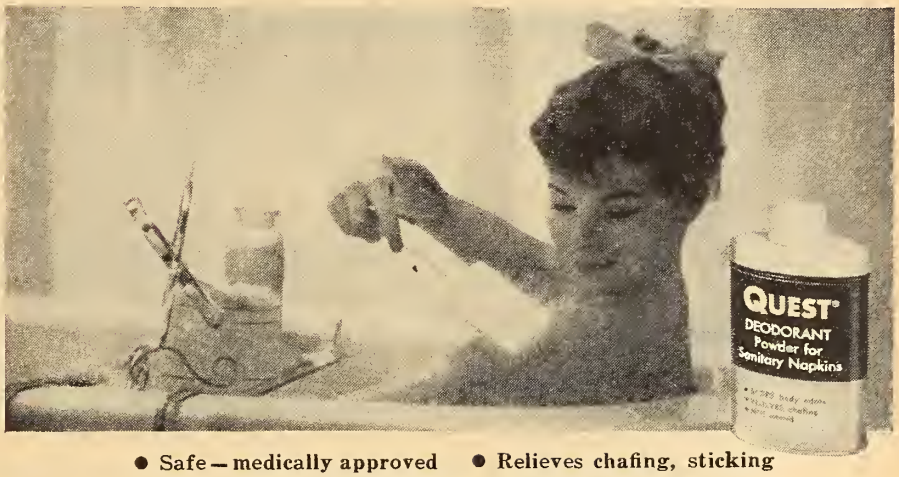
"How about it?" Dot asked over the telephone. "A paint party for Dick? You know his birthday is coming up soon. Anyone you want to invite who knows Dick and wants to paint him a picture?"

Dick had just bought a small one-bedroom house, furnished it sparsely out of

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economic necessity. Dot's idea of paintings as gifts was a good one. They'd brighten up the bare walls and add a lot of charm.

"I'm not much of a painter, Dot—but I'll try. Say, you know who's a terrific artist?"

"Who?"

"Fan-Fan."

"Who?" she said, implying I had gone nuts.

"Fan-Fan. France Nuyen. Do you know if she's come back to town?"

"Oh, France," she said. "I've met her. Isn't she a dream of a girl? Dick told me she was here for a couple of days for some photo layouts or something. She's got to go back East for interviews. *Life* magazine's running a story on her.

"Listen." she said. "I'll buzz France and see if she can make it tonight."

"I'll be sure to be there," I told her before we said good-bye.

**A special angel**

That night when I went to Dot's for dinner, I didn't know what to expect. It was a warm June night with a young summer moon, a silvery crescent in an evening sky without stars.

Fan-Fan was there. She was wearing an ivory cotton dress and her long black hair fell on her shoulders. The inscrutable look in her face gave her a Mona Lisa quality. I wished I could paint her.

She said hello. The way she pronounced my name it sounded like 'Top.'

"I'm so glad you could come," I said to Fan-Fan. She looked at me shyly and smiled.

"Start thinking up ideas, you two, for Dick's paintings," Dot said. "France has to leave early—so we won't have much time."

Dot retired to the kitchen.

"Why must you leave?" I asked her, sitting next to her on the white-iron patio settee.

"I must go to New York. They say I must be there tomorrow morning for interviews. So I will fly tonight."

For a moment neither of us spoke. We looked out at the vast night and breathed the sweet honeysuckle air.

"How're you going to the airport?" I asked her.

"I take TWA limousine."

"No," I said very grandly. "Don't do that. Let me drive you. I have my truck with me." This sounds funny, I know. But it's true. I was driving my blue Ford pick-up.

She said, "Okay, Top!"

We sat there, looking at each other and making small talk—but with Fan-Fan small talk is an art. She makes it into special talk.

I said, "My mother calls the people she likes her special angels!"

"Yes?" Fan-Fan said softly.

"So I want you to be one of my special angels," I told her.

"Okay, Top," she said, and we both laughed.

Then I asked, "When you come back to Hollywood, can I have a date with my special angel, Fan-Fan?"

She laughed again, and said shyly, "Yes, Top."

Dot came out after a while, told us dinner was ready. It was after nine o'clock. We were dining at a fashionably late hour, Hollywood style.

It was a wonderful dinner. Dot served broiled shrimp with an herb-butter sauce, a huge garden salad, fresh fruit cup for dessert and demi-tasse.

"What time should you be at the airport?" I asked Fan-Fan.

"Twelve o'clock," she said. "Midnight, you call it."

"Why don't you call the airlines for a double-check? Sometimes the planes leave late," I told her.

Fan-Fan went to the telephone to make her call. I told Dot I was driving Fan-Fan to the airfield.

"Can I come too?" Dot asked excitedly.

"No," I told her brashly, quickly, without thinking. I saw a stunned, hurt expression come over Dot's face. She was crushed by my curtness and refusal.

Fan-Fan hung up the telephone, announced her plane was on time.

In the next hour we painted pictures for Dick. Dot painted a colorful, roly-poly clown, Fan-Fan painted a yellow and black butterfly, and I tried to paint Fan-Fan but made a mess of everything.

"Oh well," I said, "at least Dick'll have two pictures he can be proud of. Mine's a mish-mash."


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"Hey, Top," Fan-Fan said. "Mish-mash means mess!"

"Good girl," I told her.

Fan-Fan asked Dot to come to the airport with us. Dot said no, she had things to do.

We piled into the truck and Dot told us good-bye.

Soon, Fan-Fan and I were driving along the highway to Los Angeles International Airport.

"Why didn't Dorothy come with us?" Fan-Fan asked in a low voice. "She seemed so sad when we said good-bye."

"I didn't want her to," I said. I told her I wanted to be alone with you."

"Top," she said, "you are mean." Then, out of the blue, she said, "I bet you kill bugs."

"Yes, I do."

"Poor things," she said. "I never kill them. I try to understand them."

Then she told me I was selfish. I was wrong to hurt Dorothy like that. You should always think of the other person, consider their feelings.

Fan-Fan was right. Dot had been our hostess, prepared a wonderful meal—and I slapped her in the face, you might say, by not letting her join us.

"I feel terrible," Fan-Fan said. "Dot is all alone. Her husband, he is away."

"Oh, Fan-Fan," I said, hating myself. "why did I do it, why did I hurt her?"

Fan-Fan turned and looked at me. I took my eyes off the road for a minute and looked at her. "Nothing is torn," she said, "that cannot be mended." She made me promise I would call Dot in the morning and apologize for my rudeness and selfishness.

"In the Orient," she said, "it's correct always not to think of yourself, to think of your friends. Isn't that true here?"

I was ashamed to say it should be, but wasn't true of me—always.

**Tab learns a lot**

We arrived at the airport. I checked her suitcase for her. We didn't have much time, but we tried to sip a quick lemonade in the sandwich shop. The airlines announcer, all too soon, began summoning the passengers for Fan-Fan's flight over the loudspeaker. I gulped my lemonade. Fan-Fan, like a lady, refused to be rushed, simply didn't drink the rest of hers.

In a few minutes we were in the breezy outdoors with the din of the airplane motors roaring in our ears.

"Goodbye, Top," she said. "And thank you." We shook hands.

"I have a special angel date," I said. "Remember?"

"I remember," she said, smiling.

She walked through the gate, climbed the curved stairway to the plane's entrance where the uniformed hostess greeted her. Fan-Fan turned, looked for me in the group of good-bye-waving people. She smiled and blew me a kiss—then ducked into the plane.

I waited. In a few minutes the propellers of the airplane were whirling furiously, and, before I knew it, Fan-Fan was high up in the sky—a red tail-light winking at me out of the darkness.

Hands in my pockets I headed for my pick-up truck in the parking lot. Fan-Fan was right. I was wrong to have told Dot not to come along. She would have enjoyed the ride—and loved being with us. In the morning I'd call her and apologize.

I got into my truck, turned on the ignition and drove the long way home.

I've been thinking of Fan-Fan ever since—in my dreams, during the work day, suddenly in the hush of evening when I hear a plane roaring through the sky. Five or ten years ago I would have never appreciated her. I wouldn't have allowed myself to. I was smug in my rah-rah Americanism. "Only an American girl for me," I used to tell people. But, now I've come to learn life is much more interesting with an open mind. This is a big wide swinging world, and half the fun of living is discovering.

Now I can't wait for my date with Fan-Fan the angel. It hasn't jelled yet. When I've been in New York, she's been on the road—and vice-versa. But the time'll come soon when we can get together. I know it will.

I'm not sure, but I don't think this is a love story. It's a how-do-you-do story that's beginning to border on—

Oops, before I say it, let's wait and see!

**END**

*Tab appears in Warners'* DAMN YANKEES, *and will soon be seen in* THAT KIND OF WOMAN *for Paramount.*

*France will soon be seen in* IN LOVE AND WAR *for 20th.*

## everly brothers

(*Continued from page 25*) cash in restaurants. When they got into a new town, they would hurry into the gas station—Mom heading for the Ladies' Room and Dad and the boys for the Men's Room. Then they would wash up and freshen up so they would look presentable at the audition.

In time, the family had jobs on radio stations in Chicago, Kansas City, Waterloo, Knoxville, Evansville and Shenandoah, Iowa.

Each year, Mom Everly would remind the boys, "You must get your schooling."

In Shenandoah, a town of almost 8,000, the Everlys had a show over KFNF, 5:30 to 6:00 a.m. During the severe Iowa winters getting up at 4:00 was quite an adventure. Mom would light the oil stove to take the raw bitterness out of the frigid air; everybody would dress and hurry out to the old jalopy and wonder.

When it was below zero, they wondered: "Will the car start, Dad?"

"Will we have to push it far today, Dad?"

If they managed to make the show, they would go through their hymns, old Hank Williams songs and typical country tunes. Then they would drive back home, have breakfast, and Don and Phil would go to school.

There were sicknesses, minor accidents, many discomforts—and a lot of loneliness. Phil and Don saw so little of boys their own age. But problems didn't matter much when a boy's heart is young and his mother brings him faith.

### Don and the chair

Once, Don was standing on a chair to get closer to the mike. It was a folding chair, and suddenly the chair did just that—it folded! And Don was caught in its terrifying grip. He kept singing *Put My Little Shoes Away* to the bitter agonizing end, and then ran out of the studio weeping.

"Are you crying because your feet got hurt, Son?"

"No . . . I'm crying because I ruined the show."

Already the lad was putting the perfection of his performance ahead of his discomfort or pain.

In time, the family brought the boys splendiferous but inexpensive cowboy suits, high boots and cowboy hats. But the boys were growing so fast they needed bigger clothes. Of course, Mom was good at ripping and sewing seams so that a suit almost grew with the body—but leather boots could not be stretched.

Since there was no money for new boots, the boys often went to shows in their stocking-feet. They put on their too-tight boots at the last moment before making their entrance.

They sang, their feet cramped in pain. But no one knew, because the boys had learned to smile above the pain and saved their tears until they got out of sight of the audience.

Sometimes they picked up movie magazines with photos of their favorite stars, and sometimes they had enough money to see a new movie. Phil became an Alan Ladd fan after seeing him in *Whispering Smith* and went around for months calling himself Whispering Smith. He even wrote Ladd for an autographed photo, and received one. He gazed at the photo and sighed, "How wonderful it must be to be a famous star."

### Not even 25¢

Another time Phil discovered the joys of Abbott and Costello movies, and he wrote them for their photo. He got it, plus a card suggesting that, for twenty-five cents, he would be mailed a larger one. Phil didn't have twenty-five cents, and Don didn't have twenty-five cents to lend him, and Mom and Dad didn't have twenty-five cents to spare. So Phil never did send for that extra-size glossy photo of Abbott and Costello.

Often, they would become discouraged, but Mom always reminded them there were better times coming.

On some of their week-end trips out of town, they went through Brownie, Kentucky, where they were born—Don on February 1, 1937, and Phil on January 19, 1939.

Later, they would explain to their friends about Brownie, "It's not even a real town, it's so small," they would apologize. "But it's just outside of Central City!"

Somebody was bound to sneer, "And what's Central City?"

Phil or Don would say, defensively, "It's got a population of 5,000 . . . and it's in Muehlenberg County!"

While Dad drove the car, Mom talked to the boys about the good and bad things in life, about the Bible, and people, and God. "God gave everybody a talent and a mission in life," she explained. "God gave Phil a talent for dramatics, and ability to cope with situations. God gave Don creative and artistic talent. With faith, each of you can achieve your mission in life."

The Everly Family act was run on the basis of equal partnership. Everybody had chores; nobody had special privileges; the boys had equal voice on music, routines or anything that came up. They were treated like adults. They were not given allowances. Instead, they had to live on their share—one fourth—of the family act's bookings.

In 1950, when Don was thirteen and Phil eleven, the family radio show in Shenandoah finished a three-year run. Mom and Dad, foreseeing the end, had decided to quit show business.

Dad told the boys, "We're quitting, but you must go on." Then he joked: "I'm at a critical point of my life . . . too old to work and too stubborn to starve."

### Starting again

They waited until the end of the school term, then the family moved to Knoxville, where Dad enrolled at a barber's college, and Mom at a beauty-culture school. Because their earnings were low, Dad was part-time janitor of the apartment house they lived in, and Mom cleaned the hallways and stairways.

Dad explained to the boys that he and Mom had sung the old-fashioned way, the way the older folks liked them. But the boys liked to put more beat into the songs, and this had annoyed some of their sponsors. One sponsor had called the boys, contemptuously, "Bobbysoxers!"

But from then on, the boys rehearsed their own songs, tried for new harmonies and new effects, and still continued at school.

But nothing big happened, and one day Dad button-holed an old friend, Chet Atkins, the singer, and told him Phil and Don weren't getting anywhere in Knoxville. "I'm going to send them to Nashville; there's more opportunity there. Would you try to help them?"

Atkins promised to help.

After Don graduated from high school, Mom took him and Phil to Nashville, rented a small fieldstone house in suburban Madison, where it's cheaper, and told the boys, "You'll be great! Remember, nothing can stop you if you have faith!"

She got a job in a local beauty parlor, and Dad stayed in Knoxville, at the barber shop. Phil went to high school, and in the afternoons and week-ends he and Don




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made the rounds of the local music publishers, the disk jockeys and radio stations. They got work Saturday nights on the *Grand Ole Opry* stageshow, but were not considered good enough to get on the radio or TV network show that emanated from the same stage. They weren't really getting anywhere.

Yet sometimes, there was a lift to their hopes, as when Don sold a song, *Thou Shalt Not Steal*, to Kitty Wells, and another time when Justin Tubbs recorded a song Phil and Don had written.

Once, they were so broke, they couldn't afford to buy a new string for Don's guitar. A box of six strings cost $2.50. "We can buy a lot of hamburger, spaghetti and potatoes with $2.50," said Don.

"But you can't go on without the full strings," said Phil.

Don scurried around, found a sympathetic guitarist, and borrowed a bass string. Then he prayed he wouldn't break the string—he knew he was always hard on the fifth and sixth strings—and at the end of the show, he returned it. On the next date, he borrowed a string and later returned it. He did this for several weeks.

Then they got another lift when a big company, Columbia, recorded them in a session of four tunes. But the boys were apprehensive. They felt they had been nervous and scared and their voices were not full. And when the record came out—*The Sun Keeps Shining* and *Loving Me*—their fear proved to be right. It was a complete bomb.

Columbia never bothered to release the other two tunes.

Dad had moved to Hammond, Indiana, to work in open construction work in 10° below. It was a hard winter, but Mom kept urging the boys, "Don't quit . . . keep trying." She joined Dad in Hammond, and sent them money when she could. But most of the time the brothers had to struggle to get their three meals a day.

Don became adept at whipping up the cheapest, most filling meals: spaghetti, hamburgers, sandwiches, milk. Finally, they gave up and notified Mom they were coming up to Chicago because they had heard jobs were easier to get. Mom wrote them back:

*Stick it out a bit longer . . . I have faith in you.*

Then the brothers came up against a new problem. Don fell in love. Her name was Sue Ingraham, a pretty brunette secretary a little younger than he.

After a few months' courtship, they wanted to marry. But Don didn't have a steady job, he had no money in the bank, and no real prospects. Besides, Sue's parents thought she was too young.

In desperation, Don borrowed four dollars from Phil toward buying a wedding ring, and Don and Sue drove across the border to Georgia, to a small town where parental consent was not necessary.

They drove back the same day for their honeymoon in Don and Phil's house.

**The break after the bomb**

Sue's salary as a secretary helped while the brothers struggled to find work. About four months later—March of 1957—Don and Phil walked into the Rose-Acuff music publishing firm in Nashville. They had been recommended to Wesley Rose by Chet Atkins and a local disc jockey, Bob Jennings. For an hour and a half, the brothers sang their songs, and Rose was so impressed, he phoned Archie Bleyer of Cadence Records in New York.

"On your next trip to Nashville, I'd like you to listen to these boys," said Rose.

Bleyer said he had heard the boys' first record—that bomb—and had not liked it. But he promised to listen to them anyway.

The following month, Bleyer listened to the boys and decided to let them record a new tune, *Bye, Bye Love*. The boys learned it in one hour, and cut it.

Then Bleyer asked the boys to come along to a restaurant for dinner. Don said, "Sorry, sir, but we left our money home; we can't come with you." The boys were broke, but too proud to say so and too proud to mooch a free meal.

Bleyer explained, "It's customary for a recording company to take its artists to dinner. You'll offend me if you don't come."

The boys went.

Still cautious, Bleyer played a tape of the recording for his seventeen-year-old step-daughter. She liked it. Then Rose tried it on his own daughter and his nephew. They liked it, too, so Bleyer decided to release the record.

The record was a runaway hit. Out in April, it was in the Top Ten by June.

Don, refusing to believe his luck, told Bleyer, "If the record continues to go well, I'm going to buy a box of strings." The record passed its first million sales in August. Don bought the strings.

By June, the boys were being offered big-money bookings. Phil waited until October before he got up enough nerve to make a big purchase: a new hard-top MG. Don waited a few more months and bought an Oldsmobile sedan.

In time, Sue and Don reconciled with her family. Mom and Dad Everly had never opposed Don's marrying, so there was no problem there.

The boys then came out with *Wake Up Little Susie* and *All I Have to Do Is Dream*, also million-record sellers. They guested on all the top TV shows, and got $10,000 a night with personal appearances.

Don, encouraged, bought a plot of land atop a hill in Nashville and will build a modern house for Sue, himself and—some day—their children. "And we will have a lot of dogs around," Don says, "big hunting dogs . . . They're the only dogs with a purpose in life."

They are very conscious of insurance, investments, stocks. Each month, their manager, Wes Rose, gives them a detailed report of their finances.

Rose or his brother Lester accompanies the boys on the road. They take a suite for three, usually relaxing by watching TV and sending out for snacks. Don and Phil talk incessantly about hunting dogs, clothes, movies and cowboy stars. But, along with the light chatter, Don can be heard asking, "We pay taxes . . . do we get old-age pensions too?" and "Taxes are so high, it's hard to save money."

The boys turned down four movie offers. They don't want to start in the movies unless they get sympathetic roles.

Don is five-foot-ten, 140 pounds, with dark hair and gray-blue eyes. Phil is five-foot-eleven, 160 pounds, with blond hair and gray-green eyes. Don is twenty-one and Phil nineteen. They have put in a combined forty years of hard work and high hopes, and their first big year brought them $100,000. Their second year should bring them twice or three times as much.

When fans gush too much, the brothers become embarrassed. "It wasn't just us who did it," Don explains, while Phil nods his agreement. "Without Dad's patience, we would have never learned about singing and music. Without Mom's encouragement and faith, we would have quit long ago. In our minds, we're still The Everly Family." END

## the bardot look

(*Continued from page 52*) "Bardot Look," is a challenge to every gal. What is the answer of the Hollywood stars to such a new challenge? They do something about it immediately.

They resolve to pick up the pace of their popularity rating. They change the type of their clothes, restyle their hair (even give it glittering highlights or change the color of it completely), add to their accomplishments, re-do their make-up. In short, they take on a new look that peps up personality, career, romance, popularity and just about everything in life itself.

Gals who are not in the limelight can fall into many "unpleasant and unpretty personal carelessnesses" for they do not generally recognize that they have a box office poll. Hollywood star, or no, every gal is in the limelight—has an audience—just as stars do. This new fall season is a good time to take stock of yourself. Look around at the gals in your crowd. Do you measure up? Do you keep pace with the new look? If not (and what gal really doesn't need at least a little re-doing?), why not try the all-encompassing power of the "Bardot look!"

The Bardot figure may be hard to duplicate—but you can at least adopt a minimum diet and continue your exercise routines. As added aid and best friend select some of the new fall bras and foundation garments that have been styled to control your figure and yet give you just that yummy Bardot-like, and so desirable, fullness.

Change your hair-do—color? That's easy, with a wonderful new home perm and a good professional styling job.

Change your make-up. That takes a bit of doing but as you see the *new* you emerging you'll love every minute that you spend in the transition.

Start with your eyes. Analyze them. Be sure that you are dramatizing them with correct make-up to give them a real come-hither allure. Be sure that you accentuate your lower lashes as well as your upper lashes. Double lash make-up will frame your eyes like a picture. Use a colorless eye pomade to keep your lashes soft and silky. Curl your lashes to make them more appealing. (Use it on your lids for added gleam.)

Use an eye-pencil to extend the outer corners of the eyes—it will make them look larger, more open and interested. Blend on eye-shadow to fully recess the eyes—try blue, green, even violet. Deepen the color at the lash line. Reshape your brows a bit—try the scissor handle tweezer for precision shaping. Of course, darken and intensify your brows. Use a-heap and plenty of mascara (for daytime as well as dates). Try the new roll-on mascara. The new formula is made without turpentine and it will not sting the eyes. Change your mascara colors to match your costumes—or, your mood. This elaborate eye make-up will help you with the "Bardot look," and for sure!

Now the lipline. Try to copy the Bardot lipline. Fill the lipline to lush fullness (even outline it first with stick or brush—then fill).

Your make-up—try it pale and doll-like. Use rosy undertones on your foundations and powders or all-in-one combinations. Remove unwanted facial hair with a depilatory—for added daintiness use it on your legs and arms and, under your arms, too.

Change your personality! Well, you will, and automatically, when you have re-done yourself. You will find that you, yourself, have met the new challenge, the "Bardot look"—and successfully! The guys will tell you so!

## they called me a square

(*Continued from page 46*) haven't got strange romantic desires lurking inside me. And they're not satisfied that I'm not in love with at least half the young actors in TV and movies."

There was the time recently, Carol points out, when a certain magazine ran a story about her and young James MacArthur, her co-star in *The Light In The Forest.* The implication was that these two attractive kids had met that first day of shooting on the set, said hello and fallen immediately and passionately in love. It all would have been fine if it were true. But it wasn't. Fact is, Carol and Jim have never even dated. Says Carol about her supposed boyfriend: "I have never seen anyone surrounded by so many girls. A girl would see him off at one airport and there would be another to greet him when he landed. Wherever he would go, girls would ask for his autograph—or just be around, really, surrounding him." Carol made it very clear that she liked Jim a lot, that she thought he was a swell fellow and all that; but she made it clear, too, that the only time *she* surrounded him was when they were working together—and their working day usually ended at 5:30 p.m.

Then there was the time Carol was supposed to be mad about Tony Perkins. It all started when she read the following item in Dorothy Kilgallen's syndicated newspaper column:

> *Guests at producer-director Josh Logan's party at the New York Luau the other night noted that Tony Perkins seemed enthralled with Carol Lynley, and vice versa. They paid more attention to each other than to the festivities.*

It came to a head a little while later when Carol picked up a magazine and saw pictures of herself and Tony taken at the party. Under the pictures was the caption:

> *Beautiful Carol Lynley didn't want to fall in love—not till she was 21. Then she met Tony.*

Carol couldn't help squirm as she told us about this meeting. "Tony Perkins was the first person to arrive at the party," she said. "I was second. There was nobody else around for a while and so, since we'd never met, we introduced ourselves and began to talk. Then a photographer walked in and said, 'Let's take some pictures.' Somebody else rushed along with a couple of ice cream sodas and told me and Tony to begin sipping. So we sipped. And so the photographer began snapping away. And then, when it was all over, other people began drifting into the room and Tony started talking to some of them and I to others and, believe me, we have never seen each other since."

Then there was that *other* time, back in Hollywood again, when a certain press agent thought it would be a great idea for Carol to do some stepping out with Johnny Saxon. The agent got the idea the afternoon he and Carol were driving back from a studio conference and he'd suggested they stop at a health food stand for some Hollywood-type snack supplies. They were there a few minutes when another customer walked over to the stand—a tall, handsome, black-haired youth.

"Carol," the press agent said, pointing, when he saw the boy, the brain wheels beginning to spin already, "you know who *that* is?"

Carol looked. "No," she said.

"John Saxon," said the press agent.

"Oh?" Carol said.

"You want an introduction?" asked the agent.

"Do you know him?" Carol asked back.

"Saw him in *This Happy Feeling* the other night," the agent said. "He was great."

"I mean do you *know* him, personal-like?" Carol asked.

"No," the agent said.

"Then I don't want an introduction," said Carol.

"But," the agent started to say, "but wouldn't it be nice if you two met now and maybe he asked you out tonight or tomorrow and—"

"And," Carol interrupted, "somebody took our picture after five minutes and said we were in love? No, thank you."

"But—" the agent started again.

He didn't get very far, though. "Because," says Carol, telling about the wind-up to the incident, "I just didn't want to hear any more of that kind of talk and so I picked up a bag of sesame seeds, the closest thing to where I was standing, paid the salesman and went back to the car. . . .

"Now please don't misunderstand me," Carol continues. "It had nothing at all to do with the fellow being Johnny Saxon. I don't even know him. The fact is that it could have been anybody and so long as we hadn't been *properly* introduced I wouldn't have thought of going out with him. You see, I don't go out on dates much anyway. But when I do, I like to know a little more about a fellow than the fact that he's a movie star. And also I like for my mother to meet him and say, 'Okay, this boy is nice, now go and enjoy yourselves.'

"I have what may seem to be a very strange relationship with my mother. We're not pals. We're not buddies. We're not sisters. We're mother and daughter—and she's the mother who tells me what to do and I'm the daughter who listens. And until I'm of age, and that age is twenty-one, I plan to respect my mother on all matters, including boys and dates, etc.

"I love my mother.

"She's done an awful lot for me.

"I owe it to her to be the kind of daughter she'll always be proud of."

Carol remembers, and always will remember, the things her mother did for her—how, after being divorced from her husband and left all alone with Carol and her young son, Danny, she got a job as a waitress at Victor's, a restaurant on Manhattan's East Thirty-fifth Street; how she cared for her two children all day and worked waiting tables all night; how she worked even harder when Carol announced at age eight that she'd please like to take dancing lessons—not realizing that dancing lessons cost money; how she took on a second job when Carol, at age ten, needed costumes and photographs in order to enter all the contests her teachers and friends said she should enter—how she worked and worked and acted extra nice to customers so she'd get better and better tips, how she took the lonely subway home to The Bronx in the lonely early hours of the morning and then sat in the kitchen sipping a cup of coffee and counting what she'd earned, making little piles of the dollar bills and change she picked out from her purse, saying, "This is for Carol" and "This is for Danny" and "This is for food and rent" and "This is for my carfare tomorrow and maybe that pair of stockings I need—maybe. . . ."

Carol will never forget, either, the day all the hard work paid off and she got her first modeling job. She was ten and a half now. She'd danced a few weeks earlier on a television kiddie contest show. She'd lost the prize—a two-week trip to Florida and a bike—but someone connected with the show had remarked on how amazingly photogenic she was and how she should be a model. Mrs. Lynley (she has

(*Advertisement*)

# The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

**By Valda Sherman**



**Did you know** there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

**Doctors say** this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by *special* glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this *kind* of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

**Science has discovered** that a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this offensive "emotional perspiration" odor. And now it's here . . . the remarkable ingredient Perstop*—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

**Use ARRID daily** and you'll be amazed how quickly this new ARRID with Perstop* penetrates deep into the pores and stops this "emotional perspiration" odor. Stops it as no roll-on, spray-on, or stick could ever do.

**You rub ARRID *in***—rub perspiration *out* . . . rub ARRID in—rub odor out. When the cream vanishes, you know you are safe, even when you are nervous or stimulated by emotional excitement. Doctors have proved that this new ARRID with Perstop* is actually 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested.

**Remember—nothing protects you like a cream** . . . and no cream protects you like ARRID with Perstop*. So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID with Perstop* to be sure. Only 43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

since changed her name from Jones, too) thought it a crazy idea at first. "You think at the time that this kind of thing doesn't happen to *your* child." But somehow the advice stuck in her mind and one day she got Carol dressed in her best Sunday dress and brought her to a big New York modeling agency. Within hours, Carol was having her hair cut—"It was beautiful and blonde," recalls her mom, "but, like the lady at the desk said, about two feet too long, so I borrowed a scissors and cut it I did!"

"Now you'll bill us of course," the lady at the desk said to Mrs. Lynley twenty minutes later, after the picture was taken.

"Bill you?"

"A bill for how much we should *pay* you," the lady said, smiling.

"Oh . . . yes," Mrs. Lynley said. She shrugged. "But how much should we bill you for?"

The lady thought it over for a moment. "Let's say $12.50," she said. "Is that all right?"

"Is that *all right?*" Mrs. Lynley asked, unbelieving. That was more than she could make on tips on two or three good nights of table-waiting. She looked down at her daughter. "Isn't that nice, Carol?" she asked. "So much money, So much. . . ."

As she said that, she had no idea that within the next few years Carol's modeling fee would reach the top $50-an-hour peak, that Carol would then become interested in acting and—along with her modeling work—get one good-paying job after another on television, that after a while they would move from their tiny Bronx apartment to a nice place in midtown Manhattan with a doorman and an elevator and a view of the East River—that things, in general, would change for them. . . .

Carol and her mom laugh about it today. But there was a time recently when ultra-glamorous men posed a problem and when Carol resented her mother's watchful eye over her and those men.

"What I mean," Mrs. Lynley says today, "is that the profession is loaded with men who like to flirt with young girls and go even further sometimes. And here was Carol, just a child really, and so many men around all the time. And so to avoid any trouble I always used to go with her on jobs—and many is the man with a bad conscience who felt all the worse for my being there, I know.

"Then there were a few times when I couldn't make it with Carol, when I had a cold or something. And she'd phone from the studio and say, 'Mom, Mr. So-and-so just offered to take me home in his car and said maybe we can have a bite to eat on the way, okay?' And I'd say, 'No, take a cab alone and stay out of cars, Carol—in fact, never get into something that you're going to have to fight your way out of.'

"Well, of course, Carol didn't want to have anything to do with these men. But she didn't like the idea that I had to be trailing her all the time, what with the other models—mostly older girls—commenting about it sarcastically, I guess.

"But I wouldn't give up. Even though Carol would sometimes say 'Gee, Mom, do you *always* have to come along?' or 'Do you have to keep treating me as if I were *that* young?' I wouldn't give up. And I don't think Carol realized the importance of what I was doing until that night she went to the party, the first one I allowed her to go to, just to see for herself what some of these people and parties were really like."

**Tyrone Power was trained by his late father, who was anxious to have young Ty develop a good speaking voice on stage. "Read Shakespeare aloud for thirty minutes each day," was the advice of Power Sr. "Even if you don't understand it, read it aloud."**

*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*

The party Carol's mom refers to started at 9:00 p.m. Carol had orders to be home by midnight. But she got home a few minutes before 10:00.

"What's the matter, don't you feel well?" Mrs. Lynley asked, as her daughter opened the door.

"Oh Mom, it was awful," Carol said. "Everybody just stood around talking a lot of nonsense. And then this man came up to me and offered me a drink and I took a sip and ugh, what horrible stuff. And then somebody else offered me a cigarette and I said no, thanks. And then. . . ."

Carol sat down and shook her head.

And then, she told her mother, there was this girl in the slinky black dress, a girl only a year or two older than she, who came up to her and asked her if she was enjoying herself.

"Not really," Carol said disgustedly.

"What's the matter," the girl asked, coyly, "little baby Carol feel funny that her mommy isn't here to protect her?"

"I can take care of myself," Carol said.

"Sure," the girl said, "sure." Then she switched her smile, from coy to disarming. "Listen, Carol," she said, "I've got a friend here who's as lonely as you are tonight. Why don't you two get together for a little talkie and drinkie and maybe you'll both end up enjoying yourselves."

"Who's your friend?" Carol asked, hesitantly.

The girl pointed to a man standing in the corner—a man of about thirty-five, dead drunk and getting drunker by the minute, a tall greasy-haired man in a natty suit who at the moment was busy ogling another unattached girl on the other side of the room.

"I'm . . . I'm afraid I'd rather not meet him," Carol said, looking back at the girl.

"Why not?" the girl asked.

"Because . . . because I'm going home now," Carol said, "and I wouldn't have time to say anything to him but Hi and . . . and that wouldn't be very polite, would it?"

She turned and began to walk away, towards the door that would get her out of this place.

"Carol!" she heard the girl call out as she walked away.

She didn't answer.

And then she heard the girl begin to laugh and call out:

"Hey, party-pooper . . . Hey, goody-goody . . . Hey, square!"

Carol and her mother sat silent for a while after the party story was over. And then her mother took her hand in hers and said, "I'm glad, in a way, that you went."

"I am too, Mom," Carol said softly, nodding. "If I learned anything from it, it's that I'm still pretty young and that I've got a long time before I grow up. And that I'm not going to push my growing up an inch."

Suddenly, she looked down at her watch. "Mom," she said, "it's a little after 10:00 already. What's on television tonight?"

Her mother smiled a proud and happy smile. "A very good show," she said, not really knowing, as she got up to turn on the set, "a very good show. . . ." **END**

*You can see Carol in* THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST *for Buena Vista.*

## I hated being poor

(*Continued from page 47*) of my brother and me going without food. My father had run off and left us, and she was all alone in our shabby rundown tenement, unable to go out and find work—and work wasn't easy to get then—because we needed looking after.

That raw windy day when the loose window panes shivered in our apartment—that was the first time I remember seeing a tall, stern-faced stranger who came into our kitchen with his briefcase and asked my mother questions about money.

"Didn't your husband leave you any money before he left?" the stranger wanted to know.

My mother told him no, not a penny.

I stood by my mother's chair, and I reached out and held her hand and I said, "Mama, can I go to work?" and she told me to hush. The mean-looking man continued to ask her questions about my father.

Before he left, the stranger told my mother they would let us know if we were eligible for relief. It was humiliating.

All through those early years of my life, strangers came and went through our apartment—prying at my mother, asking embarrassing questions.

I never really had a dad. He ran off, out of fear, because the only job he could get was a grocery clerk's job at eighteen dollars a week, and this wasn't enough for his family to live on. Finally, because of the heartbreak and anguish he caused my mother, they got divorced.

I was eight or nine years old when the divorce came through, and my mother took me aside and told me I was now the man of the house. She tried to make me feel good by calling me 'her little bluebird of happiness' because I went out and worked.

There were times when we didn't make ends meet, and we had these stiff-looking strangers come around and give us the third degree in order to get a couple of dollars' worth of relief. Every time the kids in my school heard we were on relief, they'd call my mother a beggar. That used to hurt me more than anything, the way they'd say this to me—so tauntingly. Kids can be very cruel. I'd hang my head in shame and walk away from them. Later on I used to fight them. . . .

But, getting back to that windy day, the first time I remember a stranger coming to knock at our door. That evening I went out and asked a newspaper man on the corner if I could help him and he said, "Sure, for ten cents an hour." He wanted me to meet him before sun-up, at five o'clock in the morning, and he would show me a delivery route.

I rushed home and told my mother who didn't know what to say. She wanted me to work, and yet she didn't want me to work. But there was no alternative.

Ten cents in those days meant a lot more than it does today. I averaged a buck and a half a week, and my mother was able to buy extra food for Bob and myself. She'd buy us fruit and eggs and fresh vegetables. Otherwise all we would eat was salami and bread and potatoes.

They say being poor builds character. I don't know. Maybe it does. I know it shames you and makes you feel unwanted.

How can I ever forget David Lash's birthday party? I was eight or nine; it

was around the time my mother got her divorce. David was a schoolmate of mine from Lowell Grammar School. He was the son of a doctor, and although we weren't allowed to play together after school, we were good school friends.

His parents wanted to have a big birthday party for him that year. A couple of the girls from our class were invited. They were told to come all dressed up because the party was going to be very special. I expected David to ask me, but he didn't. I wanted to ask him if I could come. I asked my mother if I could ask him. She told me, "No. It isn't right. David's friends are different, and you don't belong with them."

This made me want to go all the more. My mother was right. I was different. I went around in patched-up pants all the time, and I wore socks that had been mended so much you couldn't tell the material they were made out of.

#### No tenement kids wanted

The day of David's party arrived, and everybody at school talked about it as if it were the biggest event of the year. Very few kids from school had been invited because we were from the poorer sections of town. David's father was the doctor for our neighborhood. I guess David was forced to go to our school. They lived in the big house where his father practiced which was in a better part of the West Side. But, nonetheless, within our school district. Dr. and Mrs. Lash used to mix with a lot of snooty people. So most of us tenement kids were out insofar as birthday invitations were concerned.

That day I went up to David at lunchtime and said, 'Happy birthday,' and David told me he wished I could come to his party, but his mother wouldn't let him invite me. I said I didn't care. But David said he wanted me to come because I was his friend. He started to cry, and I told him I understood why it wasn't right for me to be there.

School ended that day, and I went home and I was telling my mother about David's talk with me. There was a knock on our door. and it was the lady from downstairs who had a telephone. The lady said somebody wanted to talk to me on the phone. I raced downstairs to her apartment and I picked up the telephone receiver. It was David. He said one of his cousins couldn't come because he was sick with a fever, and could I come as a substitute. I told him sure.

I ran upstairs breathlessly and told the good news to my mother. She told me I shouldn't go. I didn't belong with them. But I said no, David wanted me.

My mother had pride, and I didn't. Children don't understand pride until they've been hurt too many times. So I put on the only white shirt I owned, and a second-hand suit a religious organization had given us. My mother gave me fifteen cents to buy a gift for David. I went to the candy store and bought him a comic book for a dime and a candy bar for a nickel.

After I got to the party, I realized my mother was right. David lived in a big house near the park. The living room was decorated with crepe paper streamers and colored balloons, and I remember looking at all the food on the dining room table and thinking I'd never seen so much food in all my life. A big turkey, roast beef, cranberries, a three-layer cake.

And presents! There were so many of them, all wrapped up in white tissue paper and tied with fancy ribbons. All the gifts were piled on a side table in the roomy hallway, and I looked at the heaping white mass of them and couldn't believe my eyes. My two presents were in a brown paper bag. I gave the bag to David, and he put it with all the beautiful gifts.

He introduced me to everybody. They were all dressed up. The girls wore frothy organdy dresses with satin sashes that tied in big bows in the back, and all the boys were wearing dark blue or grey suits with long pants. I was the only one in short pants, and I was ashamed.

When the time came to open the presents, I was so ashamed of that brown paper bag in the midst of that toppling mound of white tissue-wrapped gifts, I went over to it and pretended to knock it over accidentally to the floor. The kids sat in a circle around David while he opened his gifts.

After he opened all the gifts on the table David looked at me and said, "Hey, what happened to your gift?"

I pretended I didn't hear him.

"But you gave it to me," he said. "I remember you handed it to me. Hey, everybody," he said, "help me find a lost present!" There was a lot of commotion in the hallway, and everybody began looking. It was like a treasure hunt.

David found it behind the table. "I found it," he said, "I found it," holding up the brown paper bag for everybody to see. They all gathered in a close group around him and waited anxiously while he opened the bag.

The wrinkled brown paper crackled as he opened it. He pulled out the comic book and the nickel candy bar, and there was a terrible letdown in the room, like air let out of a tire. You know how you hear a 'blah' noise after all the air comes out of an inner tube? It was as if I'd heard that same sound from everybody after they saw my gifts.

David tried to cover up by saying I'd bought his favorite comic-book, and the best candy anybody could buy. But all his raves didn't come off. Everybody knew I had brought a poor boy's gifts, and from then on nobody wanted to talk to me at the party.

Being poor is awful and when I started working after school on my newspaper routes and other jobs, I realized how hard money was to come by. So I began stealing.

I'd go into a candy store with a dime in my hand. I wanted the candy store man to think I had all intentions of buying something, and when he wasn't looking I'd steal sweet things because I had a sweet tooth and we never had many desserts at home. I used to steal chocolate cupcakes, the kind that come two in a package. After I stole them I'd run into an alley behind the store, hide in a doorway and gobble them up.

I also used to steal money.

#### The drunk and the ice cream

I had started school then, and one day after school I went into a candy store to swipe some cupcakes. I saw a nickel on the counter. Some customer had left it there, and the proprietor had forgotten to pick it up. I saw him toward the rear of the store scooping out ice cream for a drunk who was saying that all he ever wanted in this world was a double-header cone of chocolate ice cream.

That nickel gleamed on that front counter like the most valuable jewel in the world, and I had to have it. So I put my hand on the counter—very playfully as if I was practicing the piano, and I grabbed it and quickly tightened my fist.

From then on—since I wasn't caught—I developed a thief's confidence and I stole anytime I saw money lying on a counter in front of me. I never robbed a cash register. But I took whatever money glinted in front of my eyes. I used to say


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to myself, "God put it there to help us." But that was stupid. I was afraid of being punished, so I had to make up an excuse.

I stole until my early teens when one day I went to steal a comic book in a dime store, and my mother's best friend saw me, an elderly woman who was a widow. She was shopping, and she stopped to say hello to me. After she walked away, I grabbed the comic book and stuffed it into my jacket. But she saw me and came over and told me to give it to her. I said no, and she tried to yank open my jacket, and I pushed her and ran. She yelled for the manager, but I ducked out of the store in a flash. She went and told my mother about me. My mother didn't hit me. She only told me it was disgraceful for her to think her son, her 'bluebird of happiness' had turned into a crook. She shamed me so much that I took the money I had hoarded under my mattress and bought a bus ticket to California. I was going to start a new life, a life where I didn't have to steal. My grandparents were there, and they would help me.

**A new life in California**

But my grandparents were poor, too. They couldn't work. They were old. It seems like everybody I knew during those growing-up years of my life was hard up for cash. The war was on, but the war's prosperity didn't touch us.

My mother begged me to come home, but I told her I wanted to live in California for a while. I started school and sold flowers on streetcorners to soldiers on furloughs for their fly-by-night girlfriends. I used to hang outside beer joints and honky-tonk dives. There were times I took advantage of the soldiers because they were drunk. I'd sell them a rose for a dime, and they'd give me a quarter or fifty cents and I'd short-change them. They never knew. They were always woozy from beer or whiskey. But I liked the soldiers. They tried to be happy in spite of the fighting they had to do. I could never fight and be happy.

I stayed in California for a year, then I went back to Chicago to live with my mother and brother. I joined a gang then. I'm Jewish, and the gang was for Jewish guys only, and we used to fight the Polish gang who hung out at the opposite end of Chicago's Humboldt Park in the Polish neighborhood. If any member of the Polish gang trespassed on our territory—or vice-versa—we'd call a fight.

Both gangs fought with chains. Steel chains. Once when my gang was beating up a guy, they wanted me to hit him with my chain. I did and his nose burst open and bled. I got sick to my stomach and went home and vomited. I wanted someone to beat me. All week long I wished the school principal would call me in for some punishment.

Shortly after that a big change occurred in my life. I used to ask myself every night, "How long am I going to be poor—and miserable?"

I prayed to God for help.

I began studying feverishly. I made all A's in school. I became a bookworm, but I was a devil, too. I'd go home and do my schoolwork, then run out with the gang and raise hell. My mother did everything she could to control me, but you can't control a kid who's raised in the slums. The tough-guy influence is too strong, and he wants to be a part of it.

Being tough gives you a chance to strike back at the world. I'd break my neck delivering newspapers after school and on Saturdays, and what do you think I earned? I was lucky if I got $1.50 a week. I scrubbed pans in a bakery shop every Saturday night for a quarter. I mopped saloon floors for twenty cents. When you need money, you do anything to get it.

But, as I said, I studied, too.

I had the best marks of all my classmates in grammar school, tried out for the Quiz Kids radio program and made the semi-finals. I'd spend hours reading books in the school library because I believed they held secrets that would take me out of this wretched life I was living, the low, dirty life of fighting and stealing. . . .

My studying paid off.

The summer before I was going to start high school, I convinced my mother we should sell what furniture we had, pack up and head for California. I wanted to leave the stink of the Chicago slums behind us. California seemed like a new country. We could be pioneers.

That year I entered a big puzzle contest in a Los Angeles newspaper, and I won tenth prize—the fat sum of one hundred dollars. So I began entering other contests—and winning. I entered one contest under four different names, and I won the top four prizes! By my senior year in high school my winnings grew from hundreds of dollars to thousands of dollars.

Under one of my contesting names, William Caldwell, I opened a puzzle-answering service for people who needed help in figuring out contests. I wrote contest books which I published.

I was able to finance myself through college. My contest riches gave me a glorious sense of power.

I went out and bought the jazziest convertible in the automobile market—a white Buick with all the trimmings: leopard-skin upholstery, automatic foot control radio with hi-fi speakers, an automatic aerial—you know, the works!

I drove to Chicago where I spent a week parading it in my old neighborhood, showing it off to old girlfriends. I asked them out for rides and expensive dinners.

One of them, Josephine Kurylo—a pretty dark-haired Ukrainian girlfriend of mine, came out with me for a ride through the swanky sections of Chicago.

"You think you're something now, don't you?" she said as we drove around the Loop and I offered to take her to Don the Beachcomber's, one of Chicago's most fabulous restaurants, for Polynesian food.

"You're damned right," I said.

She looked at me with her warm brown eyes and said condescendingly. "You're nothing but a terrible show-off!"

I made a joke about it. "Don't you think it's time," I said, "for me to show off something besides being poor?"

"I'll bet you think," Josephine said as I drove my car proudly through Chicago's high-class neighborhoods, "you can buy anything, don't you?"

"Why not?" I said.

"Well," she answered with contempt in her voice, "you can't. You're going to learn one day, big boy, that you can't buy people."

She never let me take her to Don the Beachcomber's for dinner. She told me I was like a swine wallowing in swill, the way I was wallowing in my new-found riches. The sun began going down, I remember, and the streets were darkening with the shadows of twilight, and she told me to take her home.

"Better yet," she said, "leave me out at the next corner. I'm going to take a bus. I liked you better when you were poor."

I figured she was nuts, had flipped her lid. How could anybody like anyone who was poor?

I drove back to California, dated a bunch of rich girls, spent a fortune showing them the town.

**They laughed in my face**

All of them took advantage of me. They let me shower them with expensive gifts—jewelled compacts and silk scarves and French perfumes. I took them to the best restaurants, and we went dancing only where the name bands played.

Then when I asked them if they would help me join their exclusive country club, they laughed in my face.

Lorrayne Frank, one of the rich girls I dated, finally told me—"You know what your trouble is? You're trying so hard to be something you aren't, and you're killing what you are."

I asked her what she meant, and she told me to take time out and think things over.

I did. I was trying to run away from poverty, and I had grown vulgar. I was flaunting my riches in everyone's face—and they resented me.

Suddenly my white Buick convertible became a white elephant, a noose around my neck. I became ashamed of it the way I used to be ashamed of my threadbare pants and mended stockings. I sold it.

I began pursuing my studies at UCLA with my old fervor. The beautiful open world of knowledge became my savior. I gave up my contesting business. I had saved enough to see me through my schooling; and this was what mattered.

I began to read a great deal, to discuss the exciting topsy-turvy problems of the world with the students in the campus cafeterias. Nothing could compensate for this joy of knowledge. Wasn't this what I loved most in life?

One outumn day that year—in the middle of a golden Indian summer afternoon—I looked at the scarlet and yellow leaves falling from the trees along the campus walks.

Suddenly, standing in the glow of the Indian summer sun, I knew I had allowed poverty to haunt me too long. Was I going to let it terrify me forever?

No, something inside of me said. Being poor was a part of the past. It was a state of existence once. It didn't have to be a permanent state of mind.

I walked along those sunlit paths and listened to the oak and sumac leaves brushing against each other and laughing at me, laughing at me for the fool I'd been.

And I knew if ever I were poor again, I had learned one thing: *not to be afraid.* To live with my books, to enjoy the company of the good friends I'd made at school, to be able to admire the magical beauty of a sun-drenched autumn afternoon—all these things filled my heart with riches no one could ever take away. **END**

*You can see Mark in* THE PARTY CRASHERS *for Paramount.*


## NAME YOUR STAR!

Everybody has a favorite . . . how about telling us yours? Just fill in the names of your six favorite stars . . . the six you'd like most to read about. Send the coupon *along with* the poll on poge 56 to MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N.Y. 17, N.Y. You may be one of our prize winners!

(1)_____ MALE

(2)_____ MALE

(3)_____ MALE

(1)_____ FEMALE

(2)_____ FEMALE

(3)_____ FEMALE

AGE....NAME.....

(*Continued from page 30*) is perfect, perfect, perfect!"

With her head out the window, drinking in the fresh Swiss morning sunlight, she didn't see her mother and father exchange worried looks, shake their heads. She was too happy to notice.

### Almost expected

A few hours later the bridal party pulled slowly away, began the lovely, green-hilled drive to Munich, just across the German border. On the way, they stopped at an inn for a cup of coffee. were greeted with oohs and ahs, with flowers and smiles, with a table by a window and a champagne toast by the owners.

"How sweet they are," Maria whispered to her mother. "You'd almost have thought they expected us. But of course, that's impossible. . . ."

They drove on, crossing into Bavaria, turning off the main highway into the narrow country road that led through the Munich outskirts to the little church in the meadow.

"My, the traffic is heavy for this road," Maria remarked. She turned to Horst. "Look, darling. There's the steeple—that's the church. As soon as we get around this turn you'll be able to see the meadow. . . ."

Her voice trailed off. There was a second of silence.

Then—"What?" whispered Maria Schell. "What—what is this?"

For the green meadow was covered with parked cars. Children and dogs dashed in and out of the old church door. People, people everywhere, shouting, stamping their feet, staring—and now suddenly turning to rush toward the bridal car.

"What . . . what. . . ?"

"Maria," her father said, "we didn't want to tell you. That Munich paper—they came out with the story four days ago."

"But . . ." Maria moaned, "they promised . . . if we gave them the pictures . . . they wouldn't print it until . . . until after. . . ."

Her voice broke suddenly. Horst took her hand. "Well, they lied. They went on the stands last week with the date, the place, the time, everything. We didn't know what to do, to tell you or not. We thought maybe people would understand, let us alone. But—"

The crowd surged closer. "Maria," they shouted. "Maria!" Hands knocked at the car windows. Maria gasped. Suddenly she threw open the door of the car, hurled herself out. Startled, the crowd gave way for a second and she pushed her way into the clear. Before her astonished eyes, a bus—a full touring bus—drove up, stopped on the lawn. Fifty, a hundred people surged out of it. Behind it another bus honked noisily. Behind that—another.

They were coming in busloads to watch the movie star get married.

### Strangers and cameras

She began to run. Behind her she could hear her mother's voice, calling something. Car doors slammed. She ran across the trampled grass that was to have been so green, so peaceful for her wedding day, and pushed her way to the door of the church, peered inside. Where were the familiar faces, the dear friends who were to have smiled at her as she walked down the aisle? Lost in the crowd, outside, unable to get in? Jammed into the pews, standing along the walls were strangers, hundreds of them, cold, curious eyes staring at her—and cameras. Thousands of cameras, going off in her face, flashing and clicking. And hands reaching out—not extended in love to wish her happiness—but hands that grabbed for her dress, for her veil, for her Bible, hands that tried to touch her as if she were a mascot of some sort. Behind her she could hear Horst's voice: "Let me in there. Let me in—"

And another voice, a stranger's, answering, "Who're you? You're not a movie star!"

A third voice: "Him? He isn't even a millionaire!" Then laughter.

Frightened and miserable, Maria Schell ran sobbing down the aisle and hid her face in an old baptismal font to weep.

Somehow, they were married. And the day that should have been the happiest of her life—and was instead the most tragic.

### Maria's first dream

Yet not at her wedding, not even hours later when, their pursuers finally lost, Horst stopped the car and took Maria in his arms—not even then did she for one moment consider giving up her career. And that night, her wedding night, when the phone rang in their hotel room and a voice from Hollywood asked Maria whether she would accept the role of Gruschenka in *The Brothers Karamazov,* production to begin almost at once—not even then did she hesitate to cut short her honeymoon, say good-bye to her first home—and accept the part.

For Maria Schell the dream of love was not the first dream—but the second.

And she was beginning to pay the purchase price for that first dream—the dream of success. Success in the theater.

And that first dream was with her from birth.

Her mother had been an actress, a Viennese actress in the days when the Vienna theater was the finest in the world. And then a young Swiss writer, Hermann Schell married the lovely young actress Margarethe, and settled down to stay. They had four children, handsome and bright—Karl, Maximillian, Maria, and the baby girl, Immy. Life was perfect—except for one thing.

The world was changing, and Vienna with it. As the children were growing up, the sounds of laughter and music were fading gradually. But not so gradual were the rumblings from across the German border from a corporal named Adolf Hitler.

One day Karl and Max came home late from school, clothes dusty, faces streaked.

"Where have you been?" their father asked.

The boys looked at each other. "We—we went to watch them stone the stores in the Jewish section."

"Oh? Who is 'they'?"

"All the boys from school."

"I see," said their father gravely. "Did you enjoy it?"

The boys blushed, ashamed. "No. But we are training ourselves. We must learn to like it so we can be generals in Der Fuehrer's army when we grow up."

They left the room, their heads thrown back, their chests out—almost, but not quite, goose-stepping.

Hermann Schell turned to his wife. "It is time to leave Vienna," he said.

And so in 1938 the Schells packed their bags and moved to Bern, Switzerland, because they were not about to raise a family of little Nazis. . . .

One day when she was twelve, Maria spent the afternoon at a girl friend's house. Switzerland was the only European nation where it was possible to obtain luxuries—and Maria's friend had laid hands on one of them: a bottle of American nail polish! Proudly, she displayed her glittering fingers; generously she offered to do Maria's nails too.

"But—I don't think my family would approve," Maria said, her eyes fastened hungrily on the bottle.

"Nonsense. Your mother was an actress. You are going to be an actress. All the American movie stars wear nail polish."

Hesitantly, Maria extended her hands. Fifteen minutes later she was ecstatically gesturing before a mirror. "I'm an actress. See—when I'm on the stage in Vienna, this is how I'll be!"

The afternoon passed quickly. At five o'clock, Maria was ready to go home. "But first I must take the polish off. How do you do it?"

Her friend looked puzzled. "I don't know. Soap and water, I guess."

An hour later they were still scrubbing frantically. At 6:15 Maria, still scarlet-nailed, had to leave. At 6:30, seated at the dinner table, hands in her lap, she was desperately wondering how one ate dinner without revealing her hands. Then someone said, "Maria—some potato soup?" She loved potato soup. By reflex her hand





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reached out, and took the bowl of soup.

"Maria! Your finger nails!" said her father's horrified voice.

"Maria's a painted woman," chanted her brothers across the table.

"Whatever did you do that for?" demanded her mother, trying not to laugh.

And Maria, her cheeks as red as her fingers, muttered: "I wanted—to look—like an actress—"

### Work, sacrifice and love

Later that evening, her father took her for a walk. "I see that you are serious about acting," he told her gravely. "Well, I do not disapprove. You may certainly have inherited your mother's talents—why not? But, Maria, you do not become an actress by painting your finger nails at the age of twelve. It takes more than the look, you know. You must pay a price to have a dream come true. It takes work, and sacrifice, and love to be an artist. When you have given those, when you are on the great stage at Vienna, taking your bows—*then* if I see your nails are red, I will shout 'Bravo!' Till then, work—and—this."

And he presented her with a bottle of polish remover.

By 1946 she *was* an actress—a real one. The war was over, and people getting ready to begin life anew needed relaxation, forgetfulness. Little theatre groups sprang up in the villages, and wherever there was a part to be played, however thankless, however small, Maria Schell was there to read for it. She usually got it, too. At night she would be home with her scripts, talking over her part with her mother, badgering her brothers into cueing her lines—practicing, practicing, practicing.

"You'll wear yourself out, Gritli," her mother said one night, calling Maria by her childhood pet name. "Take a rest this summer. A nice vacation. We'll go to Lucerne—"

Maria shook her head. "No. I have two weeks off—and I'm going to Vienna."

"To Vienna?" Her mother's eyes opened. "You can't get there. It's in the Russian zone. They'll never let you through."

"I'll say I'm going to visit Grandpa. I'll get a visa."

"But the theatres are bombed out. The Burg, the—"

"Then I'll go to the Josefsstadter Theatre. I've got to, that's all!"

"Maria, it will take you your whole two weeks just to get an entry permit. And then—"

But Maria was too deep in her dream to hear. It didn't take her two weeks. Her vacation started on Sunday. On Monday morning at eight she was at the city hall, badgering officials. Home for lunch, and then back again from one to five. On Tuesday the same. On Wednesday she brought her lunch with her, and a harried clerk finally took her aside to say, "Look, the only people the Reds will let in are other Reds. Now, there's a Communist youth group theatre on its way to Prague by way of Vienna. Why don't you join up with them and drop out when you get to Vienna? Otherwise, you don't stand a chance."

### Maria sees the other side

Eyes sparkling, Maria went out to tell the Reds that she was at their disposal.

It might have worked, too. But at Innsbruck, the first stop on the train through Austria, a Russian soldier found something wrong with one of her papers.

"Off the train!" he ordered.

"But—I'm supposed to go to Vienna—I don't know anyone in Innsbruck—"

"*Off the train!*"

Maria got off....

It was a long, hard road to Vienna, and when she reached it at last, Maria Schell was a child no longer. It was with a new determination, with less gaiety and more purpose, that she surveyed her prospects there. The director of the Josefsstadter, Herr Steinbock, was a busy man—his receptionists turned Maria away time after time from his door. At her grandfather's house there was no heat, little food. Armed troops patrolled the streets—the very sunlight seemed filtered with tension, hunger, fear. Switzerland seemed like heaven, a heaven of warmth, of food and freedom.

But she stayed. She stayed until she had sat eight full days in Herr Steinbock's office, and he had finally come out to see what this persistent little blonde was like. She talked to him until he promised, without even having heard her read, that he would try to use her in the Kleinen Theatre, if not the Josefsstadter.

### To be perfectly frank . . .

A few days later she was invited to a cocktail party. A Viennese movie director, Karl Hartl, was to be there. "But you must not say you are an actress," Maria was warned with her invitation. "He has been trying to cast a movie, *Angel With The Trombone,* and he will be angry if he thinks people are seeking him out in his free time."

Maria nodded silently. She allowed herself to be introduced to Hartl as a student. She went further. When he looked her over with obvious interest and said, "So, you're a student, are you?" she mumbled, "Yes," again. But the third time it was too much. Hartl crossed the room to her side, drew her apart. "Aren't you at all interested in acting? Haven't you ever tried it?"

Maria took a deep breath. "Well, to be perfectly frank...." she admitted.

Three days later she had a major part in one of his movies.

The first dream was about to come true.

And, indeed, it happened so fast that it seemed like a dream. Almost at once her blonde beauty, her incredibly lovely smile attracted movie-goers all over Europe. Directors sought her out, leading men wanted her for their films, advertisers wanted the Schell smile to sell their products. Suddenly she was earning money, making movies in three languages. She was cast opposite one of Germany's most exciting young men, Dieter Borsche. They had a few dates—and suddenly they were the Tony-and-Janet, the Debbie-and-Eddie of Europe. They made a movie called *Doctor Holl* that some six million people saw, they were rumored engaged, they were the biggest box-office team on that side of the Atlantic—and everyone was happy.

Everyone but Maria.

### Born for this?

For the dream had come true—and suddenly it didn't seem worth it. She wasn't in love with Dieter, nice though it would have been. She didn't like the movies they were making, no matter how much they paid. It looked as if all she would have to do for the rest of her life was stand by Dieter's side and dream into the camera—and she hated it! Was it for this that she had been born into a family of artists? Was it for this that she had made her long, lonely journey to Vienna? Was it for this that she had worked and dreamed all her life?

They began to call her 'that difficult Schell' around the lots. Suddenly nothing pleased her. The sunny smile was turned on only for the cameras. She argued over every line of script, every direction given her. She tried to turn the sweet little women they gave her to play into troubled, real people. She wouldn't do this scene. She wouldn't pose for that still.

"What's gotten into you?" her friends

demanded. She couldn't answer them. But she felt she was wasting her life, and she didn't know what to do about it. Nobody listened to her ideas—and why should they? Sweet little girls made money. Wasn't that enough?

Finally she disappeared. Rumor said she was in Paris, in London, on the Riviera—vacationing with Dieter. Actually, she was home in Switzerland, trying to recapture the dream.

Then one day, a letter reached her—and a script.

*Dear Fraulein Schell:*

*We have here a script we believe is good. But it is on an unpopular theme. If you will play the lead, we can make it—and make money. If not, we drop the idea.*

The script was *The Last Bridge.*

And the girl in it was not a sweet young thing, but a dedicated woman. Maria wrote:

*I am ready any time that you are.*

Two weeks later she was on her way to Jugoslavia, to make the film. Traveling with her was the entire cast and crew, the director, Helmut Kautner . . . and a young assistant director, Horst Haechler.

It did not take Maria long to find out that Horst, too, was working on the film because he believed in it. He was ambitious, yes; but not for fame, not for money. It was easy enough for him to say so, of course, since he had neither—but he meant it. You could tell. You could tell when he talked about the movies he wanted to direct some day—good movies, with something to say. You could tell it even through his laughter as he described how he had spent the last few years—going to high school all over again because his diploma had turned out to be no good after Germany's surrender, going to dentistry school, giving it up to follow his earliest love—the theater.

Under the strangest conditions, Maria and Horst fell in love. . . .

**No room for movie stars**

Jugoslavia, it seemed, had very few accommodations for film crews—not even their stars. This company was making a movie about the war: very well, they could live as soldiers lived. In Jugoslavia that meant *outside.* They cooked over open fires, washed their clothes in pots of warmed water. And at night the director would stand solemnly behind a huge pile of mattresses and blankets, while the movie-makers filed past, collected what they could carry, and staggered off to make their beds on the ground. Maria, exhausted nightly from playing highly emotional scenes over and over again all day, would be the last to leave the fire, the last to totter off under her load. One night Horst saw her lurching by and called out, "Can't I help you?"

And weary as she was, Maria managed a grin. "No," she said. "I have made my bed; now I must lie in it."

A pretty feeble joke, even for a tired girl. But somehow it struck them both as hilarious. And when they were done laughing, they were in love.

By the time the picture was finished, and on its way to winning top prizes at the film festivals of the world, on its way to making Maria Schell the biggest name in Europe, they were engaged. The clamor that went up was horrifying.

"Who is he? Nobody!"

"He *will* be somebody," Maria would say patiently.

"But you *already* are a star. This sort of thing never works, the wife more famous than the husband!"

"He will be just as famous. We are going to make a movie together. He will direct it."

"You'll fight. You always fight with your directors. You can't be an actress and have a life of your own. It doesn't work."

"It will work."

She went on saying so, month after month. It wasn't always easy. They made a movie together and they did fight, furiously.

"Who is the director?" Horst would bellow. "You or me?"

"Who's had more experience? Who was right about the third scene, eh? I was," Maria would retort, eyes flashing.

"All right, you were right once. This time *I* am right. Do it my way or not at all!"

When she remembered she was a woman, it was easy to be delighted that Horst was not to be pushed around, that he usually won. But when she was only Maria Schell, defending her dream against all comers, she fought him with all her might.

The picture was not a success. Each blamed the other. . . .

**"The future Mr. Schell"**

Off stage it was no easier. One night at a party he heard himself being introduced as "the future Mr. Schell."

That was almost the end.

"I shall never go to another of these things," he told Maria firmly. "Never. You go alone."

She was horrified. "But you must come next week. I am getting an award—"

"Get it alone." And she did.

Finally she wrote to Horst.

*We are both artists, both difficult people. Never mind. We would not be in love if we were different. It is lonely here. I am surrounded by people, but I am lonely for you. I think I would rather fight all day than leave you for an hour.*

*I have always been told that one must pay for having a dream come true. My dream was acting—it has been realized. But surely I don't have to pay by losing you. That would be too much to ask. . . .*

She didn't lose Horst. But she made her first payment with the shambles of her ruined wedding day.

And the price was far from being paid in full. . . .

**The baby**

When Maria and Horst arrived in Hollywood for *The Brothers Karamazov,* they knew they were going to have a baby. When they left Hollywood, they knew the baby would be lost.

They told no one their secret, not even their parents. "We did not want my pregnancy dragged through the papers," Maria explained later. "We were afraid our folks would tell the neighbors and soon—it would be public property."

It was no one's fault but the baby was lost.

And, perhaps, another payment made. . . .

There is a long, expensive contract from Hollywood in Maria Schell's papers now. It guarantees her all the work she wants, all the money she can spend—all the privileges of choosing her own scripts.

But nobody knows where she is.

Nobody knows where she has hidden to wait for heartbreak to heal, for time to bring forgetfulness of the lost baby, for hope to remind her of the others to come.

Nobody knows, indeed, if Maria Schell will ever come back to the dream that came true—and became a nightmare.

And if she does return, only time can tell what future payment will be made in private heartbreak, in loneliness, in love. That is between Maria and the future. . . .

**END**

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# confessions of hugh o'brian's private secretary

(*Continued from page 32*) the blonde had settled down—about ten feet from me. "What a beautiful bathing suit!" he remarked. "I bet it's from Paris." She nodded her head. Two minutes later they were doing underwater acrobatics together.

After I'd lost him for half an hour I decided I'd better take matters into my own hands, if we were to get through the pile of work we had brought along. I put down my pad and pencil and jumped in after him, till I got close enough to tickle his feet. When he turned I motioned him to come up to finish his work. He made a few feeble attempts to push me away but finally followed me up above the waterline.

"Goody, you are fired," he cried out.

I pointed at the blonde who was just stretching out on a cork mat. "Do you think *she* can take down 120 words a minute?" His face broke into a grin and then he continued with the dictation where we had left off forty-five minutes earlier.

That's all in a typical day's work for me which stretches through seven days a week, has taken me to places like Hawaii, Acapulco, New York and the Virgin Islands with Hugh, and includes doing just about everything except wear Wyatt Earp's clothes—and I came pretty close to doing that once, too.

**I wouldn't trade places**

It happened the morning of the wettest day we've had in Los Angeles during the past decade, after a telegram from Hugh was delivered to my apartment at 4:00 a.m. MEET ME AT INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT AT 6 A.M. WITH RAINCOAT AND EARP BOOTS. I knew he'd forget something the one time I didn't go along with him on a trip. . . .

And so I was at the airport at six in the morning, a raincoat over one arm, his boots in the other, making sure he wouldn't get his feet wet as he passed in a downpour from the airport building to the car.

Of course I had also brought along six days' mail which he read on the drive to his house, for as he once told me, "There's no point wasting time. . . ."

Hugh is not an easy boss to work for. But I wouldn't trade places with any girl! I've never had so much fun since I became his girl Friday, about a year and a half ago.

Till then, I used to be private secretary for David Haft, a close friend of Hugh's with whom he shared a house till Dave got married. I left Dave about the same time and went to New York to visit my relatives. The day I came back to Hollywood I ran into Hugh on Canon Drive in Beverly Hills.

"Hey, Goody!' he yelled across the street. "What are you doing now?"

"Nothing. . . ." I shouted back.

"That's where you are wrong," he hollered. "From now on you're my secretary. . . ."

I ran across the street to shake hands and close the deal, and I haven't stopped running since. But at least Hugh appreciates it. Last Christmas he gave me a pair of tiny, hand-carved filigree gold dancing shoes with a sweet little note attached to them.

*To my executive secretary with my sincerest appreciation.*
*Hugh*

*P.S. These are for all the shoes you must have worn out this past year.*

And he wasn't kidding. Take a typical "workday" in Acapulco.

My appointment book read:

*Wake Hugh at* 8:00 *a.m.; Breakfast* 9:00 *a.m.; Surfboard lessons* (everything he does I do; so naturally I went along) 10:00 *a.m.; Skin diving* 12:00 *a.m.; Boating and lunch* 1:00 *to* 5:00 *p.m.; Cocktails with Señor and Señora Malentas,* 7:00 *p.m.; Supper at Hotel da Pesca,* 10:00 *p.m.*

**I had no idea . . .**

As if the mere schedule wasn't exciting enough, something invariably occurs to add that extra thrill. That day it happened thirty feet under water. The diving instructor suddenly motioned Hugh to "freeze." I was about fifteen feet above him at a vantage point from where I could see what was taking place. And it made me shiver in spite of the eighty degree water. A poisonous eel was winding past Hugh. The slightest movement on Hugh's part would have made the eel strike—and kill him instantly. He didn't move. . . .

In spite of a busy social schedule our Acapulco stay was the quietest, most relaxed trip I have ever taken with Hugh. The reason, I am sure, is the fact that his Wyatt Earp shows are not being televised South of the Border, and consequently he is known only to other American tourists. . . .

How different was his reception in Honolulu last summer, where we went supposedly for a rest.

*Look for*
**RICKY NELSON**
*On the cover*
*of next month's*
**MODERN SCREEN**

At least Hugh got some sleep on the flight over. In fact he loves to fly because at 20,000 feet he is safe from mail, telephones and telegrams. But no sooner had Hugh closed the door of his hotel room when a local newspaper-woman called him for an interview. We had photographers and newspaper people follow us around from breakfast through dinner.

When I started to work for Hugh, I had no idea that my duties would include not only secretarial work, but running his household, selecting his clothes, buying cars, and screening telephone calls from women of all ages.

Since he has an unlisted phone number, I don't know how complete strangers get hold of it. But they do. And they don't make my job simple, because Hugh wants to be polite to everyone without committing himself when he doesn't know what he's in for.

**I try not to be nosy**

One girl insisted, "I bet you're not even going to tell him that I called."

"Of course I will," I assured her. There was a slight pause before she giggled, "If I were you, I wouldn't."

But I do, although I first try to find out all I can about them, without trying to appear nosy. That isn't always easy.

Not long ago I had a call from a girl in Santa Paula. "What would you like to talk to him about?" I asked politely.

There was a moment's silence. Then, at last, "It's personal. . . ."

"May I have your name and phone number . . .?"

"No. But Hugh knows me," she insisted. "I'll call back," and hung up.

She called back the next day and the day after, and the day after that. When she finally realized she couldn't get through to Hugh without giving me a little more information, she weakened. "I told a fib. . . ." she confessed.

I waited patiently.

"I'm a dentist's assistant and I told one of the patients that Hugh and I were close friends. . . ."

I still didn't say anything. This version wasn't new, either.

"Do you think Mr. O'Brian would mind driving to Santa Paula next Sunday so I could meet him?" she asked hopefully. And before I could answer, "Then I wouldn't be caught lying. . . ."

It was typically female logic and I didn't blame her a bit. I haven't met a woman yet who doesn't have a crush on my boss. I also knew that he couldn't possibly go to Santa Paula even if he'd wanted to. But he did send her a letter and a picture which I'm sure helped establish her alibi.

Actually, Hugh is so curious about the girls who do call him—he meets almost all of them, either by inviting them to the set or by getting acquainted over a cocktail somewhere. And if he's disappointed in any of them, and by the simple law of averages, he must have been, he never shows it. In fact he's so gracious about it that since I've started to work for him, he hasn't made a single enemy although he gets some very amusing letters as an aftermath of these get-togethers. One girl kept writing him, "But I don't want to be like a sister to you. . . ." Hugh didn't tell me what transpired, but I can well imagine!

One of the biggest problems I face as Hugh's secretary is getting boyfriends of my own! Wherever we go, everyone always thinks I'm his girlfriend, which doesn't make it easy for me because—let's face it—how many men would try to compete with Hugh?

But inadvertently, he is quite helpful. . . .

Not long ago he made a phone call to a friend, who had invited him to spend the following Sunday afternoon at his pool. "I'd love to come," Hugh assured him. "But I have some work to do. Would you mind if I bring along my secretary?"

There was a long, long silence before Hugh finally said, somewhat uneasily, "All right. We'll be at your house at two. . . ."

When we arrived, the friend turned to Hugh. "Where's your secretary?"

He pointed at me. "This is Goody. . . ."

His friend didn't seem exactly displeased and I was glad, because he was quite handsome. We've had dinner together a number of times since.

**I save him from women**

Among my many duties, the one that requires the greatest finesse is that of friend-in-need to my boss. This only happens on the rare occasions when he gets himself into an embarrassing situation where he has to be rescued. Like a few weeks ago, when I got an anxious call from him just as I had walked into my apartment. It seemed that a slightly inebriated young woman had rung his doorbell, and when Hugh opened the door, pushed her way into his house pretending to be a friend of a friend.

Hugh had tried to get rid of her as gentlemanly as possible. She wouldn't budge, till I rushed over to help out. I can still see her expression as I walked into the house, notebook and pencil in hand, and told Hugh I was ready to go to work any time he was ready to start his dictation.

"You go to work at two o'clock in the morning?" she cried out skeptically.

"We often do," Hugh insisted as he began to dictate a letter. That was all the persuasion she needed to take a powder. . . .

Actually, we weren't so terribly far off when we indicated we are working almost

any hour of the day or night. Just the other night Hugh phoned me at three in the morning. "Please remind me that I have a date at six tonight. . . ." he said.

"You have *what?*" I cried out.

"A date, at six," he repeated. "I was afraid I might forget. . . ."

"I'll remember," I yawned as I sleepily scribbled a note to myself on a pad which I keep next to my bed for just such emergencies.

While working for Hugh, I can really never tell just what I'm expected to do next.

He was still living in his apartment in West Los Angeles when he had an advertising executive over for dinner. As usual I had prepared the menu. (I take care of all his shopping as well as supervise the cleaning, the laundry, etc., etc.) The three of us were enjoying delightful steaks when Hugh's guest complained of having wet feet.

"Sure you do!" Hugh laughed, thinking it was a joke.

"Honestly," the man insisted.

Seconds later both Hugh and I felt water seeping into our shoes as well. A quick investigation revealed a broken faucet in the bathroom.

For five minutes the three of us frantically tried to find a way to stop the flow of water, which was already trickling down through the living room and into the hallway. . . .

"Call the fire department," Hugh ordered as he wrapped towels around the break in the line.

Ten minutes later two fire engines came to a screeching halt in front of the building. About twenty firemen jumped off—and one of them turned off the valve to stop the flow of water!

### I save his life

Some days I'm even called upon to save his life—as I did during a recent magazine layout. . . .

Hugh and his date, Valerie French, had gone to James Bauer's home, which has a pool with a window at the side of it, from which underwater pictures can be shot. After they splashed around for a while Hugh spotted a couple of harpoons lying by the side of the pool. He couldn't have possibly known they were loaded or he would never have considered it fun to pretend that he and Valerie were having an underwater fight with them. Before it was over, Hugh might have been without a date and I without a boss.

I was with the photographer who suddenly noticed through the window that the harpoons were loaded—he was more familiar with this weapon than Hugh was. "Get them out of the water!" he shouted.

I turned pale. "How?"

There was no point hollering at them because they couldn't hear us.

Since they were wearing aqua lungs, they could stay below another fifteen minutes. Something had to be done, fast. And I was the only other person who wore a bathing suit.

I ran up and dove in, and swam toward them. Before I knew what was happening I had two harpoons pointing at me—Hugh's, and Valerie's. Frantically I motioned them to come up. Apparently Hugh thought we were playing games because he turned and started to chase me—with the loaded harpoon. Luckily I came up above the waterline before he became trigger happy! When I told him about the weapon he didn't hesitate to dive down and take Valerie's harpoon from her.

### I find a house

One of my favorite duties on the job was house hunting.

Hugh knew for some time that he wanted to get a place of his own, but he had only a vague idea what it should be like, and no time to do anything about it. So I did it for him.

Invariably the reaction of the real estate people—especially the women—when I told them who it was for was the same. "Congratulations," and "We'd like to get his autograph."

When I assured them that I was only his secretary they seemed to breathe a sigh of relief. Apparently, a lot of them still like their heroes single. . . .

The autographs were no problem, because my boss willingly signed them all.

Hugh himself managed to look at about one out of six houses I thought had possibilities, and a couple of months ago agreed that I had found it. It's a charming, two-bedroom home on top of a mountain, with an unobstructed view over Beverly Hills and the ocean. He is now redecorating the house and adding a swimming pool, and I help with the arrangements.

I've also become general counselor on his wardrobe—I have all his measurements and buy most of his things by myself—got him his car—at a discount—can fix hors d'oeuvres the way he likes them and have become an expert in mixing just the right kind of martinis. I've even become a practical nurse after a recent trip to Houston, Texas, where Hugh shook hands with so many youngsters at the Children's Hospital that he got blisters on his hands.

"Do something!" he said as he held them out to me.

Since we didn't have any painless antiseptic with us, I poured some of his after-shave lotion on them, which made him wince. "Goody," he started out. . . .

". . . I know," I cut in. "I'm fired."

I wasn't—but occasionally I feel I get mighty close to it, when we fight like two people who've been married twenty years!

Hugh gets really upset only about small details that haven't been properly taken care of, a shirt that comes back with a button missing; a misplaced script; a letter that isn't answered promptly. He is a perfectionist and expects everyone else to be just like him.

The angriest he ever got was about a tie rack I ordered which he didn't like. Twice he asked me to take it back, and twice I got sidetracked with something else. The third time he exploded.

"All right . . . I give it to you for a birthday present!" I finally insisted.

His face broke into the familiar grin. "If you can afford to give me birthday presents—I pay you too much. Consider your salary cut fifty per cent. . . ."

"Next you'll ask me to pay you for letting me work for you!" I cried out.

"Now there's an idea. . . ."

I didn't press the point. I'm sure there must be millions of women who would be willing to do just that! **END**

*Hugh can be seen in* THE FIEND WHO WALKED THE WEST *for 20th-Fox.*


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# thanks, darling, for making me a woman

(*Continued from page 26*) sister getting married, Lana shook her head wisely and said:

"Nat and R. J. love each other fine. But Nat won't be a good housewife. If they have maids, it will be all right. But Nat can't sew, or clean up or even cook. She cooked something once for dinner and I had a stomach-ache. We had burned steak, cold corn and mashed potatoes that were half beaten and half lumps. She's also very good at spending money for clothes. And—"

It was at this point that a member of the wedding party overheard the little girl, told her to hush up and dragged her back to the smiling group.

And it was at this point, too, that the newspaperman wondered what the heck the smiling group was smiling about, anyway.

Before being assigned to cover this wedding, he'd heard nothing but the most gloomy tidings about this young Hollywood couple. And now along came the bride's own baby sister and topped it all off with her own brand of revelations.

Then something else happened.

The reporter stepped forward to take a peek at Natalie and Bob as they got into their car and bid good-bye to everyone.

"Good-bye!" the newlyweds called out, waving at one and all.

"Good luck!" waved back a woman standing next to the reporter, who then turned to him and, still waving, muttered: "Those two will need it, believe me. . . ."

Said one so-called pal of Nat's, a day or two before the wedding, in an off-the-cuff remark that has good cause to be revealed now: "Sure I'm glad she's getting married. I love weddings . . . But as far as Nat goes, I wouldn't be surprised if she ends up like Ava Gardner, getting married and unmarried as she pleases, doing whatever she pleases and when. After all, Nat's a kid at heart. She always has been and always will be—a wonderful, bratty, impulsive, no-nonsense, all-nonsense kid. And now she's marrying up with the very respectable R. J. And I can just see the fireworks in the offing. And I do mean before next Fourth of July!"

Well, the wedding took place on December 28, 1957, and next Fourth of July has come and gone for Nat and Bob. And much of it's brought tears to the eyes of that small but loud-whispering group in Hollywood that likes to start rumors about such things. There have been no fireworks in the Wagner household. At least, not *that* kind.

In fact, a lovely miracle has been taking place in that brand-new household over the past ten months. Because, you see, some of the things that had been said about Nat at the time of her wedding were at least partly true. And, little by little, there have been some beautiful changes made in the heart and mind of this beautiful girl who decided to become a bride.

The cause of the change?

Bob Wagner.

The reason behind it?

Love.

The change itself?

Nat—the kid—is becoming a woman. . . .

Well, there came this night last January, shortly after Nat and Bob were married, the night things began to change.

The Wagners were dining out, alone, at a Sunset Strip restaurant. Dinner over with, Nat picked up a cigarette and Bob dutifully lit it. A few minutes later, a director who knew Nat well and who was sitting at a nearby table came walking over.

"Are you still smoking?" he asked Nat, very bluntly.

"Sure," Nat said, beginning to laugh.

"But—" the director started to say.

Nat's laughter turned nervous as she realized what he was up to. She tried to change the subject.

But she didn't get far when Bob interrupted now and turned to the director. "Why do you ask about the smoking, sir?" he wanted to know.

"When a doctor tells a girl she has a nervous heart and mustn't smoke anymore, I think it pays to take the advice," said the director. Whereupon he shrugged, said good night and walked away.

And whereupon Bob turned back to Nat and said he wanted to know a little more about this nervous heart business.

"Oh honestly," Nat said, puffing away at her cigarette, "it must have been about a year ago that I went to see this doctor and he examined me and said my heart was just a little nervous.

"And that you should stop smoking," Bob added.

"Yes," Natalie said.

"Then stop," Bob said.

"I will not," said Natalie.

"I said stop," Bob said, suddenly very serious, more serious than Natalie had ever known him to be. "I said stop—and I mean *now*."

Nat shook her pretty head. "No," she said, taking another puff. "It's fun and I like it and—"

"Nat," Bob said, leaning over in his chair, talking very softly now, "Nat, honey . . . I love you and I married you and I want you to be around me for a long time, a long, long time. And I don't want any cigarettes cutting down on that time if they're affecting your heart in any way." He winked. "Not even if that time is fifty or sixty years away from now when we're old and tired and sitting on a porch somewhere, rocking away on a couple of wicker rockers, me holding my ancient hand in yours."

Like magic, Nat put out the cigarette, promised never to touch the stuff again and then reached across the table to grasp the still-young hand of her still-young husband, to hold it and hold it for the rest of the evening. . . .

Now, it's a matter of record that Nat once said about herself: "All I knew for years as a kid star were people who'd pat me on the back and say, 'Isn't she cute and isn't she a swell trouper and don't we all just love her!' Well, this happens and you go around starry-eyed, thinking everybody wants to help you. But then, as soon as you start getting up there, you learn that some of the people who were nice to you are just as anxious now to stab you in the back. It's taken me a long time. But I've come to the conclusion that people aren't nice, unless they're your true friends. At least, not some of them. They're just not nice."

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Well, then came this other time shortly after the wedding when the Wagners went to a party after the première of some picture or other. They were having a swell time, too, till Bob suddenly noticed that Nat's face had grown very long.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I didn't know *she'd* be here," Nat whispered, indicating a young actress who'd just walked into the room.

Bob had known the other girl from way back. He'd always liked her, liked her fine, and he couldn't understand Nat's attitude. "Fess up, honey," he said; "what's wrong between you and her?"

Nat 'fessed up with a vengeance. Why, that girl had finagled her way into a movie part once, a part originally intended for Nat. Why, she'd gotten her agent to contact the producer in the most underhanded way and then she'd managed to test for the part—and then she'd *gotten* it.

"Nat," Bob said, when his wife was all through, "did *you* ever want a part somebody else already had?"

Nat didn't answer.

"Did you ever test after somebody else thought she had the part—not through any meanness of your own, but just because that's the way it happens to be in this business of ours?" Bob asked.

Nat nodded this time.

"Look," Bob said, suddenly, "I want to prove something to you."

### Nat finds a friend

Before Nat had a chance to ask what, Bob had turned, caught the other girl's eye, waved and signaled her over to the table. And before Nat had a chance to object, the girl came rushing over, smiling warmly, shaking hands with Bob first, then with Nat, then accepting Bob's invitation to sit down for a few minutes—right next to Nat, of course—and chat.

After a moment or two of chatting—betwen Bob and the other girl, that is, Bob excused himself from the table. "Got to see somebody for a moment," he said, smiling at Nat, "but I'm sure you girls can stand it without me for that long, huh?"

Nat didn't exactly smile back.

But she was smiling, all right, smiling real friendly-like, when Bob returned to the table—about *fifteen* minutes later. Yes, the other young actress was saying something, obviously a real girl-talk type thing, and Nat was listening and smiling and she actually seemed to be enjoying this girl.

"Nice person, this enemy of yours?" Bob asked softly as he bent over Nat to give her a peck on the ear.

Nat nodded. "*Very* nice, you horrible monster, you," she whispered and then turned back to her new-found friend and to what she was saying. . . .

Speaking of friends, actor Nick Adams—long one of Nat's closest pals—told us a couple of years ago: "Nat and I have an agreement. Her husband, when she gets married and whoever she marries, has to agree that Nat and I stay friends. He's got to realize we are friends who are very close, who call each other up when we have something on our minds—in the middle of the night sometimes when we have problems and we're alone and can't sleep, who tell each other everything and who nothing or nobody is ever going to break up."

Well, Nat was an extremely popular girl before she was married and her friends literally numbered in the hundreds—the very close, the near-close, the almost-near-close, and so on. And while she didn't have this never-say-die-or-good-bye agreement with all of them, there were certainly a couple of dozen who could say what Nick had said, that nothing or nobody was going to spoil these beautiful relationships.

Of course, Nat and Nick and all the

others were extremely young when they shook hands on this. And of course, since Nat and Bob married, there haven't been any middle-of-the-night phone calls to anyone from the Wagner bedroom—partly because there's no telephone in the Wagner bedroom, partly because Nat sleeps much better these nights—there being a Mr. Wagner who sleeps beside her now.

But, still, Nat loved all her old friends even after she got married. And there did come the time shortly after she and Bob settled in their new place when the subject of these friends did come up.

It all had to do with a housewarming the young couple had been planning to give. It had to do, more specifically, with the number of people they'd invite.

"I think twenty should do it," Bob said, picking up a pencil and preparing to make the list.

"Twenty?" Nat cried. "But, Bob, I could never get away with that."

"What do you mean never-get-away-with?" Bob asked.

"I mean there must be a hundred people who'll feel terrible if we don't invite them," said Nat.

"You're kidding," Bob said, hopefully.

"Honest, Bob," Nat said, taking the pencil from him and beginning to jot down name after name after name.

It took Nat twenty minutes and seven pages of pad to make the list—and when she finished the list totaled one-hundred-and-twenty-six names.

**Big party**

"So?" Bob asked, holding back the chuckle, "what do we do, hire the Palladium Ballroom or just fly everybody to New York and try to get Madison Square Garden for the night?"

"Darling," Natalie said, "if we could only have these people, just this once—"

Bob sighed a deep, young husband's sigh. "Look, Nat," he said, "first of all, this place we call home is charming and I'm crazy about it. But it isn't exactly big. And we don't want to stuff it up with so many people that everybody's going to be uncomfortable, do we? . . . And then, Nat, there's this matter of friendship. Now, all those names you've written down. They can't all be real friends—"

"But they are," Nat interrupted.

"I mean," continued Bob, "they're all good people, I knew, and you like them all, I know that too. But a party like the one we should have—well, it should be a party for people we really want to see, for our real good friends. And unless I'm wrong, Nat, most people are lucky if they have—"

"Twenty good friends?" Nat broke in, laughing.

"Something like that," said Bob, laughing too.

Now it was Nat's turn to sigh her deep, young wife's sigh.

"Go take a shower, darling," she said, out of the clear blue, a few moments later, after she'd thought over what her husband had just told her.

"Why should I?" Bob asked.

"Because I've got something I want to do—alone—for a while," said Nat. "So go take a shower or do something and leave me alone for just a little while. . . ."

When he came back there sat Nat, pencil still in hand, examining her guest list with the intensity of a near-sighted Swiss watchmaker, and carefully—if rather slowly—crossing out first one name, then another. . . .

Finally, let's re-examine that quote of Lana's—Nat's kid sister—that we printed at the beginning of this article, the comment about Nat not being able to do any housework, or not being able to cook and certainly being able to spend lots of money on clothes.

Fact is, it's still part fact. Nat *still* doesn't know anything about housework, for instance, for the simple reason that both she and Bob are very hard-working, successful movie stars who make a lot of money and can afford a cleaning woman a few times a week.

"But," as somebody—a friend of Bob's this time—told us recently, "don't let Natalie ever hear you say she can't cook anymore. Because she can really cook up a storm now. If there's one thing old R. J. likes, it's to eat at home as much as possible. And Nat realized this early in the game and I don't know if she went to cooking school or spent a fortune on recipe books or what. But sit with this girl for an hour and she'll spend at least half the time telling you about a *Beef Stroganoff* she just happened to whip up for Bob the night before, or maybe about the *lasagna* she made on Saturday night, or about the omelet she's planning to make tonight, the kind with the herbs and the thin slices of *prosciutto*, with thin-stripped potatoes on the side and stringbeans *à la Française*—garnished with flaked almonds yet.

"And about that other point—Nat spending lots of dough on clothes. I happen to know that she's learned from Bob that a dress and a hat and a pair of shoes aren't things you wear once or twice and then retire to the attic. And lots of couturiers and all kinds of ladies' apparel salesmen throughout Hollywood and Beverly Hills have learned that practically the only time they get to see Natalie now is at their local theater."

Speaking of pictures—or rather, in this case, photographs—we'd like to address a question to you, our readers.

Did you like that color shot of Nat and Bob at the beginning of this article?

There's a nice little story behind that shot.

The picture itself was taken especially for us at a beautiful seaside California town where Bob was working on his latest movie, *In Love And War*. It was taken late one afternoon, three days after the picture company moved down to the town for a week and a half of location work. It had been scheduled to be taken on that first day of location. But, unfortunately, Nat—who'd planned to drive down with Bob and spend the entire week and a half with him—got tied up in some important conferences with her studio and was delayed.

When she arrived, finally, late this afternoon, our photographer rushed up to her and Bob and reminded them about the picture.

"Yes," Nat said, still hugging and squeezing her Bob hello, "but can you—can you have it all over within five minutes?"

Our photographer was stunned. He'd known Nat when she was as publicity-conscious as any other young girl in Hollywood, when she'd have given up a full day and then some if she thought she could get her picture in a big newspaper or magazine.

"Please," Nat went on, "I spoke to Bob on the phone this morning and he promised me that as soon as I got here we'd go walking down on the beach and then have dinner just the two of us."

The photographer looked at Nat again, hard, just to make sure it was Nat. And then he looked at Bob. And then he took a picture.

It's the same picture you saw at the beginning of this article.

Even if it hadn't turned out half as good, we'd have printed it anyway.

Because it's a true picture of two people—a man and his *woman*—in love. **END**

*You can see Natalie in* KINGS GO FORTH *for United Artists. Bob is in* THE HUNTERS *and* IN LOVE AND WAR, *both for 20th.*




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## we went to see ingrid

(*Continued from page 38*) all its traditions to attain.

I frankly didn't give a darn for Ingrid Bergman as I rode out to her new home with her that afternoon. I had an assignment; I would do an interview and write it up. Period. The end.

I suppose she knew how I felt, because she didn't talk much on the way out. She had a script with her, for the movie she was just finishing up, *The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness*, and she looked through it most of the way. Finally the car turned into the village, went half way through it, and then turned off onto a dirt road. The moment it did, Ingrid put down the script. "Look!" she said.

I looked. Ahead of us was a ten-foot-high stone wall. We drove through a gate in the wall, and suddenly we were in the country again, surrounded by green grass and old trees, passing flower beds and wide lawns. Then the car went around a curve and suddenly we stopped, in front of a huge, rambling stone house that seemed to sprawl over an acre.

### Always one more

Ingrid turned to me with a smile. She touched the script that had fallen to the seat of the car. "When I first got this script," she said, "it was in London, not long after Roberto and I split our lives. Somebody referred to it then as *The Inn Of The Seventh Happiness*, and I said to that person. 'No, the *sixth* happiness. There is always one less happiness than you believe. . . .' "

Now she nodded her head toward the house. She stretched out her arms for a moment. "Now, I know better. Sometimes, if you are very lucky—there is one happiness *more!*"

I got out of the car and followed her into the house. It was a warm day, but the entrance was cool—old French farmhouses are like that. Ingrid led me into the first room.

"Parlor?" I asked. "Family sitting room?"

She laughed. "I don't know yet. When Lars brought me here, I said to him, 'It is perfect, wonderful, just right—as soon as we change everything!' We are going to remodel a great deal, modernize a little—these old houses have always been changed by the new generation of owners—a wing added here, a room torn down there—they thrive on change."

She looked at me and suddenly her face sobered. "You are thinking, 'So does Ingrid thrive on change.' I can tell. Come here."

She walked quickly to a window seat, sat down. With one hand she pushed aside a heavy old drape; with the other she gestured for me to sit down, too.

"We have been friends for a long, long time. I want to tell you this. I am not the fickle woman you are thinking now. I have said in the past that the wind blows and you must take the weather it brings—but I know one makes her own weather, too. Maybe mine has not always been good. But it will get better.

"When I was a child, I lost my parents. My aunt and uncle took me to raise me. They were severe, strict people. I was in love with life and they shut me off from it. I ran away from them—into the theater I loved, into a marriage I thought would free me from coldness. I was wrong. We left Sweden, and went to America—and in my own house, I was still a stranger. You know . . . ?"

I nodded, remembering that cold voice of Ingrid's husband. . . .

And I began to understand. I remembered suddenly so many forgotten things. Things that happened after Ingrid married Roberto Rossellini—things she had said when she was supposedly at the height of her happiness:

"I am a Swede, very different from these Italians. We Swedes keep everything inside, we grow bitter from it. The Italians let everything out, they yell, they fight—and when it is over, it is forgotten. I am trying to learn to yell. . . ."

"I am always wanting to 'do.' Work at something, at acting or cooking or at languages or at better ways to bring up my children. The Italians can't understand that. They always want *not* to do. You know their phrase: *dolce far niente*—the 'sweet do-nothing.' That is their way. But I may be too much of a Swede for it to be mine. . . ."

All those wistful words—they came back to me now. The words of a woman forever on the outside, looking in. A woman who believed that others had the better way, and that she should learn it. A woman trying to live the life of another country, another people.

A woman forever a stranger in her own home.


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Ingrid watched me in silence; again she must have known what I was thinking. Finally she said, "And then—when I was once more alone, when Roberto was gone, I met Lars in Paris one day. We had met before, briefly—now we met again. We were two lonely Swedes, speaking the same language, having the same tastes, dreaming the same dreams. . . ."

Dreams of home. Dreams of the country Ingrid had left in glory—and returned to later to be hissed at in the streets, called a national disgrace. Dreams of a country whose faults she knew, who knew hers only too well—but which had been home once, which would always be home in her dreams.

I was beginning to understand.

"Lars is formal, you know," Ingrid said. "If you meet him you will find him full of typical Swedish reticence. But—"

She stopped again. But I knew from her tone what she meant. Reserved, but not cold like Lindstrom.

"Yes," I said finally. "I see."

Ingrid stood up swiftly. "Come on. Come and see more!"

She led the way and I followed. I followed her through the house, through the rooms which will be the children's, through playrooms and corners, through huge rooms and tiny. I followed her into the kitchen, big enough to prepare dinner for an army. And then finally I followed her into a room off the kitchen—a little cubbyhole of a room just big enough for a stove and a sink and a refrigerator.

"Look!" Ingrid cried. "It is mine, you know. I am going to cook in here—for Lars and me. We have the same tastes in food—exactly the same!"

And she laughed as if he had given voice to the greatest miracle of all time.

We went outside. We went to the stables; I saw the stalls set aside for the children's horses. Robertino, Ingrid told me, adores animals—they are his passion. He will be happy here, surrounded by them. There are chicken coops and a sheep pen; there are goats and ducks; every spring there will be new lambs, new calves for the children to raise and love.

We walked through the gardens. There are magnificent flower beds, herb gardens, vegetable gardens. Everywhere we went, Ingrid stooped to touch a leaf, to pick a flower.

"Lars loves these . . . I ordered this put here for Lars . . . By the time Lars and I are married these will be in bloom. . . ."

She turned to me. "People can be very good. MGM is letting me put off my next movie—it is *I Thank A Fool*—so that Lars and I can be married in peace. Maybe in time for the harvest. You know what our house is named? It is named *La Grange aux Moines*—Harvest House."

It was then that the last pink rays of sunlight touched her face, and she whispered, "I have come home."

I left her half an hour later, with all my apologies unspoken. I left her still remembering the words of the Vatican spokesman who said that Ingrid could not excuse her third marriage on grounds that she was looking for personal happiness, because the search might still lead her to even a fourth marriage, another try. There was truth in what he said, without a doubt. There was truth in what I had believed before I came to Harvest House—that Ingrid was not as sure, as strong, as right as I had always believed—that she was only a woman looking for something after all.

Call it personal happiness. Call it the right man. Call it a home.

Whatever you call it, I left her remembering something else: that again Ingrid was being judged by standards not her own. That after all, she is not a Catholic, that her own Protestant faith does not disapprove of her search, her goal—though they may take issue with her methods.

For the first time—here in France where privacy is respected beyond all else—Ingrid will have a home in which she is not a stranger—a home planned around her interests, and her husband's love as well. For the first time she will live her own life, not that of an alien people.

"I have no complaints," she told me as we parted. "I am grateful for everything life has brought me—because it has brought me here."

I think those who have cared about Ingrid can honestly join her in that. She has walked a hard road; perhaps our only complaint is that now, when she should have been bowed with grief, she is suddenly overwhelmed with unexpected joy. Lars has brought her that. Harvest House will bring her peace.

It seems to me we should wish her well.

END

*You can see Ingrid in* INDISCREET *for Warners.*

## they called me a pest

(*Continued from page 50*) with one thing long; he was too impatient. But Dr. Karam was impressed with Paul's determination to learn, and learn quickly."

Paul sang in the church choir, became more and more fascinated with singing and music. At home, a modest one-family frame house, the Ankas encouraged Paul to sing. They sang themselves when they were in good spirits. Marion and little Andy, ten years younger than Paul, sang. Friends and relatives came over and sang. It was an informal, active, noisy, busy house.

At the Connaught Grade School, and later at Fisher Park High School, Paul got into every dramatic or musical show the students put on. He could sing, dance, speak lines, do imitations. Most important, he was alert, enthusiastic.

When an audience appeared, Paul became the entertainer. It was as simple as that. He never did dream of becoming a cowboy, policeman or fireman. He always wanted to be an entertainer.

He became the life of the party. He banged away at that piano. And his parents liked it. "Better to bang that piano," sighed his father, "than to be out in the street getting into trouble like some other boys."

### His father helped

Paul bought the new records, hung around shows for autographs, and plastered the wallpaper of his room with stars' photos. His father helped by collecting photos from entertainers who happened to drop into his restaurant downtown.

When the school was looking for singers who could also act—for a Christmas concert—Paul persuaded his classmates, Jerry Barbeau and Ray Carter, to form *The Bobby Soxers*. They sang *Way Down Upon the Swanee River* and did imitations.

Paul persuaded them to stick together, and they went out looking for jobs. They picked up an occasional fifteen-dollar booking, and split it three ways.

During the summer of 1956, the Ankas permitted Paul to accompany his aunt back to Hollywood. When his uncle, Maurice Anka, a struggling actor, discovered Paul had some songs with him, he took the songs over to Capitol Records. "I'll sell the songs as your fifteenth birthday present," he said.

But Capitol turned them down. "I don't think they even looked at them," says Paul wistfully.

So Paul thought he might have a better chance with a smaller label. He dug up RPM, and offered them a novelty tune, *Blau-Wile-de-Beest-Fontane*. To his amazement, RPM let him record the tune, and paid him twenty dollars.

When Paul returned to Ottawa, the record popped up and the disc jockeys played it. Paul then appeared on a couple of Ottawa TV shows. He started getting fan mail, and became convinced more than ever that his future lay in composing and singing.

He began begging his father:

"Let me go to New York. I've got a dozen terrific songs, and they'll sell a million!"

"No, Paul; I couldn't let you do that."

Paul, in frustration, wrote more songs, and sought out professional singers and musicians for advice. By now he had quit *The Bobby Soxers*, and was on his own.

Unfortunately, there were no night clubs or vaudeville shows in Ottawa. So Paul had to hunt for 'club shows' given by the Kiwanis, Rotary, etc., or he waited breathlessly for a big rock-and-roll show that came into the Ottawa Auditorium two or three times a year. More often, he'd slip down to the Chaudier night club, three miles across Federal Bridge, into Hull, Quebec.

Too young to get into night clubs alone, and his father too busy at the restaurant to take him to a night club, Paul was forced to become a hanger-on at backstage doors.

### Hanging around

"You here again? . . . Get outta here!" were the words hurled at him week after week.

Sometimes he hung around the Ottawa Auditorium, and one time, when he couldn't crash the gate, he dislodged a brick from the backstage wall and peeked into the dressing room of the star. But most of the time, he hung around the Chaudier club, because it brought in a new show Monday nights and featured top star singers.

Little by little, by hanging around, he got to know some of the singers with the Rover Boys, The Platters, The Diamonds, The Crew Cuts, The Four Aces, The Four Lads.

Sometimes, he would phone his dad and say, "Dad, I'm with the Diamonds . . . can I bring them over for dinner?" Dad would sigh, "Okay." Then a happy Paul would come over with the singers, and they would eat and talk shop, and Paul would listen carefully, ask questions, make notes.

More and more professional entertainers would be amazed at Paul's talent, determination, boundless enthusiasm. Their initial reaction, "Oh, that kid again," gave way to, "Paul, don't give up . . . some day you'll make it."

Once Fats Domino was starring in a rock and roll show produced by Irvin Feld, at the Auditorium. Paul hurried over.

At the backstage door, he asked, "Can I see Mr. Domino?"

"No, he's busy."

"I'm Paul Anka . . . I'm a singer too . . ."

"Beat it, kid."

He slipped in through another door.

"Can I see Mr. Domino? It's important."

"No . . . he's busy with reporters, photographers, disk jockeys. . . ."

"But. . . ."

"Come on, kid, beat it!"

There were other doors, and he knew them all. He came back: "I want to see Mr. Domino. . . ."

"You're a persistent one . . . He can't see you . . . Leave him alone; he's got a rehearsal. . . ."

He came back, and back, and finally a man in Domino's dressing room said, "Why don't you let that kid in for a minute? Then you can get rid of him."

### Prophesy

They let Paul in. He asked for Domino's autograph, told him he too was a composer-singer, then asked him questions about his music. Finally, the show's manager, Charles Carpenter, said, "Okay, five minutes already; we're busy, kid; you got to go!"

Paul resisted, and somebody pushed him out as he yelled back, "Next time you're on tour, Mr. Domino . . . I'll be with you . . . as a headliner!"

The men were startled by this fierce proclamation. Then they burst into laughter—derisive laughter. "This kid is off his rocker," said one man, and everybody laughed.

At home, again:

"Dad, these songs . . . It would cost $600 to record them on demonstration records . . . even with a small orchestra . . . But if I could go to New York, it would cost only $100 . . . and that would save you $500. . . ."

"Paul . . . I'm not sending a 15-year-old boy to New York alone . . . 400 miles away . . . Now stop asking!"




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Paul became increasingly restless. He kept writing new songs, scribbling words in an old school notebook and carrying the music in his head. Although he had always been a good student, he began to neglect his studies. He hated to get up in the morning.

"I want to write songs, not go to school," he told his mother.

She counselled, "Be patient, beloved son. Be patient."

He was fifteen, and in the 11th grade, and the law said he had to go to school. So he went to school, and sluffed off his homework. At home, he doodled at the piano, gazed unhappily out of the window. He was tense, irritable.

"Dad. . . . My Songs are ready for the public . . . I could sell them if. . . ."

"Paul, it's impossible . . . let's not talk about it."

He hounded a friend, Alex Sherman, who promoted music shows: "Be my manager . . . You'll make a fortune with me!" He harassed Sherman twice a week for at least a couple years. Sherman admits, "I always threw him out."

Paul went to local disk jockeys: "Be my manager . . . Tell my father we could make a fortune in New York!"

But everybody said, "You're too young. How can we ask your father to let you go?"

**Covering up**

Paul kept slipping over to the Chaudier Club. Wednesdays, he would return for the 8:30 dinner show, and then scamper back home by 10:00. His father, suspecting he was out, would phone home and say, "Let me talk to Paul." Mrs. Anka would try to cover up by saying, "Paul is in the bathroom; I'll have him call you back later."

She would tell Paul, "You're a good son, I know, and I trust you . . . but you can't expect your daddy to let you go to New York."

One night in January, the orchestra leader at the Chaudier phoned Paul to say an act had dropped out of a benefit show going on that night . . . and would Paul like to substitute? He'd have to rush over at once with his music.

Performing in the club that had thrown him out so often! What a thrill that would be! He grabbed his music, rushed out, but it was too stormy for a bike. He came back. Mother was too ill to drive him. She offered to phone for a taxi, but Paul couldn't wait.

"Let me have the car," he begged. "I'll be careful . . . I can drive . . . Nobody will know I don't have a license . . . I look like I'm sixteen. . . ."

She faltered, "All right . . . but be careful."

He drove out to the bridge, and the motor stalled. He got out and pushed. A friend came by, and helped bring the car off the bridge . . . when the Mounted Police drove up in their patrol car.

"So you're Andy Anka's son, eh? No license? We'll have to make a report. Sorry."

Paul never made the show.

He trembled when he remembered his dad's work against juvenile delinquency in Ottawa. And here he was, the eldest Anka son—in juvenile court! On Monday, flanked by his father, Paul heard a severe lecture on breaking the law, had to promise he would never ask for the car again, and was fined three dollars.

Paul says, "I was no delinquent, but I could not help dreaming up songs when I should have been doing my school work. My father was angry with me, and you can't blame him."

Then one day at Easter time, Doug Welk of *The Rover Boys* phoned from New York to say, "Paul, we're on the big rock-and-roll show at the Paramount Theater . . . Right on Broadway! . . . It's so exciting! Why don't you come down?"

Paul burst into tears. Such an opportunity! But his father would never let him go. He brooded, then decided to wait up for his father that night.

A tired Andrew Anka came home at 3:00 a.m. that night—and when he passed Paul's room he heard sobbing. When he got to his own room, there was his wife—awake, nervous, sitting on the edge of the bed, red-eyed from weeping.

She poured her heart out: "If you don't let Paul go to New York, I'll leave you in the morning! . . . You're breaking the poor boy's heart! . . . You've already broken his spirit! . . . What kind of a father are you anyway?"

He went into Paul's bedroom. Paul, in his blue jeans, was sprawled on the bed, crying.

"Give me a chance. . . . My songs will sell a million . . ."

"Paul . . . not that again!"

"But if I don't succeed . . . I'll never bother you again."

"But New York is a fast city. . . ."

Finally, Andrew Anka sighed, and said, "I can't do anything with you, and there's no point in punishing you any more . . . It doesn't do any good . . . You can go. . . ."

When he was ushered into Mr. Costa's office, Costa was visibly surprised. But he was polite, and said, "Well, let's see what you've got . . . Where's the music?" Paul said, "I've got it in my head."

Then Paul glanced at his old school notebook, where he had typed out some lyrics, and sang *Tell Me That You Love Me* and *Don't Gamble with Love.*

Mr. Costa said, "Excuse me a moment," and returned with several other gentlemen—executives of the company. Paul continued to sing his songs. Then they asked him questions, to make sure he had really written those songs.

It seemed incredible, but within a few days his father had signed the contract and Paul was recording his first two disks. When the first was released in July, *Diana,* it took off. At last count, it had gone beyond 3,000,000 copies and had made Paul a big recording star overnight.

Paul opened his first big tour in Pittsburgh, on a program featuring Fats Domino. Paul's road manager was Bill McCadden, a former disk jockey who had been in Domino's dressing room in Ottawa the night Paul had been thrown out. When Domino saw Paul, he said, "Ain't you the lad they threw out of my dressing room in Ottawa last year?" Paul said, "Yes," and laughed, and Domino laughed.

He's grossed more than $100,000, had twenty of his songs published, recorded eight of them, put out his first album, owns his own music publishing firms.

When the money started to pour in, Paul ordered the family house repainted, the basement playroom fixed up, new furniture for his parents' and his sister's bedrooms. Then he gave a terrier to his kid brother, and bought himself a Plymouth black and white convertible with red upholstery and a built-in record player.

His father is frankly amazed: "I never thought it would happen." Then he adds, proudly: "But Paul is a good boy! He doesn't smoke or drink; he has not forgotten his family."

When you ask Paul how he did it, he insists it's simple: "I always believed that, if you want to do something, you can do it."

And nobody calls him a pest anymore!

**END**

*Paul Anka is in Columbia's* LET'S ROCK.

## dick clark's secret inspiration

(*Continued from page 36*) when Brad and Dick were kids and lived with their well-to-do folks in a big, tree-surrounded apartment house in Mount Vernon, New York—on that rare and beautiful spring day, for instance, when Dick was all set to get a rare but not-so-beautiful spanking from his Mom.

Dick was five at the time, a cute, loud, happy-go-lucky little boy with a taste for mischief and Good Humor ice cream pops. He was allowed his normal share of mischief. But he was allowed only one Good Humor a day, right after lunch. Yet his Mom had suspected lately that he would always manage to have an extra one, and right before dinner to boot.

Finally, one afternoon, she caught him sneaking into the apartment with the evidence.

"And what is that?" she asked, pointing to a delectable if messy object Dick had in his hand and all over the bottom half of his face.

"A choc'lit pop," Dick said.

"How did you get it?" Mrs. Clark asked.

"I don't know," Dick said, licking away, starting to walk away.

"*Dickie!!*" his mother called out.

Suddenly, Dick stopped short in his tracks and he remembered. "The nice old man who lives on the ground floor and sits in the back yard all the time—he got it for me, Mommy."

Mrs. Clark shook her head. "Dickie," she said, "you haven't been *asking* that dear old man to buy you ice cream pops every afternoon, have you?"

"No," Dick said, "huh-uh."

Mrs. Clark didn't like the *no,* and the *huh-uh* certainly didn't move her either. "Bradley!" she called out to her older son, who'd just walked into the apartment from playing. "Bradley, I think Dickie is lying to me about something. And I want you to do some checking for me."

She explained the problem to Brad who —all of ten years old now and past the age of spankings—threw his kid brother a look of genuine regret as he went downstairs to have a little chat with the old man in the back yard.

There was no getting around it. Things looked bad for Dickie, very bad.

But Brad was all smiles when he came back up the stairs a few minutes later.

"Dickie was telling the truth, Mom," he announced. "The man said that Dickie just happens to be in the back yard every afternoon when the Good Humor truck comes by. And the man said Dickie always asks him if he can go out to the street and buy him an ice cream. And the man says, 'That's very nice of you, my boy, and while you're there why don't you get something for yourself'. . . . So you see, Mom, it's really the man who asks *Dickie* to have an ice cream, and not the other way 'round."

There was a long moment of silence.

"Mmmmmm," Mrs. Clark said, finally, sternly, for want of anything better to say—and then turned around quick so the boys wouldn't see her smile for an unavoidable moment, and so they wouldn't know that *she* knew all about the little handshaking ritual that went on behind her back every time either of them beat her on some point or other.

When Mrs. Clark turned back around, the smile was gone from her face. And the boys had already completed their handshake.

"All right," she said, as sternly as be-

fore, "your father will be home soon, so you'd better go inside and wash for dinner."

She watched them nod their okays and then take off for the bathroom together, her big boy and her small one, and she couldn't help but smile again when she heard them begin to laugh their clean, victorious, brotherly laughter out in the hallway, when she felt the good feeling a mother feels when she knows that all is well and happy between her children....

"The feeling between Dick and Brad was always hard to explain," a friend of the family has said. "Aside from the five-year age difference, they were about as different in every other way as two boys can be. Dick was baby-faced, small and skinny. Brad was a big, strong, handsome boy. Dick was the noisiest little boy I've ever known. His brother was sober, not the least bit unfriendly, but soft-spoken and extremely gentle. Dick was clumsy at games. Brad was a born athlete, a brilliant athlete. And yet, different as they were, I've never known two brothers who admired each other more, who got along so well together, who were any closer than Dick and Brad."

Dick himself remembers the not-so-close moments—"and there *were* some," he recalls. "Real bloody fights between the two of us about I-don't-remember-what, all the usual fresh-kid stuff, I guess.

"But," he goes on, "Brad was always the big brother I knew I could go to when I wanted advice about something or when I just wanted to be together with him and have fun and laugh."

For advice, there's the time Dick was six or seven, when he lost his very first girlfriend. She was a little snip of a girl, the prettiest thing Dick had ever seen. Her name was Lorraine and she was a year younger than Dick. One day she came to see him and tell him that her daddy had announced that the entire family—Lorraine included—was moving to Tucson, Arizona, within the next few weeks. Dick was heartbroken. He didn't know how far Tucson was, but he knew he couldn't walk there and that was far enough. He was in tears when he sat on his brother's bed that night to tell him the sad news.

"Well," said Brad, eleven years old now and quite the expert on affairs such as this, "there are plenty of other girls around, Dickie."

"As nice as Lorraine?" the little boy asked.

"Nicer even," said Brad.

"Okay," said the little boy. Whereupon he hugged his brother goodnight, went back to his own bed.

For fun and laughter, too, there were many times.

### So strong a love

But below the surface of this fun-and-advice relationship was a strong layer of something that can best be described as love, so strong a love that it was eventually to change the course of the younger brother's life.

"It's certain that Dick was bound to accomplish something big," his father says today, "—there was always too much energy and ambition and ingenuity in him to make me believe anything else. But that he would have done it without the inspiration his brother gave him, that he would have gone quite so far—*that* I don't know. You see, Dick always idolized Brad. And long before what happened to our Brad happened, Dick was in there pitching to be not only himself, but to be just like his brother, too."

For a skinny little boy to become a star athlete is no easy job. But Brad was a great athlete and his kid brother was at least going to try to measure up to him.

It turned out that Dick didn't. As he says, "I was too small for football. I weighed next to nothing and made about the ninth team. I was so far down the line that when they passed out uniforms all I got was an old helmet . . . Track? I tried for that, too. I think I ended up fifty-seventh man on a squad of fifty-seven . . . And swimming. I was a little better at that. I finally made a team. I didn't get very far, however."

But at the time, while Dick tried, he tried with all his heart and soul. And when he wasn't trying himself, he seemed—in a strange way—to transfer his own heart and soul into the strong body of his brother, to become a part of Brad as the older boy played magnificently away at one sport after another, in one contest after another.

"I remember," says a boyhood pal of the Clarks, "the day Brad was entered in the Westchester County Swimming Championships. He was about fifteen at the time, so Dick must have been ten. I was sitting in the grandstand with the Clarks, right next to Dick. I sat there talking with the boy for a while and then suddenly he stopped in the middle of a sentence and said, 'Look, there's Brad.' I was about to follow Dick's pointing finger and take a look. But somehow I couldn't. Somehow all I could do was watch Dick sitting there next to me, watch his eyes grow wide with the kind of pride and respect you don't often see in boys of ten, then watch him begin to applaud and shout. 'Hey, Brad! We're all with you, Brad! Show them how to swim, Brad!'

"Unfortunately, Brad slipped as the opening gun went off and was disqualified from the race. I expected the little boy next to me to begin to cry. But he didn't. I could tell that the planet Earth had just crumbled up under him, that he felt about as miserable as any little boy can feel. But, I remember, he just sat there and began to shout, 'That's all right, Brad! You'll show them next time! You'll really show them next time!'

"As it turned out, there was another meet down in Yonkers the following day and Brad won, over everybody. And, let me tell you, there was an hysterically happy kid brother in town that night. And the shouting this time—I've never heard anything like it!"

And so it went all during those early years, the skinny noisy little boy—a bright and self-sufficient boy in his own right—worshipping the qualities he himself didn't have in his brother, happy that he had this brother he could worship and love and look up to forever.

And then, suddenly—when Dick was fourteen, just at about the time he was entering high school—something happened.

Suddenly, it seemed, Dick was a different boy.

Most kids that age change a little—a little acne, a little moodiness, a little body and personality awkwardness here and there.

But for Dick the change was extreme. He became quiet—almost sullen. He became very self-conscious about his looks—"I was still small," he remembers, "and I thought I was as homely as they come." He suffered, in general, from fits of teenage depressions that the average teenager unfortunately thinks are peculiar to him and him alone. "It got so bad," Dick says, "that for about a year-and-a-half I slunk around more than I walked and I guess I became one of the loneliest people in the world."

It was one night late in 1943 when Brad decided to have a talk with his kid brother, just the two of them, alone.

"What's been ailing you, anyway?" Brad asked, point-blank.

Dick beat around the bush for a while. Finally he let on a little, just enough for


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Brad to say what he'd been wanting to say for some time now.

"Look," he said, "we don't get together like this too often to make with the serious talk, right? And we're not the type to sit around and compliment each other all the time, either—right? But whatever is ailing you, Dick, shouldn't. Because you've got things a lot of guys your age would be happy to have. You're a nice-looking boy, for one thing—"

"I'm not," Dick started to interrupt him.

"I said you're nice-looking," said Brad. "And you've got one of the best personalities I've ever seen anyone have."

"But—" Dick started to say.

"I know, I know," Brad said, "you've been acting like a drip lately so you think you really are one now."

This time Dick didn't start to say anything. He just looked down at his shoes instead, hurt. He'd heard some of the kids in school refer to him as a drip the other day—and boy, that word really hurt.

"The point is," Brad went on, "that you've got lots of good qualities, Dick. And even if you didn't have as many as you happen to have, always remember this—that God has given each man enough qualities to begin to be happy with, and it's an insult to God not to take advantage of these qualities."

Brad sighed as Dick continued looking down, still hurt, still not understanding.

"Well," Brad said, "I hoped I'd get across to you, Buddy. Because, you know, I'm not going to be around much longer and—"

Dick looked up suddenly. "Where you going, Brad?" he asked.

"There happens to be this big war on," said Brad, "and—"

"You going in the Army, Brad?" Dick asked.

Brad smiled the happiest smile his kid brother had ever seen. "Air Force," he said.

"Wow!" Dick said, smiling too now. He started to shake hands with his brother.

"So while we're at it," Brad said, in the middle of the handshake, taking advantage of the moment, "I'd like you to promise me that you'll try to snap out of this mood you've been in and get back to normal."

The smile disappeared from Dick's face, very quickly. He brought down his hand and shoved it in his pocket.

"How about it," Brad asked, "will you try?"

"Sure," Dick said, shrugging, not really meaning it, hating the fact they had to get back to *that* subject again, "I'll try as much as I can. . . ."

If Dick tried at all during that next year that Brad was away, he didn't try very hard. In fact, Brad not being around seemed to make the situation worse. More and more, Dick seemed to creep into his lonely shell, coming out of it somewhat only when Brad came home on leave or wrote the family those long letters of his.

It was one day in November of '44, in fact, when the family received the letter they'd been expecting those last few months. Brad had been in the Air Force almost a year now and it would have been difficult to find a more dissatisfied young man in the service of his country. Brad's problem was that he wanted to be a pilot and that the big brass down in Washington had decided he'd be more valuable as a flight instructor. And so Brad had been stuck at some school in New Jersey—"teaching a lot of guys," as he had written once, "to go out there and do the same thing I want so much to do, to fly."

And now, finally, the letter the Clarks had been expecting for so long arrived. It was a joyous letter. In it, Brad indicated that after much hounding of the authorities he was being transferred to someplace far away—and to active duty.

Mrs. Clark received the letter in the morning and read it first. Then she showed it to Dick, soon as he got home from school that afternoon. And then, that night, after dinner—purposely after dinner—she showed it to her husband.

Dick never really noticed the look his father exchanged with his mother as he read and re-read the letter that night, that look of worry and fear and silent prayer. Dick only knew that his brother Brad was much better off than he, that Brad was happy now, that Brad was accomplishing something, that Brad wasn't a gawky, heavy-hearted adolescent of fifteen who didn't know whether he was coming or going but a young, light-spirited young man of twenty who sat behind the wheel of a sleek and swift fighter plane and who knew exactly where he was going.

In fact, Dick didn't give himself a chance to notice any looks his parents were exchanging over that letter from Brad. Because, as was usual with him now, he took off for his room shortly after dinner so he could be alone, just him and the light white object on the nighttable that had become his favorite friend for the time being, his radio.

**The telegram**

And it was on this particular night that he turned on the radio and heard a news commentator say something about a new and terrible battle being waged in Belgium, a battle in which fog and rain had played havoc with the American ground forces in the area, a major Nazi counter-attack that had started out with a lot of military code names but that was now being referred to simply as the Battle of the Bulge. . . .

Dick was expecting a letter from Brad that particular December afternoon, nearly a month later. A couple of weeks earlier he'd gotten one from England, where his brother was now stationed. And he'd written Brad back. And now he had it figured that this was the day he'd hear from Brad again.

He rushed home from school and went straight to the telephone switchboard lady.

"Did my Mom pick up any mail for me today?" he asked.

The lady said no, she hadn't.

"Maybe tomorrow," Dick said.

The lady didn't answer. In fact, for some reason unknown to Dick, she didn't even look up at him. Instead, automatically, she handed him her copy of that day's *Daily News* which she kept around every day so Dick could look at the funnies when he got home from school.

"Thanks," Dick said, turning to the back of the paper.

As was usual with him, he started with the Little Orphan Annie strip, then went on to Dick Tracy, then to Gasoline Alley, then to all the others.

He was in the middle of reading one of the strips when the building superintendent walked by and over to Dick and put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Richard," he said.

"About what?" Dick asked, looking up from the newspaper.

"About your brother," the man said.

"Brad?" Dick asked. "What about him?"

Suddenly, the man realized that Dick didn't know about the telegram that had arrived a little while earlier, that he'd spoken too soon. He bit his lips for a moment, bit them hard. Then without another word, he rushed away.

Dick remained standing there, confused.

"Huh!" he said, trying to smile, turning now to look at the switchboard lady and maybe find out from her what the superintendent had meant.

When he looked at the lady this time, he could see what she hadn't let him see before, that her eyes were filled with tears.

For a moment, he didn't understand.

And then, suddenly, he did.

Brad was dead.

"I remember," Dick says today of this moment, "how I stood there stunned for a long, long time, not saying anything, not knowing what to do, only thinking to myself that it wasn't true, it wasn't true at all about Brad, that maybe if I went back to reading the comics something would happen, somebody would come along and tell me it wasn't true. . . ."

When Dick went upstairs, his mother was sitting in the living room, crying. "It was the first time I'd ever seen Mom cry."

Dick walked over and kissed her on the cheek and then he took her hand in his. Neither of them said anything.

Then Dick's father came home.

For a while he, too, didn't say anything.

But then, slowly, controlling his voice as best he could, he told how he'd spoken to someone in the War Department after he'd gotten Mom's call about the telegram, how he'd learned how Brad and a few other pilots had volunteered for an extremely dangerous mission over Belgium and the Battle of the Bulge, how right after they'd accomplished the mission a dozen Nazi fighter planes had descended from the black-clouded sky above, how they'd ripped most of the American planes—Brad's included—to pieces right there in mid-air, how—

But he didn't go on.

Because, suddenly, his little son Dick had burst into loud sobbing and rushed from the room.

His mother started after him.

But Mr. Clark stopped her. "It's better he knows—so he can be proud of his brother, as he should be," he said, sadly. "And it's better now that he stays by himself and cries alone. . . ."

It was late that night when Dick came back into the living room. His Mom and Dad were still up, just sitting there. On a table near them lay a few letters in flimsy-papered envelopes, the last letters they'd received from Brad.

Dick stared down at the handwriting on the envelopes. He found it hard keeping the tears from coming to his eyes again as he looked down at the handwriting. But he clenched his fists hard and told himself he must not cry—not now, and he didn't. Because in his room those past few hours he'd been thinking about something, and he didn't want to cry out but he wanted to talk, to say something to his folks, to say something important.

"I . . . I'm going to change," he began.

His folks looked at him, saying nothing.

"I've been pretty bad lately," Dick went on. "I mean, I've been acting pretty stupid about things, thinking about myself all the time and worrying about everything and not being exactly friendly to people anymore . . . And I've been even worse than you think . . . Because I've broken a promise I made once."

He looked back down at the envelopes on the little table again. "It was a promise to Brad," he said. "He made me promise that I'd change. He told me all sorts of nice things about myself one night. He told me, too, about how God had made people to be happy and how it was an insult to God if they didn't work to be happy. And I promised that I'd try, to be happy and to do good things and to help myself become a good, worthwhile person. I promised I'd try. And I didn't."

He shook his head. "I don't know what's been in me that I didn't try," he said. "I don't know . . . But I know one thing now. I know I'm not going to let my brother down." Then Dick smiled.

"Just wait and see, Mom," he said. "Just wait and see, Dad."

And then he looked down at the envelopes once more and said, "You too, Brad—just you wait and see."

END

## uncensored ricky nelson story

(*Continued from page 21*) *and Harriet* were on. Someone would switch it on and then there'd be a full half hour of ribbing and cracks at the quality of Rick's acting. He not only took it, but he was so quick with an ad-lib he quite often topped them.

"Let me try to explain why this smash as a singer surprised us. It was only a year and a half ago, you know. You see, he never sang. He was terrific on the drums and when he sat down to play the piano—we *danced*. He made up arrangements as he went. He could switch *Sentimental Journey* to a boogie beat instinctively. He was a great doctor. He and Bruce Campbell were a two-man show when they'd get in the mood. They are both sharp and witty. They could make a party hilarious in five minutes. But mostly, Rick was quiet, calm and easy going. He was one of the most considerate boys in the group. Helping in the kitchen, handing out Cokes or just being nice to his hostess, his good breeding showed. I was aware also that Rick was deeply sensitive and worked at being 'just one of the gang.'

"So, if you get the picture of how he was to us, you can understand the shock we got that day at Scribner's Drive-in. It shocked Rick too. He didn't like it," Terry's feminine intuition revealed.

But there was another opinion.

"I don't agree. I think Rick loved that first avalanche at the Drive-in," Bruce Campbell, Rick's tournament doubles partner, observed. "After all, showbusiness is his life. He was *startled*. We all were. About seven of us took off from the Tennis Club that afternoon to go with Rick. He'd recorded a song, *I'm Walkin'*, and Art LaVove asked him to be on his radio show that emanated from Scribner's Drive-in. We were hungry so we went along. We parked and suddenly there were about two hundred and fifty kids mobbing his car. They were yelling and screaming; standing on top of cars. It almost turned into a riot. The police had to come and escort Rick away. Just that quick," he snapped his fingers, "and Rick was hot—as a singer."

"We still didn't take it seriously. Actually nobody thought he could sing and we didn't particularly like the record. Then little girls started asking Rick for his autograph at the tennis club," Terry Donnally recalled. "At first we'd all stop the game, stand around and laugh while Rick signed. He laughed too, but he was embarrassed. Then people at the club, who didn't know him, started getting swoony."

### His parents' values

"But Rick took it well. He was ready. I think because of his environment. His parents have given him an unchanging set of values."

"Ozzie may be okay as a father," explained a business associate, "but he's holding too tight a rein on the business end of Rick's career. He's so careful with Rick's publicity, the kid doesn't read human. He personally rewrites a lot of copy. Any rebellions, faults or growing pains that are natural and symphathetically understandable to the public are deleted like big black sins. He's got a big time publicity outfit working to be sure his image of Rick stays unsullied. I can't figure out what he's afraid of.

"Actually. Rick is a kid any woman would like to call son. His faults are pretty normal—most kids would be relieved to know he had them. He drives too fast. Can be dared into a drag race. Sneaks rides on David's motorcycle, because Oz frowns on it. Stays out too late sometimes. Drops his personal belongings into piles. He's a worry bug and moody. Those faults are exactly like my own teen-age son's—and his friends', too.

"They have a good home life, that's true. And the only rebellion I can anticipate in the near future is this school thing. Oz is a Rutgers graduate and a bug on college education. Dave tried last year at SC, but he wants to be an actor and he had to quit. Now Rick thinks he's through with school. Oz has decided he's going to SC. He's even enrolled him. When he finds out, Rick may blow his stack. If he does, you may read that Rick is going to try his wings in his own, or David's, apartment this fall. *And* no college—just career. Ozzie and Rick are a lot alike in many ways. I wish Oz would just relax and enjoy Rick. Actually, Rick knows how to handle an interview and, at his age he's inarticulate anyway. So there's no need for all his power-behind-the-platter policy."

### No problem with friends

Inarticulate for print, Rick has no problem with his real friends. Slow and shy at first, he is free and easy when he recognizes honest welcome. That's one reason the LA Tennis Club is a second home to Rick. The Nelsons have been members for years. Rick first played at an early age. He went to the Southern California finals in the under eleven division. Then he dropped out until fourteen.

"Rick is a natural athlete," Bruce explained. "He picked up tennis again at fourteen and handled himself as if he'd put in five years' daily practice. At fifteen he and I took the doubles tourney and went on the Northern Tour. Rick wanted to be a champion and he worked hard. At sixteen we went on the Eastern Tour from Louisville, Kentucky to Kalamazoo, Michigan. Other than playing serious tennis, we had a ball. Rick's a lot of fun and we both enjoyed the parties the local people would throw. In Louisville, he glommed on to a set of drums and the party turned into a real beat riot.

"But those mornings after . . . Rick is the heaviest sleeper I've ever known. The minute he hits the sack he's out like a light. He can fall, or be pushed, out of bed, and never wake up. A brass band and thirty dancing girls prancing around the bed won't get one of his eyes open. Trying to get him up in the a.m. is a job for a boat whistle. When he's finally on his feet he can't talk for at least two hours. A cheerful hello and small talk are greeted with a grunt. Good humor in the morning from anybody is a personal insult to Rick." Bruce grinned, "On the other hand, he's a great late sitter-upper.

"Many's the bull session that's lasted till 3:00 or 4:00 in the morning in Rick's room with Forrest Stewart and me. You really get to know a guy in bull sessions. I'll say this for Rick. He's a good kind of a friend to have. No sneaky stuff—he levels. If he's got a gripe with you—*you're* the first to know. He's quite mature in some ways. When he reaches a certain point, if a situation won't work out he just kisses it off.

"I'm thinking in particular about a girlfriend he had. We were double dating. Rick liked her a lot. He was much nicer to her than she was to him. Well, he had to go back East. He wrote her a couple of times. She didn't answer. When he finally got home he called her. It was about 10:00 p.m. She'd gone to bed early and when she answered the phone she was grouchy. Rick just said, 'Well, if you're so sleepy go back to bed.' He hung off and skipped the whole deal.

"Of course, I think his maturity in some areas is definitely a reflection of his fine background. He's grown to be that way because of the examples set before him. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson are terrific. Their


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*October 1*—**Harvey Laurence**

*October 2*—**Bud Abbott**
**Charles Drake**

*October 4*—**Charlton Heston**

*October 7*—**June Allyson**
**Diana Lynn**

*October 13*—**Laraine Day**

*October 15*—**Virginia Leith**
**Jean Peters**

*October 16*—**Linda Darnell**
**William Elliot**

*October 17*—**Julie Adams**
**Spring Byington**
**Montgomery Clift**
**Rita Hayworth**

*October 18*—**Inger Stevens**

*October 19*—**George Nader**

*October 20*—**Joan Fontaine**

*October 23*—**Diana Dors**
**Coleen Gray**

*October 25*—**Anthony Franciosa**

*October 27*—**Jack Carson**
**Leif Erickson**
**Theresa Wright**

*October 29*—**Hope Emerson**

*October 30*—**William Campbell**

*October 31*—**Dale Evans**
**Dianne Foster**



**James Whitmore**
*October 1*



**Felicia Farr**
*October 4*



**Skip Homeier**
*October 5*



**Glynis Johns**
*October 7*



**Richard Jaeckel**
*October 10*



**Angela Lansbury**
*October 16*

house is a real stomping grounds for our gang. We descend there like homing pigeons. One thing that always bugs me about Rick," Bruce sighed. "After a real work-out on the tennis court, most of us guys are starved. When I'd eat at Rick's, we'd have a great big dinner and Rick would take two bites and just fiddle with his food until we were through. He takes no pleasure in eating. I can't understand it."

Rick's tutor, Mr. Van Schoych, is also impressed with Ozzie and Harriet's influence on Rick.

"Although Rick makes his own decisions on which songs to record." Mr. Van Schoych pointed out, "he respects his Dad's advice. The Nelsons always check the lyries for double meanings. After all, they've raised clean kids and they want them to stay that way. Oz is very understanding. He and Rick have solid professional talks. As a musician Oz remembers when jazz was not acceptable. He accepts rock and roll. But he also reminds Rick that an unprecedented number of singers have sprung up with just that one talent. He doesn't want Rick left at the beginning of a lifetime career with nothing more than rock and roll to offer. Rick is his father's son. Highly intelligent. He's been working more on ballads and this acting job in *Rio Bravo* was no accident. Anything Rick puts his mind to he does well."

Roxie Turpin, Terry Donnally's mother and an excellent tennis player, has known Rick socially and as a player for years. "One of our top players, Hugh Stewart, watched Rick over three years ago and said he could be one of our finest tennis players. I agree. And at that time that's what Rick wanted. He didn't have half the time to practice the other boys did, yet he had a great game. It wasn't by the rule book but by wonderful imagination. He'd always try for the great big shots instead of playing a safe return. You can tell what a person is really like by the kind of game he plays. Under that teenage shyness and quiet well-bred composure, lurks a strong creative imaginative personality.

"He's so considerate. I remember one party in particular at our house. One of the boys got mad at his girl and tromped out of the house. Rick leaned out the window and called, 'Bobbie, you come back here and thank Mrs. Turpin. Don't be so rude." Bobbie tromped back in, pouted 'Thanks' and left.

"I remember the day he drove up in his brand new Porsche. It was his sixteenth birthday and he was beaming from ear to ear. He drove Terry around in it. Then nothing would do but I go for a ride. It scared me, but I didn't let him know it."

"Rick is crazy about cars," Terry said. "He's an excellent driver but fast. The way he slips in and out of lanes on a freeway! He drives like he plays tennis—with imagination. He and Bruce used to clown a lot on the court. But when it came to tournaments, Rick was out to win. He's brilliant but erratic. His game goes up and down. He shows his emotions on the court—usually disgust with himself when he tries for a big one and misses. Like most tennis players, Rick doesn't like to lose. He gets very upset when he loses in close matches. He sulks around for awhile and then snaps out of it. Gee," Terry exclaimed suddenly, "I said he was calm and easy going and now I'm saying he's erratic and emotional. He's both—at different times.

He hates to show off. He'll go out of his way to drive someone home, but if the gratitude is not brief and to the point he's embarrassed. There was a boy at the club who had a sports car with dual pipes and a loud mouth. He kept goading Rick to drag race with him. Finally Rick did. They took off down the street and Rick's superior driving put his Plymouth Fury way out in front. Which brings up another quality. There are a lot of people Rick doesn't like, but it doesn't show. He's polite. He just manages not to associate with them more than he has to.

"Of course. we don't see as much of him now as we used to. But when we do see him—he hasn't changed much. The one change I noticed last time," Terry said unhappily, "was that horrible long hair with the sideburns. . . . like Elvis Presley. I understand it's only for his part in *Rio Bravo*. I certainly hope so."

Rick has found friends in the business. One of them is Joe Byrne, his stand-in, buddy and co-tenant of David's bachelor digs in the Hollywood Hills.

On the plane back from Tucson and location, Joe and Rick were sprawled in the lounge. Rick's hair was long and wavy with a definite Presley pattern to it. Joe eyed it, then commented, "Your Dad's gonna have a fit when he sees that hair."

"The minute he sees me," Rick grinned happily, "he'll say, 'You're not playing a villain. Go get a hair cut.' But I've got him this time. I can't have a hair cut until the picture is completely over—right down to the last shot."

Later Joe said, "You know Rick hit it right on the nose. That's exactly what his Dad said. He also added, 'The minute the picture's over you get sheered.' That weekend they had to shoot all of Rick's scenes for the television show carefully so that his curly locks didn't show.

"Oz is not about to have kids screaming at their parents all over the country, 'See Rick has long hair and sideburns, why can't I?' "

"What about Rick and girls?" we asked Joe.

"Rick likes to *talk* to girls," Joe explained. "He really does. To him each one is completely different. It also helps if she's beautiful and has a sharp figure. Two things he can't stand are: phonies and aggressive females. Rick's quiet but he likes to feel he's master of the situation. And no one should get excited when he starts going steady again. All guys his age everywhere are doing the same thing and marriage is a long way off."

One such steady is Marianne Gaba, Miss Illinois of 1957, who has just snagged a running part on the new television series, *Test Pilot*. She met Rick on the set of his own show. She was not a phony nor aggressive. She is beautiful. She has a sharp figure She can be talked to. They went steady. When the flame burned down, they dated others, but they remained friends.

"It was a lot of fun while it lasted," Marianne said candidly, "but actually it's even more fun now that we're just good friends. Neither one of us is putting our best foot forward. We can relax and talk about important things other than our relationship to each other. He came over when he got back from Tucson. After listening to some records and downing a dozen Cokes, we talked. He hasn't changed a bit since he made *I'm walking*. He's still sensitive. sentimental, full of love for people and a worrier. I've dated a lot of boys since Rick and I stopped going together. . . and none compare with him. He has a wonderful quality of looking full at you like there's no one else in the room. He makes you feel important."

And Bruce tried to round out the whole gang's sentiments, "Rick's one of the most normal boys you can find anywhere—with more talent, athletically and musically, than anyone I've known. And he'll keep his feet on the ground. That's the way he's built. I've read that stuff about Rick. We all have. That's why we were willing to set some records straight. This is the first article that we think can. This is the way we see Rick." **END**

*Ricky is in Warner's* Rio Bravo.

# Enter FREE!

CAPTAIN PETE'S TREASURE HUNT CONTEST



# $1,000.00 FIRST PRIZE

**2nd PRIZE $100**
**3rd PRIZE $50**
**4th to 20th PRIZES, each $5**

**No Box-Tops! No Jingles! No Statements!**

Solve The Puzzle Below

## ENTER CONTEST FREE!



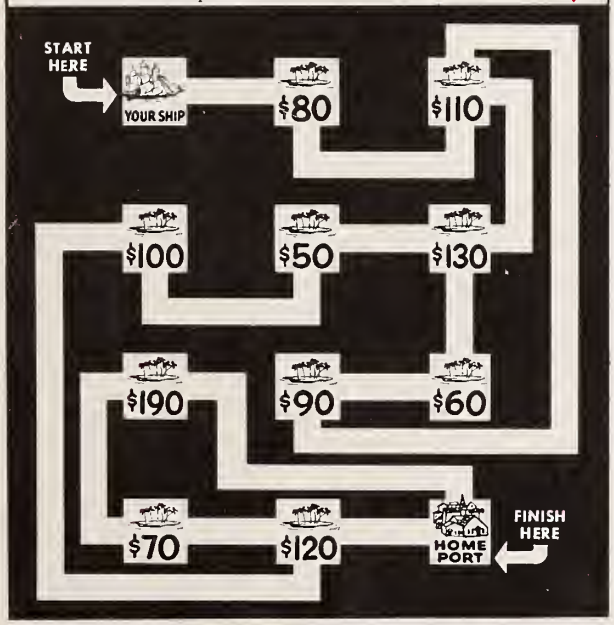
**HEAVE TO,** my hearties, here's a treasure hunt that's really fun. This Free Entry Treasure Hunt Contest is sponsored by Ingram Lather Shaving Cream and Razor Blades and there's plenty of loot for you to find! Just sail your ship from isle to isle and pick up the booty! Whoever finds the most treasure in accordance with the official rules wins First Prize of $1,000.00 Cash... and there are other Cash Prizes for other top-scoring treasure hunters. This is a puzzle contest that's really exciting ...and everyone in the family can enter!

**HIGH CORRECT SCORE FOR THIS PUZZLE WILL BE MAILED TO EACH ENTRANT WITHIN *14 DAYS!***

The Sample Solution at right shows you how to find $590.00 in treasure... try the puzzle now and see if you can't do better! PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED ON THE BASIS OF SKILL ALONE! This is your opportunity to win... it's all up to you! It's fascinating, it's fun... it's easy to understand! There must be a winner for each prize... you have just as much opportunity as anyone else! Send in your entry today!

## HOW TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

Simply trace out a route from "YOUR SHIP" to "HOME PORT" on the Puzzle Diagram below. Trace your route only along white ship lanes from island to island and collect the "treasure" from each island you visit. The idea is to collect as much treasure as possible.




## EASY RULES

**1. HOW TO ENTER** Send in your solution on one of the Entry Coupons below... let a friend or member of your family enter on the other. First trace out a route from "Your Ship" to "Home Port" on the puzzle diagram. Trace your route only along white ship lanes from island to island. Visit no island (white squares) more than once—and travel on no ship lane (white lines between islands) more than once! Collect all the treasure indicated on each island you visit. On one coupon, list in the order you visited each island, the amount of treasure you found on each island plus the total amount of treasure you found! *Collect no treasure from islands you did not visit!*

**2. PRIZES** Contestants finding the most "treasure," in accordance with the official rules, will win the prizes, which will be awarded in order of relative scoring rank.

**3. WHO MAY NOT ENTER** This contest is closed to employees, agents, relatives, and others connected with this contest, including anyone who has won over $500 in a puzzle contest prior to January 15, 1958.

Please note: there is only one Captain Pete Contest—Do not enter more than once.

**4. TIES** Ties are to be expected, in which event tied-for prizes will be reserved until ties are broken. Such tied contestants will compete in as many additional FREE puzzles as required to break ties, but not to exceed eight more, after which if ties still exist, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Tie-breakers will be similar to the entry puzzle but more difficult. Each tiebreaker puzzle will be required to be solved and judged only if ties still exist after the judging of the preceding puzzle. No payments or purchases of any kind will be required with tie-breaking submissions *to compete for the* $1000 *First Prize and the other prizes listed in the headline, including the Bonus Prize.* At least 3 days will be allowed for the solution of each mailed tiebreaker. If necessary, tied contestants may be required to do one or more tie-breaking puzzles under supervision and without assistance in a 2-6 hour period per tiebreaker. Sponsor has right to make such further rules as sponsor deems necessary for proper conduct of contest.

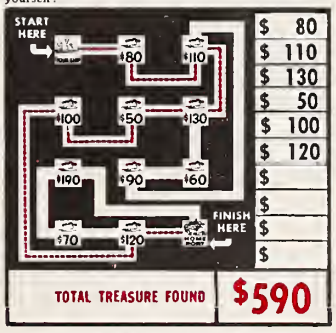
**5. DATES** Entries must be postmarked not later than Nov. 29, 1958. Everyone in the family may enter—but only one entry per person. Each entry must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. *Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope may be disqualified.* You may draw by hand a facsimile of the Entry Coupon and use it to enter. Neatness does not count but illegible or incorrectly scored entries will be disqualified. Sponsor has right to offer increased, additional or duplicate prizes. Contest subject to applicable State and Federal regulations.

All submissions become property of sponsors. Judges' decisions final. Sponsors not responsible for lost or delayed mail or delivery thereof. Prize money on deposit in bank. *HIGH SCORE for this puzzle will be mailed to each entrant within 14 DAYS of date entry is received.* This FREE ENTRY Contest is sponsored by Ingram Lather Shaving Cream and Ingram Razor Blades. We hope that you enjoy this contest and that the next time you purchase Shaving Cream or Razor Blades you will ask for Ingram.

**6. BONUS PRIZE** Get someone else to enter this contest and you will receive a Bonus Prize of an extra $500 cash if you win First Prize! To prove you were responsible for your friend or relative entering, have him print your name on the *back of his or her* Free Entry Coupon. Send in your Free Entry Coupon NOW—have him send in his Free Entry Coupon in a separate letter including his own stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## SAMPLE SOLUTION

This Sample Solution shows you how to find $590 by visiting only 6 islands. So you can see this is not a very good solution. To get the best solution you should visit as many islands as possible and collect as much "treasure" as possible. Now try the puzzle yourself!








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Try this famous cool shave. Time-honored special formula; milk makes it gentle. Use with or without brush. Only 59c. Ask your druggest to order you a tube if not yet in stock. Or write to address on coupon for nearest dealer. P. S. Ladies! INGRAM is ideal for feminine shaving, too—just lather up with your hand!


**YOU ENTER ON ONE COUPON—LET A FRIEND OR RELATIVE ENTER ON THE OTHER**

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

### FREE ENTRY COUPON

In the order you visited the islands, list in the column at right the amount of "treasure" you found on each island, and the total "treasure" you found.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

☐ I enclose a 4¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope. 93

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Box 1492, Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

| | |
|---|---|
| | $ |
| | $ |
| | $ |
| | $ |
| | $ |
| | $ |
| | $ |
| | $ |
| | $ |
| | $ |
| TOTAL TREASURE FOUND | $ |

*ENTRIES NOT ACCOMPANIED BY A 4¢ STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE MAY BE DISQUALIFIED*




SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

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| | $ |
| | $ |
| | $ |
| TOTAL TREASURE FOUND | $ |

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# IT'S WHAT'S UP FRONT THAT COUNTS




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JAN -5 1959

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## ANDY GRIFFITH

***Laughs and more laughs—Andy as the ship's cook who has the whole Coast Guard in a stew!***




*It even out-funnies the best-seller!*

IN WARNER BROS.'

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NOVEMBER, 1958 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

# modern screen

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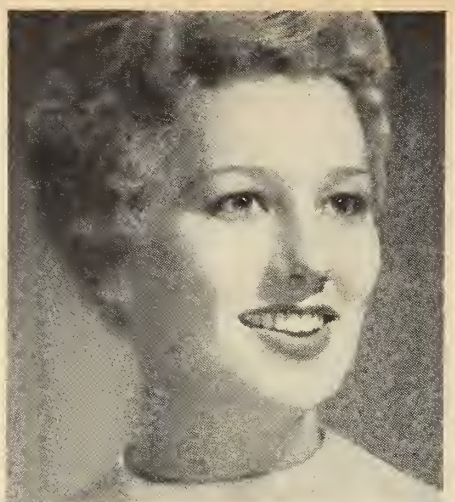
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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579, to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. ,52, No.10, November 1958. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service: 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office 221 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years; $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Reentered as second class matter March 25, 1957, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1958 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.


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PARTY GIRL
This is the story of Chicago's wildest days...when the fast buck and sudden death sometimes danced cheek to cheek...the mood, the music, the menace of the era!
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*Linda Waddell*

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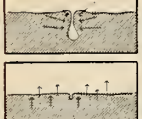
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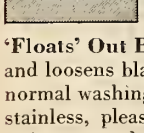
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***1. Penetrates pimples.*** 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



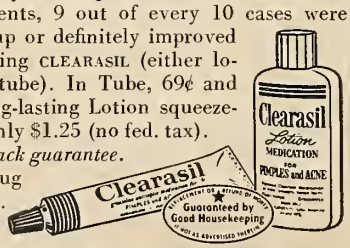
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# THE INSIDE STORY

**Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.**

**Q** What happened to cause the scar on **Ava Gardner's** face?
—L.Y., TORONTO, ONT.
**A** *A horse kicked her.*

**Q** Were all the voices but **Anthony Quinn's** dubbed in the movie *Atilla?*
—A.L., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
**A** *Yes.*

**Q** How do **Liz Taylor** and **Nat Wood** hide their freckles?
—K.M., HOLLYWOOD, FLA.
**A** *They don't.*

**Q** How come **Kim Novak** doesn't marry any of the guys that give her presents?
—T.S., ALLENTOWN, PA.
**A** *They haven't asked.*

**Q** What religion does the **Pat Boone** family belong to?
—N.D., MONTREAL, QUE.
**A** *The Church of Christ, a sect of the Protestant religion.*

**Q** How do you spell **Jimmie Rodger's** first name? You had it both Jimmy and Jimmie in your September issue.
—D.S., KINGSTON, PA.
**A** *Sorry for the goof. It's Jimmie.*

**Q** Is there a chance of **Lucille Ball** and **Desi Arnaz** breaking up?
—M.M., BARDWELL, KY.
**A** *Eighteen years of marriage seems to be a good trial period.*

**Q** Did **Mitzi Gaynor** do her own singing in *South Pacific?* What was the estimated production cost for the picture?
—S.L., SAN BERNADINO, CALIF.
**A** *Mitzi did her own singing. The movie cost $6,000,000 to produce.*

**Q** Have **Bob Crosby** and his daughter **Cathy** reconciled?
—E.J., DALLAS, TEXAS
**A** *Not really.*

**Q** Is **Maria Schell** any relation to **Maximillian Schell?**
—J.M., YULAN, N.Y.
**A** *His sister.*

**Q** How come in the movie *Lafayette Escadrille* **Tab Hunter** wasn't shot down in the end like one magazine said he was?
—J.H., PEORIA, ILL.
**A** *Sneak preview fans protested against Tab's death and the film was reshot.*

**Q** Is it my imagination, or is something wrong with **Monty Clift's** face?
—K.M., CHICAGO, ILL.
**A** *He was in an auto accident in which his face was injured and had plastic surgery done.*

**Q** Is it true that **Diane Varsi** has few friends and is unfriendly toward Hollywood?
—M.L., FOREST, MISS.
**A** *Yes.*

**Q** When will **Elvis Presley** get out of the Army?
—C.T., SEMINOLE, TEXAS
**A** *He will be discharged in the spring of 1960.*

**Q** Is **Yul Brynner** really bald?
—D.M., CANANDAIGUA, N.Y.
**A** *Partially. He shaves the rest.*

**Q** Is **Lew Ayres** retired?
—B.T., SPRIN
**A** *He is producing religious films and doing* TV *work.*

**Q** Did **Anthony Perkins** go to college?
—S.R., BROOKLYN, N.Y.
**A** *Tony did not go to college. However he did go to a professional school for acting.*

**Q** Why hasn't **Van Johnson** starred in any recent movies?
—L.W., NEW YORK CITY
**A** *He is doing* THE LAST BLITZKRIEG *for Columbia.*

**Q** Which is **Kim Novak's** favorite movie?
—M.D., KEARNY, N.J.
**A** *Her favorite was* PICNIC *because it was her first big challenge.*

**Q** Did **Russ Tamblyn** make any other movies than *High School Confidential?*
—B.B., KANKAKEE, ILL.
**A** *He also made* TOM THUMB *for MGM which will be released soon.*

**Q** When was **Sammy Davis, Jr.** in the accident which cost him the loss of his eye?
—D.L., DALLAS, TEXAS
**A** *November, 1954.*

**Q** How come **Ray Danton** plays such mean parts in the movies?
—D.C., TALLAHASSEE, FLA.
**A** *He's played villains in two movie roles, but has had romantic roles on* TV.

**Q** How many pictures has **Natalie Wood** made in her entire career?
—C.M., BROOKLYN, N.Y.
**A** *Twenty-six.*

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# CARY GRANT and SOPHIA LOREN



two so right...
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But those
heart-warming,
heart-stopping
kids of his
make for
complications—
when it's time
for the grown-ups
to "play house"
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# Once It Was My Betrayer— but NOW—

# MY BODY IS MY PROUDEST POSSESSION!

by Margaret Holland



THE door slammed behind Marty, and slowly I crumpled to the floor. The sobs tore forth—deep and convulsive. "Marty . . . Marty . . ." I whispered, brokenly, and then his words came back and I shuddered and I shook my head violently from side to side, trying to fling what he had said away from me—trying not to hear him again. But his words hung in the room—toneless, cold, but searing my heart like dry ice pressed close against flesh. This had been Marty talking, I realized, numbly —*my Marty*—with whom I had planned our tomorrow —who would grin and tousle my hair when I insisted that the very first furniture we'd buy after the wedding would be that big, comfortable man's chair we'd seen at O'Rourke's downtown. The Marty whom I'd suddenly surprise looking at me with the special softness no one else ever saw. The Marty, whose wife I thought I was going to be—until a half-hour ago.

"I'm leaving, Maggie," he'd said. Unbelieving, I'd heard the words, but it was the deadness of his voice that made me understand what he was saying. "I'm leaving, Maggie—for good. I'm not coming around any more. And I'm sorry for you, for both of us."

"Sorry? Sorry for me?" I had flared, wildly. My voice rose in a scream. "Well, why not? Why not you? Everyone else is. The fat girl! Revolting Maggie Holland, once petite, demure Margaret and now offending the esthetic senses of her friends, her family—everybody! So why not *you* Marty?"

His words had been flat, quiet. "You've let yourself go, you've given up on yourself, Maggie. Oh, I know there was a time when you really tried. I know you've taken pills, and gone on diets—even tried reducing salons. But the brutal truth is that you've stopped trying. You were my girl and I fell in love with you and I'd still be in love with the Maggie who could take it and still come back and win. But the Maggie I fell in love with wouldn't feel sorry for herself, wouldn't feel she was the only girl who'd ever been cursed by overweight, wouldn't snap at her friends, quarrel with her family, permit the love affair with the man she was going to marry to deteriorate into irritable days and nasty evenings. In a simple word the Maggie I knew was the one I wanted for my wife, not the girl I'm looking at now."

I couldn't talk. Fury was choking me. At last the words had come in a strangled gasp. "Get out!!" And, then, as I felt the tears beginning to burn my eyes I quickly turned my back. Just before he closed the door behind him, a pale shaft of sunlight came into the room, and then he was gone, and only greyness was left and that was the way it would be forever, I felt.

I didn't hear the door open minutes later, and I turned, startled, when I heard Ray's voice at my side. Ray is Doctor Raymond Holland and my cousin, and, at 32, one of the most respected and best-liked practitioners in town. His sympathetic eyes took in my disheveled hair and tear-stained face but all he said was: "I was on my way over and ran into Marty as he was leaving. We had a talk."

"I hope he was less beastly than when he left here."

Ray grinned. "He was quite civilized." Then he leaned down and lifted my chin with his fingers. "But he was suffering, Maggie. It isn't easy for a guy like Marty to walk out on something so important."

My laugh was as unpleasant as before. "Suffering, indeed. I'll bet he was—worrying whether my fingers have gotten too pudgy for me to get his ring off to return to him. Or wondering how many people have been laughing at him all the time he's been going around with fat Maggie Holland—or suffering over—" Suddenly the bitterness ran out of me, wretchedness thickened my throat, and burying my face in my arms, I cried and Ray let me.

After a while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief. Very quietly, he asked me: "Did you really understand what Marty was trying to say?"

"But, Ray, I have tried. You know I have. I've exercised, gone through reducing routines. Even reducing pills have failed to help me, although I've known some girls who have lost weight using them. I've tried simple dieting and have failed at that. I have tried!"

He took my hand in his, affectionately. "I know you have, honey. Marty knows it, too!" He grinned as he continued. "And while you haven't lost any weight you must admit you've acquired just about the most difficult disposition in the family."

I nodded, ruefully. "That's true enough. And I hated Marty for saying it. But how would you feel—or Marty, for that matter—if day after incessant day you'd stick faithfully to what someone promises will take the ugly fat off you, only to have the scales tell you differently? Wouldn't you feel irritable enough to bite the cat—as I almost have done once or twice?"

Ray's intelligent face broke into a chuckle. "I certainly would. And that's how most overweight people feel. And that's why they stay overweight."

"We stay fat because we're *irritable?*" I asked.

"Uh-huh. Look, Maggie—all these advertisements you see about losing weight—they aren't phony. They just aren't *enough.*"

"Enough?"

"That's right. We doctors know that most of these pills have methyl cellulose in them and that they can do as they promise—fill the stomach so that an overweight person won't feel the rumblings of hunger. That's simple and logical enough. But despite that, these products fail more often than not to do the trick."

I asked: "But why, if what you say is true?"

"It's true, all right. The trouble is that most reducing products don't take into account the most important element of all—the *unbearable* tension, the irritability, the feeling of all's wrong with the world that a girl like you has hanging over her all the time she's faithfully following instructions—or thinks she is. Maggie, my darling, tell Doc Holland—isn't it true that for the two months you were taking the pills that you bought in Marshall's drugstore you continued to overeat even though you weren't hungry?"

Understanding broke over me. "Why, of course. I remember asking myself why in the world I kept going to the refrigerator when I wasn't hungry in the least. And yet I had to eat. I simply had to!"

"You see?" Ray said quickly. "You had to eat when you were taking the pills and *weren't* hungry for the same reason you got fat in the first place—by overeating when you *were* hungry. In both cases tension, nervousness, irritability drove you as they drive most people for whom weight becomes a problem."

"Now see here, Doctor Holland, are you telling me that somebody—some firm—that understands this has come up with an answer to *my* problem?"

"That's just what I'm telling you, Maggie. A short time ago an important pharmaceutical house sent me several packages of their new product, *SLIMTOWN.* Doctors continually receive samples of things that are new. What these people had to say about *SLIMTOWN* made sense. They had combined 3 important ingredients into their capsule. One was *Antipatin* that lets you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods but the craving for them diminishes. . . . The second was *Gastrofilin*—tried and true—the ingredient that fools your stomach—makes it feel half-full to begin with even before you sit down to eat. . . . And the third—wonder of wonders—made the job complete and sold me immediately. That was the sensational new ingredient called *Pacifin* and its function is to remove completely the *tension,* the *high-voltage irritability* you and I have been talking about. They guaranteed that *SLIMTOWN* would melt off the pounds because the user would not only *not* feel like overeating—he would feel calm, easy-going, at peace with himself while the pounds dropped off. Clara Jenkins came into my office later in the day. You remember Clara—she weighs 200 pounds—or at least she did. I told Clara to take the *SLIMTOWN* I had received—told her to eat all she really *wanted* to eat and to take *SLIMTOWN* as directed. Clara poohpoohed it. But finally she took the capsules. That was four weeks ago. Yesterday Clara was in my office. She had lost 23 pounds and had come to my office to kiss me and almost did right there in front of my patients."

I confess that if it had been anyone other than Ray Holland telling me this I simply wouldn't have believed it. But Ray is the most confidence-inspiring doctor I know—young enough to have been in recent contact with the newest in the medical world and old enough to tell the gilt from the gold. My hopes began to rise like a rocket.

I said: "Let me get this straight. The pills I've been taking haven't helped because I was wound up like a clock and couldn't keep from nervous eating?"

"Correct," said Ray.

"And *SLIMTOWN* will have the calming and soothing effect on me that will let me eat what I want to eat and not go hog-wild?"

"That's right."

"And I'll be able to eat the things I love—steaks, desserts? All I *really* want?"

Ray nodded vigorously. "Absolutely."

"And the pounds will drop off in bunches?"

"As much as 7 to 10 pounds per week," Ray said.

"And Marty?" I asked, smiling for the first time.

Ray grinned back, "*SLIMTOWN* guarantees Marty, too, I'll bet."

"Well, what are we waiting for, Dr. Holland? Let's get over to your office and get those *SLIMTOWNS* before they're gone."

"They *are* gone," Ray said sheepishly. "My enthusiasm ran away with me and there's Jane Morgan and Mrs. Orikoff and several others who were simply made for *SLIMTOWN.* But you can buy *SLIMTOWN.* They cost only $2.98 for a full 10-day supply. And $4.98 for a big 20-day treatment. $6.98 for 30-Day Supply.

Here's the address: ***SLIMTOWN, Dept. H-12, 228 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N.Y.***

"They're sold with an absolute money back guarantee if they don't do exactly as they say they'll do: take the fat off you quickly and agreeably. They really don't guarantee you'll get Marty back. That's up to you." And with a light kiss on my forehead, Ray left.

How can I tell you what Ray did for me? When I thought of the courage it had taken for Marty to talk to me the way he did, and of how I had screamed in return, my face burned with shame.

My impulse was to rush to the phone and call him, but I decided to wait, to surprise him. However, I hadn't reckoned on the meddling Dr. Holland. Because when 3 weeks later and 18 pounds lighter, with an elegant dress that showed off my figure and a sunny, smiling face to match I led Marty into the living room, he didn't look surprised one bit.

He said, right off: "I've arranged for my vacation in June. We can be married then. Okay?"

Just like that. I couldn't find words. I nodded.

He said: "I've found an apartment. You'll love it."

Ecstatic, I nodded again.

"We'll be able to get all the furniture except the couch. That'll take three or four months more."

I finally found my voice. I said demurely: "Not every girl gets two proposals from the same man. Isn't this one rather abrupt?"

The creases around Marty's eyes highlighted their twinkle. "I love you," he said.

Mischievously, I waved my hand at myself. "My dress too?"

"Love you," he repeated. "Know all about your figure. Knew about it first day you started. Doc Holland told me. *SLIMTOWN,* great stuff."

We've been married 3 years now. A wonderful marriage. Marty, me, little Martin. *SLIMTOWN's* there too, any time I need it.

To the reader of this story: As the creators of *SLIMTOWN,* we have been pleased to present Margaret Holland's story. Miss Holland's experience is duplicated by thousands of women who have found new happiness through *SLIMTOWN*—whose lives have been changed by the greatest discovery for overweight people ever developed by medical science! We guarantee that you will lose up to 7 to 10 pounds the very first week without dieting, without exercise, without nervous tension. Never has there been any reducer like *SLIMTOWN.* You may order by sending $2.98 for the 10-day supply. $4.98 for 20-day supply. $6.98 for 30-Day Supply.

**SLIMTOWN, Dept. H-12**
**228 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N. Y.**

If *SLIMTOWN* does not live up to your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded without question or hesitation.



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*Perma·lift Self-Fitting Magic Push-Up bra accentuates without padding and conforms to your exact cup size*

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Time was, when accentuation meant a padded or contour bra. "Perma·lift"* has come to your rescue with Magic Push-Up, a wonderful bra that beautifully lives up to its name. You see, Magic Push-Up Brassiere doesn't pad you—it makes the most of *you.*

Special Magic Insets firmly lift and support you so that your bust completely fills the cups no matter what cup size you are.

The new self-fitting cups conform to your exact bust size. Neveride band keeps bra in place, always. #148, $3.50, Cotton. Sizes: A cup 32-36, B & C cups 32-38.

Write for free booklet "Facts About Figures" c/o Ruth Stone, Dept. MS, A. Stein & Co., 1143 W. Congress, Chicago 7, Illinois.

## NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in November, your birthstone is topaz and your flower is the chrysanthemum. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

*November 1*—**Betsy Palmer**
**Jeff Richards**

*November 2*—**Burt Lancaster**

*November 4*—**Cameron Mitchell**
**Gig Young**

*November 5*—**Joel McCrea**

*November 7*—**Dean Jagger**

*November 8*—**Katharine Hepburn**
**Robert Strauss**

*November 9*—**Russell Johnson**
**Hedy Lamarr**

*November 10*—**Richard Burton**

*November 11*—**Pat O'Brien**
**Robert Ryan**

*November 12*—**Kim Hunter**
**Grace Kelly**

*November 13*—**Linda Christian**
**Jean Seberg**

*November 14*—**Brian Keith**
**Veronica Lake**
**Dick Powell**

*November 15*—**John Kerr**
**Lloyd Bridges**

*November 20*—**Evelyn Keyes**
**Lucy Marlow**
**Gene Tierney**

*November 21*—**Vivian Blaine**
**Ralph Meeker**

*November 22*—**Geraldine Page**

*November 23*—**Victor Jory**
**Boris Karloff**

*November 24*—**Howard Duff**

*November 25*—**Jeffrey Hunter**
**Ricardo Montalban**

*November 27*—**Marshall Thompson**

*November 28*—**Gloria Grahame**

*November 30*—**Virginia Mayo**



**Richard Davalos**
*November 5*



**Vivien Leigh**
*November 5*



**Roy Rogers**
*November 5*



**Clifton Webb**
*November 19*

modern screen's gossip extra!

# LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

IN THIS ISSUE:



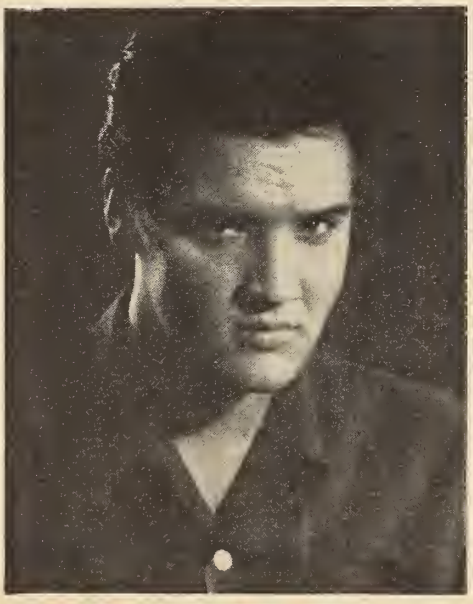
★ ALOHA FROM HAWAII



★ A WELCOME TO LITTLE TEX CROSBY



★ APPLAUSE FOR JUDY GARLAND



★ A SAD FAREWELL TO ELVIS' MOTHER

**LOUELLA PARSONS**
**in hollywood**



# louella parsons' GOOD NEWS





*There was so much love at the Judy Garland opening! Frank Sinatra (left) and Lauren Bacall (above) both embraced Judy like a long-lost sister, but the ex-lovers carefully kept a whole wide room away from each other.*

## ALOHA

Since we last chatted, I've had a perfectly wonderful trip to Honolulu, partly a rest—which I really needed—and partly to keep an eye on some of our vacationing movie stars in this island paradise.

For the first few days I hardly knew I'd left Hollywood. **Jerry Lewis**, Patti and their clan of small Lewises were all over the place having the time of their lives. Jerry was supposed to be resting—but he doesn't know much more about that than I do.

On the beach or in one of the popular cafes, Jerry was usually cutting up, wisecracking, taking comedy falls, flipping into pools and continuously delighting children and adults who followed him around as though he were the Pied Piper.

I just missed **Cyd Charisse** and **Tony Martin**—but I can tell you these two were a big hit with the islanders.

It's been eighteen years since I visited the islands—at that time I had come in a party of happy people—**Carole Lombard** and **Bill Powell, Norma Talmadge, Gilbert Roland,** Winnie and **Warner Baxter.** There are many changes in Honolulu; it's so built up and modern.

But it all came back to me in the same wonderful hospitality shown by these enchanting islanders.

Even before I could remove the garlands and garlands of *leis* from around my neck, warmly worded invitations were arriving and members of the press were gathered on my *lanai* at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel overlooking the blue, blue Pacific.

The nicest honor was the informal dinner given for me by Governor and Mrs. William Quinn, such delightful people.

The press wanted to know which I considered my most important scoop. Answer: The **Ingrid Bergman** baby story—although it cost me the most heartache to break Ingrid's tragedy.

## PARTY of the MONTH

**Judy Garland's opening at the Cocoanut Grove!** In the years I've been covering this town I've never seen such a turnout of stars, nor have I ever felt under one roof such outpouring of affection and love as greeted Judy, the home-town girl, when she appeared at the top of the stairs in her cute 'lady Tuxedo' garb.

There was so much love going 'round—I even saw **Jerry Lewis** and **Dean Martin** patting each other on the back and exchanging laughs! What a show—what a night, with Judy giving back all that affection by singing her heart out.

I think we all realized we were enjoying an event that has seldom been equaled and will hardly ever be topped.

At our table—I've already mentioned **Rock Hudson** was in our party—were lovely **Jean Simmons, Rhonda Fleming** looking gorgeous in white with her hair red again, **Tony**

# *The Judy Garland opening brought out Hollywood's top stars—many good friends, two ex-loves, and some pretty mothers-to-be.*



*Judy's daughter, Lisa, looked in love with partner Tony.*



*One of the nicest sights in the midst of all the love and good fellowship was Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, laughing it up with each other as if the good old days were back.*







*Lana Turner (rt.) looking lovely, was standing in for her daughter Cheryl. Pat Boone (above), who hates going formal, did it for Judy.*



*Making a lovely study in pregnancy were Janet Leigh, Sheila MacRae and Shirley Jones. What were they talking about? Babies, of course.*

**Curtis** and **Janet Leigh.** Janet was wearing a very attractive maternity gown made of chiffon. "Doesn't hide much—does it?" she giggled.

Speaking of expectant ladies, I was in the powder room with **Shirley Jones** and **Hope Lange** who arrived at the mirrors at the same time. "Heaven help us," gasped the blonde Hope to the blonde Shirley, "we look like pregnant twins!"

The **Pat Boones** sat at the table with Hope and **Don Murray** and Shirley Boone looked so chic in summer black. Pat said only Judy could get him to put on dinner clothes on a hot night.

**Lana Turner,** so thin and svelte in pale pink, had a table of young people, friends of Cheryl's. It was Cheryl's birthday and Lana had planned a party for her at home. But when Cheryl caught a bad cold and had to go to bed, rather than disappoint the girls, Lana hosted a table for them at the Grove—and did they love it!

I saw the **Henry Fondas** and the **Jimmy Stewarts** at a table for four and Jimmy kept jumping up to applaud Judy so often you'd have thought she had hired him! Very unusual for the quiet Mr. S.

**Frank Sinatra** was at a large table at one end of the Grove and **Lauren Bacall** at a large table at the other end—which was convenient. They still don't speak. And make oh such a to-do about avoiding each other—particularly at Judy's private party in the Embassy Room of the Ambassador Hotel later on.

Everybody waited to greet her and tell her how wonderful she was. Judy had changed from her tux to a Chinese dress of rich brocade when she joined us after the show.

She had taken the time to see daughter Liza Minnelli off for home before seeing her friends.

I told Judy I had tears in my eyes when little Liza joined her mother on the stage and sang a number with her.

"So did I," Judy whispered; "tears of pride. Isn't she wonderful?"

Most of the time she kept her hand linked in Sid Luft's.

These two seem very happy again—and I guess this is really the best news of that whole wonderful, unforgettable evening of Judy's opening.





*Cigar-smoking Bing really looks the part of a proud papa. His fifth son will be named Harry Lillis Crosby, III.*

## BING'S BABY

He checked into life "howling"—to quote the doctor—weighing seven pounds, nine ounces. Place—Queen of Angels Hospital in Los Angeles. Time—11:32 a.m. on Friday, the 8th of August.

Continuing to quote the doctor, **Bing's** first remark was, "Hoorray!" **Kathy** was too groggy to make any immediate comment but afterward she gave a brave little smile and said, "I'm glad. Bing expected a boy all along."

Nurse Eva Huang, who was standing with Bing when he got his first look at his fifth son through a window of the fourth-floor

*This is the first picture the three Crosbys posed for together.*



nursery reports he whistled: "Man, look at all that hair! I could sure use some of that." He immediately started calling his son "Tex." (Kathy hails from Texas).

Der Bingle had rushed Mrs. Bingle from Beverly Hills to the downtown hospital at 3:00 a.m. After depositing Kathy and her suitcase at the entrance, he went to park his car. Rushing back, he was almost hit by an automobile in the parking lot! He didn't tell his wife that until later.

He did all his floor pacing in a room he had engaged next to Kathy's. He brought along a thermos of coffee—which he drank—and some magazines—which he didn't read. Floor nurses say he lay down on the bed but didn't doze. Didn't relax at all until he got the word. He asked one of the nurses if she didn't think he was holding up well under the ordeal! "However," he added, "this is a quite *bushing* experience!"

Two days later when the brand new young man's grandmother arrived from Texas, she and Kathy officially named him Harry Lillis Crosby, III. Bing still calls him Tex—and I have a hunch, Tex it will be from here on in.

## I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—



**Christine Carere.** On first glance the petite Parisian looks more American than French with her wide brown eyes and strawberry-blonde hair. But after I had talked with her fifteen minutes I knew she was as French as a chestnut tree along the Champs Elyssée, a dress by Dior, a naughty wink or—a certain smile.

She's completely captivated all of us in that quite unmoral *A Certain Smile*. While I didn't like the message of writer Françoise Sagan's movie, I believe Christine is perhaps the biggest natural for stardom since **Judy Garland.**

Her little girl appearance is purely a façade for a smart and mature young woman. When I met her she was very womanly, bemoaning that she has been separated from her bridegroom, French star **Phillippe Nicaud** so much since their marriage in November of '57.

"But actors must be where their work takes them," she philosophized with a French girl's logic. "But it makes me so lonely for Phillippe when I see **Tony Curtis** and **Janet Leigh** together and **Bob Wagner** and **Natalie.** I dream of our little apartment in Paris which I had to leave just ten days after we moved in."

She speaks English surprisingly well. It's part of her work and Christine knows her job thoroughly. She was no novice when 20th Century-Fox imported her to Hollywood and trained her for a year before starring her with **Rossano Brazzi.** She had played important roles in Italy as well as in France.

When I asked her how she became interested in a career—her father is Count Ivan de Borde, her mother Suzanne de Gayffier, a buyer for a Paris store—she laughed and said:

"Just like your American girls get interested. I read every movie magazine I could get my hands on and I loved MODERN SCREEN."

# OPEN LETTER to ELVIS PRESLEY

I have no words to express how my heart ached for you when I learned of the death of your mother, just forty-two—not supposed to be dangerously ill—of a sudden heart attack in the middle of the night.

What a blessing that the Army had granted you permission to come home to her when she was first taken ill of what was diagnosed as hepatitis. What a blessing that she knew you were close by, had seen you and talked with you and had been happy that her boy was once more home—if even just for a little while.

I don't think any man was ever a better or more devoted son than you were, Elvis. After great success came you not only gave material things to your parents, you gave constantly of yourself.



Once when you were at my home for an interview, I spoke of how well you did your duty to your folks.

You thought several seconds before you replied, "But it isn't a 'duty,' Miss Parsons," you said. "I love my folks like everybody does. But I guess I *like* them better than anybody else in the world. My mother and dad are the best friends I've got. I'd rather go out on a date with my mother than any girl in the USA.

"We've been through bad times when we didn't have any money and not much to eat, but we've never been through such bad times that we didn't draw strength—and yes, some laughs—just by going through it *together*. The happiest thing about my success is that it lets me give my folks everything I can think of to make their lives easier and happier."

This you did, Elvis—and never once did you leave them behind as you scaled the peaks of Fame.

Someway, somehow I am sure your mother heard in her soul those words you sobbed at her graveside. "Good-bye, good-bye—we loved you so much!"





*Two opinions of how Rock dresses: Phyllis charged him with being "sloppy." However, I found him dressed in the latest fashion.*

# ROCK SPRUCES UP!

**In (finally) getting her divorce from him, Phyllis charged Rock Hudson** with being "sullen and sloppy" and on one occasion, when he refused to talk to her and she asked why, of slapping her.

I can't imagine Rock slapping at a fly—but then I wasn't married to him.

However, I can speak from experience of his grooming. Not long ago I invited Rock to come with me to **Judy Garland's** opening at the Coconut Grove which he accepted with such promptness you'd never guess he'd been sullen when Phyllis wanted to step out.

When he arrived, he was a picture of sartorial elegance, the latest fashion in male dinner clothes. The fit was so good it hardly fitted in with the ex-Mrs. Hudson's claim that he wore nothing but sweat shirts and jeans—or at least *complained* about wearing other garb.

And, if Rock didn't have a ball at Judy's opening night, you'd never have guessed it. The minute the music struck up he asked me to dance—and he's *good* that boy! I've always prided myself on twirling a mean slipper myself—and Rock knows his footwork.

When we were invited to join Judy's private party following the show, Rock was the first to urge me to accept. He made Judy very happy when he took both her hands in his and said, "You're the greatest! Just the *greatest!*" About 2:00 a.m. I wanted to come home. Rock hoped we could stay a little longer. He stayed, after making sure mutual friends would drop me back home.

Oh, yes—his settlement with Phyllis calls for $130,000 to be paid at $250 per week, their $35,000 home, mortgage clear, and a car.

I have a feeling my friend Rock will not be marrying again for a long, long time.

(*Continued on page 16*)



# I dreamed I was made over in my *maidenform** bra

Here's the last word in elastic bras! Does more for you than you ever dreamed a bra could do! Curvier cups. Smoother separation. Doubled elastic *all the way around the back!* Let Twice-Over make *you* over . . . today! A, B, C cup 3.95 – D cup 4.95 (Twice-Over comes in *long-line* and *strapless* styles, too!)




## new, new Twice-Over*

*Look for this Twice-Over package in fine stores everywhere!*

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1958 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

## PERSONAL OPINIONS

I predict **Ann Miller** and Bill Moss (**Jane Withers'** ex) will have a happy marriage. Both have been hurt by other loves and will appreciate the happiness they have found. . . .

**Bob Crosby** made a mistake fighting it out with Eastern TV critics and interviewers who (a) panned his TV show, (b) panned his handling of daughter Cathy's problems. Bob should take a tip from veteran Milton Berle who says of criticism: "Never answer back—just keep coming back." . . .

**Montgomery Clift** must be developing a sense of humor. He told **Myrna Loy** on the set of *Lonelyhearts* he'd like to direct a picture; when she asked if he would star in it also, Monty cracked: "Are you kidding? As a director I simply wouldn't put up with all that nonsense from me!" . . .

**Leslie Caron**'s expected baby just has to be a girl because the one and only Cecil Beaton who did those knock-out clothes for Leslie in *Gigi* plus the decor and gowns for *My Fair Lady*, is decorating the baby's nursery. Imagine a boy in all that wonderful chi chi! . . .

**Ernie Borgnine** should get back some of those thirty-one pounds he shed worrying over his divorce settlement. He doesn't look a bit like "Marty" these days. . . .

**Marlon Brando** has said not a word against **Anna Kashfi**'s resuming her career at her old studio MGM but he had a few thousand words to say against posing for 'home' pictorial spreads with his wife! . . .

Nothing in the world can get the **James Mason** clan to go out on tour again after nine weeks in *Mid-Summer*. James dropped thirteen pounds, Pamela nine—and only thespian Portland gained—five.



*Ann and Bill: this will be forever.*





TV *is introducing the late John Garfield (above) to the teenagers. A reader wants Alec Guinness (left) stories in* MODERN SCREEN.

## THE LETTER BOX:

Cutest letter of the month comes from MARION which I'm printing exactly as she spelled out her regret for **Marlon Brando**: *"Marlon can play Japanese peasants, paraleptics, Mexicains, Germans, U.S. Pilots, delinquance, gamblers, Napoleon and Mark Antony—and who else can do all this?"* Nobody I know, Marion! . . .

*"Why are you so quick to rush to the defense of stars whose bad judgment—to put it politely—lands them in trouble?"* snaps LEONA ARMSTRONG, HERSHEY, PA. Has anyone you know in your home town ever been in bad trouble—and haven't you wished everyone could understand the circumstances as well as you do, Leona? That's me. . . .

MRS. N. L. KELLY, CHICAGO, ILL., writes: *"Far from being withheld from young people, pictures like* A Farewell To Arms *and* Peyton Place *should be seen and studied so that teenagers may get a realistic view of sex, the dangers and beauty of it, in the medium they can understand."* Your view is open to argument but it's original. . . .

Something new cropping up in the mail, letters from teenagers 'discovering' stars they never knew and loving them through TV reruns. The late **John Garfield** particularly is mentioned. JAN JOHNSON, BOISE, IDAHO, sums up several letters with: *"Thank heaven his magnificent talent has been preserved."* . . .

ELEANOR ZACHARY, WASHINGTON, D. C., is sick of all the slams at **Kim Novak** which she attributes to jealousy. She writes: *"Kim's wonderful picture with* **Jimmy Stewart** Vertigo *has run here for weeks and weeks. We like her!"* . . .

*"It's not that I like* **Deborah Kerr** *less—even a divorce can't dim her shining talent as an actress—it's just that I'm hurt and disillusioned,"* postcards DIANA-JEANNE YANKERS, FT. WORTH. Why don't you reserve judgment until all the facts are in, Diana-Jeanne? . . .

MRS. BILL ADAMS writes from BROOKLYN: *"To really believe movie stars are just like other folks you have to see them, as my husband and I saw* **Debbie Reynolds** *and* **Eddie Fisher** *at a baseball game on our recent vacation in Los Angeles. Debbie was rooting for the Dodgers, Eddie for Philadelphia; her lipstick was all smeared from eating hot dogs; he had spilled popcorn all around him. She got cold, he had to put his coat around her—even as you and I!"* . . .

*"When* **Alec Guinness** *won the Academy's highest honor, I wholeheartedly agreed. I thought, 'Oh, boy—now* MODERN SCREEN *will be full of stories about him,"* begins VIRGINIA BRADBURY, RICHMOND, INDIANA. *"So what happens—nothing, not a word!"* (Are you listenin', David Myers?) . . .

**Judy Garland** will be very happy over a letter signed "FIFTEEN JUDY GARLAND FANS, HENGELO, HOLLAND," and written in excellent English: *"We love Judy very much. No other star has taken her place in our hearts. If she ever brings her nightclub act to Europe she must come to us and see for herself how deep is our feeling."* . . .

*"Doesn't* **Johnny Mathis** *prefer girls with long hair?"* LEIGH ANDREWS wants to know. I don't know, Leigh—but whether they admit it or not, most males do, I've discovered. . . .

NORMA JONES, BARSTOW, CALIFORNIA, asks an intriguing question: *"I've noticed that many movie stars marry non-professionals. With the way stars are protected from the public in general—where do they meet non-professionals???"* Obviously, some non-pros get close, Norma. Thanks for the chuckle.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



# Is it true... blondes have more fun?

**One sure way to find out is to be a blonde** . . . a beautiful, silky-haired Lady Clairol blonde! You'll love the life in it . . . the sheer blondeness of it! The soft touch and tone of it. It's all there for you in Lady Clairol, the fabulous new whipped creme conditioning hair lightener. So if your hair is humdrum brown or dreary blonde, don't waste your days wishing, dreaming! Do something! Today! Make it silky, irresistible blonde in *minutes* with Lady Clairol! Such a happy way to brighten your locks, your looks, your whole life! Try Lady Clairol—Whipped Creme or new Instant Whip*.



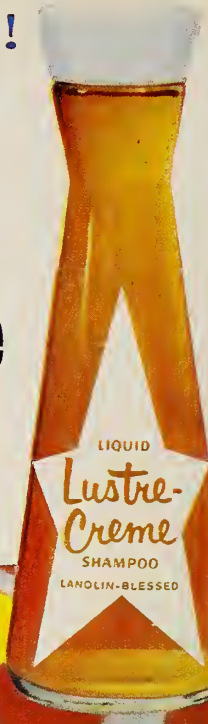

Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is

Lady Clairol® Whipped Creme Hair Lightener

*T. M. © Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn.

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

# Now you can shampoo... Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!







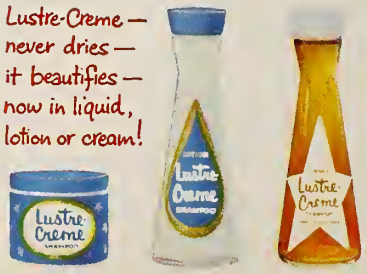
**ELIZABETH TAYLOR**, beautiful star of M-G-M's release, **"CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF,"** an Avon Production in Metrocolor. Miss Taylor uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo for shining, easy-to-manage hair! Why don't you try Liquid Lustre-Creme, too?

**FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:**

**Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.** Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

**Set—with just plain water!** An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

*Lustre-Creme—never dries—it beautifies—now in liquid, lotion or cream!*



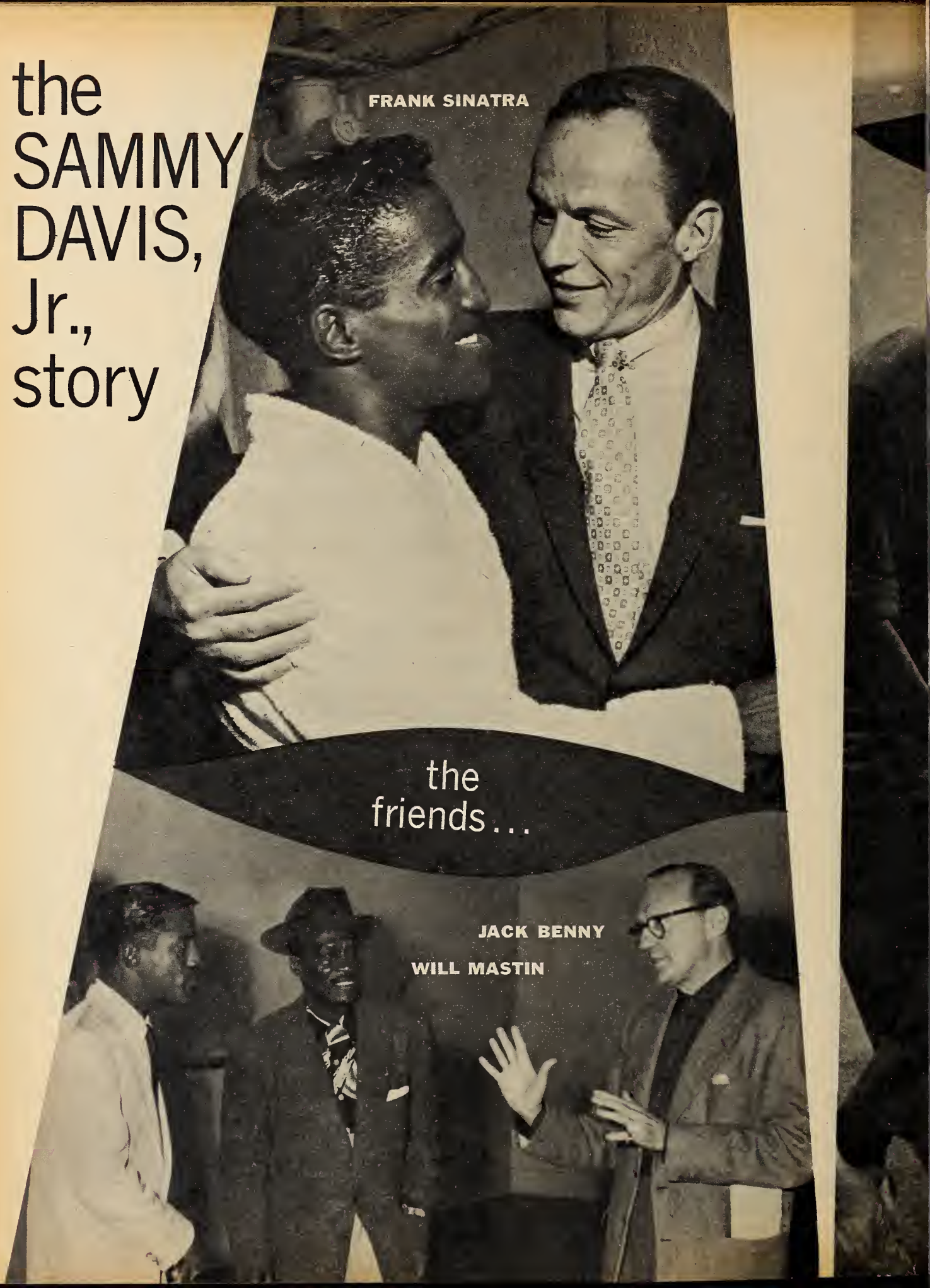

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!



# thank you, world...

The story of SAMMY DAVIS, Jr., a colored boy who became the richest man in Hollywood

# the SAMMY DAVIS, Jr., story






★This is not, in the traditional sense of the words, a Thanksgiving story. It has nothing to do with the Pilgrim Fathers, nothing to do with harvested crops, turkey dinners or family life. It is not what you expect to read about on the fourth Thursday in November. But in a deeper sense it is a Thanksgiving story of the oldest and the most hallowed sort. For it is the story of a man who was forced suddenly to pause for the counting of his blessings and the reckoning of his friends. It is the story of a man who took stock of his life and (*Continued on page 80*)





# Q. Who is the man

He is Arthur Loew, Jr. He lives in Tucson, Arizona, where he has lived since he was nine years old when he came down with a severe attack of chronic asthma. He is in the cattle business and he is a rich man. But he would have been rich if he'd never lifted the little finger of his right hand. For his grandfather was Adolph Zukor, one of the fabulous Hollywood pioneers. And his father practically ran MGM studios.

He is in his mid-thirties now. When he was in his early twenties he fell in love with Elizabeth Taylor, a beautiful young actress at his father's studio. Liz, however, did not return his love. He was the boss's son—plain-looking, not particularly witty, nice but far from exciting.



Arthur changed. He'd lost Liz, but still he thought he could have some fun out of life. He tried to make himself exciting. With cold cash and prestige to back him up, he became a playboy, a compulsive party giver, a man about town. He tried to fall in love. He had a wild fling with Eartha Kitt. His father broke that up. He began dating lovely Marisa Pavan. Marisa adored him, but walked out on him because—as she said—"I couldn't stand the way he threw himself into all those parties and friendships—he was too erratic—he always seemed to be trying to lose himself." He turned to Joan Collins next. She was beautiful and a barrel of laughs and some people said they would marry—they were having so much fun. They didn't marry because what these people who were busy making their predictions didn't know was that Arthur Loew, Jr. was getting tired of the fun, the flings, the razzle-dazzle and the phony laughter. What they didn't know was that deep down he really wanted only one thing out of life—to be important, not to Hollywood or a ranch full of cows or



to the headwaiter at the most expensive restaurant in any town he happened to visit. He wanted only to be important —important to a woman he loved and who loved him back.

He knew who this woman was.

He knew that she would never love him back.

But then the great tragedy of her life took place and, suddenly, she turned to him. Of all the people she could have turned to, Elizabeth Taylor turned to him, Arthur Loew, Jr.

# on the beach with Liz?

In the past few months since Mike Todd's death, Arthur has given Liz Taylor all the affection he's had stored up in his heart for the past ten, long years.

He has been kind.

He has advised Liz when she needed advice.

He has consoled and comforted her.

He has fallen in love with her again, ten times over.

He knows she will never forget Mike Todd.

But he has hoped, hoped hard, that it will be possible for Liz to fall in love with him, too.

As the days have passed—as Liz has turned to him for more and more companionship, as they have found themselves having dinner together, taking an occasional drink together, sometimes at his place, sometimes at hers, as they have found themselves driving out to the beach together where they could be alone and swim and then lie in the sand and talk—as all this has happened, as all this *is* happening right now, it seems that maybe Arthur's hope is fast turning into the real thing.

Louella Parsons, for one, feels that it is.

And you can read it here. Turn the page for what she says about Liz and Loew in an exclusive to MODERN SCREEN.





# A. HE'S

**Here is Louella Parson's exclusive report:**



Yes, I think the Elizabeth Taylor-Arthur Loew, Jr., romance is serious—*very*. I won't bat an eyelash if they marry.

And, I rather expect such an announcement will come from Europe where Liz and Arthur expect to be when you read this.

I'm asked on all sides, "But if she loved Mike Todd as much as she did and was so grief stricken at his death—which she was—how can she have found a new love so fast?"

To which the only answer can be—there are loves . . . and loves.

Someone who is very close to Liz explained it to me this way: "She will never again love any man the way she loved Mike. Early in their love story she herself said, 'I love Mike *passionately*.' And he loved her the same way. There was an enormous, vital physical attraction between them as well as the wonderful companionship they found.

"Together, Mike and Liz were love and war, fire and ice, battles and reconciliations. They kissed and brawled publicly and privately. The French have a name for it—the *grande passion*. It is doubtful if there will ever again be anything like it in her life.

"Arthur Loew knows this. Although he is a young man, he has a great deal of mature wisdom and understanding. He is a millionaire many times over; his father was a builder of the entire motion picture industry.

"What many people do not realize is that Arthur may have been quietly in love with Elizabeth for many years. She was a star under contract to his father's company, MGM. But he knew her feeling for him was just admiration—and friendship.

"When Liz's great tragedy struck—she needed a friend as she has never needed a friend in her whole life. Arthur was there. He was a comfort and a crutch. She sobbed her heart out to him. All he wanted was to be there to help and protect her.

"And so a great bond grew up between them. Liz closed her circle of friends to a tight little group numbering Arthur, Mike Todd, Jr., her personal physician, and Debbie and Eddie Fisher. When she finally started going out again, she turned to Arthur to escort her.

"I think she feels an enormous grati-

# LIZ'S NEXT HUSBAND!

tude to him. And lately, I think his kindness and sweetness is awakening a deeper emotion in her—devotion, born of understanding. This, too, is love."

I think these words explain better than any I've yet heard just what is happening to Elizabeth Taylor and Arthur, Jr.

But all is not sombre and sedate between Liz and young Loew by a long shot.

Recently he gave a party in her honor. About fifty guests were invited. When word got around that the party was to be held, suspicions were aroused that *this* might be the occasion of *the* announcement.

Naturally, Elizabeth and Arthur heard the gossip.

About half way through the evening, Arthur turned to Liz and said, "Will you tell them, darling?"

"No, darling, *you* tell them," Liz smiled.

Cracked Arthur, "Dinner is served!"

Because he thought Elizabeth might be happier away from Hollywood and its memories, Arthur encouraged her to visit his sister at her ranch in Arizona.

She liked the peace and quiet of it so well she later arranged to rent a house—$3,000 per month—of her own near Tucson.

But before she ever moved in, Liz had had enough of it. With Tucson newspapers and even radio and TV announcers giving out exactly where her house was located, the place began to be surrounded by tourists and townspeople.



Liz literally fled back to the sanctuary and privacy of Beverly Hills. And added she would be leaving for Europe in mid-September.

That's where we are now in the unending, interesting saga of Elizabeth Taylor. **END**

GLADYS SMITH PRESLEY looked at the cabin from down the road and she smiled. Usually, even though she was only nineteen years old and not at all unhealthy, she was so tired after her two-and-a-half mile walk from town and the dress factory there where she worked, that she could barely manage to catch her breath and talk right for a while, let alone smile. But tonight she smiled. For she knew that this was the night Vernon, her husband of a year, was putting the finishing touches on the little cabin he had just built for them, built with his own bare hands and sweat. And she knew, too, that this was (*Continued on next page*)

# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF GLADYS PRESLEY

*. . . whose greatest wish was that her son could say, "My ma and pa didn't have much of anything, but they sure were rich in love. . . ."*



ustration by LUSZCZ

# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF




*When all of Tupelo, Mississippi, turned out on that Big Day to welcome back their boy Elvis, his mother Gladys Presley knew that the Lord had answered her prayers, and she said Amen.*





*Gladys didn't tell Barbara Hearn—El's flame back then—she was ailing. But El knew—and sent her some hats to cheer her up, hoping to bring his ma a little joy.*



*Gladys loved to sing the old gospel hymns with Elvis and her husband. She had hoped to make an album.*

*When Elvis left his mother for the Army there was a look in her eyes and a feeling in her heart that she wouldn't be around much longer.*



# GLADYS PRESLEY



**And now it was all over... Elvis and his dad were left alone with only memories of the courageous woman who died before her time...**










*continued*

the night she would tell Vernon what she had found out at the doctor's office during her lunch hour that day.

She smiled to herself again and looked up at the roof.

"Vern'," she called out from the road, a few minutes later, "look down from that ladder and listen to what I've got to tell you."

But all of Vernon's concentration was on getting this house of theirs done.

"What's that?" asked Vernon Presley, busy with a hammer and not looking.

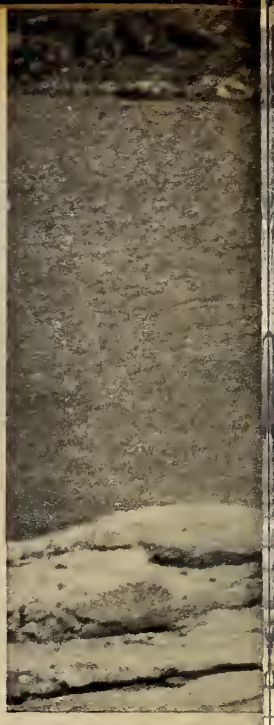
"Just that I think it was a good idea that you've worked hard like you have and that you built us a two-room house instead of a one-er like most of the others 'round here," said Gladys.

"Sure thing," said Vernon Presley, half to himself, still not looking.

"After all," continued Gladys, "when (continued on page 56)



*Weary of all the talk about them, Ingrid and producer Lars Schmidt sail for the island of Damholmen in the North Sea, west of Sweden . . . On this small barren piece of rock they spend their time like hermits — without electricity or telephone—sunbathing or listening to music on a battery radio. . . .*



SPECIAL PHOTOS FROM SWEDEN REVEAL

# INGRID and LARS' SECRET ISLAND









*Once a week they sail over to the port of Fielbacka in Sweden, to shop and chat with the simple fishermen, and to remember the days of their own childhoods . . . Then at sunset, back to the island Lars bought as an engagement present for Ingrid . . . where two worldly people can find a precious Adam-and-Eve-like privacy.*





# MY MISERABLE, CRAZY, WONDERFUL LIFE WITH DINO, RICCI, DEANA, GINA, GAIL, CLAUDIA, CRAIG AND DEAN!



by Jeanne Martin



*Dino (left), and Ricci (right) spend a rare moment with Dean testing*





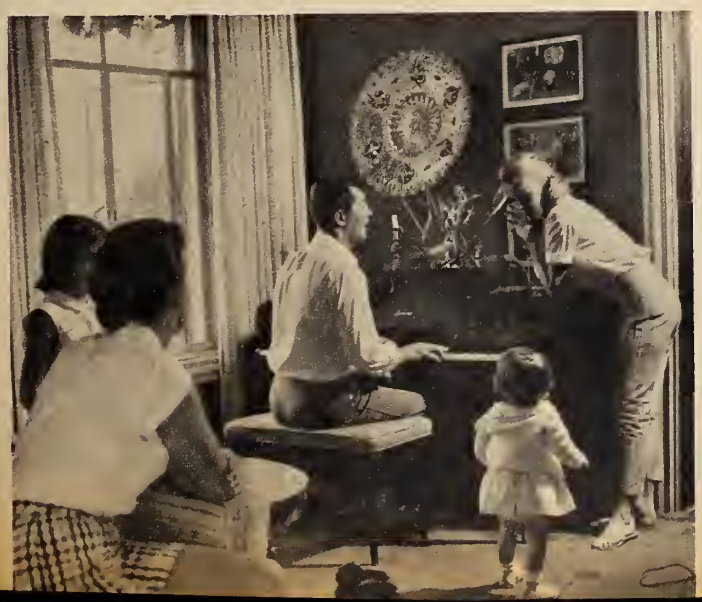
*is wrestling powers. . . .*



*The old car's a bit worn so Dean and I have to give it a push for little Gina.*



*Here's the whole Martin clan out for a walk (above). Left to right: Dino, Ricci, Deana, I'm holding Gina, Dean, Gail, Claudia, and Craig. Dean (left) usually has so much fun with the baby . . . But the most fun of all is when Dean (below) serenades the family and tries out his latest songs on us. And we're a pretty critical bunch! Dean sure has it tough . . . !*



WHEN I was a little girl I always dreamed I would someday marry a prince and live happily ever after.

I was sure my childhood dream had come true the day I married Dean Martin.

He was everything a girl could want. Tall, handsome, successful, famous; and so romantic that when he sang, girls would practically swoon. So delightful in his zany comedy act with Jerry Lewis that life with him promised laughs as well as romance. And we were deeply in love.

But it wasn't long before I discovered that life with my happy-go-lucky Prince Charming was not so happy-go-lucky after all. The man I married was not the live-wire to whom life was one big field of four leaf clovers, but a person who had moods and deep-seated fears.

**continued**



*This was a healthy argument over Claudia (left) and Gail's allowances. Dean felt they should write out their budgets*





*The girls, however, felt that Dean should write out some checks. All three compromised.*



**continued**

Suddenly, I found we were knee-deep in lawsuits, debts and problems. I was faced with an entirely new way of life. And within a few years with seven children—three of our own, four of Dean's by a previous marriage—I, who had never had responsibilities, had to learn how to diaper the youngest baby while handing out advice on boys to teen-age Claudia and Gail.

We've licked most of our troubles now and I can look back and see that what started them was that although Dean and I had gone together for almost a year before we were married, we hardly knew each other at all.

We fell in love the moment we met. And floated on a billowy cloud from that time on. Dean was playing at the Beachcombers—a night club in Miami Beach, Florida—at the time, where he was teamed with Jerry (*Continued on page 59*)

*It took a lot of time and a lot of tears to find the kind of marriage I've wanted all my life....*

**A YOUNG SINGLE GIRL ARRIVES IN HOLLYWOOD ★ SHE BECOMES A STARLET ★ SUDDENLY SHE IS SEEN IN THE RIGHT PLACES WITH THE RIGHT YOUNG STAR ★ PHOTOGRAPHERS ASK THEM TO HOLD HANDS AND KISS ★ YOU SEE THE PICTURES IN MAGAZINES ★ YOU READ ABOUT THEIR 'ROMANCE' IN COLUMNS ★ YOU WONDER IF IT'S REAL OR PHONY ★ IF IT'S REAL HOW LONG CAN IT LAST UNDER THE HARSH GLARE OF PUBLICITY ★ IF IT'S PHONY IS IT AT LEAST FUN ★ OR DOES THE TRUE HEART PAY A TERRIBLE PRICE. . . .**



**To find the truth, we talked with many young girls in Hollywood . . . On the next eight pages are the revealing cases of four of these girls: one who is forced to keep her love a secret; one who frankly admits her romance was a fake; one whose engagement is becoming a Hollywood hassle; one whose romance was ruined by publicity. . . .**

please turn page


MILLIE PERKINS REVEALS
WHY I KEEP



# MY TRUE LOVE A SECRET

"Flowers!" the messenger boy called out. "Flowers for Miss Perkins—"

On the busy set, noise came to a sudden stop. George Stevens, the director, looked up from the script he was studying. Shelley Winters dropped her comb and ran over. Nina Foch, Millie Perkins' dramatic coach, stopped talking—with her mouth still open.

Every head turned to watch Millie Perkins dash across the floor.

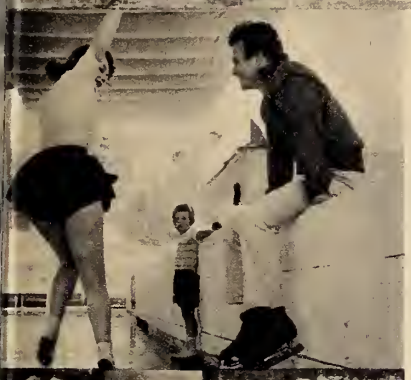
Because after all, who would be sending Millie flowers? Little Millie Perkins who never went out, who didn't know a soul (*Continued on page 75*)



JUDI MERIDITH EXPLAINS

# WHY I POSED FOR THESE "











Say that again! Me pose with Barry Coe—that conceited snob? Are you *kidding?*"

Honest, but those were my very words to the MODERN SCREEN photographer the night he phoned and asked me to come to Lake Arrowhead the next morning and do some water-ski shots with Mr. Big-Shot, Handsome, I Can't Stand You, How Can You Stand Yourself—Coe...as I not so affectionately thought of Barry at the time.

Why?

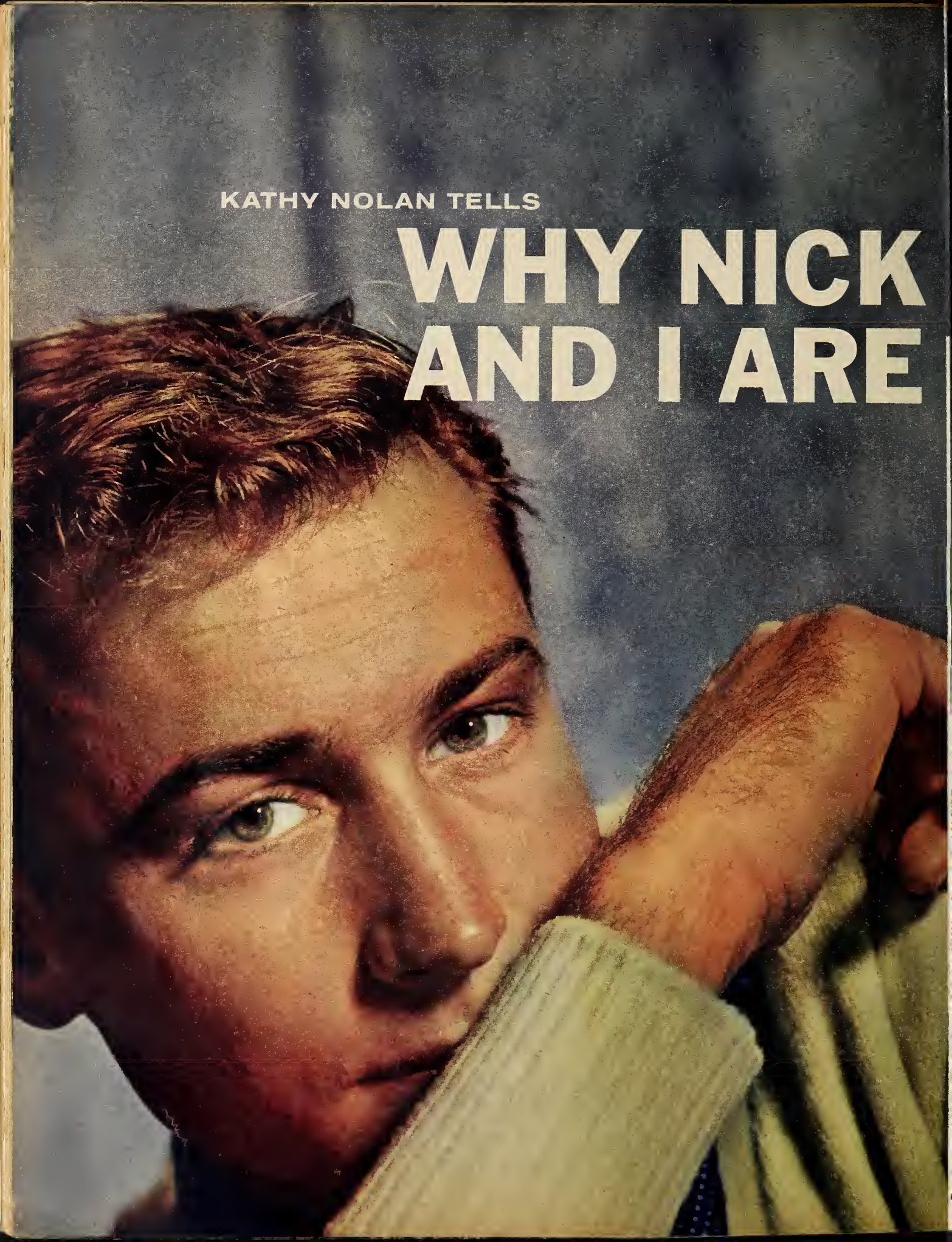
Womanly pride—that's why!

Oh, it made me so boiling mad every time I thought of it, that first and only time (*Continued on page 78*)

# PHONY ROMANCE PICTURES"

KATHY NOLAN TELLS

# WHY NICK AND I ARE





# AFRAID TO GET MARRIED

The ring I wear on the chain around my neck is a wedding band. Nick Adams gave it to me.

No, we're not married.

Gossip columnists have had our romance on and off for months; some have said that we see each other only for publicity reasons. None of this is true. The truth is:

Nick and I love each other.

We see each other constantly.

I know Nick would make a wonderful husband.

But—we are afraid to get married....

Back when we first met, back before we ever thought of marriage, back before we had reason to be afraid, I didn't think he'd make a wonderful husband, or wonderful anything. In fact, I thought he was (*Continued on page 68*)





MARIANNE CONFESSES

# WHY I WALKED OUT ON RICKY NELSON!

Ricky and I sat in his car that balmy summer night. It was a night meant for romance. But it was instead the most heartbreaking night of all my seventeen years. I found myself saying things I never dreamed I would say.

"Ricky," I began, and I was surprised to find my voice suddenly grown shaky. "Ricky, honey, I'm afraid we'll never be able to see each other again—not like this, not like a boy and girl friend. We can't go steady any longer. This is no good for me. It isn't any good for you, either, in the long run. I realize now, from what's happened in the last few days, that I can't stand this any longer. We must stop seeing each other."

I couldn't (*Continued on page 65*)



END
of
section

# MY SISTER KIM

*by Arlene Malmborg*

as told to Peer J. Oppenheimer



When my sister Kim got off the plane at Chicago's Midway Airport, dozens of fans seemed to appear out of nowhere, crowding around her for autographs.

I hardly had a chance to embrace her—there were so many people crowding around her. But it was different once we left the airport and the city behind us, and headed for the suburb where I live with my husband and two children on an eight-acre farm.

Something curious happened on that hour-and-a-half long drive, something I couldn't explain at first. But now that I look back, it provides the key to a question about my sister that has bothered me for some time: When I welcomed her at the airport, when we walked down the ramp and got into the parked car, I had called her Kim. After we were alone for a while I slipped back into calling her by her real name —Marilyn.

*It's funny,* I thought to myself. *I called her Kim when I visited her in Hollywood, too, and when I write to her, and talk to her on the phone. Why the sudden switch?*

And then I realized that it wasn't I who was different, but my sister. Yet she is not a twin personality, not a movie star one moment and a plain little girl the next. She is just as glamorous and fascinating at home as on the studio set. It's the constant pressure, the publicity, the attention that makes her *seem* different in my eyes and in her own, and has led to an entirely erroneous conception of Kim in the eyes of her fans as well.

No doubt some of it can be blamed on over-anxious writers and columnists who don't always bother to check their facts, who are more interested in Kim's romances—both real and imaginary—than in her as a person: who misinterpret, fabricate, expand to where Kim worries about telling even the simple truth —for fear it may be misinterpreted.

But much of the different attitude is self-imposed.

Kim has always been ambitious, eager, anxious to do her best. And it shows—in her worries, her sensitivity, her tenseness. I never knew just how tense she could get till I went with her to the dentist one afternoon. When his assistant put a hand on her shoulder to calm her while the doctor gave her a shot of novocaine, Kim shook her hand off and burst out, "I can't stand anyone to touch me!" Then she broke into tears because she hadn't meant to hurt the woman. . . .

This could never happen to her here in Chicago, where she is relaxed, understanding, and thoroughly patient.

Take the day before Christmas, when I happened to walk into the living room just as my oldest boy, Billie, who is five, kissed her hand while Kim was lying on the couch. She blinked her eyes sleepily and slowly raised herself up. "Ah . . . my Prince Charming," she exclaimed. "Thank you . . . thank you . . . *thank you!*"

"Billy . . . really," I called out. "If your aunt Marilyn wants to take a rest you shouldn't disturb her . . . you were told not to wake her. . . ." (*Continued on page 71*)

# MY BROTHER JOHNNY





*by Johnny Saxon's sister, Dolores Orrico,*
as told to George Christy

What do you do with them? Big brothers, that is. Put them in their place!

That's what I learned after too many years of taking my brother Johnny's guff.

The first time I rebelled was at dinner one summer. Johnny wasn't a movie star then, and I was much heavier. He went around calling me chubbyface and fat-tub-of-lard, and I'd sit and suffer a slow burn. He was right, of course. Big brothers usually are. I *was* chubby, and I should have watched my weight. But his big trouble was the way he told it to me. He never had any regard for my feelings. Always, whenever there was company in our house, Johnny'd manage to say, "Hey fatty, when do you intend to reduce?" and I'd run into another room, embarrassed.

This fat-stuff jibing of his had been going on for some time, and I finally convinced myself I'd had it right up to my neck.

This one night we were all eating dinner at our house in Brooklyn—my mom and dad, my brother Johnny, and my younger sister Julie-Ann. We were having veal scallopini, an Italian dish my mother's an expert at fixing. I asked for a second helping, and Johnny made a crack about what a glutton I was.

I held back for a minute, didn't say anything. Then when Johnny started yelping at my mother for his dessert because he had a date and was in a hurry, I said, "Who's your date with? Pieface?"

Johnny was dating a pretty Greek girl, Genevieve, down the street, and she was no more a pieface than Liz Taylor. But I just had to strike back. Fair was fair, I figured. This was the first time I ever said anything upsetting to him, and boy, did he let out a howl!

He got up and reached for a pillow on an armchair behind him and he threw it across the room at me. He missed, but my mom and dad chewed him out for being such a troublemaker.

Soon as dinner was over he ran upstairs to get ready for his date. I waited for him on the front porch. When he came down, all spiffed up in a striped tee shirt and white pants, I said to him, "Don't forget to tell Pieface I said hello." He chased me all around the block, caught up with me, shook me and made me promise I'd never call Genevieve a pieface again. I told him I'd agree only if he promised never to call me fatso. We shook hands on the deal, but I had the last laugh. He sweatcd so much from the chase he had to go home and change his clothes!

That was the beginning, my first how-to-deal-with-a-big-brother lesson. He never mentioned my weight again. Anyhow I finally got wise to myself and reduced.

Another thing I learned about big brothers—they don't like to hear the truth. I'm not saying you have to lie, but I am saying you've got to be diplomatic with them. Unless they beg you for your opinion about something that's personal to them, keep it to yourself. You're better off because you'll probably avoid a battle.

One day one spring Johnny came home with some pants (*Continued on page 51*)

# Natalie answers 28 letters from fans & foes

**FAN:** *Do you miss the gay round of dating you once went through? (D.N., Lansing, Mich.)*

**NATALIE:** No, I don't. I'm happier than I've ever been and besides, R. J. and I have a date for life.

**FAN:** *Is it true that you gain weight after you are married? (Fran Holling, Meridian, Miss.)*

**NATALIE:** That depends on how much rest you get during your honeymoon. I lost six pounds.

**FAN:** *I understand that you'll retire from showbusiness for good because you don't want to be separated from your husband. As much as we wish you all the happiness, we'd hate to see you give up your career. Won't you please reconsider? (Norman Geiser, Flint, Mich.)*

**NATALIE:** I don't plan to give up my career for good. I just don't want to be separated from my husband. If parts continue to come along that will require me to be away from home, I'll keep on turning them down.

**FAN:** *Did you ever lose your temper on the set? I've never heard it said about you, but about almost everyone else. I know you'll answer this honestly . . . . (Tony Frankovitch, Brooklyn, N. Y.)*

**NATALIE:** Not on the set, but believe me, I've lost it! With producers, directors, writers, and other actors. But always before we went into production, never on the set when it would have cost the studio upwards of $14,000 a day. That wouldn't have been fair. If something went wrong anyway after the film started, I've controlled my emotions.

**FAN:** *To whom would you give most credit for your success? (Tom McDougal, Las Vegas, Nev.)*

**NATALIE:** God.

**FAN:** *What was your biggest mistake? (I.L., Storrs, Conn.)*

**NATALIE:** I don't know about that but I would like to go on record as saying that the mistake I'm not going to make is to take life for granted.

**FAN:** *What's your biggest fault? (Frank Cohn, Elizabeth, N. J.)*

**NATALIE:** Believing that people are really good at heart.

**FAN:** *I heard some place that* *(Continued on page 72)*


YESNOYESNOYESNOY
YESNOYESNOYESNOY



## GIA SCALA ★ THE NIGHT I TRIED TO KILL MYSELF

Gia Scala asked the cabdriver to stop.

"Right here on Waterloo Bridge?" he asked, thinking she was joking, "—at this time o' night, Miss?"

"I asked to please stop," Gia said.

"All right, Miss," said the cabdriver, shrugging. And he pulled over.

The beautiful, green-eyed movie star reached nervously into her purse, handed the man a couple of shillings and got out of the cab.

"Have a nice walk, Miss," the cabdriver called out.

But Gia didn't answer. Instead, she took a few steps, paused for a moment, and then took a few more steps, toward the bridge's railing. *(Continued on page 61)*

## TOMMY SANDS ★ THE NIGHT I ALMOST GOT KILLED

Tommy Sands lit another cigarette, blew a smoke ring—and all of a sudden I noticed it. All the times I'd seen Tommy, and yet I never saw it before.

"Why Tommy," I blurted out, "that scar on your lip—how'd you get it?"

Tommy squirmed in his seat. He took another drag on his cigarette.

Finally he said, "Well, Peer, it's a long story. . . ."

I waited.

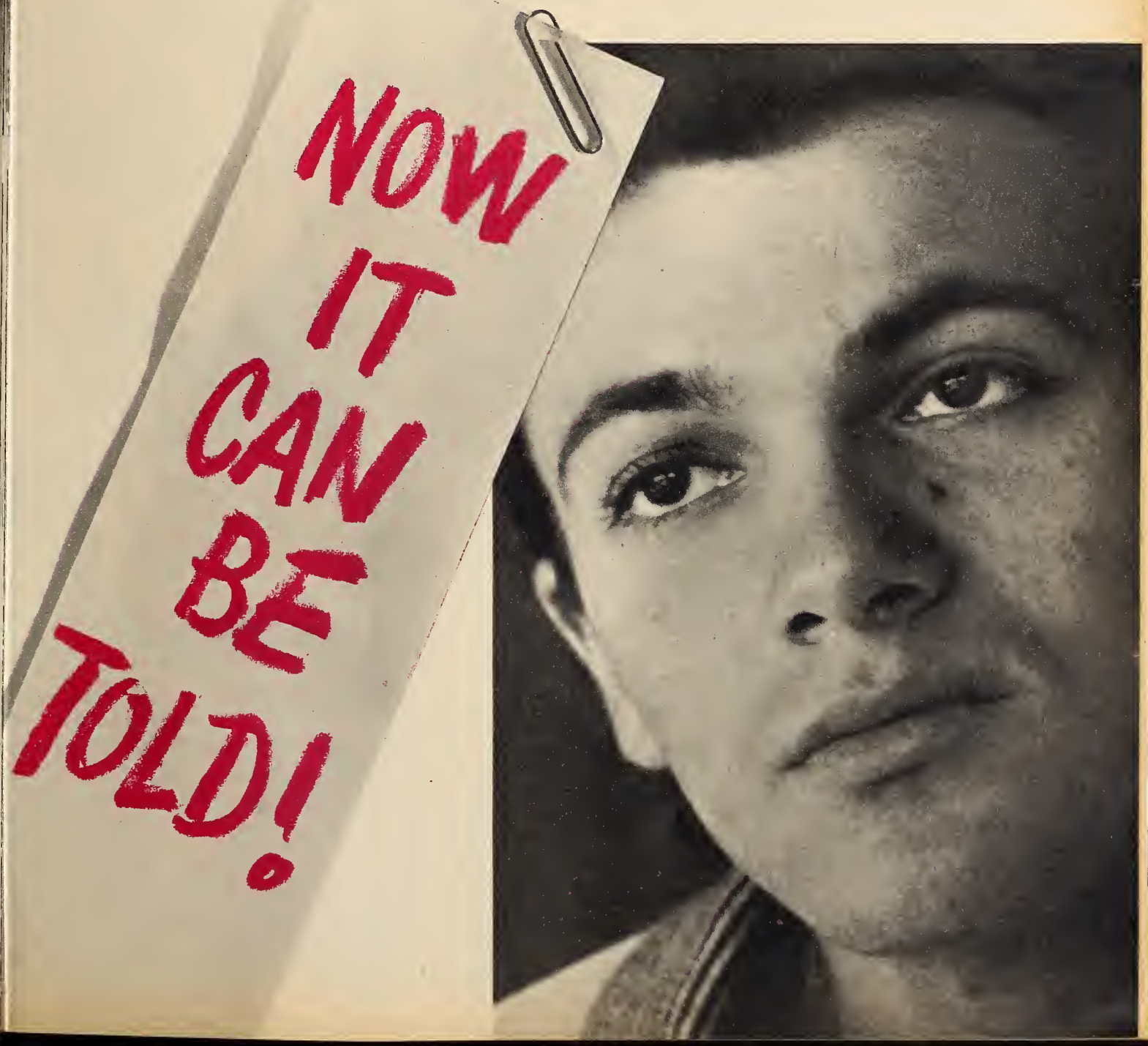
"I never told anyone about it."

"Yes?" I encouraged him.

"And my mother doesn't know anything about it . . . I'm sort of ashamed of it."

"Don't tell me if you don't want to, Tommy."

So, of course, he began. "Well, there was this girl I was going with (*Continued on page 74*)



# HOLIDAY NEWS



*Photos by Roger Prigent*

Try the idea of brilliant color in your new bras and girdles. *Right:* Maidenform's exciting "Caviar Red" bra and girdle. The bra is the fabulous Chansonette style of nylon lace and satin, spoke-stitched cups. $3.50. The Fris-Kee girdle is made of new, light and yet powerful elastic. It features vertical stretch and an almost invisible front control panel. Girdle or pantie girdle, $6.50 each.

Try the allure of the long-figure look. *Left:* Maidenform's exquisite all-in-one-piece corselet "Sweet Music" is of nylon power net and satin with spoke-stitched bra cups of embroidered nylon taffeta frosted at the tops with nylon marquisette. White. $18.50.

## my brother johnny

(*Continued from page 45*) he'd just bought to wear to a spring dance at school. The theme for the dance was "Be Happy—It's May!" and Johnny decided to dress up in spring colors—a pink shirt, green necktie, white jacket and maroon trousers.

After I saw the pants, he asked me what I thought of them.

"That color!" I said. "It's weird. What's so springlike about maroon?"

He said the potted plant my dad gave to my mother that Easter was red. Dad gave mom an azalea. Johnny could never remember the name of it.

"I don't dig them," I told him about the trousers. "Anyhow," I said, "the azalea isn't maroon. It's an off-red."

"So what do you want me to do—dye the pants to match?" he growled at me. "This is the closest color I could get."

"Put them on," I told him.

He went into his room and changed into them. When he came out, my mom, sister and I roared as soon as we saw him.

The pants were wild—broad in the backside and pegged at the ankles. They had pistol pockets and white piping down the sides.

"What's so funny?" he wanted to know.

My mother and sister couldn't stop laughing. I had to open my mouth and say, "You look like a hood."

That's all he had to hear. He lunged at me, and another wild Orrico chase was on. We both slipped on my mother's waxed hardwood floors, and I hurt my crazybone. Johnny came through unscathed.

### Second lesson

He wore the pants to the spring dance that Friday night, and on Saturday I asked him what the rest of the kids thought of them. He said, "Great. Everybody thinks they're the greatest." I went to Lou Hessing's luncheonette around the corner from where we live to have a Coke that afternoon, and all the kids from the high school were sitting in the booths talking about last night's dance. I sipped my Coke at the counter and eavesdropped. Everybody was making fun over Johnny's crazy maroon pants. And from the way they talked I could tell they had told him what they thought of them. One of the girls in the booths said, "Putrid. That's what I told him they were. Putrid! And I thought he was going to cry he was so hurt!"

So I learned my second lesson in handling big brothers. Don't tell them the truth when it comes to their personal taste. They'll hear about it soon enough, and comments from outsiders will make a bigger dent than yours will.

Johnny, in case you're interested, never wore those maroon pants again. My mother used to ask him what he did with those funny pants, and he changed the conversation every time.

This leads me to lesson number three. Big brothers don't have a sense of humor. They don't understand a tease; they take it seriously. So look out if teasing comes naturally to you. Dollars to doughnuts it'll make your big brother boil.

I was in my early teens when this happened. I was sitting on the steps of our front porch daydreaming one summer day, and a couple of older girls were walking by. I decided to have some fun.

"Hey dreamboat!" I called out.

Both girls turned toward me and smiled.

"No," I said. "Not you, *shipwreck!*"

The girls' faces reddened. One of the girls came toward the porch, but I jumped off the side and ran to Big Brother Johnny who was weightlifting in the backyard. Both girls followed me. It turned out one of them dated Johnny. Do you think Johnny offered me protection?

Not on your life. After they told him what I called them, he made a face and said I deserved to be slapped, and he came over and slapped me lightly on the cheek. I was shocked, and although the slap didn't hurt me at all—I could tell he was putting on an act—I let out a scream and started to bawl like a baby. Johnny walked off with both girls. *Huh,* I thought, *I've fixed him up with a couple of dates.*

When he came back home he gave me a lecture about keeping my mouth shut.

"I only did it for fun," I told him.

But he refused to listen to me. He was the Big Brother, and I was Younger Sister, and he was bound and determined to set me straight.

Later on I reminded him about the episode. I was laughing myself sick remembering it. After I told him about it, I thought he'd laugh, too. "Oh," he said, lifting his eyes from some serious book he was reading, "I remember. That's when you were a child."

He never even cracked a smile.

### Telephone troubles

If you have a big brother, you'll know what I mean when I say 'telephone calls,' and 'girls.' You've got to put up with both every day. The telephone's always ringing, and it's usually some female with a mooning voice asking for the Big Boy.

One time I told one of them—she was just too dreamy for words—Johnny was so heartbroken over a rotten love affair that he ran and enlisted in the Merchant Marines, and she started to sob over the telephone. "He didn't even call to say good-bye," she sniffed.

"I know," I said, "isn't it a shame? He didn't tell any (*Continued on page 53*)


# Now! Cuticura helps teen-age skin faster than ever

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First impressions are what count with the guys, according to a MODERN SCREEN masculine beauty poll. What girl wouldn't like the tumble and approval of Tony Curtis, Gregory Peck, Kirk Douglas or Barry Sullivan?—we feel these stars are in the know! Top question on the poll—we asked, "Do men like gals to use haircoloring on their hair?" "Yes, if it will give a gal's appearance a lift, if it will help dramatize her personality—then girls (and women) should use haircoloring. A lot of the feminine sex need a little added spark. Women of the (*continued on page 56*)

# HOLLYWOOD VERDICT: let COLOR GO TO YOUR HEAD





(Continued from page 51) of us, either."

When she found out the truth, she wanted my scalp—natch. Fortunately Johnny wasn't especially interested in her, so we didn't have the usual knock-down, drag-out clash.

But big brothers are generous. Generous with a capital G. Ask any sister with an older brother, and she'll testify to that. If some stranger wanted advice on weight-lifting or baseball or BB gun shooting, all he'd have to do is ask my brother for some tips. Before you knew it, Johnny'd be lending him a bat or a baseball or the use of his gun. But let me, Dolores, ask Johnny for the loan of an old shirt I want to wear to a wiener roast, and his big-brother big-heartedness comes through.

"If I catch you taking any of my shirts, so help me I'll report a theft," he'd say.

Big brothers—they're so sensitive. If you're waiting for a call from some special somebody who's promised to ask you out on a Coke date, then Big Brother'll get on the telephone and talk with one of his piefaces for hours. But let me be on the phone for a minute, telling a girlfriend I'll meet her at Lou's luncheonette, and if he's expecting a call from one of his hundred females, he lets out a war whoop like a Sioux Indian and doesn't let up until the telephone's free.

Truth is, there's another side to the Big Brother personality. After a few years go by and he sees that his sister has developed into a human being and buried her monster manners with the past, he might take notice and might be likely to do some pretty nice things. Johnny has.

### My date with Johnny

Last winter when Johnny came home for a visit from Hollywood, he said, "Shucks, Dee, I know it's not in Emily Post, but you know what? I'm going to take you out on a date."

He said he'd call me from New York that afternoon, and he'd tell me where to meet him. He had to take care of some business details in the city, and there wasn't any sense in his coming back to Brooklyn to pick me up.

When he called to tell me to meet him at 4:30 in the Palm Court of the famous Plaza Hotel for some English tea, I asked him what did he want me to wear.

"For crying out loud, I don't know. Dress up. Dress for the theater!" He sounded so blasé.

I put on a new dress—a navy blue chemise with navy blue stockings and mid-heel pumps.

When I got to the Plaza, he looked at my outfit and said, "Where did that miserable sack come from?"

I told him I bought it at one of New York's best department stores.

"You look like a lopsided balloon," he said and he sent me all the way back to Brooklyn—an hour's ride on the subway—to get into a 'decent' dress.

I met him at seven o'clock at the Vesuvius Restaurant wearing a neat-fitting red sheath, and he thanked me for looking civilized.

We ordered clams casino and steak pizzaiola, a fancy Caesar salad and broccoli with Hollandaise sauce. I was thrilled. I'd never eaten in such a fabulous place before. By dessert time when we were having strawberry parfaits, everyone in the restaurant was looking at Johnny and his date—and I felt like a celebrity.

After we finished our parfaits, the waiter came over and asked Johnny for his autograph. Then the waiter asked me how it felt to be a sister of a famous movie star.

The whole illusion I was trying to create was ruined. How did the waiter know! "Who told you I was his sister?" I said to him.

He said, "Nobody. I can see it in your face." So my lovely dream of posing as a deb date for Johnny was shattered.

That night we went to see Tony Perkins in the Broadway play, *Look Homeward, Angel*, and I was so moved at the end of the play when Tony leaves home and embraces his mother for a last good-bye that I soaked up three hankies with tears.

Afterwards we went backstage and talked to Tony. Joan Fontaine was leaving Tony's dressing room. She, too, had seen the play that night, and she was scolding Tony for not calling her for lunch.

When Johnny introduced me to Tony, I almost sank to the floor. Tony has a way of saying a girl's name so softly that it sends thousands of little chills up your spine. I nearly swooned.

### Cinderella at Downey's

We went to Downey's Restaurant then where all the young stage and screen stars go, and we ordered espresso coffee. Lena Horne was there and I was thrilled.

Lena looked beautiful. She was wearing a white angora sweater with a pearl-beaded collar, and a pale pink wool skirt, and all I did was stare at her—which is rude. But I couldn't help it. She has such striking, delicate features; and anyway I flip whenever I see a celebrity in person.

Johnny talked to some of his friends about acting and Hollywood and how he hopes to do a Broadway play some day, and then he looked at his watch and said, "For Pete's sake, why didn't you tell me? It's after midnight. I've got to get you home. It's way past your bedtime."

Was I humiliated! Sure, I'm only seventeen—but there it was, that aggravating big-brother remark that made me feel like two cents.

I looked straight into his eyes and said, "I'm not going to turn into a pumpkin."

Then he looked up and stared at me for a moment. Soon he was laughing that snickering little laugh of his. "I guess you won't," he said softly. "I guess you won't after all. You're a big girl now."

In a little while we went home. He splurged and treated us to a taxi which cost five bucks. He told me now that I'd shown him what a lady I was he'd take me out at least once every time he visited New York.

We arrived home, and Johnny got out his psychology book—he's a bug on psychology—and he said he was going to read a while. I thanked him for everything, and he told me it was a pleasure to spend an evening with a *grown-up* sister. I went up the stairs to my bedroom thinking of all the battles we'd had. I remembered the times I tried to teach him to jitterbug and how he'd yell at me when he tripped all over himself. I remembered all the times he chased me for being a conniving brat, and I wondered if there'd be other silly fights and arguments. Probably. He'd always be my Big Brother and there'd be times when we just wouldn't agree on things.

I got ready for bed. I said my prayers and crawled under the covers. But I couldn't sleep. I decided I had to tell him he was pretty wonderful. I put on my bathrobe and I went to the head of the stairs and I called in a loud whisper.

"What do you want now?" he said in an irritated tone of voice. I guess he was deep in concentration over his book.

Something inside me told me to hold back.

"I just wanted to say good night," I told him. I don't think he even heard me. Something told me to leave well enough alone. Sure, I was proud of Johnny. He knew it. I didn't have to say it.

Because if I didn't look out, that mysterious voice inside me warned, big brothers can be spoiled too! **END**

*Johnny is in* THE RESTLESS YEARS *for UI.*





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WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

**FOR LAUGHS**
*The Reluctant Debutante*

**FOR ADVENTURE**
*Tank Force*
*Wind Across The Everglades*
*The Fiend Who Walked The West*

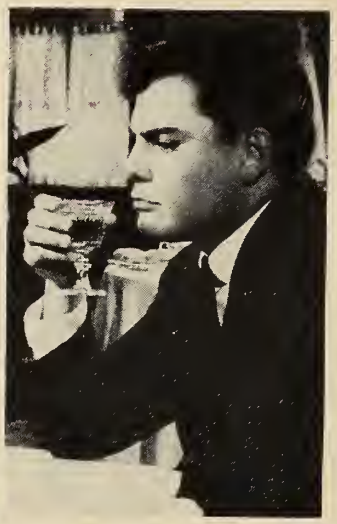
**FOR ROMANCE**
*The Truth About Women*

**FOR DRAMA**
*The Restless Years*

**FOR WARMTH**
*Me and The Colonel*

# NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein


*Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall (left) try to marry off daughter Sandra Dee, but she's got eyes for John Saxon (center).*

## THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE

*merry Rex Harrisons*

**Rex Harrison**
**Kay Kendall**
**Sandra Dee**
**John Saxon**
**Angela Lansbury**

▪ Sandra Dee doesn't want to 'come out.' British society life bores her 'cause she was brought up in America. And she is practically stupefied by the prize catch of all—Palace Guardsman Peter Myers—who has a protruding upper lip and only one topic of conversation: traffic jams. But Sandra's father, Rex Harrison, is persuaded by Sandra's newly acquired step-mother, Kay Kendall, that Sandra must be mated with one of Britain's aristocrats —any one, but preferably Peter Myers. Kay is set to do battle for him against another Mama, foxy Angela Lansbury. Sandra promptly falls for a drummer, John Saxon who is hired, along with a band, to play at the fancy balls. There is an endless round of parties which paralyze Rex, but undaunted Kay moves in for the kill. Peter is only too eager to be victimized by Sandra. Comes the night that she and Saxon duck out of a party just before the national anthem, and Kay is beside herself. There is nothing more hilarious than Kay Kendall beside herself or any place else for that matter. And she certainly deserves the happy ending.—METROCOLOR, MGM

## THE FIEND WHO WALKED THE WEST

*a sadist on horseback*

**Hugh O'Brian**
**Stephen McNally**
**Robert Evans**
**Dolores Michaels**
**Linda Cristal**

▪ In 1870 Hugh O'Brian's ranch wasn't flourishing so he joined a trio of tough characters and robbed a bank. Too bad for him. The others got away and Hugh, for refusing to name them, gets ten years in the state pen. His cell mate is Robert Evans—otherwise known as the 'fiend.' Evans murders another prisoner and makes it look like stomach trouble, finishes his short sentence and goes out and kills an old lady with a bow and arrow. The old lady was the mother of one of the bank robbers. Later, Evans finds the bank robber himself, makes him hand over the loot, and murders him. Still later he visits Hugh's wife, Linda Cristal, and suggests they carve out a life together. "Never!" says she. Enraged, he beats up his girlfriend, Dolores Michaels. Hugh, meanwhile, is stewing in jail. Naming his accomplices won't free him now—they're all dead. But Judge Edward Andrews lets Hugh 'escape' so that he can bring the fiend in on a charge of murder. Bringing him in isn't impossible, but getting him convicted is tricky. It's no fun for Hugh to have a madman on the loose. Violence, aplenty!—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX

## ME AND THE COLONEL

*heartwarming comedy*

**Danny Kaye**
**Curt Jurgens**
**Nicole Maury**
**Akim Tamiroff**
**Francoise Rosay**

▪ As a Polish Jew, Danny Kaye's most well-developed instinct is for survival. It's 1940 and the Nazis are marching across Europe. Danny, who has always been one step ahead of them, is stuck in Paris with no apparent means of escape. Also stuck is an anti-Semitic and arrogant Polish Colonel, Curt Jurgens, from Danny's hometown. Curt can hardly bear the sight of Kaye and will speak to him only through a second party—a charming little waitress, Francoise Rosay, for whom Curt has lit a candle in 'the cathedral of his heart.' But Curt is under orders to flee to England, and when Danny turns up with the only car —a Rolls Royce—in Paris, and the last gallon of gasoline, Curt agrees to drive him south toward safety. To Kaye's horror, Curt drives north toward the Nazis, and with the enemy all around, romantically 'rescues' his sweetheart, Nicole Maury. The party—including orderly Akim Tamiroff—pile into the car and the flight begins. No matter where they stop or how hopeless the circumstances, Kaye always manages to turn the trip into a pleasure cruise. In one small, overcrowded village he requisitions a castle with a full wine cellar. Despite himself, Curt begins to think of Kaye as a comrade, and Nicole begins to think of him as a man. A couple of encounters with the Nazis find both men coming to each other's rescue and by the time they reach a border town where a British sub is waiting for Jurgens, a lifelong friendship has been created. Also, a small problem. Nicole can't decide which of these two 'possibilities' is the best for her.—COLUMBIA

## THE RESTLESS YEARS

*teenage troubles*

**John Saxon**
**Sandra Dee**
**Luana Patten**
**Margaret Lindsay**
**Teresa Wright**

▪ Sandra Dee doesn't know it but she's an illegitimate child. Her mother, Teresa Wright, knows it very well and lives in virtual seclusion in the small town of Liberty. Nasty rumors make it very hard for Sandra to find friends among the teenagers. Persuaded by a

kind teacher to attend a high school dance, Sandra meets John Saxon who's just been brushed by a snob named Luana Patten. Sandra and John find enough strength in each other's company to try out for the school play—and get the parts. But that little Luana is hatching a plot. She wants Sandra's part—and spreads a rumor that Sandra was seen nude in the bushes with Saxon. Horrors! She's just like her mom! But Sandra has the advantage of Johnny to defend her, and of Johnny's father, who is learning some truths of his own in an effort to become a business success. This makes Teresa Wright see the light. Just because she was careless with a musician doesn't mean her daughter can't behave like a lady.—U.I.

### TANK FORCE

**Victor Mature**
**Leo Genn**
**Anthony Newley**
**Bonar Colleano**
**Luciana Paluzzi**

*desert adventure*

▪ American Victor Mature has joined the British army in World War II. During a tank battle on the Libyan desert he and a lot of buddies—including Leo Genn, Bonar Colleano, Anthony Newley—are taken prisoners by the Germans. Natural leader Genn patiently tries to organize his campmates for a large escape, but Mature can't wait that long. In the first place he hates Germans because they murdered his wife who was a German Jew; in the second place the Germans are looking for him because he threw a bomb at Goebbels. Bonar Colleano and he keep trying to escape on their own, and everybody else thinks they're selfish. Finally, they and three others make a break in the camp ambulance, reach an Italian officers' mess at Lido. The Italians aren't friendly, but cafe owner Luciana Paluzzi likes Mature from way back. Leaving the Lido strewn with bodies, our boys race across the desert only to be captured by Arabs. But torture by Germans in an Arab tent doesn't work on Mature—they want him to confess he attacked Goebbels. In fact, one German officer is so ashamed of the brutality that he helps Mature and his remaining buddies escape. They escape back to the desert tank force. Plenty of action!—TECHNICOLOR, COLUMBIA

### WIND ACROSS THE EVERGLADES

**Burl Ives**
**Christopher Plummer**
**Gypsy Rose Lee**
**George Voskovec**
**Chana Eden**

*when Florida was young*

▪ There's hardly a hotel in Miami the year nature teacher, Christopher Plummer, arrives—but there are plenty of rare birds—the real kind, with feathers. Most of these birds are stone cold dead, due to a flourishing black market trade in plumes. All the ladies wear them on their hats. When Plummer rips the feathers off the hat of one Mrs. Legget—wife of the school superintendent—he winds up in jail. The head of the Audubon Society bails him out and offers him a job as bird warden in the Everglades. Bird watching turns out to be nearly fatal, what with Burl Ives and his outlaw 'Swamp Angels' shooting up the sky, They've already disposed of two former wardens in their zeal to cash in on the bird plumes. Burl and his 'hoods' aren't the only menace; the swamplands are largely uncharted and there are certain trees which are fatal to the touch. Between eventful trips to the Glades, Plummer boards with storekeeper George Voskovec and his daughter Chana Eden. Chana nurses his wounds whenever he returns, and they fall in love. Plummer's last trip to the Glades, with a warrant for Ives' arrest, is the climactic episode. Ives does not come gently; he has a fierce red beard, a poisonous snake for a pet, a crew of sadistic helpers—and some friends in high places in Miami. The story's unusual, the scenery's lovely.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS

### THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN

**Julie Harris**
**Eva Gabor**
**Laurence Harvey**
**Diane Cilento**
**Mai Zetterling**

*love in every country*

▪ The truth is, Britisher Laurence Harvey never knew very much about women, but he loved them awfully well. Now he's an old man remembering his past for a disgruntled son-in-law. His first backward glance is at the estate of Diane Cilento. He was young and in the Diplomatic Corps—and she was bold and beautiful. Let's live together for a year, says she, and *then* we'll see about getting married. Shocked though he is, Laurence is about to say yes, when he's shipped off to Yekrut—that's Turkey spelled backwards. There he breaks into a sultan's harem to steal Jackie Lane, but she falls out of the escape bag and he's kicked out of the country. In Paris there is Eva Gabor—and her husband. Hubby challenges Laurence to a duel. In London, he's caught in a 'lift' with artist Julie Harris, and she presents him with five daughters. Julie passes on. After a skirmish in World War I Laurence wakes up in a hospital bed over which hovers nurse Mai Zetterling. He proposes—but her estranged husband disposes of the competition in a scandalous courtroom spectacle. What's left for Laurence? Well, one of those women is still around to tickle his white beard—which Laurence hopes is a consoling thought to men everywhere.—EASTMANCOLOR, CONTINENTAL

### RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW PLAYING:

**CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF** (MGM): Big Daddy (Burl Ives) has been told by his doctor that he's not going to die, so he makes a big party to celebrate. At the party, Big Daddy starts bullying his favorite—but drunken—son (Paul Newman) who then tells Big Daddy that he is going to die, after all. Meanwhile, Paul's wife, Liz Taylor, tries to hold on to Paul who isn't interested. Lots of strong emotional scenes follow.

**THE NAKED AND THE DEAD** (Warners): General Raymond Massey likes all his men to keep in line by being scared. But Cliff Robertson thinks men find strength through love. And there's Aldo Ray who only cares about getting loot and keeping his unfaithful wife (Barbara Nichols) faithful. They're all together on a Japanese-held island in the jungle.

**THE FLY** (20th-Fox): Science Fiction becomes pretty spooky when scientist Al Hedison invents a box that disintegrates atoms and one night disappears in the box with a fly for company. His wife, Patricia Owens frantically calls her brother-in-law, Vincent Price, and asks him to help her find Al. There are some pretty startling changes and spooky ones, too, that take place in this film.

**THE DEFIANT ONES** (United Artists): When prisoners Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier escape from a chain gang—chained to each other—the governor's pretty sure that they won't get very far. When they reach Cara Williams' house, though, they break the chains that bind them—but they begin to realize deeper responsibilities toward each other.

**THE HUNTERS** (20th-Fox): Flying ace Robert Mitchum finds lovely May Britt crying her eyes out over alcoholic hubby Lee Philips who feels he's a coward. May Britt asks Mitchum to help Philips and he agrees, because he loves her. When Philips is bombed out over enemy territory, Mitchum and Bob Wagner go to his aid. Lots of he-man adventure.

**THE PARISIENNE** (United Artists): Brigitte Bardot's out to catch Henri Vidal. Poppa makes him marry her when he catches them in Henri's bedroom. Brigitte tries to keep Henri faithful and feels that a little jealousy won't hurt. So she runs off with Prince Charles Boycr. Ooh la la. What fun!


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## let color go to your head

(*Continued from page 52*) theatre learn this in their training but non-professionals have to learn their beauty tricks from editorials and ads on their own." This quote was taken from a heart to heart talk with star, husband and father, Barry Sullivan, now appearing on Broadway in The Producers Theatre musical, *Goldilocks*.

When we asked Barry "What is it that you first notice about a girl's or woman's general appearance?" he answered, "Well, first the total impression she makes—the general appearance and then perhaps some distinguishing features like hair, eyes, skin, legs, what have you."

Barry's first response to our query, "You mention hair—what do you think about girls and women using haircoloring on their hair?" was "I've never really noticed whether a girl or woman used haircoloring or not."

That also was the opinion of our entire MS masculine beauty poll. This unanimous comment—does she color her hair or doesn't she—was good news for it not only shows how expertly the manufacturers are making natural haircolorings today but also how artful girls and women are becoming in the use of these preparations. Perhaps this is why the MS masculine beauty poll was heartily in favor of haircoloring as a glamour-getting beauty routine.

"Should grey-haired women tint their hair?" we continued our questioning of Barry, starring in this article. "Sure," he answered, "there's no reason in the world why a woman shouldn't try to look the age she feels or wants to feel."

Then the big question. "It's been said that 'Gentleman prefer blondes, their eyes will follow a redhead, but they marry brunettes'—Barry," we asked, "what do you think about this, what do you prefer?" "I'm not ducking a direct answer when I say that every man has his preference—but, he'll look at the good-looking girl or woman who is *decidedly* a blonde, a redhead or a brunette—but not at a dull looking woman. No man likes mousy-hair—it is nondescript," explained Barry.

Now for a daring question which Barry did not falter on. "What do you think of teen-agers who 'do something' to their hair?" Barry approved. "More power to them! The sooner a young lady learns how to make the most of her appearance the better. When my daughter reaches the experimental stage I'll send her to beauticians—that way she'll learn how—and she will 'look her prettiest' at all times, which is the duty of the fair sex."

When a father wants to guide his daughter to greater beauty and excitement we know parents are really getting aboard. Our MS masculine beauty poll seconded this opinion. The *first teen year* should see a gal commence her beauty crusade. Today girls in their teens take on the beginnings of their careers and they should be ready for this big step—beautifully groomed and smartly dressed. They should be ready to make their first total impression—from head to toe—one to be remembered!

As the first step—start today to let color go to your head!

Too bad you can't see Barry in *Goldilocks*, unless you are living in or near New York—but don't miss Gregory in *The Big Country* (U.A. release); Kirk in *The Vikings* (U.A. release); Tony in *The Defiant Ones* (U.A. release); and don't miss choosing your new haircoloring from this list of *suggested preparations*: CLAIROL, BLONDEX, DUBARRY (*Color-Glo, Tru-Tint*), RICHARD HUDNUT (*Light and Bright*), NESTLE, NOREEN, MARCHANDS, ROUX, TINT 'n SET, INC.

## the life and death of gladys presley

(*Continued from page 29*) there's a tiny baby howling and scampering around, it don't hurt none to—"

She stopped in the middle of the sentence and roared with laughter as she watched Vernon drop the hammer first, then turn around and look down at her, then come shooting down the ladder, and then come running over to her and grabbing her plump young arms in his strong hands.

"You say baby?" Vernon Presley asked.

"I did," Gladys answered.

"You sure?" he asked.

"I was only told so this afternoon by the finest doctor in all East Tupelo, Mississippi," Gladys answered.

Vernon let out with a wild, hollering whoop. And then he kissed his wife.

"And," Gladys went on, "this doctor, he asked me a lot of questions about our family history and after I was through he said, 'I wouldn't be surprised if it was twins, Mrs. Presley.'"

"Say that again, ma'am," Vernon asked, his face paling from sun-red to sandy white.

"You heard me," Gladys said, laughing again, tickled by her husband's first show of daddy-nerves.

Vernon turned and looked back at the house he'd just finished building. "Maybe I should have made it three rooms," he said.

### More important than money

"We couldn't afford that, Vern'," Gladys said. Suddenly, the laugh she'd been laughing vanished and she was serious now. "We couldn't afford that. We can hardly afford what we got . . . But there is one thing we *can* afford if it's twins, poor as we are. That's *love*, Vern'. That's one thing we don't have to save for and buy. That's one place where this poorness of ours don't count."

She took her husband's hand in hers, this pretty nineteen-year-old girl turning woman, and she squeezed it hard.

"I hope it is twins," she went on to say. "I hope and wish it with all my heart so's we can double up on that one thing we know we can give 'em—love, and so we can love 'em and love 'em and love 'em, and so when they're big they can always say, 'That ma and pa of ours, they didn't have much of nothing, but they sure were rich in love. . . .'"

Gladys Presley learned a few months later that her wish would come true. And then a few months after that, on the night of January 8, 1935, she gave birth to two sons. One of then she named Aaron. The other she named Elvis. The baby named Aaron died a few months after he was born. The other baby, now Elvis Aaron, was—though unusually quiet for a new-born—both powerful and healthy-looking and it was clear that he would live. It was clear, too, from the expression on Gladys Presley's face as she held him in her arms that first time and watched his closed eyes squint and waited for him to unloose his lips and cry, the way her other baby had cried at first and would never cry again, it was clear from all this that tiny Elvis Aaron would get his full share of the doubled-up love his mother had talked about that happy night so many months before out on the dust-covered road. . . .

The next years were not easy ones for Gladys Presley. Vernon, a house painter, a good one, had trouble finding work because most people in Tupelo and East Tupelo and thereabouts didn't have enough money at that time to worry about peeling walls. So the money situation was always tough. And so, not long after Elvis was born, Gladys decided it would be a good idea for her to go back to work at the dress factory.

"I've got to," she told people who told her she was silly, that she was still too weak from giving birth. "We got a boy to bring up and he's going to be brought up right. He's going to have shoes so's he can go to school and church, and he's going to have books so's he can read and toys so's he can play and be happy like other kids."

At first, Gladys Presley managed it well enough.

### She'd never give up

But after a few years, her health began to fail.

The walk to town every morning, the walk back at night, the hours over the sewing machine, the hours over the stove, the worrying about Vernon when he found it harder and harder to get work, the worrying about Elvis when he came down with a case of this or that, like he was always doing—there were other women who might have been able to manage it, but it was turning out to be hard on Gladys Presley, too hard.

She wouldn't give up, though, not for all the begging anybody, her husband and her son especially, could muster.

"Will you stay home tomorrow and get some rest?" her husband would ask on a night when Gladys would be working at something around the house and sneezing at the same time, her eyes glazed with fever and her face flushed.

And Gladys Presley would answer, "I passed that new grocery store in town today, Vern', and they got a sign advertising milk three cents cheaper than I been paying. I got to try 'em. If it's really good milk it'll be quite a saving."

"Ma," her son would ask on a night when Gladys Presley would stop suddenly in the middle of whatever she was doing and look as if she were about to faint, as she would reach for a chair or a wall to lean against to keep from falling, "can't you let things be and take it easy and stop working so hard, Ma?"

And Gladys Presley would say, "Elvis . . . you know . . . I was reading in the papers tonight that a wonderful group of Gospel singers is going to be at the church Sunday night. And we can go. And you can sing along with them, like you like to. And . . . and ain't that going to be wonderful, Son?"

This is the way it went for years.

But then, finally, came the night in 1949 when her husband and her son, fourteen years old now, decided that they should move away from Mississippi and take Gladys Presley to an easier life.

The father and son talked it over first. Then they talked to the woman of the house. They told her to set, that they had something important to say.

"We been hearing," Vernon began, "that things are pretty good up Memphis-way for jobs and better money. We been thinking we should all go live up there for a while and try it out."

"It's a big city, Ma," Elvis butted in, "where they got lots o' houses, which means Pa can do a lot more painting."

"Good idea?" Vernon asked. "Do you

want to do it. Do you want to move?"

Gladys Presley didn't answer for a while.

Then she shrugged and she said, "As long as they got churches and schools in Memphis, as long as you and Elvis will be happy, then it's all right with me."

For the next few moments she looked around the little house she had known so well for the past fourteen years, thinking her private thoughts.

Then she got up from the table and went to start the supper dishes, and to pray silently that what they were going to do was the right thing to do. . . .

**A new home and a bad break**

Memphis seemed fine at first to Gladys Presley. Vernon was finding work. Elvis was going to a good school. And even though the house they'd moved into on Alabama Street was only a one-roomer, smaller even than the house back in Mississippi, it was nice and it was clean and there was something about the way the big Tennessee sun shone through its windows all day that seemed to promise warm, happy things to come.

But then it happened, the bad thing, the worst thing that could have happened. One day while working, Vernon Presley fell from a ladder and broke his back. He was taken to the hospital. And to pay his bills, Gladys Presley got a job at the same hospital and for more than two years she bathed people, changed beds, carried bed-pans and worked harder than she'd ever worked before.

To help, her son Elvis began to work too, after school; as a movie usher, then as a factory hand, then as a truck driver.

Gladys Presley hadn't wanted him to work. She'd wanted him to go to school and study during the day and to do at night what the other kids in Memphis did—get together and talk and laugh and play and sing.

But this wasn't the way it was to be, it seemed.

And came the night when Elvis, nearly seventeen now, came home from work at eleven o'clock and was so exhausted he fell asleep right in the middle of his supper of mashed potatoes and hard bread, asleep, right there at the table in his chair across from her, and Gladys Presley—who'd never once complained about anything in her whole life—slammed her fist hard into her lap now and cried out, "Oh Lord, Lord, ain't this family of ours ever going to have any luck?"

She had no way of knowing that one day, in about two years' time, her son, Elvis, would buy a guitar and make a phonograph record of his singing and that the Lord would thus answer her cry. . . .

Those few years after the first record was made—and there were to be only a few more years for Gladys Presley—saw all the wonders of the world thrown suddenly into her lap. Suddenly, overnight, her son was one of the most famous people in the world. Suddenly, her son was one of the richest young people in the world. Suddenly, her son was moving her and her husband from their one-roomer on Alabama Street to a $40,000 house on Audubon and then to a $100,000 mansion called *Graceland,* just outside Memphis—a mansion with servants, red carpets, a swimming pool, white-and-gold-finished pianos, a gigantic refrigerator always stuffed with food—with everything in the world.

Gladys Presley was happy now. Yes, she was unused to this way of living and she became shy of people who made such a fuss everytime they saw her and she stayed more and more inside the stone walls of *Graceland* as time passed. And yes, she would get upset when she picked up a newspaper and read some of the terrible things some people were writing about her son—about how he was leading other young people to sin through his songs—and she would sit with her husband at night and say, "Don't they realize that Elvis' songs have never hurt a body, young or old, and that he's got joy inside him and that he's just passing on that joy when he sings?"

Yes, there were the times when Gladys Presley's heart was sad and confused.

But, overall, she was happy. For through all this period, she and her husband had their son's love, stronger than it had ever been.

And in this period came the one moment of supreme happiness, the pure moment of pride in her offspring, the moment she would never forget for as many days as she had left to live on this earth.

The moment occurred at *Graceland,* one morning. Gladys sat in the downstairs drawing room, sewing. In the next room two colored women servants—one young, one very old—were working and a little boy was playing. The boy was a grandson of the old servant, a boy of four or five who would come up to *Graceland* occasionally to visit with his grandma. He was a great little talker. And though the door was almost closed, Gladys Presley could hear him talking away about everything under the sun.

**As good as Mr. Presley**

At one point, when he began rambling on about how tall he was going to be when he got older, Gladys heard one of the servants, the younger one, ask, "Say, tell me now, just what are you going to be when you grow up and get so big?"

"I'm gonna be famous and good," she heard the little boy answer.

"Like a president of the United States or something?" she heard the young woman ask.

"No," the little boy answered, "like Elvis Presley."

Gladys began to smile. She'd just started to smile, in fact, when she heard the older woman, the boy's grandmother, say, "Amen to that, my little baby. Amen to that. And never mind about the 'famous' part. Just be as *good* a person as Mr. Presley is, as good as he is to his parents and to all of us who work here and to all his friends he keeps in clothes and food. Just be like that, my little baby, *good,* and I'll forever say, 'Amen, Amen.'"

Gladys Presley sat in her chair, her sewing in her lap, long after the two servants and the boy had left the adjacent room.

If she'd been the kind of person who cried easily, she would have wept for joy now.

In the last couple of years she'd heard all kinds of people say all sorts of fine things about her son—Governors, Hollywood producers, record company presidents, press agents, important people from important walks of life.

These things she'd heard had always consoled the hurt she'd felt when she'd read some of the bad things.

These things had made her feel better than she might otherwise have felt, even though deep down she knew that some of these people had said what they'd said because they were expected to or because it would benefit them or because of other mysterious reasons she couldn't quite understand, but felt.

But now, as she remembered those warm *Amens* that had come from the depths of the heart of a cleaning lady, old and simple and wise—now, as Gladys Presley sat there in her mansion, the simple word *Amen* echoing and re-echo-


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## THE REVOLUTIONIST

■ She was seventeen. Her name was Manuella Oaxaca. And for days she had been walking along the dusty Mexican by-roads under a blazing sun. And she was carrying a burden on her back . . . her six-month-old son.

She carried another burden. Fear. The kind of fear that makes heroes of the weak, and gives courage to the strengthless.

Already she had walked over four hundred miles. Walked with the terror of suddenly hearing the roar of horses' hooves bearing down on her, the terror of hearing the shrill scream of Pancho Villa's revolutionists thundering past. For she had already heard that, many times. And each time been lucky in finding a bush or ruined house to hide behind. Four hundred miles of heat, and the cold of night, and hunger . . . and the kind of exhaustion that is overcome by only one thing: the knowledge that her baby's life depended on her reaching Texas. Texas, where her Irish husband waited with the frenzy of a man who knew his wife had left her family home in Chihuahua with their baby—and there was nothing he could do to help her. . . .

Thirty-seven years later, again there was the roar of hooves and the shrill scream of Mexican revolutionists. And one of the revolutionists was a man who remembered hearing the story of how his mother had walked these same roads to save his life, had walked these roads to save him from a band of men that he now had joined . . .

But there was one small difference. These men were actors—they were making a moving picture called *Viva Zapata!*—and Anthony Quinn was going to win an Oscar that he would never have been alive to receive if his mother had not walked five hundred miles to bring her son to safety. . . .

*Anthony's in Paramount's* THE BLACK ORCHID *and will be in United Artists'* SPARTACUS AND THE GLADIATORS.

ing through her mind, now for the first time . . . and maybe for the only time . . . did she feel that these new possessions and this new life and all this success that had been showered on her son was truly worthwhile. . . .

**The beginning of the end—**

It was during the summer of 1957 that Gladys Presley got sick again. People who should know say that she suffered from a nervous condition. Says one, "She wasn't too well to begin with and the tensions were becoming too great and, though she fought it happening, it happened and her nerves snapped wide apart." Says another, "The constant clamor of fans had begun to bother her, crank letters to worry her, and the repeated reflections on her boy's movements and morals to hurt her. . . . Even little things had begun to get on her nerves. One day, one of Elvis' buddies came in from the swimming pool and let out a piercing yell just as he got into the house. The sudden shriek so startled Mrs. Presley that she went into a nervous collapse. The Presleys then had no family doctor. He was a luxury they had not been able to afford during their long, lean years and had not needed since, until now. Vernon Presley telephoned the Doctors' Exchange and asked that a physician be sent to *Graceland.* When the doctor came, he gave Mrs. Presley a sedative and began treating her for a nervous condition, a condition that we know now so weakened her that when her liver became infected with hepatitis her heart began to grow weak, too . . . weaker and weaker and weaker. . . ."

The hepatitis attack occurred on Saturday, August 9, 1958. Gladys Presley was a few months past her forty-second birthday. She and her husband had just returned from visiting their son, now a soldier, at Fort Hood in Sabine, Texas. They were, in fact, still on the train, pulling into Memphis station, when Gladys felt the first attack and brought her hands to her stomach and told her husband that she hurt, hurt bad.

Vernon took her straight to their doctor's office, where she was examined and then ordered straight into Methodist Hospital.

At about five o'clock that afternoon, Gladys Presley picked up the phone by her bed and phoned Fort Hood.

"I don't feel so good, Elvis," she said into the receiver, a few minutes later. "I know I shouldn't worry you or bother you. But I just wanted to talk to you a little bit."

"No, no," she said, "I don't want you coming up here." She tried to smile. "I don't want you getting in trouble with none of those sergeants," she said. . . .

**The final courage**

Elvis flew up from Texas four days later. He'd been in constant touch with his pa and the doctor ever since he'd heard from his mother. At first, they'd told him what they believed to be the truth, that Gladys Presley was sick but that her condition was not too serious.

And then, as the days passed, her condition worsened. And, finally, Elvis was told to apply for an emergency leave, that his ma was asking for him and that it might help her if he surprised her with a visit.

Gladys Presley seemed fine that Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock when her boy came rushing into her room. She'd just finished lunch and she was sitting up in bed and she threw out her arms and she said, "My son, my son, I've wanted so much to see you."

For a while, she talked and laughed with her boy. And then a while later her doctor came into the room to examine her and she joked with them both.

The doctor smiled and asked Elvis to please leave for a few minutes since he would like to get on with his examination.

It was about half an hour later when the doctor walked out of Gladys Presley's room and over to Elvis.

"Ma's all right, Doctor, isn't she?" Elvis asked. "She's getting better, isn't she?"

The doctor didn't answer exactly. Instead he said, "Why don't you go in for another while? And then you can go home and get some rest and let your ma get some rest, too. She hasn't got as much strength as it seems."

Elvis stayed till about six o'clock that night. And then he did go home, after kissing his mother and promising that he'd be by first thing in the morning.

As he left, he wondered why his pa—who'd since come by—didn't come along with him now, too; why his pa had whispered something to him about staying in the room all that night and sleeping on a cot next to Ma's bed. This seemed kind of funny to Elvis as he left, kind of strange. But he didn't ask any questions now. Everything seemed all right, in a way; but something was wrong, too—this Elvis knew. And maybe, he figured, maybe if he didn't ask any questions, what was wrong would disappear and tomorrow would come and Ma would prop herself up in bed again and they would talk some more and laugh some more and everything would be all right.

At three o'clock the next morning, the phone alongside Elvis' bed rang. He opened his eyes and for a few long moments just lay there and let the phone keep ringing. He knew what had happened. He knew his ma had died.

When, finally, he did pick up the phone and heard his father's voice tell him how it had happened—a heart attack from out of nowhere. So quickly, the sudden heavy breathing, then the no-breathing—he began to weep. He hung up the phone. He put on his shoes and pulled on a pair of pants and went to a drawer and pulled out the first shirt his fingers got hold of, a white stage-shirt with lots of frilly lace running up and down the front. And, still weeping, he left for the hospital.

His father was waiting for him outside his ma's room. Neither of them spoke.

When Elvis looked out at the still figure on the bed he called out, "There was gonna be so much to come, Ma, so much!"

Then he rushed over to the bed and brought his dead mother's hand to his lips and kissed it, over and over again.

And then again, he began to weep, loudly, like a child.

And it wasn't until much later, when the crying had stopped and the tears were hardened in long lines on his face, that he looked down at his mother's face and noticed for the first time that she had died smiling.

He didn't know why she had smiled during that last moment of life.

Nobody does, or ever will.

But maybe in that last moment of her relatively short life Gladys Presley had thought of a lot of things, of her good husband and her good son and all the wonderful things that had come to him.

And maybe she'd thought, too, about that happiest moment in her life and an old Negro cleaning woman.

And maybe the old woman's voice had come back to Gladys Presley in that last moment and, with it, the voices of a chorus of watching angels as together they all shouted a tremendous and joyous and final *Amen.* **END**

*Elvis' last picture was* KING CREOLE *for Paramount.*

## my life with dean

(*Continued from page 34*) Lewis. I'm a Florida girl myself and I was at the club with friends who also happened to be friends of Dean's. Dean came to our table. We were introduced. That was it!

How could I help but fall for this handsome man with dark, curly hair, the ready smile and the witty banter? Women in the audience openly sighed over him. But when his dark eyes fastened on mine and he said, "Please stay for the second show—I want to see you again," I knew something had kindled inside of him, too.

Back on the stage again, he sang *Embraceable You* and looked directly at me.

After the late show we went out and Dean began to tell me about himself. He told me something of his childhood in Steubenville, Ohio, a mill town where he had grown up. His father was a barber and as a boy Dean was poor and believed himself to be homely and unpopular. From a distance he had loved the mill owner's daughter—a pretty, blue-eyed blonde girl who lived in a magnificent house on the hill. She represented everything he wanted in life: beauty and class. But she didn't know he existed.

"I've looked for a girl like that all my life," Dean told me, "and now I've found her—in you."

Were we kidding ourselves? Maybe. I fell in love with a dream, and so did he. The man I saw was half of the fabulous team of Martin and Lewis, breaking all records, earning a fantastic salary, living a glamorous life, traveling all over the country, sought after by hordes of people. In me he thought he saw the image he'd been seeking: a blue-eyed blonde, a beauty queen (I was "Miss Orange Bowl" and a model), a girl who had been reared gently by an indulgent family and had had the advantages of going to college.

He was also to tell me that he was in the throes of a divorce from his wife, Betty. Their marriage of eight years had produced four children, but even the children didn't blot out their differences.

### No troubles in sight

If he was a troubled man then, I didn't see it. We had a blithe courtship, as romantic as the love songs he sang. We spent glamorous evenings in the night club, glorious days on the Florida beaches. When Dean left for night club engagements in New York and Hollywood it was with plans for us to get married as soon as his divorce became final.

When he was settled in Hollywood again, I flew there and on September 1, 1949, we were married.

We had a fairytale wedding reception in the Beverly Hills home of a friend of Dean's, where hundreds of white orchids were set in the lawn, a beautiful, glamorous picture—but an unreal one. Before leaving on our honeymoon, Jerry found Dean's blue traveling suit, put it on and dived into the swimming pool. Our departure was delayed. I was close to tears, but the guests were laughing so I decided to be a good sport and take it.

But I couldn't always take what was to follow. After a week end in a honeymoon hideaway, we went on to Las Vegas where Dean and Jerry had a long engagement at the Sands Hotel. I was twenty years old then and had never had any contact with show business. In fact, I loved mostly the great outdoors, and sports like sailing and fishing.

In Las Vegas—just three days after our wedding—I found my life turned topsy-turvey. Dean worked until 3:00 a.m. The first night, when I thought Dean and I would go directly to our suite, a crowd of fun-lovers surrounded Dean and we made the rounds to all the other night spots. Dawn was breaking when we finally got back to our hotel. I was beat.

It was like that all the time. We were never alone. We stayed up most of the night, slept most of the day. It was so new to me I thought I'd get sick.

One day I managed to get Dean alone and we had what I considered a typical honeymoon day. We drove up to Boulder Dam and took pictures of each other. I was very happy that we managed to get away from the noise and razzle-dazzle and spend a peaceful day by ourselves in a scenic spot, like most honeymooners do.

But there weren't many days like that. We tried to be together—no matter what. I traveled with Dean and the show when they played theater dates. Dean did seven shows a day, from 9:30 in the morning until 1:00 at night. The first day was a mess. I'd expected show business to be glamorous, but it was something else. I sat in Dean's dressing room and saw him for only brief moments—when he'd come in, wet with perspiration, and flop into a chair. He'd shower, change, then run out on the stage again. It was like that all day and all night. We never left the theater. I sat in the dressing room day and night for weeks. It was either that or staying alone in the hotel room in a strange city, with nothing to do.

**During a recent night club act, Judy Garland was on the floor for well over an hour and sang Swanee twice (by popular demand).**

**"What'll I do for a fast get-off now?" Judy asked the crowd.**

**A squeaky voice from somewhere said, "Why don't you sing Swanee, lady?" It was Jerry Lewis speaking.**

*Earl Wilson*
*in the New York Post*

I traveled with him this way until the expected arrival of our baby made it impossible for me to continue.

Dean and I had to be separated many times while I was waiting for the baby. But there were also times when we were together. Infrequent as they were, we were grateful for them. His four children would visit us occasionally, and I thought how wonderful it would be when our own baby was born and had three sisters and a brother already here.

Although Dean had a heavy financial responsibility toward his first wife and the children, besides a load of debts to be paid, I wasn't too worried. He was doing extremely well and the team of Martin and Lewis was growing hotter by the minute. I was certain that all of our money problems would clear up soon and Dean would be out of debt.

Then, that dream exploded, too.

One after another, four people who had known Dean in the past filed separate lawsuits against him claiming they had helped him in his career and were entitled to a cut of his earnings. Lawyers were on the phone constantly and I was very much upset by the whole thing. It made Dean very nervous, too, and he'd come home silent and glum. Eventually all the lawsuits were settled. We'd lost every one of them, and it cost us a small fortune.

Dean and I felt extremely lucky that he was able to be home when Dino was born. But a few days later, he had to take off on the road again. This time, because of the baby, I couldn't go. It was probably just as well. The conditions under which I traveled with him had begun to create tension rather than harmony. It wasn't exactly a picnic for Dean to clown on the stage while worrying about me cooped up in his dressing room.

Since Dean was home only about three months out of the year, this left mighty little time for us to share our life as man and wife. I think it was at this time that I discovered the real Dean. One far different from the cocky, fun-loving Dean Martin that most people knew. Perhaps it was his insecure childhood, but I soon learned that my husband was a deeply sensitive man—quick to be hurt and inclined to withdraw into a shell of his own. At home he'd flop on the sofa and have long spells of silence, doing little more than watch TV. I'd be home most of the day and wanted to go out and be with people.

Conflict!

I tried to get Dean to dress up and go out, but he wanted to stay home. This could have led to arguments, except that Dean positively hates to argue. He finds it hard to express his feelings, and it tears him to pieces to have a quarrel. He and Jerry were having some differences then and it was deeply distressing to him, but he kept things to himself and brooded about them instead of talking them out.

Once, things got so bad at home I said, "Dean, let's sit down, just you and me, and thrash things out." He looked at me, his face drawn, then turned and walked away. I wish I could have understood him then as I do now. But I didn't. I felt rejected. I was furious. Several times after that I tried to get to the bottom of things, but instead of talking, Dean would withdraw. We never had fights with screaming and yelling; only a tight kind of silence for Dean—and tears for me.

I knew that Dean was going through great emotional strain. He and Jerry were about to split up as a team. Dean had the greatest respect for Jerry, but he thought it was time for him to be on his own. He wanted to establish his own identity as a performer and he felt if he remained part of the team he would never find himself. Well, the excitement this created all over the country! If Sears had tried to leave Roebuck the blast couldn't have been greater.

### The talk of Hollywood

The whole town talked about it. And everyone told Dean he was crazy. They predicted that he would starve if he left Jerry. For a man with Dean's basic insecurities, this was enough to give him a case of the screaming meemies. He sank deeper and deeper into thought.

One night I managed to get Dean to go to a party. I thought he'd forget his troubles if he mingled with people again. But the minute we got there, the guests began to bombard Dean with questions about the impending split-up. Dean looked pained and clammed up. A few well-meaning friends took him aside and tried to persuade him not to leave Jerry. This made Dean so confused that he left the group. A couple of other guests got him alone and started to knock Jerry. This made Dean feel even worse, because he really liked Jerry. We left early.

He couldn't stand these discussions. No matter what friends said, they managed to upset Dean. In order to avoid hearing all this talk, Dean decided to avoid being with people.

Period!

We'd gone out little enough before, now we didn't go out at all. Staying home night after night, I saw my husband grow more worried, more silent, as though he were wrestling with some great problem that he alone could solve.

And that was true, in a way. Because I couldn't help him either. I wanted des-



## A STAR IS NAMED

A cocktail party was under way.

It was early evening. Place: a Stockholm motion picture studio. Year: 1925.

Present were director Mauritz Stiller, several producers with their assistants, a battery of secretaries, writers, photographers, and reporters. Also a very beautiful, very shy young actress.

They were celebrating the private showing of a new film, *Goesta Berling.* And from director down to the grips, everybody felt they had a hit.

But the producers were worried.

"Look, Stiller," said one, "this new discovery of yours, this girl, she's really terrific. Sure box-office. And the picture is great. But there's one thing: who's going to see a movie starring some unknown called Greta Louvisa Gustaffson? She has talent, beauty, and she's sure to connect—but not with *that* name!"

"Come to think of it," shuddered a second producer, " 'Greta Louvisa Gustaffson' wouldn't even fit a marquée."

Gloom suddenly descended on the party. There was no doubt the producers were right. And the screen credits had to be printed in the morning.

Writer after writer suggested a name for the girl who sat quietly in the corner. One by one their suggestions were rejected. The evening dragged on; the room became filled with cigarette smoke; black coffee was served instead of cocktails. Nerves were snapping, but still no name.

"All right," said the producer, "this is getting us exactly nowhere. Has *anybody* got an idea?"

One writer, probably as a gag, said, "How about if we take a book out of the studio library, open it at random, and whatever word we spot, that's it." That's what he said—loosely translated from the Swedish, of course.

That broke the tension and everybody laughed. "Why not?" joked the producer. "It can't be any worse than the names we have so far."

Someone went for a book, and brought back—a Swedish-Spanish dictionary!

The writer closed his eyes, put his finger in the middle of a page.

He read: "*Behag—garbo.*"

"Garbo . . . garbo . . ." mused the producer. *Garbo* means *charm* in English. "Say, you know, that's not bad," he added, "not bad at all. In fact, I think it's good!"

And believe it or not, that's how, around 4:30 in the morning back in 1925, a long-forgotten script writer named a never-to-be-forgotten star: Greta Garbo!

perately to have him confide in me and see if we couldn't talk over this important decision on which our futures depended. But Dean had to find the answer himself. So I left him alone. But I was miserable.

Although I didn't influence Dean one way or another, I soon learned that people were blaming me for the break-up of Martin and Lewis. "It must be that new wife of his," they were saying. "Everything was fine until she came along." Even though it was untrue, it killed me every time I heard those rumors.

I found myself living with a stranger. At home Dean was morose and silent. Either that, or he'd leave the house and try to work off his tensions by playing golf all day.

We had another baby boy by this time, Ricci, and Dean would forget his troubles when he played with his two little sons. Other than that, he was still tied up in a knot of silence.

I couldn't stand it. All of my close friends were in Miami; I had no one to talk to. So we kept our tensions to ourselves until they mounted higher.

### The last straw

Things had to come to a head. One morning, after a sleepless night, I said to Dean again, "Let's talk things over." Again the pained look on Dean's face and he walked away. I wanted to scream. My voice was actually trembling when I said to him, "Dean, I'm leaving you." He whirled around and I'll never forget the stunned look on his face.

I packed and got ready to take the two children to Palm Springs for a long rest. When Dean saw how distraught I was he was afraid to let me get behind the wheel of the car. He drove me and the children to Palm Springs and we didn't say a single word all the way. After he found a little house for us, we said good-bye. At the door I was amazed to see him suddenly break into tears and walk away.

After two months, I came home. Dean was living in an apartment and when he learned I was back in town he phoned me. This time he sounded more like the charm boy I had fallen in love with.

"Can a guy buy you dinner tonight?" he asked. There was a lilt in his voice. I found myself dressing for him with the enthusiasm of a girl dressing for her first date.

We had such a wonderful time that we made a date for the next night, too. Soon I was being courted by my husband all over again. We'd have dinner and go dancing and hold hands and kiss like a boy and girl who were falling madly in love. We found ourselves talking and laughing and confiding in each other as we had during those romantic nights in Florida. The thrill of being together had been recaptured. Slowly, we came to our senses and it seemed natural for Dean to move back into the house.

It's as though we'd discovered each other all over again.

All the pieces began to fall into place. Dean was on his own now, and from the beginning he was a sensation. In his first picture without Jerry, *Ten Thousand Bedrooms,* he clicked as a romantic actor. His stature as an actor is rising with his two latest pictures, *Rio Bravo* and *Some Came Running.* In night clubs and theaters he was such a smash that he'd have to be quintuplets to accept all the offers. And his recordings were all hits.

With success he found security and confidence for the first time in his life. It wasn't just the success and the money—for he'd had all that when he was with Jerry. It was the fact that he did it on his own. He had to know that audiences liked him for what he could offer them, without wondering if it was actually the talent of Jerry that was carrying him.

Last year, to make our happiness greater, our family grew much bigger. Gina was born, and Dean's four children came to live with us. We thought our large home on two acres of ground in Beverly Hills could be stretched to hold Craig, sixteen, Claudia, fourteen, Gail, thirteen, and Deana, nine, besides our two lively boys and the baby. But how delightfully crowded we became! Upstairs and downstairs the house became a bedlam of noises and hi-fi sounds ranging from Mother Goose to Elvis Presley.

Before Dean and I discovered ourselves, we might have been thrown by all this change and confusion. But not this time. We simply called in an architect and asked him to add as many bedrooms as the house would accommodate. In the meantime, the kids are doubled up.

Maybe Dean and I don't have all the privacy we need, but we're too busy to care. I had to learn to grow up fast and take on the responsibilities of raising and guiding seven children of different ages, sizes and types.

Of all the children, Gail, a freckle-faced teenager who is in a state of constant motion, seems most likely to follow in her dad's footsteps and turn to show business. She dances superbly and has the drive to become a professional dancer. We think she'll make it, too. Other than that, the children are normal and noisy. Although it was practically overnight that I found myself the mother of three teenagers, I find it stimulating and a challenge.

Craig is a lanky, broad-shouldered sixteen-year-old who has so many friends I think he could run for President. He's in love and he's going steady—this week, that is.

Like teenage girls all over the country, Gail and Claudia are interested in clothes, boys and rock 'n' roll. They couldn't wait till Dean came home every night from the set of *Rio Bravo* to badger him with questions about Ricky Nelson, who was his co-star.

Dean is basically a family man and when I can't handle the kids he takes over. He can be mighty strict, too, like the time he had to punish Craig for not driving the younger children home from the movies as he was supposed to. Craig had dropped in to see his girl friend and had forgotten all about picking up the children, so Dean took away Craig's car for a week.

On the whole though, Dean's inclined to be pretty easy with the children. He gives Claudia and Gail an allowance of three dollars a week, for instance, then "lends" them five or ten dollars in between weeks. He lets the baby and the two younger boys muss him up, and Deana can twist him around her little finger just by smiling at him.

Dean used to say, "With so many mouths to feed, I should have a restaurant." So this year he bought one. It's called Dino's Lodge and it's on the Sunset Strip, not far from our home. Two or three evenings a week we troop down, all nine of us, and have a family dinner there. Dean says when we come in there's no room for the paying customers!

We're not floating on a cloud the way we did when we first met. Our feet are on the ground, but we know where we're going. We've worked out a lot of our problems and we've found peace of mind. Many new problems will arise, but at least now we can talk things over.

It took a lot of time, and a lot of tears, for me to find the marriage I dreamed of as a little girl. It may not be exactly as I pictured it, but I know my dreams have come true. **END**

*Watch for Dean in Warners'* RIO BRAVO.

## the night I tried to kill myself

(*Continued from page 48*) She clutched the railing with her trembling fingers. She looked down at the water of London's Thames River below. *The water was black,* Gia though, *as black as the night around her. The water was black,* Gia thought, *so black that it could easily hide a person who went plunging into it, hide the person and her hurt and her broken memories. The water was black,* Gia thought, *and soon—God forgive her, oh all-knowing God forgive her—soon she would be a part of the water's blackness and then it would all be over, everything, over once and for all.*

"Miss!" she half-heard the cabdriver call out behind her as she looked down.

"*Cosa?*" she asked in Italian suddenly. "What?"

"Miss!" the voice called out again.

"*Cosa—*" Gia started to repeat. And then, she let out with a terrible scream. For in that short moment she had forgotten where she was and what she was about to do, and she had remembered another railing and another terrible time in her life when she had stood, like this, clutching and looking down at the water below . . . The memory flooded her mind. . . .

### That first time

The big ship had just pulled out of the Naples dock. A band was playing an Italian song, sunnier than the huge sun that lounged spectacularly over the scene that unforgettable afternoon. Everybody on the ship was shouting and saying goodbye and throwing confetti like it was the greatest New Year's Eve of their lives. Some of the people laughed and some of them cried. But all of them strained their eyes towards the dock and watched the people who'd come to see them off, the friends and family they knew they might never see again as long as they lived now that they were off to a new life in the new world across the ocean.

All except the fourteen-year-old girl named Giovanna Scoglio. She would not look. She knew her mother was there on the dock with the others. She knew Mama was waving like the others, waving her long white handkerchief in time with the music like the others, waiting for her daughter to wave back. But the girl would not wave and she would not look.

"I had been so anxious to get on the ship and come to America," she has since said. "But at the moment the ship began to move I was suddenly afraid to be lonely and I was afraid now to be leaving behind the person I loved most in the world—my mother. And even though she had promised me she would come to America someday and join me, I thought maybe that day would never come. And I was sad. I was sadder than I ever imagined any human being could be."

So she stood there, the pretty fourteen-year-old girl, clutching at the ship's railing, staring at the water below, not daring to look up. And it was a long time later, after the others had left the railing and the big ship had passed the islands of Capri and Ischia and was practically beyond the sight of land, when the old, gentle-faced deck steward had come up to her and said, "Miss?"

"*Cosa?*" Gia had asked, looking up for the first time, "What?"

"Is there something I can do for you?" the deck steward had asked.

"Yes," Gia had said, the tears beginning to rush into her big eyes. "You . . . you can take me back to my mother!"

"And where is your mother?" the steward had asked. not quite understanding.


# like to doodle?



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Gia pointed back, toward Italy, her home.

"Ahhhh," said the steward, understanding now, "but that is impossible, Miss. You are here and your mother is there, and every moment you are getting farther and farther away from her."

"I know," Gia said. "I know."

And with that, unashamed, she'd begun to sob and she'd thrown herself into the old man's arms and cried and cried. . . .

### Gia discovers Queens

America for Gia was not a dream come true at first. It had *been* her dream. For years she had wanted nothing more. She knew it would mean leaving her family behind in Rome, her mother, her sister Agatha, her father—though she did not really see too much of her father since he was in the import-export business and spent much of his time traveling. But even at her young age Gia had had a vision—to leave her war-torn country and go to the land of so-much opportunity and become an actress in such a land. She had an aunt and uncle living in New York—or rather in that city's very regal-sounding borough of Queens. And she knew that if she could only live with them for a few years and get to know America and its language and its people, everything else would be simple.

On Gia's fourteenth birthday, her mother had written to the relatives in America telling them of her young daughter's great wish. Three months later, to the day, Gia arrived in the United States.

That night, alone in her new bedroom, she sat down and wrote a letter to her mother. She wrote:

*Queens, New York City, it is not quite what I imagined. I mean, it is not like all the pictures of America I have always seen. But it is comfortable and there are trees and that is important.*

*Aunt and Uncle are much older than I thought they would be, and though they seem quiet and not very used to having a younger person around, they are very nice. Tomorrow they will take me to the school which is called Bayside High School and I will meet many Americans my own age. I hope I will make many friends of them.*

Gia's hope was dashed first thing that next morning. Still used to the European way of doing things, Gia couldn't understand why most of the other kids giggled when, on being introduced to them, she put out her hand for a handshake. And she couldn't understand, not at all, why two of the girls she met no sooner listened to her talk for a few minutes when they began imitating her accent and then broke into a fit of hilarious laughter.

Almost immediately, Gia turned into the shy and lonely young person she was to remain for the next few years.

"Maybe if I were not only fourteen—that very difficult age—things would have been different," she told MODERN SCREEN in an interview only a few months ago. "But that was my age and that was my problem—and everything was so new and different than in my old country. The girls, for instance, they all wore sweaters and skirts and blue jeans all the time. And I had only very plain dresses, the kind young girls wear in Italy—the black dresses with the white collars, and I could not very well ask my aunt and uncle to buy me new things. So I looked very different from all the other girls.

"And some of the customs—I couldn't understand them. Like the day a girl who was trying to be very nice to me invited me to join a sorority. I was happy at first. 'This will be good,' I thought at first, 'in this way I will meet some new people.' But then when I got to the sorority meeting I sat and listened to the girls talk about other girls they were thinking of asking to join, and I heard them say some nice things about some of the girls they *would* ask and some terrible things about some girls they decided they *wouldn't* ask. And I thought, 'This is the way it is done in the land of democracy? No, it is impossible!' And in the middle of it all I got up and walked out and I never went back again."

### Gia gets pinned

Gia smiled a little as she went on to say, "Of course, there were the funny moments, too, funny when I think back about

them. Like Tiso and the pin, for example.

Tiso was the boy who sat next to me in my mathematics class. I think that if I was the shyest girl in the school, Tiso must have been the shyest boy. He was also a year younger than I and about two inches shorter. And we never talked to one another, never. But one day when we were leaving the class, Tiso came up to me and, his face all red, he handed me something and said, 'Here, I would like you to wear this.' I said, 'It is very pretty. thank you, but what is it?' He said, 'It is a fraternity pin.' And then quickly, *subito-subito,* he rushed away. Well, I thought it would be an insult not to wear the pin and so I put it on.

Later, a couple of girls asked me about it and I told them the story. They began to laugh. They asked me if I knew what a fraternity pin meant. I said no. They told me it meant I was now practically engaged to Tiso. I didn't know what to do. Of course, I didn't love Tiso. I didn't even know him. But could I embarrass him by giving him back the pin? I decided to wear it until the next day when I was sure he would say something to me and I would have to then say, 'Ah, now I understand, Tiso—but I am sorry and in that case I must give you back the pin.' But the next day Tiso, as usual, didn't say anything to me. Nor the day after that. Nor ever. And so I just kept wearing the pin, not to embarrass him. I even wore it the last day, the day I graduated, the last day I ever saw Tiso . . . Now when I think back, I am not surprised that no other boy in the school ever asked me for a date. They all must have thought I was practically married!"

And Gia laughed a little at the end as she finished telling us about that, just as she'd smiled a little at the beginning. But we could tell, even as she spoke and tried to laugh and smile now, that her good and sensitive heart had made her an even more lonely person than she need have been back in those early years, that those years with only her two aging relatives and without friends had already taken their toll.

"After I graduated," Gia went on, "things started to happen better for me. The best thing was my mother writing to me that I should not be discouraged about her not coming to America all this while, that my father was going to live and work in England for a few years—where she did not want to go, and that my sister Agatha was going to get married soon and that she would definitely come to America before the next year was over. I cried two days of happy tears after I got this news.

### Gia meets a real friend

"The second best thing was meeting my friend, Ada Petkovich. I was working in New York City for the big insurance company now. Oh no, I had not given up the idea of becoming an actress. But for a few months before this I had gone around to all the casting offices in New York and nothing happened for me and I began needing money. So I thought I would take this insurance company job for a year, in which time I would save some money and buy some nice clothes and then go back to the casting offices again.

"It was long work, boring work, but I was managing to save and I enjoyed it for that. I even met some nice people there and I confided in some of them what my real wish was. I remember that I told one of them, especially an Italian-American girl named May. 'You want to be an *actress?*' she said. 'Gia, honey,' she said, 'what do you want to go into a crazy business like that for? Why don't you just concentrate on being a woman first and settle down with some good guy and raise a family?' I remember saying, 'Not me . . . *me,* I'm going to be an actress first!' It's funny how I never forget that girl May, or what she said to me. . . .

"Anyway, it was on one of those days I was working for the insurance company that I walked out on the street at five o'clock and ran into Ada. Actually, I didn't know her too well and I didn't recognize her right away. First, I thought she was a girl from school. But after a moment I realized I'd met her on the ship when I came over from Italy. I remembered she was the nice Austrian-Italian girl I'd borrowed a fountain pen from one day and talked to a little. But the way she greeted me now, it was like two sisters getting together. Right away she said, 'Let's go into a cafeteria and have a cup of coffee.' And we did.

"She told me about herself in America and then I told her about myself.

" 'You are not happy,' Ada said, when I was finished.

" 'Well,' I said, 'my mother will be over by the end of the year and then I will be all right.'





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" 'But now you are unhappy,' Ada said, 'and it's important to be happy as much as you can.'

"Then she told me she had an idea. Why didn't I leave the house in Queens, she said, and come to New York to live with her and her father?

"That night I talked about this with my aunt and uncle. I was surprised, but they didn't object. And so the next day I was moving into Ada's with her and her wonderful father, Filippo. And how wonderful everything became for me now, how full of life.

"All of a sudden I realized I could sleep late on Saturdays and Sundays if I wanted. All of a sudden I realized I could go downstairs to the delicatessen at three o'clock in the morning if I wanted a sandwich. I'd become interested in painting in high school and all of a sudden now I realized I could sit and paint whenever I wanted without anybody objecting or saying anything about how the paint smelled or how messy I was making myself.

"For that next year I lived, really lived, for the first time in a long time. Ada introduced me to boys she knew and I went out on dates. Ada's house was always so full of people and there was always laughter and singing and friendship there. Ada's father was not rich but he would buy good food and he would cook and we would sit down to the table with some wine and all this food and relatives and friends, and it was always a feast there, always a celebration and a lot of fun.

"It was so wonderful that there was only one thing that could ever have torn me away from it all.

"That was my mother's coming to America.

"And she did come to America, finally, at the end of that beautiful year, 1954. . . ."

### Mama brings good luck

It was shortly after her reunion with her mother that Gia got her big break—"just as if Mama's being here brought me luck," Gia says.

This is the way it happened:

Gia, who'd just quit her job with the insurance company, began making the Broadway rounds again. One day she walked into the office of agent Lester Shurr. Now Mr. Shurr is one of the top names in the business and not everybody gets to see him. But Gia did. And Mr. Shurr was immediately interested.

"Have you ever done any movie work—here or in Italy?" he asked.

"No," Gia said.

"Television?" Mr. Shurr asked.

"A little," Gia said.

"Good, that's good," Mr. Shurr said, the excitement in his voice beginning to show.

"I mean," Gia said, "in the last few weeks I have been on a few of the quiz shows. My mother—she has just arrived in this country—and she said to me, 'Giovanna, I like this American television and the way they give money away all the time. Why don't you try to get some of that money?' Well, ever since I am a little girl I know a lot about music. So the other week I went on the Arlene Francis show. They asked me a question about opera and I answered and they gave me a prize, a what-you-call a waffle maker. When I got it I smiled for the camera, but when I got outside the theater I took another look at it and I said to myself, 'What's this thing?'—and I gave it away. I wanted money, not a thing you make waffles with. So the next week, last week, I went on the Bill Cullen show. This time they asked me a question about the violin. I answered it and they gave me fifty dollars and—"

Gia stopped suddenly and shook her head. "No, Mr. Shurr," she said, a little embarrassed, "I have never done any acting on television, if that is what you mean."

Mr. Shurr laughed. He didn't seem to care anymore about any acting experience. What he did care about now was that here was an extremely beautiful girl sitting across the desk from him—a girl with a bittersweet yet vivacious quality that defied description.

He got right down to business. He told Gia that Universal-International Studios in Hollywood was conducting a search for a girl to play the lead in *The Galileans,* a big-budget picture they were planning. Three girls were being flown out to test for the part within the week, he said. Would Gia like to be the fourth, he asked.

"I had never fainted before in my life," Gia told us about this moment, "but I had to do much heavy breathing to keep from fainting now. Finally, though, I managed to say yes to Mr. Shurr and then I left the office and I got very extravagant and took a taxi back to the apartment to tell Mama that we should pack right away, that we were both going to Hollywood, California!"

### Gia blunders

In Hollywood about a week later, Gia tested for the part and won. And though U-I decided not to make the picture right away for various reasons, they lost no time in signing Gia to a contract, changing her last name from Scoglio to

Scala, finding her and her mother a small apartment not far from the studio and advising her to wait. . . .

Meanwhile, there was the usual publicity build-up. And this is where Gia nearly miffed it. For at her very first interview she flatly refused to answer questions about busty Italian actresses and American-men-as-lovers and so on.

"Oh-oh," Hollywood muttered. There were some people who would have bet right off that here was a girl destined to go no place fast if she kept on being so honest with the all-important press.

But, as it turned out, Gia didn't need the press. What she would do in the next couple of years, she would do on her own. It would be hard at first, lots of study, not much money, playing a few tiny roles, waiting and hoping that someday the bigger role would come along. And then,

**Don Murray says: "Fortunately, I've learned that you serve your self best by serving others."**
*Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post*

sure enough, it would when U-I would give her a lead in their romantic comedy, *Four Girls In Town*. And after that Columbia Pictures would borrow her for *Garment Jungle*—and arrange with U-I to share her contract. And then the MGM casting people would decide that here was the girl they wanted for Bob Taylor's *Tip On A Dead Jockey* and then for the prize role of the South Seas native girl in Glenn Ford's *Don't Go Near The Water*.

And, during those couple of years, Gia, ecstatically happy now, would sit down to supper with her mother every night before going out, maybe, or staying home to practice her lines, and she would wonder if all this good fortune were really happening to her—but always at the end of their talks she would take her mother's hand in hers and she would say, "Sometimes I am afraid, Mama—

"I am afraid," she would say. "This is too good for us and something will happen in some way to spoil it."

And then her mother would laugh and make the horns with two fingers—for this old European custom would always make Gia laugh, too—and she would say, "God forbid that the Devil ever touches us and spoils anything."

And Gia would laugh more than ever now, loud, as if her happy noises would surely keep the Devil away. And then, until the next time, she would forget about her one awful fear. . . .

### Gia's premonition

She learned about her mother's sickness on the telephone. Her latest picture was just about ready for national release and the studio had sent Gia to New York to help plug the picture. It was a Sunday afternoon—Mother's Day, 1957. Gia was at the NBC television studios where she'd just finished rehearsing with Steve Allen for an appearance on his show that night. Midway during the rehearsal she'd felt a strange chill run through her body and for a moment she'd closed her eyes and, even more strangely, she'd seen her mother, just her face—suddenly old and tired-looking, calling out for her.

Right after the rehearsal Gia phoned home. There was no answer. Half an hour later, she tried again. No answer. She kept trying, every half hour, then every fifteen minutes, then every ten.

It was about five minutes before the Allen show went on that night when Gia's mother answered.

"Mama," Gia shouted into the receiver, "is everything all right with you? Is there anything wrong?"

"No," Gia heard her mother answer, softly. "I am fine. Do not worry. I am fine."

Gia could hear right away that her mother sounded different, that her voice sounded husky and deep.

"You are sure, Mama?" Gia asked, worried. She knew that if her mother laughed now and said something funny—the way she would always do when Gia was unnecessarily worried, that then everything would be all right.

"Mama," Gia asked again, "you are *sure*?"

She waited for the laugh.

But it never came.

Instead a voice, almost a strange voice to her, tired and low and more-and-more weak sounding, said, "*Si, figlia*—yes, I am in very good health."

At that moment, the Allen show director rushed over to Gia and asked her to please hang up. The show was ready to begin and she was scheduled to go on in just a few minutes.

Confused, more worried than ever, Gia called out good-bye to her mother and nervously cradled the receiver back into the hook.

Then someone, a woman, came rushing over to her with a comb and began fixing up her hair. And someone else, a man, rushed over with a huge powder puff and swished it across her cheeks a few times. And then a third person, an assistant director, rushed over and took Gia by the arm.

"This way, Baby," he said, "you're on."

He didn't notice that anything was wrong with Gia as he led her to the stage and they waited there, together, for Allen —already on camera—to introduce her.

When, moments later, the introduction did come he let go her arm. "Okay, Baby," he said. Then he caught the dazed expression on her face. "Hey," he said, "you gotta smile for the people . . . you gotta smile."

With that, he nudged her onstage.

"*Gia Scala, ladies and gentlemen . . . Gia Scala,*" Steve Allen said as she walked toward the camera.

Then there was applause, lots of it.

Then, like the assistant director had told her, Gia tried to smile.

But as she tried, the tears began to come to her eyes. She knew that there were millions of people all over America watching her now, that she must forget about her mother and the sudden fear deep inside her, that she must not cry.

But she couldn't help it. And she cried, with all those people watching. And then she looked up at Steve Allen, whispered, "I am sorry," and turned and ran back into the wings. . . .

Mrs. Scoglio died a few months later. She had had cancer of the throat. She had discovered it the day after Gia left for New York and there had been an operation shortly after Gia returned. But it had not been a success. And now she was dead.

### Gia faces life

Gia did not cry much. Those months of sitting with her mother practically twenty-four hours a day, pretending that nothing was wrong, talking about the trip they would take to Italy when all was well, about the villa they would rent on the Mediterranean when the operation that would never heal had healed—this had taken all the cry out of Gia.

And to many of her friends in Hollywood, this was a good sign.

"She realizes that this is part of life," they said, in effect, "and that she's got to

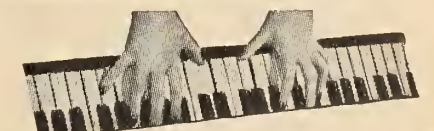


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forget her sorrow and live her own life now."

They were encouraged when she started going out a little again a month or so after the funeral. They were doubly encouraged when a month after that Gia kissed her sister Agatha good-bye as Agatha left for Europe, thanked her for coming to America during Mama's illness and staying with her these past few months and assured her that yes, yes, she would be all right now all alone, not to worry, that she would be all right.

Gia's friends were especially happy when, shortly after Agatha's departure, MGM gave her a part in a gay screwball comedy entitled *Tunnel of Love*, which co-starred Doris Day and Richard Widmark, two of Hollywood's nicest, most fun-loving people.

"This will be just the right thing for her," said these friends, in effect, "—this will make the cure complete."

To her friends, to the camera, to the crowds of eyes at Hollywood's nightclubs and fancy premières, Gia Scala was taking it all just fine.

But Gia's heart knew differently—the hidden heart that had been so broken during the past few months and that every day and every night continued to break into a thousand more yearning pieces, the heart that had for so long beat in time to another heart and that now, alone, was secretly ready to crumble completely. . . .

"It began to show late this spring," someone has said, "when Gia went to make the Jack Hawkins picture—*The Clock Without A Face*—in England. She was a lone wolf all during the shooting. Nobody ever saw her at night. And during the day she would sit in her dressing room when she wasn't working and sometimes she would lie back on her cot and hum some strange-sounding melody, or else she would wave her finger in the air, her eyes closed, as if she were drawing pictures. This would go on for hours and it was all very odd and, to tell the truth, when we weren't laughing about it we were all pretty worried."

Early this summer—right after the Hawkins picture—Gia went on location in Greece to begin a movie with Robert Mitchum.

The peculiar behavior continued.

**Nobody understands . . .**

"I took Gia out in Athens one night," a friend of hers has said. "Everything went fine at first. We stopped somewhere for cocktails—I remember Gia had more than a couple, something that was new with her. Then we went to dinner at one of those open-air places that looks up at the Parthenon. Midway through dinner I remembered that I had to make an important phone call. I got up, excused myself and said I'd be back in five minutes. I made it back in less than that. But when I got to the table, Gia was gone. She told me the next day that she was sorry, but that she'd had a sudden desire to go walking through the streets—alone. 'I know you understand,' she said. I told her no, I didn't understand. She said she was sorry again, and then as she walked away, very slowly, she said, very softly, 'How nobody understands anymore. How nobody understands. . . .'"

It was a month later—Tuesday morning, August 5, 1958, back in London again, when Gia's mind went suddenly wild.

She was living with her father, in his London apartment. She'd gone out to dinner with a date at six o'clock the night before. She'd drunk a little all through the evening, and now it was 2:30 a.m. and she arrived back at the apartment.

According to neighbors, Mr. Scoglio was up waiting for Gia. He'd asked her to be home at one, he told her, and here it was an hour and a half later. Why, he wanted to know.

Gia told him that it was none of his business why.

Mr. Scoglio insisted that she explain her lateness—and promise never to be so late again.

"No," Gia repeated, over and over again, "no . . . no . . . no . . . no!!"

And then suddenly she began to cry and scream.

"If Mama were here," she sobbed. "If my mama, my mama, if she were here."

And then Gia rushed out of the apartment, slamming the door behind her.

Back on the street again, she hailed a cab.

"The water," Gia said, when she got inside.

"Where was that?" the cab driver asked her.

"The bridge," Gia said.


GIVE




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"London Bridge . . . Waterloo Bridge?" the cabdriver asked, slightly amused.

"Yes, Waterloo Bridge," Gia said.

When they got to the bridge and had started to cross it, Gia asked the cabdriver to stop.

"Right here on Waterloo Bridge?" he asked, not so amused now, not after he'd sat listening to his passenger sob and moan the way she had all during the ride, "—and at this time o' night, Miss?"

"I asked to please stop," Gia said.

"All right, Miss," said the cabdriver, shrugging. And he stopped.

Gia paid him and got out.

"Have a nice walk, Miss," the cabdriver called out as she did.

But Gia didn't answer. Instead, after a pause, she walked toward the bridge railing and clutched it and stared down at the black water below.

"Miss," she half heard the cabdriver call out behind her as she looked down.

"*Cosa?*" she asked in Italian, suddenly. "What?"

"Miss," the voice called out again.

"*Cosa—*" Gia started to repeat. And then she remembered that other time, that other railing, that other water, the boat pulling out from Naples, her mother standing on the dock waving her big white handkerchief, that other time, that other terrible time.

And she screamed now. And as she did she began to push herself over the railing.

"Miss!" the voice called out once again, behind her, much closer behind her this time.

And then she could feel the man's hands grab at her legs, trying to pull her back.

"*Lasciami,*" Gia cried. "Let me go."

But the man continued to pull. And as he did he called out for a policeman now.

"*Lasciami,*" Gia cried again. "I want to do it. Let me do it. Let me die!"

By this time the policeman had arrived. He grabbed Gia by the shoulders.

"Easy, Lady—" he started to say.

But Gia swung her head around and bit one of his hands.

"I told you, please," she screamed, "I want to die, to die!"

**The rescue**

The cop whispered something to the cab driver. "One," he called out then, "two . . . three."

And on three both men pulled back with all their might. And this time they managed to get Gia off the railing.

She was still screaming, and kicking, as they dragged her back to the cab.

And she continued kicking, screaming, when they got her to the police station a little while later where a doctor tied her down onto a long, white slab and slowly administered a sedative. . . .

It was a few hours later when Mr. Scoglio showed up at the station house. He'd been worried about Gia and he'd phoned the police and one sergeant had told him they had a girl in tow who refused to give her name but who answered Gia's description.

"I suggest you come right down," the sergeant had said.

And now Mr. Scoglio was there, ready to be led into the room where the girl lay.

The room was very quiet. Gia lay on the bed, the straps off her body now. A police-nurse stood next to her.

"My daughter," Mr. Scoglio said, approaching the bed.

Gia turned to look at him. Her eyes were very large and glassy.

"I am sorry for the argument we had," the man said, his voice shattered, stunned.

Gia nodded.

But she turned her face away from her father just a little.

"My daughter," Mr. Scoglio said again. And this time he laid his hand on Gia's.

For a long time the room remained quiet and neither of them talked.

Then Mr. Scoglio spoke again.

"Gia," he said, "your mother, Mama, my wife, your mother . . . she is gone, Gia. In a way she will always be with us. But in another way she is gone and she will never be back again. . . Do you understand, Gia? Do you understand?"

He waited for her to nod again.

But she didn't.

Instead she closed her eyes now and she whispered, "I want to die. I want to die."

Still clutching her hand, Mr. Scoglio got down on his knees alongside the slab to pray, to pray that someday soon his daughter *would* understand.

We at MODERN SCREEN—along with Gia's sister Agatha, with her friends, with all Hollywood—join him in that prayer.

**END**

*Watch for Gia in Columbia's* THE CLOCK WITHOUT A FACE, *and in U-I's* RIDE A CROOKED TRAIL

# why I walked out on ricky nelson

(*Continued from page 42*) believe it. But there—I had said it. I had done it.

*I was walking out on Ricky Nelson.*

I was walking out on the boy millions of girls adored. Walking out on the boy I had gone steady with for almost six months—the boy who meant more to me than anybody else I'd ever known.

To teenagers all over the country who've envied the girls Ricky has dated, this may seem incredible. But let me tell you my story, and I think you'll understand why I acted as I did.

My decision to leave Ricky happened only a few months ago, and I'm just beginning to get over the heartache of that moment.

Before that, it had been sheer heaven to be Ricky Nelson's girlfriend.

When I first came to Hollywood from Chicago—a little over a year ago—I had expected to do some TV and movie roles. That was part of my prize for being a beauty contest winner, "Miss Illinois." I never thought the trip would bring me a romance with a tall, handsome boy who had amazingly clear blue eyes, a lovable crooked smile and the kind of easy-going charm that made him the idol of millions of other girls my age.

**How we met**

I had done a reading for Ozzie Nelson, and he told me he'd give me a part in one of the Nelson shows. On this particular day, however, I was playing Ronnie Burns' girl friend on *The George Burns and Gracie Allen Show* when the prop man came up to me and said, "There's a young fellow watching you. He wants to meet you."

He pointed at a tall, lean fellow wearing trim levis and a red shirt, standing in the corner. My heart leaped. It was Ricky Nelson. Like so many other girls, I'd had a crush on him from having seen him on TV.

He ambled over to me and smiled in that shy way of his. "Hi," he said. "I'm Ricky Nelson. Dad tells me you're going to be on our show."

He looked at me somewhat appraisingly and then said, "Wow! Dad does have good taste."

We laughed, and that broke the ice.

"If you need anyone to cue you on your lines, I'll help you."

Naturally, I decided then and there that I'd need help.

We made a date for that evening, and when I walked into the Studio Club, where I lived, I was floating on Cloud Nine. I told the girls who I was dating that night and when Ricky called for me, they were all sitting around in the lobby waiting to see him.

I was flattered as I sailed off with him. How could I possibly realize what this open adoration of the boy I was dating would do to my romance?

It was an exciting evening for me, even though all we did was go to see an Elvis Presley movie, and later have hamburgers and Cokes at a drive-in. Just being with him was excitement enough. Sitting close to him, listening to the car radio pouring out popular rock 'n' roll tunes was enough. Suddenly, the disc jockey announced that he would play Ricky's new record, *A Teenager's Romance.*

The record had started out as a smash, and I thought Ricky would be puffing with pride. But I was surprised to see him slump in his seat while a look of anxiety clouded his handsome face as his recording began. When it was over I said, "Ricky, I love the way you sang that. It'll be a great hit."

He looked at me doubtfully. Honestly, you'd never have thought he was a big rave the way he said, "Do you really like it? I thought there were parts where I didn't come off quite right."

And this was the boy I thought might be too conceited to be with!

He kissed me tenderly when he brought me back to the Club, and we made a date for the next night. But this time I didn't tell the other girls!

We got along beautifully, and soon our dates became an almost every night thing.

I felt that I was falling for him, and it always made me feel good when I could see signs that he liked me, too. He knew I was an Elvis Presley fan, and one night, when Elvis was in Hollywood, he took me to a party Elvis was giving. Later, when we left the party, Ricky asked, "What did you think of him?"

"He's nice—but he can't compare with you."

Rick's face lit up. "Gosh, do you mean that? I'm glad."

**"Boy, are you lucky!"**

Some dates, like Elvis' party, were glamorous, but mostly we dated like any other teenagers. Ricky really likes the same things all teenagers like.

One night he called and said, "Wear your oldest clothes tonight. I'm going to take you for a ride on my motorcycle."

He pulled up in his flashy motorcycle. Even dressed in levis and floppy old sweat shirt, he looked terrific. I sat behind him, holding him tight, and we whizzed off. Ricky's crazy about his motorcycle, and many nights our dates consisted of shooting along the highway—usually to the beach—laughing and singing at the top of our lungs.

Even though it was becoming harder and harder for him to be seen in public without being mobbed, he still insisted upon racing along in his motorcycle, me hanging on for dear life behind him. As we sped along, girls in cars would notice him and stick their heads out, screaming wildly. Once, a girl in a car, seeing me clinging to Ricky, called out to me, "Boy, are you lucky!"

I felt that I *was*, too, for Ricky is the most tender boyfriend a girl can have. You girls who adore Ricky from a distance have no idea how wonderful he is as a boyfriend for real. He used to make me feel that I was the only girl in the world. He has that way about him. The way he'd look at me with his intense blue eyes, the way he'd hold my hand, the way he'd smile slowly but intimately and say, "You're out of this world"—just to be with him sent thrills through me.

He shows his thoughtfulness not so much by what he says but by what he does.

I had to go home to Chicago for a few weeks to see my parents. Ricky was going to leave shortly after I did for a couple of weeks' personal appearances at the State Fairs in the Midwest.

The night before I was to leave, I was with Ricky and feeling pretty blue. Ricky noticed this.

"What's the matter, Marianne?" he asked. I told him I felt down in the dumps because we wouldn't be seeing each other for several weeks. "And I just dread that long plane trip home all by myself," I blurted out.

The next morning at six, as I was getting ready to call a cab to take me to the airport, who did I see outside the Studio Club, in his smart blue convertible, but Ricky! I flew to him.

"Ricky! How wonderful!"

Again that warm, shy smile that I adore lit up his face.




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# LESLIE CARON'S TRES-NAUGHTY BALL

*Les gripes!*

That's what pretty, normally-placid Leslie Caron has—a great big batch of gripes about stories she's been reading about herself through the years.

Always—in fact, *toujours*—the French actress-dancer says, she has had to sit and squirm as she reads about the awful, lonely, sheltered and terribly shy childhood she spent in Paris during the war. According to Leslie—this just ain't so. And she thinks it's high time the record is set straight.

True, yes, is the fact that between the ages of fourteen and sixteen she became a self-styled recluse, preferring to devote all her time and energy to the study of ballet—"a very good outlet at that age, by the way," she says, "for disposing of excess time and energy."

But, Leslie insists, life before that was one big normal, rowdy and *très*-naughty ball.

"I had two best friends, twin sisters with long Italian names and the exact same Italian face," she says. Blushing a little, she adds, "We were together all the time."

"And ooh, la, la—the things we used to do!"

One of those things was to annoy shopkeepers.

First the girls would spend a couple of hours studying up on some useless phrases in Old French—the ancient, unintelligible great-grandma of the French that is spoken now.

Then they'd find a store that would be just right for playing this particular game, walk in, corner the shopkeeper and begin to confuse the apron off him with their strange talk.

Finally, switching to sign language, they'd point to an out-of-reach item in the store—preferably to one way up there on the top shelf, *s'il-vous-plait*, wait for the poor guy to fetch it for them, examine it carefully and critically, thank him—in their best Old French, of course—and run out of the store, giggling.

Then, Leslie remembers, there were those hours she and the twins would spend on the phone.

Calling other girl friends?

No, not at all.

Something much more exciting.

"We would take turns," Leslie says, "dialing any number we could think of and see who would answer. Then we would make up all kinds of stories about who we were. Usually, we were in a great deal of trouble, we said, and needed their advice.

"Those who didn't hang up, in fact, were very anxious to help.

"I remember the best call I ever made. The man who answered the phone was a doctor. It suddenly came upon me to make my voice sound very old and sobbing.

I told the doctor that I had a terrible problem, that I had a dim-witted son who was causing me no end of trouble and sorrow and was there anything I could do to help this son from a life of tragedy.

"The good doctor believed me. 'My poor woman—' he said, and then spent fifteen minutes asking me very serious questions about the young man and ended up making an appointment for us to come and see him.

"Of course, we didn't go. I was only eleven years old at the time and very mischievous. And, then too, I didn't yet have a son."

But today, Leslie does have a son—her first baby—a healthy, happy bundle of a boy born to her and her husband, director Peter Hall, in March, 1957.

Just for the record: his first baby trick was to make his parents play with him every night at midnight.

And he's not the least bit shy about asking, either.

He takes after his *maman*. . . .

*Watch for Leslie in M-G-M's* GIA.

"Hop in, Marianne," he said. "I've got to make Chicago, too, for my tour. It just meant a little juggling, but I can make the same plane to Chicago as you."

The plane trip, instead of being lonely, was like taking a trip to heaven.

**Ricky meets my folks**

My mother and father were to meet me at the airport, and I thought it would be a quiet homecoming. But when Ricky and I got off the plane, I discovered other people there, too. Word had gotten out that Ricky was on the plane, and a mob of about four hundred girls were screaming for him. Also, newspaper photographers and reporters. It was thrilling, all right, to be with the boy all the other girls adored. Little did I realize, as we pushed our way through the crowd, that this was the first indication that I'd have to share my boy friend with the world. I was too happy to know or care.

Ricky had to take off that night, but he told me he'd stop off again in Chicago, on his way back to Hollywood, and we'd be able to get together then.

I was elated the day he was due to come through Chicago again. He managed to have eight hours in Chicago. "And," he told me on the long-distance phone, "I'm going to spend them all with you."

Mixed with my joy was a rather uneasy feeling. Ricky would be seeing me in my home for the first time, and would really have a chance to know my parents as they are. My father is a mailman, and my mother a wonderful, homey type of woman. Ricky's parents, the famed Ozzie and Harriet, are glamorous, wealthy show people.

How would they get along? I needn't have worried. From the moment he stepped into our house he was very friendly, like any young guy coming to take out a girl. My parents took him to their hearts. My father even said, later, "Marianne, that's a fine young man."

Although I didn't let anyone know Ricky was coming over, it seemed that everyone in the neighborhood was hanging around my house that night, knocking on the door and asking to be let in to see Ricky. It was a wonderful feeling to know that the fellow I was dating was so popular, but I secretly wished that I could have him to myself instead of sharing him with everyone around.

We sneaked off to a little restaurant and managed to be alone for dinner. I had promised his manager I'd get him back to the plane by 8:00 p.m.

We hated to leave each other, and when we got to the airport Ricky had only minutes in which to make his plane. He started off, then wheeled around and ran back to me.

"Here," he said, putting a small object in my hand. "This is for you." Then he hurried off. It was only after the plane was only a faraway speck that I looked at the gift he had handed me. It was the ring Ricky had always worn—a heavy gold ring with his initials on it. I turned the ring over and looked inside. There was an inscription: *To Marianne, love Rick.*

The ring swam on me, but I wanted to wear it just as Ricky had intended that I should. That evening, I put gobs and gobs of tape around it until the ring fit my finger.

**Registered Nurse**

When I returned to California a week later, my joy at the prospect of seeing Ricky turned to disappointment when I discovered that Ricky wasn't there to meet me as he had promised. His pal, Joe Byrnes, came up to me instead. "Ricky got tied up at a rehearsal. He asked me to fill in for him."

Again—the hint of the heartaches and disappointments that were to come with dating a boy who was fast becoming an idol.

But I forgot my disappointment when I saw Ricky later that evening. We had dinner at the Nelson home, and everything seemed as it was before.

I wore Ricky's ring proudly. Ricky was sentimental when he was with me. But we'd both hide our feelings by kidding when we were with friends. Once, a friend asked, "Say, what's that *R.N.* on the ring stand for?"

"Oh," said Ricky, looking solemn, "that's for Registered Nurse."

We had lots of laughs when Ricky would call me his Registered Nurse, but we also had many long talks that were getting more and more serious. One evening we talked about what we wanted out of life and love and marriage.

Ricky looked thoughtful and said, "I'd like to get married, but not for another five or six years. I've got my career to think of now. I couldn't possibly think of marriage, while my career is building. I owe too much to my fans. . . ."

He went on to tell me the kind of girl he'd like to marry—a girl like his mother, understanding as well as beautiful, a woman who loved sports, as Mrs. Nelson did, and had many interests as well as raising children and running a home.

He was a little wistful as he added, "And I'd want to be sure the girl would like me for myself, not because I'm Ricky Nelson."

He knew that I liked him for himself, and not because he was Ricky Nelson, the favorite of teenagers all over the country.

In fact it was *because* he was fast becoming such a national favorite and belonged to a multitude of girls that finally led me to my heartbreaking decision to leave him.

By this time, I had moved out of the Studio Club and was living in the girls' dorm at the University of Southern California where I had enrolled in several courses. When the other girls there learned that I was dating Ricky they hung around me asking all about him.

It was flattering, sure, but more and more, the open adoration of the other girls began to make me tense and uneasy.

Once, when Ricky was making a stage appearance in a downtown theater, I was standing in the wings watching him. Suddenly, a teenage girl appeared. She had somehow sneaked backstage and was watching him with worshipful eyes. "Oh, I think he's wonderful—simply wonderful," she sighed.

Then looking at me she said, "You must be his girl. How I'd love to change places with you."

She spotted the bulky, gold ring with the initials.

"Ooooh," she said, "that's Ricky's ring. May I touch it—please?"

I let her touch it, and as she passed her finger over his ring there was a look of sheer ecstasy on her face.

Flattering? Yes. But a friendship ring from a boy to a girl should be something private, and here was this girl getting the same thrill over it as I did. . . .

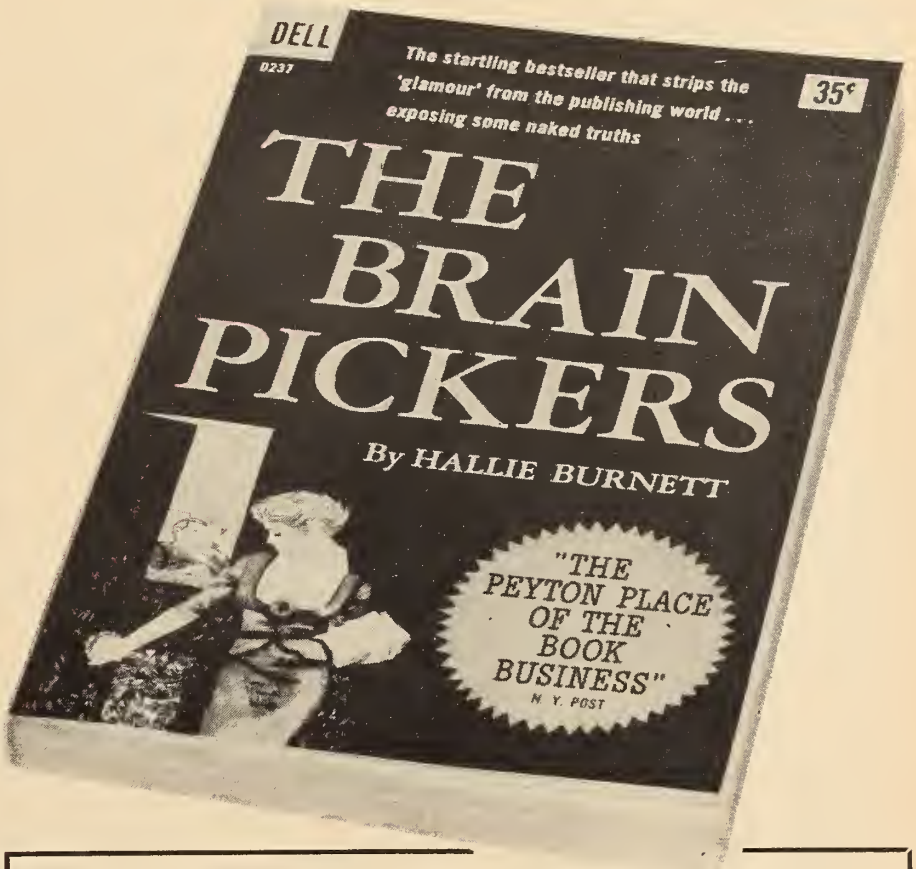
### More and more girls

I had mixed emotions, too, when I was with him at the State Fair in Long Beach. I rode with Ricky to Long Beach. But as soon as we arrived at the auditorium I lost him. A crowd of screaming girls fell on him, and I was pushed aside. Later, a beautiful girl in a white bouffant formal, who was Queen of the Fair, was escorted to Ricky and she presented him with roses. Ricky flashed his warm smile at her and said, "Gosh, you look pretty."

Was I beginning to feel jealous?!


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As Ricky became more and more involved with his fast-zooming career, I began to feel more and more left out.

One Sunday, we spent the day at Laguna Beach where his family has a house. We lolled on the beach all afternoon, but Ricky barely spoke. I was miserable.

On the drive home he was silent.

"What's the matter, Ricky?" I asked. "Are you mad at me?"

He looked surprised. "Of course not. What made you think that?"

"You hardly spoke to me all day. Were you thinking of someone else?"

"I was thinking—but not of someone else. I've been thinking of the lines I have to learn for tomorrow's show, and of the personal appearances I have to prepare for and so many things that are beginning to pop. I used to work only with my family. Now I'm on my own. I wonder if I'm good enough."

I began to feel the stabs of doubt, too—doubt that my continuing to see Ricky would end in happiness for me.

It all came to a head when I returned after visiting my folks in Chicago for the Christmas holidays. While I'd been away, all I thought of was Ricky. But one morning, while I was at my parents' house, I read the movie column in the newspaper and I was stunned. It said that Ricky had been taking out one of the girls on the Nelson show, Lorrie Collins. That was all, but it was enough to send me to my room in tears.

I couldn't wait till I got back to Hollywood and Ricky. He was at the airport waiting for me. I started to run to him, but before we reached each other, a crowd of girls swarmed around him and he was busy signing autographs. . . .

We were alone at last in his car. We sat close, but there was something different now. Ricky was quiet; I was upset. All I could think of was the other girl. I never realized I would be so hurt if anyone else came into the picture.

Ricky must have guessed how I felt. He said, "Is anything bothering you?"

"I read that you were going with another girl—Lorrie Collins. Are you dating her?" Then, before he could answer, I blurted out, "Are you in love with her?"

Ricky was quiet for a moment. Then he said, "I'm not in love with any girl now. I can't afford to fall in love."

Then he went on to tell me that his advisers had told him he shouldn't tie himself up with any one girl, that it might damage his popularity if he went steady or got married. He wouldn't let himself fall in love. He just couldn't.

What he said made sense, but I still felt hurt and bewildered. I may have been a seventeen-year-old—but when it comes to love, even a teenage girl can have the emotions of a woman.

As we said good-night Ricky said, "Why can't we still see each other? All this—about Lorrie and any other girl I see or take out—shouldn't make any difference. We can't get serious about each other anyway."

We made a date for the next night, and I ran inside the house.

Overnight, I had a chance to think. I could barely sleep. The joy I had known when I first began to go with Ricky had now turned to torment. I looked back and recalled how I'd felt when the Long Beach Queen had presented Ricky with the roses . . . the tinge of jealousy inside me when I saw him look at her admiringly . . . how I began to feel when I saw crowds of girls clamoring around him . . . particularly, how I'd felt when I read that he was dating Lorrie Collins and the thought that he would be dating other girls, too. And yet, why should I care? Ricky wasn't ready to go with one girl or to think of marriage. He'd told me that himself.

It was late at night as these thoughts tumbled around me. In the darkness I seemed to think more clearly. Suddenly, all my jumbled thoughts clarified into one: if I couldn't be the only girl in his life I couldn't be in his life at all. I loved Ricky too much to want to share him—either with the world or with another girl. My mind was made up.

We went for a long drive the next night. Ricky's handsome profile was etched in the moonlight. I sat beside him and felt myself trembling.

"I can't see you any more, Rick," I said.

"Why not? That's foolish."

"It isn't, Ricky. I have to think of myself now. I haven't felt the same since I learned you were seeing Lorrie. It isn't your fault. It isn't anyone's fault. But I just can't go on this way any longer. I guess love is a different thing to a girl than it is to a boy. I can't take this any more. I hardly slept a wink last night. I don't want to have any more sleepless nights, wondering who you're seeing or what other girls you're dating. That's the way I am about you, I guess. This is going to have to be the end."

I wanted to give him back his ring. But Ricky wouldn't take it.

We talked some more, and that night we said good-night—for the last time. . . .

The other day I saw Ricky. He was driving along Hollywood Boulevard, and so was I. We found ourselves in lanes next to each other. He had on the same red shirt he wore the first day I'd met him—I felt a little funny. He waved and started to say something. Suddenly, the light turned green and we had to drive on. We lost each other in the heavy traffic.

I'm beginning to go out with other boys now. Although I don't compare them with Ricky all the time, the way I used at the beginning, I still think of Ricky a lot. Sometimes, when I think of him, the old pang returns, and I wonder if I did the right thing by walking out of his life.

I hope it was the right thing—it was the only thing I could do. . . . **END**

*Ricky can soon be seen in* RIO BRAVO *for Warners.*

## why nick and I are afraid to marry

(*Continued from page 41*) fresh and brash and quite a character.

He was doing a *Richard Diamond, Private Detective* show on the same lot where I am filming *The Real McCoys.* Richard Whorf was directing his film, and as usual when I have time and there is a fine director on the lot, I go over to watch him work.

When Nick and I were introduced, he played it cool, acting the part of a man-about-town. I couldn't blame him. My McCoy outfit—cotton dress, high buttoned shoes, and my hair long and stringy—is hardly designed to get me a glamour award. But his attitude burned me up anyway.

"So this is the great Nick Adams," I told Tony Martinez, a regular in *The Real McCoys.* "Who does he think he is?"

"Nick Adams," Tony grinned.

Three months went by before we met again, when Nick was making another telefilm. This time I happened to be all dressed up in a sheath dress, high heel shoes, with my hair nicely combed, and my face made up.

Nick's eyes lit up. "Haven't we met?" he burst out when I walked on the set.

This time I played it cool. "Could be—"

He choked a little. Obviously he didn't like my answer!

When I watched him work that afternoon, my opinion of him made a complete about-face. I've been in this business long enough to realize that he is a truly fine, dedicated, extremely capable actor. All the clowning stopped the moment he stepped before the camera. I was impressed.

But he slipped back into his old attitude when he walked over to me after the scene. "You must be a fine actress," he grinned.

I didn't know what to make of it. And it showed.

"Only a great actress could get away wearing an outfit like you do in *The Real McCoys.* . . ."

I loved his sense of humor, and I liked something else. So many people in this town look anywhere but in your face when they talk to you. Nick looks straight at you. But I still played it cool. . . .

Apparently that didn't discourage him. Because the next afternoon I got a call from him in the middle of rehearsal.

### First date

"How would you like to go to the Ice Capades with me tonight?" he asked self-assuredly.

"Who is this?" I came back.

There was a moment's silence. "Why—this is Nick. . . ."

"Nick . . . *Who?*"

I knew very well Nick Who but I couldn't resist having a little fun.

"Nick Scheckenbrot," he mumbled. "Now how about the Ice Capades tonight?"

"Do you think you can call a girl you never dated at two in the afternoon and expect her to go out with you the same night?" I cried out.

Tony Martinez happened to be standing next to me while this was going on. "What do you have to lose?" he urged.

"A perfectly good evening," I whispered as I held my hand over the receiver. But curiosity won me over. I had to see what Nick was like.

"All right," I told him. "I'll go."

Usually when a date picks me up, I'm ready for him. I really have no choice since I live in a one-room apartment, with no place to change. But we worked late that day and Nick was on time. When I opened the door I'd just slipped on my dress, but I had a towel wrapped around my hair and no make-up on. I didn't look much improved from a McCoy.

Nick seemed startled. In fact he was speechless.

"You might as well see me at my worst!" I exclaimed. "Sit down on the couch while I get ready . . ." and I turned to go to the bathroom to fix my hair and put on make-up.

"Don't!" Nick called out before I had taken more than a couple of steps.

"Don't what?"

"Don't put on make-up. I like you this way. . . ."

So I just put on lipstick while Nick even insisted I fix my hair in the living room, so he could watch me.

Nick is a different kind of person when you're alone with him, with no one else around for whom he feels obliged to play a scene. He is nice, quiet—and very sincere. Sure, once in a while he starts acting up but all I have to say is "Slow down, boy . . . slow down . . ." and he'll grin and cut out the act.

When we arrived at the Pan Pacific, we ran into a number of people he or I or both of us knew. To my surprise, Nick kept telling every one about my show and how well I was doing. He never mentioned *No Time For Sergeants*, the film he had just completed, and in which—I later found out—he gave one of the most delightful performances I have ever seen on the screen. This was another tendency I hadn't expected—but which I liked. It's most unusual for an actor. . . .

After the Ice Capades we went to the La Scala restaurant for a bite to eat and with it set a precedent we've stuck to ever since whenever we're both in town. Every Wednesday night we have dinner there to celebrate another 'weeklyversary.'

Sometimes it takes weeks and months to get to know a person. Occasionally you can see someone for years, and still don't know him. I felt I knew Nick after our first date. And what I saw I liked.

The first thing that intrigued me was a certain helplessness on his part which is in stark contrast to the self-assurance he pretends to have when he is with a group of people. Nick needs to be reassured, be taken care of, looked after. He's the first person who brought out the mother instinct in me!

He asks for my opinion on clothes, and I give it to him. I remind him to eat properly and discard some of the foolish health-diet fads he's been trying. I remind him to send out his laundry and dry cleaning. He is a very sensitive person, who constantly worries whether or not people like him—which is one of the reasons he is 'on' so much of the time. I try to assure him that he's got enough to offer to be able to be himself.

At the same time, Nick can be very manly, very strong, very determined.

I found that out when I went through some difficulties with my agent. Nick insisted on driving me to his office and then stayed in the car while I discussed my problems upstairs. Knowing he was there helped. But later, when something had to be ironed out, Nick took it upon himself to come with me and speak in my behalf. And he made his point—to my advantage.

Nick has another tendency I like. He is a sentimentalist. Unlike a lot of men, he's not ashamed to show it.

A few days after we first met, we were invited on a publicity junket to Palmdale. We were eating supper that night at a huge banquet table, with about thirty other people, all chattering away.

I don't know why I hadn't noticed the I-D bracelet he was wearing before, but when I did, I became curious about it. "It's from Natalie and R.J.," he told me. "It means more to me than anything I have. . . ."

**Some special gifts**

He hesitated a moment, then slipped it off and put it on my wrist. I had a hard time holding back my tears.

A few days later, while celebrating another weeklyversary, he studied the tiny antique cross I was wearing on a simple gold chain around my neck. It was given to me by a close friend a long, long time ago, and I was attached to it as much as Nick had been to his bracelet.

"I would like to have it," he said simply. I knew what he meant. It wasn't the value of it. He wanted it because of what it meant to me, and what it would mean to him if I gave it to him. He now has it.

What he didn't know was that I had something else in mind for him—a serpent ring with two rubies in it, a gift given to me when I was fifteen years old—and probably my most valuable possession. Trouble is, the night I wanted him to have it, I got so angry at Nick that I almost changed my mind. . . .

I had looked forward to an evening with him alone, eating dinner by candlelight in a small restaurant on Sunset Boulevard, and then just before we left, I'd give it to him. It didn't quite work out that way.

When he picked me up he announced, "We're meeting Natalie and Bob at Romanoff's."

Seeing my cross expression, he wanted to know, "What's the matter with Romanoff's?"

"Nothing!"

"Then why are you mad at me?"

"Because you could have checked with me before making any plans!"

We went, we had a good time, and I did give him the ring when we were alone again. He was so sweet when he thanked me. I couldn't have remained angry. . . .

And the following week I got my wedding ring. . . .

I was doubly touched by Nicky's gift because as far as I know, he has never bought anything on his own before. Even for the tiniest gift he would take someone else along to get an opinion. On the slightest doubt he'd exchange it. This time he knew just what he wanted—without any one's help. . . .

All day long I knew he was up to something because of the big production he made about it. He had taken me to his publicist's office—and left me there while he had 'something to do.' Since my car was at home, I had to wait.

The day had started badly for me, with a number of career problems that I couldn't get off my mind. I tried to hide them when Nick came back, all smiles.

"You know what day this is, don't you?" he grinned as we took off.

"Sure," I acknowledged. "Our weeklyversary. Are we going to La Scala?"

"You bet. . . ."

There was a mysterious silence before he blurted out, "Wouldn't you like a little more security than you have now. . . ?"

"What girl wouldn't!"

But somehow I switched back into my distressed mood till Nick snapped me out of it a second time. "I'll have something for you tonight that'll make you feel better. . . ." he promised.

**The gift I couldn't accept**

We stopped at the Spellings'—Aaron Spelling and Carolyn Jones—before we headed to La Scala. I could tell by the way Nick pulled Aaron aside and whispered to him that he got something off his mind that obviously concerned me. But he didn't speak loud enough for me to hear, and I tried to listen!

The usually long dinner stretched into an eternity with Nick ordering everything from antipasto to spumoni and wine for every dish. At last he asked me to close my eyes and give him my left hand. Then he pushed what felt like a much-too-large ring on my finger.

When I opened my eyes I saw it was a wedding band, with five sparkling diamonds mounted on it. "It's beautiful," I cried out, and hugged him.

"You like it?"

"Like it? *I love it!* . . . But I can't accept that!"

"Why not?"

"It's a wedding ring!"

"A *wedding* ring?" Nick gasped.

I nodded. Later I found out that he really didn't know what it was when he had purchased it. I think I knew what he *meant* it to be, though, and I knew what was going on in his mind—as any girl knows what's going on in her fellow's mind, under those circumstances.

Nick wanted to get married—and he also didn't want to. He wanted me to have a ring, but he was scared to be tied down.

"For the time being, let's call it a friendship ring," I suggested.


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# "NO HABLA ESPAGÑOL VERY GOOD"

She was dressed in a very sophisticated outfit. the young and very chic Mrs. Robert Wagner, looking as though she had stepped from the pages of a fashion magazine. Natalie Wood, once a gay pixie, was now the picture of sophistication.

Carl Schaefer, head of Warner Brothers' Foreign Department, approached her with a black-haired, black-eyed stranger as she sat alone in the Green Room. Carl had introduced Natalie to a succession of these dark-haired, dark-eyed strangers who were invariably VIP's from the various Latin countries where Warners did business—statesmen, studio magnates, exhibitors.

"Natalie, here is an old friend of yours," said Carl.

Natalie extended her hand with friendly warmth. "*Como ha estado, Señor?*" she said, probing her memory all the while. Was this the Consul from Equador? Or perhaps a theatre owner from Barcelona?

The man smiled and took her hand—although a faintly puzzled expression crossed his face. "*Si, si, muchas gracias,*" he said.

So things were going fine! Natalie had progressed a long way since she first began the study of Spanish in order to sound convincing in her role of the young señorita in *The Burning Hills* with Tab Hunter. She had pursued her study with genuine interest, even after the picture was over, because one of her dreams is to go to Spain one day to make a picture. Everything Spanish has always fascinated Natalie.

So, preparing for the day when she will at last visit Spain, Natalie has made it a practice to converse in Spanish with every Latin she meets.

"*Favor de sentarse,*" she said. now. Carl nodded toward a chair, and the young man sat down.

"*Muchas gracias, señorita,*" he mumbled. "*Mucho gusto en verle,*" Natalie said. "*Si, si, muchas gracias,*" said he. "*Por nada,*" she replied.

The young man knit his dark brow. "Well, *hasta la vista,* and *muchas gracias,*" he said. And he added something in Spanish that might have meant most anything. It might have meant, "You are very beautiful."

But it didn't mean anything at all. It was strictly fractured Spanish, all the young man could remember from the ninth grade.

"What part of Spain are you from?" Natalie asked him—in English now.

"Me? I'm Andy Green from Brooklyn. Don't you remember? I met you at Schroon Lake when you were up there for *Marjorie Morningstar.*"

His face brightened. "That's a good idea. You can wear it on a chain around your neck . . ." He hesitated . . . "And when you get married, you can use it as a wedding ring. . . ."

It was serious, and it wasn't. We talked about it that night, and we've discussed it since then. I think we both feel pretty much the same way:

We love each other. We would love to be married to each other. But we're afraid, too. Marriage, difficult under the best of circumstances, is much more difficult in our position. We know the demands on us—the tensions, the frustrations, the ups and downs. Neither of us considers marriage on a trial-and-error basis, something to be rushed into and if it doesn't work out—who cares? We are serious, we want to get married only once, we want to have children. And so we have to be sure. . . .

Actually, we are opposites in more ways than we are alike. But this does not frighten us from getting married. It's these differences that make being together more fun.

Recently, we were on a publicity trip to Riverside, California. Shortly after lunch, a photographer had asked Nick and me to pose by the pool. As we precariously balanced on the diving board, I suddenly felt a shove and went into the water, head first. My beautiful hairdo!

"It was an accident," Nick screeched when I came up for air.

"I bet it was!" I snapped angrily. I got out of the pool and went upstairs to fix up my hair as well as I could.

I was still annoyed when I came down again. No sooner had I gotten close to the pool when Nick pushed me in. "This time I meant it," he cried out.

I couldn't help laughing. I'd never met anyone quite like him!

I have a temper. Nick doesn't. I feel that theater is the backbone of acting; Nick thinks there's nothing like movies. Yet we both feel there is nothing duller than two people seeing eye to eye on everything—professionally and privately.

I must admit that in looking at marriage—even in general terms—Nick has the typical male attitude. He is far more frightened by it than I am! "Acting is so unpredictable," he confessed one night when he brought me home. "I'd be afraid to have kids and not be able to take care of them. . . ."

"Don't you think everyone feels that way?"

"I wouldn't know," he said discouraged. "I'm not every one . . . how do *you* feel about it?"

"I feel that there is Someone to look after all of us, all the time. . . ." Maybe I have a stronger religious belief than Nick has. I don't know. We've never talked about it, and he's never gone to church with me. But I guess most girls feel more strongly about it than fellows do. . . .

Curiously enough, usually I'm the one who is discouraged more easily, while Nick can rationalize things. Everything, it seems, but marriage.

In addition, I don't believe in engagements. I want to be married, or I want to be single. I don't like the in-between status. That's why Nick and I have agreed to call the rings we have given each other just friendship rings. Although the few other people we've dated since we met have been no more than friends, I want Nick to feel as free to date others—if he really wants to—as I am.

At this time, neither of us can tell for certain what will happen. But I am sure of two things: that Nick would make a wonderful husband; and that, wonderful though he is—I am still afraid to marry him now. . . . **END**

*You can see Nick in* NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS *for Warners.*

## my sister kim

(*Continued from page 44*) "Who's taking a rest?" my sister laughed. "We've been playing Prince Charming for the past hour and a half, haven't we, Billy?"

My son nodded enthusiastically. I don't know when he's had so much fun.

Kim's whole relationship to Billy shows how much different she is here than in Hollywood. He has seen very little of his aunt since he was born, yet he not only took an immediate liking to her but formed a deep and sincere affection as well. He follows her around the farm like a puppy dog—and she loves it. Needless to say it isn't because he is in awe of her position. At his age he doesn't have the slightest idea of what a movie star is.

His feelings are more than reciprocated by Kim. She took him for long walks in the snow, roasted marshmallows for him over the open fire, and once, when I suggested we play a game of canasta in the afternoon insisted, "Impossible. I'm too busy!"

"Busy . . . out here in the country?" I wondered out loud.

She smiled mischievously. "I have a date to play traffic. . . ."

The date was with Billy as the two of them set up a traffic court in the living room where they played with remote-control cars. And Kim didn't participate like an indifferent grown-up pacifying a child. Her imagination made the game as real to her as to Billy. . . .

In fact I am convinced this make-believe attitude is the key to her professional success. She doesn't study her parts like a student. She lives them. She always has.

### Kim's early drama

I can still see her as a twelve-year-old, when her girlfriend Francine came over to play house. The two of them got along splendidly till they disagreed on the number of rooms they were cleaning, or something like it. Each got more and more excited till Kim finally lost her temper. "If you don't like it, we don't have to play together any longer!"

"All right," Francine retorted, "I might as well go home. . . ."

Kim got up from the floor and dramatically pointed at the front closet. Then, in the best Shakespearean tradition, "There is your coat, Francine . . ." and as she turned a little, ". . . and there is the door!"

As usual, a few hours later she felt so sorry for her behavior that she walked all the way to Francine's house to apologize and ask her forgiveness. For the next two weeks she went out of her way to make up to her . . . till they had another argument and she threw her out of the house again just as dramatically! Fortunately they always made up quickly.

The biggest difference in the Hollywood Kim and the Chicago Marilyn is one of insecurity. She has always needed self-assurance, but never the amount she requires now.

I remember when she was in high school, and took a course in typing. At the outset she was about average—and that worried her. "I've got to be better. I just have to be perfect," she insisted whenever she came back from class, then sat up half the night practicing—till she became tops at it. Since she had no intention of becoming a secretary it shouldn't have mattered that much. But it did—which makes it easy to see why she has become so engrossed in her career. It means everything to her. And that includes every aspect of it, not just acting in front of the cameras.

Kim is not a vain person. Yet to an outsider she might have given just that impression at a première I attended with her during my latest trip out to California.

Although she looked radiantly beautiful when we got ready to leave the house, she was seriously worried when she turned to me. "Arlene, do I look all right . . .? I mean, really?"

"Of course you do," I assured her. "I've never seen you look more attractive. . . ."

I had to keep telling her this on our drive to the theater and practically throughout the evening as well. Not because she wanted compliments, but because she knew she was expected to be glamorous, and feared she might disappoint someone. Anyone.

I found this insecurity to be even more pronounced in her relationships with her Hollywood associates.

I have heard her described as haughty and distant, and having gotten big-headed by her success.

It isn't true. Honestly, it isn't. And I am not talking with the prejudice of a sister. Yet I can see why some people feel that way. Occasionally Kim is short-tempered, flares up, once in a while breaks into tears. But these outbursts only cover up her insecurity built up and expanded by the pressure and expectations of her phenomenal rise to stardom.

I was on the set a number of times when she appeared in *Pal Joey*. She was the only performer who had never danced before. All the others were professionals.

One day someone made a remark about Kim's being slow in catching on. Kim blew up. Yet she wasn't angry at the man—only at herself. She told me so at home that night, when no one else was around to hear her. And the next day she apologized to her surprised critic who had probably forgotten all about the incident. . . .

### How Kim draws the line

This attitude even holds true toward her friends and acquaintances. She always feels people are nice to her primarily because she is Kim Novak. As a result she has built a wall of isolation around her that few have been able to scale. To some degree this attitude was even apparent in her last visit with us, in Chicago.

We had open house and invited a lot of relatives and old friends we hadn't seen in a long time.

To my amazement, she was charming to some, rather aloof to others. I didn't know where she drew the line—till I asked her, after everyone had left. "That's simple," she replied sadly. "I could tell who came just because I'm in pictures and who was glad to see me, Marilyn, again."

"But how?" I gasped.

"Those who barely said hello to you and ignored the rest of the family were obviously impressed only by what I had done these past two years," she explained. "But the ones who were as attentive to you as to me, they were my friends. . . ."

To a certain extent, Kim's relationship to others has always consisted of a mixture of wanting to please, of striving to be liked, and a fear that she wasn't accepted for herself. Particularly where boys were concerned!

Once she passed the stage where she considered them pesty and a nuisance—mostly when they were still pulling her long pigtails—she grew into the awkward stage where she noticed them all right but began to feel uncomfortable with them because she was so tall for her age. Curiously enough, her quiet, introvert-like attitude made her much more popular than she realized. She was a good listener, agreeable, a wonderful sport. . . .

One day we went on a double date with two boys who invited us for dinner to Chinatown. Kim and I knew very well why they had picked the place. Not because they were fond of chow mein, but


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because the food was more reasonable than at any other restaurant in town.

When they picked us up, my date suggested we walk to Chinatown—a two-hour hike if we kept up a good pace. "We'd love to," Kim insisted before I had a chance to say anything.

She knew they had made the suggestion to save money. Just how broke they were became still more obvious when they offered to order for us, insisting they were well acquainted with all the specialties. Their choices were the cheapest items on the menu.

When Kim's date suggested we hike back again, I was ready to protest. I would have gladly paid the bus fare for all of us, but Kim—fearing they'd be embarrassed—agreed so enthusiastically that I had no choice but give in. After a four-hour walk that night both of us were so exhausted we couldn't get up till noon the next morning—luckily not a school day.

Kim had her first real big crush when she was fourteen, to an equally quiet, highly intelligent boy in her class. Theirs was never the typical high school romance with Cokes and dances, juke-boxes and moonlight rides. Instead they would sit on the front steps together in the evening and talk for hours, or write poems to each other. . . .

**The kind of wife she'll be**

With few exceptions, all her crushes since then seem to be with the same type of person. I think when she gets married she will pick a quiet, sensitive, intelligent man. . . .

And she will make a wonderful wife. First of all, she loves children, which is evident in her wonderful relationship with my boys, Billy and two-year-old Scott. The way she played with them, the care with which she selected their Christmas and birthday presents, the money she put into their bank accounts.

I can tell by the love for her own home, the joy she draws out of furnishing it, her pleasure in deciding on the color schemes, the dinner parties she hopes to give some day—by all her hopes and aspirations.

It is apparent by her interest in cooking—which is anything but conventional.

She never cooks from a recipe book. That would be dull! Instead she dreams up concoctions which must sound strange, to say the least.

This dates back to the time we were both little and played house together. Or rather, on Kim's urgings, restaurant.

Invariably she was the cook and waitress, while I ended up being the customer. When I tried to order she would never give me a menu. She simply described the specialty of the house.

In those days I used to giggle when she suggested salad dressing with cocoanut flakes, or steaks marinated in wine. But when she grew old enough to experiment in the kitchen, she fixed just that and many more dishes like it—and they tasted excellent! Her biggest weakness is still garlic, which goes into just about everything but the coffee. . . . I just hope that her husband-to-be is fond of strong seasoning.

His only real problem will be Kim's lack of punctuality. And this time I can't blame Hollywood for it! If anything, the necessity of being on the set at a certain time has tended to improve her.

When she was a teenager, her boyfriends who came over for dates would spend the best hours of their lives waiting for her. I especially recall one handsome young fellow—I think he went to Northwestern University—who came to pick her up for the first time. "It's nice to meet you," Mom greeted him. "Make yourself comfortable." Then she looked around for some magazines and finally handed him a whole batch. "I hope you like these. . . ."

He looked puzzled. "But I have a date with your daughter at seven!" he exclaimed. "Isn't she here?"

"Of course she is," Mom assured him. "She is getting ready. . . ."

He turned out to be one of the lucky ones. He had to wait only forty-five minutes! The next time he brought along his own book.

All considered, Kim has remained the same person in more ways than she has changed. She is as generous as ever, even if she now shows it more in material things than she used to. When she was little and wanted to do something special for me, she'd lay out my clothes on the bed before I went on a Saturday-night date. Today she gives me wonderful and expensive presents, like the leather coat and the single clear pearl beautifully mounted on a gold chain she brought me from California.

She is the same child about opening gifts that she used to be. From the moment she stepped into the house on her last visit she kept telling me she simply couldn't wait till Christmas morning to open her packages, and when she did, tore them open with all the enthusiasm of a six-year-old.

Physically, she is as brave as ever. I remember how we used to go skating together on the nearby pond. Because Kim had weak ankles, she fell more easily and more often than the rest of us. She never complained.

And she doesn't complain now when she is flying, even though her eardrums—punctured when she was little—bother her terribly when she has a cold. Yet she won't even comment on it, no matter how miserable she feels.

Unfortunately, she is still as easily hurt as she used to be. If there is even a slight misunderstanding during a dinner conversation, she will freeze, say nothing. And the heavy silence will continue till she has worked things out in her own mind. She just cannot overlook the problem.

Fortunately, she doesn't carry a grudge. As quickly as she gets into a mood she can throw it off again. Maybe that's why she is so successful on the screen. I don't know. I am not a professional. But sometimes I wish that for her own sake she were a little less imaginative, a little less successful, and a great deal happier. . . .

**END**

*You can see Kim in* BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE *for Columbia.*

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## natalie answers 28 questions

(*Continued from page 46*) you now have a butler at your house. Do you find it easy or difficult to have a servant? Does it take a little while to get used to it? (*Merelee Willson, San Francisco, Calif.*)

**Natalie:** No—it's wonderful! But we were lucky to find someone like David. He's an excellent cook, an efficient housekeeper and an interesting person.

**Fan:** How's your cooking? (*Lynn S., Montreal, Canada*)

**Natalie:** Great—when I'm out of the house. I cook only on the boat and love it. And if I may be permitted to be immodest, I think I'm doing very well. But I don't like to be domestic at home and since I don't have to be, I see no point in pretending to be anything I'm not.

**Fan:** Every time my husband comes home he starts talking about wanting to buy a boat with an outboard motor. "Look what fun Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner have with their boat." I know you have a great big one, but I wish you'd either convince me that Jim—that's my husband—is right, or admit you only pretend to have fun because Bob seems to like boating. C'mon. Give. . . . (*Carolyn Smith, San Diego, Calif.*)

**Natalie:** I love it. It's the greatest life in the world. And if I were you, I'd talk my husband into the boat. Believe me—romance on the high seas is the greatest! Look what it has done for me. . . And by the way, I've always been enthusiastic about it, even when R.J. still had the much smaller and much less comfortable twenty-six-foot boat, with the head in the bow where you had to back in to get there, and with few of the other conveniences we have now. They say that living on the water makes you feel ten years younger, and I believe it. (*Signed, Your childbride, N. W.*)

**Fan:** My boyfriend says you and most actresses are stuck-up and he wouldn't go out with you or any girl in Hollywood. I've always been a fan of yours and can't believe that. If you can be objective on that point—is it true? (*Anne McKinley, Shreveport, La.*)

**Natalie:** You better ask my husband!

Ed: We did, and this is what R.J. had to say: "No, she isn't—but if she were, she'd have a right to be."

**Fan:** A talent agent has asked me if I wanted Jessy—that's my five-year-old daughter—in pictures. He said he could get her a contract. Jessy has done some modeling and through it gotten a number of offers to appear on TV and in the movies. From your experiences—and if I'm correct, you've been in pictures since you were four years old—would you say I should let her go ahead if the offer is legitimate? In other words—would you go through it again if you had the choice? (*Mrs. A. Hochschaffer, Hollywood 46, Calif.*)

**Natalie:** I would go through it again—definitely. But generally speaking, and specifically in your case, I would say it depends on how your daughter feels about it. In other words, leave it up to her, the way my mother did with me. Of course I was a ham from way back. But although mother was quite sure how I felt about it, she discussed it with me in as much detail as she felt I might understand at that age. On the other hand I've worked with a lot of children who were forced into films, who would much rather have played with dolls or jumped rope or done a lot of other things, and I think their mothers were wrong. If I had a daughter I would encourage her to do whatever she would like to do most—whether it's playing the piano or painting or whatever it is. And if it happens to be acting, that would be fine, too.

**Fan:** Who are you most like . . . your father or your mother? (*Stanley M., Pittsburgh, Pa.*)

**Natalie:** I would say about half and half. I think I've inherited my father's temper and my mother's persistence.

**Fan:** Do you feel more independent now than you did before? From what I read I was under the impression that your mother always made a lot of decisions for you. Is that true, and if so, has Bob taken over that role? (*P. B., East Hampton, N. Y.*)

**Natalie:** My mother has never made any decisions for me! She used to advise me, at least when I was little. But she never told me what to do. As for R.J., we talk things over. No one tells the other what to do.

**Fan:** Before you were married, you used to be very close to your family, particularly your mother. Are you still? (*Dorothy Reardon, Albuquerque, N. M.*)

**Natalie:** I still see or talk to my family almost every day and feel very close to them, as I do to R.J.'s. But naturally, there has been an adjustment on my part, as I'm sure there must have been on theirs. It's only natural now that we are living our own lives.

**Fan:** You used to be a pretty fast driver and if I remember correctly, you were in one or two pretty bad accidents. Have you slowed down in recent months? Have you gotten any tickets? (*Shawlee Devins, Fort Smith, Ark.*)

**Natalie:** The only tickets I got recently were for parking. Not so much since we moved, but when we still lived in R.J.'s old apartment we left our cars outside at night. Since there was a parking limit, we paid a small fortune in fines. And by the way, while I *was* in two accidents, I was behind the wheel only *once*—when I drove too fast along Sunset Boulevard. I slammed on the brakes to slow down when I approached a curve but it was too late and I crashed into a tree. The car was badly damaged and I had some bad cuts and bruises. Luckily, the only after-effect was a more cautious attitude when I was driving again. I don't think I've exceeded the speed limit since then. At least I've tried not to.

**Fan:** You can tell your beloved husband to go and drown himself for all I care! After two years I finally got enough nerve to propose to my girl and what does she say? "What makes you think I'm going to marry you? You're no Bob Wagner!" (*Disgruntled fan, F. P.*)

**Natalie:** My husband is an expert swimmer.

**Fan:** I read an article the other day in a fan magazine which was titled something like *Don't Hi-Hat Your Fans, Natalie,* and I became very upset about it. It accused you of being uncooperative and ungrateful to the fans and the press and a lot of other nasty things. If I were you, Natalie, I would tell them to go to the devil. Yes, I have to be that frank about it! I remember when you and Bob were first going together, and some of the fan magazines said you two would never be married; and then, when you got engaged, they said you should wait longer, and when you got married they said you waited too long! And now some claim it can't last. If you ask me—I think they are nuts! (*Rosemary Engle, Philadelphia, Pa.*)

**Natalie:** I agree.

**Fan:** You and Jimmy Dean used to be such close friends. Do you ever think of him now? (*Tracey L., Wilmington, Del.*)

**Natalie:** Very often.

**Fan:** I understand that your studio wants to put you into a lot of films you don't want to do and I think it's a dirty shame. I'm proud that you are standing up for your own rights. If you ever run out of money and need funds, I'll be glad, proud, to give you my savings of $112.50 any time you ask for them. And you can pay me back whenever you are able to do it, at no interest. OK? (*I. L., N. Y., N. Y.*)

**Natalie:** Thank you for your pep talk, kindness, and address. Will it be cash, check, or money order? Seriously though. You are very sweet and it's always wonderful to know you have a friend. Thanks.

**Fan:** My girlfriend read an interview in which you said that *Marjorie Morningstar* was your favorite role. The other day I read that your part as Monique in *Kings Go Forth* was your favorite. Which is right? (*Jack Stern, Chicago, Ill.*)

**Natalie:** It's Monique.

**Fan:** You have such a perfect smile. Tell me honestly, do you wear caps on your teeth like Ann Blyth does? And how do you get your fingernails to grow so long? Any special diet? (*Bee Farnsworth, Denver, Col.*)

**Natalie:** I don't wear caps on my teeth. And I don't use any special diet for my nails. They grow long during the week, but I usually break them on weekends when I pull the lines on board our boat. Then I let them grow again till I break them off once more the following weekend. It's quite a merry-go-round.

**Fan:** Do you still experiment with hair coloring, and styles? (*Betty McAuliffe, New York City*)

**Natalie:** I never experimented with the color of my hair, unless a role called for it. But I did and still do enjoy experimenting with new styles, although I never go to extremes.

**Fan:** Do you still have the same friends you had three years ago? (*Howard B., Manchester, N. H.*)

**Natalie:** Yes—the same two, Nick Adams and Barbara Gould.

**Fan:** When I read stories about you a couple of years ago, you often mentioned the books you read. But I haven't seen any reference to it in recent months. Don't you have time to read anymore or did you just happen to stop talking about it? (*J.K., Tyndall, S. D.*)

**Natalie:** People haven't asked me about it lately. I read more than I did before—an average of five books a week—first of all because R.J. and I are growing tired of television, and secondly because we are looking for properties for our newly formed production company. So far we haven't found anything we've liked well enough to buy. . . .

**Fan:** I don't know if Hollywood is the most moral or most immoral place in the world, but every time I pick up a paper I read about another divorce. Does the work in pictures make people so insecure? Are the temptations so big out there? (*F. R., Cedar Rapids, Iowa*)

**Natalie:** I'm not the right person to answer this, because I'm only interested in my life with R.J. and am not concerned with the rest of Hollywood. And we have a perfect marriage.

**Fan:** Why do you refuse to have pictures taken at home? We fans feel that we have a stake in your career because we've helped make you what you are today. So why do you want to shut us out now? I'm writing this because I like you, not because I'm mad at you. Let's say, just confused. (*M. S., Boston, Mass.*)

**Natalie:** I would like to repeat that I don't want to shut out our fans, that I am grateful to them and always will be for what they have done for us, but I'm sure that you can understand—can't you?

**Fan:** At twenty, you have a terrific career, a handsome husband, a Cadillac, a beautiful house, a butler and a pool. I'm happy for you because I think you deserve it. But tell me—what do you have to look forward to when you are twenty-nine? (*F.N., Bronx, N. Y.*)

**Natalie:** More of the same—and children.

*Bob will appear in* LOVE AND WAR *for 20th-Fox.*

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## A burial at sea

■ Alan Ladd will be the first to tell you there's no telling what that boy of his, David, is liable to come up with.

Like that very morning. Alan and Sue—Mrs. Alan Ladd—had been fast asleep when all of a sudden they'd been awakened by a noise. It was a continuing noise, coming from down the hall and there could be no question after a few minutes that it was water being flushed, over and over again.

"Is that coming from David's bathroom?" Alan had asked.

"I think so," Sue had answered, groggily but at the same time wondering, too.

"Hope he's not sick," Alan had said.

"You'd better go see."

Alan got out of bed, grabbed a bathrobe and made his way down the hall.

"David?" he'd called out just outside the closed bathroom door.

"Yes, Daddy?" the clear ten-year-old voice had called back.

Alan had opened the door. And then he'd seen David, in his pajamas, kneeling on the floor, his face all serious and kind of sad, his hand reached over to the flush, flushing away for all he was worth.

Alan was relieved to see that the boy wasn't sick. But. . . .

"I don't like to pry," he started to say.

"Oh, that's all right, Daddy," David had said. "It's a funeral. I hope it didn't wake you up."

"Funeral?" Alan asked.

"The fish you and Mommy gave me," David had said. "When I woke up this morning I went to feed them and they were dead. So I'm just burying them here—" he pointed with his free hand "—and now I'm saying a prayer for them and saying good-bye. I thought they would would like to be buried in water instead of in the back yard."

Alan had nodded, said, "Oh, I see," and then went back to the bedroom, very quickly and very quietly.

And he thought, no telling what that boy of his is liable to come up with next. . . .

*Alan will soon be seen in U.A's* THE MAN IN THE NET

## the night I almost got killed

(*Continued from page 49*) and my mother was against it. No, not against the girl—she was a wonderful person and my mother liked her very much. But this was a couple of years ago, and Mom thought we were too young to be so serious. Her mother thought so too.

"So finally I had to give in and agree not to see the girl—at least not so often. But this was very hard to do.

"And one night I missed my girlfriend so much I just had to see her. We made a date for a movie. She told her mother, but I figured I'd better not tell mine. I figured I'd avoid a lot of trouble if I just said I had a rehearsal on. . . ."

### How it all began

The evening started out pleasantly enough, this date Tommy had with the girl whose initials were M. H. He didn't want to have her name revealed in print because she may be married by now, and her husband might not believe the story any more than her mother did when Tommy tried to explain the bloodstains on her dress. . . .

They had gone to a show and stopped for a hamburger and milkshake at a drive-in. About ten-thirty they headed for her home.

Two miles from their destination, they had to stop at a traffic light. While Tommy waited for it to turn green, a car bumped into his, from behind.

They were shaken up a little but Tommy felt sure his rear bumper must have absorbed the shock and prevented any damage. He stayed in the car. The light was still red.

When he looked back into the rear-view mirror, however, he saw the other car pull back a few feet, and then jam right into him again. Obviously this time it was intentional!

Boiling mad, Tommy threw open his car door, jumped out, and squeezed through the narrow space between his car and another one parked to the left of him, heading for whoever hit him.

He'd taken less than three steps when he was hit over the head with a blunt instrument.

His vision blurred for a moment as he went down. But he quickly managed to get up and fight back at his assailant—when a second fellow attacked him from the other side. Two men must have jumped out of each side of the car, simultaneously. . . .

Now they fought him together.

Tommy shouted for help but the driver parked next to him pushed down on the accelerator. He didn't want to get involved.

M.H., ignoring the danger to herself, was out of the car now. Gripping her purse tightly she swung it with all her strength. The contents—lipstick, compact, keys and other paraphernalia—made the purse into a powerful weapon. The fellow who was hit cried out in pain and then shoved her back against the car. She kept on fighting while he pushed her back.

Meanwhile Tommy took the worst beating of his life. The instant one man relaxed or turned his attentions to M.H., the other would pounce on him again. Although they were older, taller, and obviously a lot stronger, he had one advantage in his favor. When he was a boy in Chicago, his father, Benny Sands, had befriended a lot of fighters who lived in the same hotel where he and his family stayed. One of them, an ex-heavyweight contender had taken Tommy under his wing and had shown him some pretty good punches. But he'd only taught him how to fight clean. When the fight got dirty, Tommy was unprepared.

Finding themselves in more trouble beating up Tommy than either of them had anticipated, the taller one pulled a knife. Tommy saw it coming at him and ducked, but not fast enough. The blade cut his face, near his mouth.

Tommy got up and charged the fellow who was turning toward M.H. again. He grabbed his shoulder, tossed him around and hit him in the face. He thought he heard something break. It could have been the other man's nose. . . .

Again Tommy felt another sharp pain in his shoulder. He didn't know what caused it as he turned, swinging his right fist.

### Tommy passes out

It never reached its mark. The first man had hit him across the neck . . . Tommy went down.

He doesn't remember much of what happened after that. He felt pains; he couldn't see; noises seemed faint and far away. The beating and kicking didn't stop. He was sure he was dying. . . .

And then it was very quiet. He had lost consciousness.

Hours seemed to have passed by before he came to again. Actually it was just a few minutes later. M. H. was leaning over him, crying hysterically, wiping blood from his face.

Tommy no more knew why the fellows had suddenly left than why they had attacked him in the first place. He thought he smelled liquor on their breaths which might have explained their insensible behavior. But he was not sure.

He was too weak even to lift his arms. It took all M.H.'s support to help him back into the car.

"Can you drive?" he asked her hoarsely.

She shook her head. "No. I can't. I'm sorry . . . Oh, Tommy, I'm so sorry. . . ."

Gently she closed the door on his side, walked around the car and climbed in next to him. Tommy turned the ignition key. His arm hurt, but it wasn't broken. Blood was still gushing down his face, over his new suit, the upholstery, and clung to his hands, her hands, her dress.

"What are we going to do?" M.H. asked desperately.

The motor was running, but Tommy couldn't think straight. He didn't know what to do.

"Maybe you'd better see a doctor," she whimpered.

Tommy pulled away from the curb. A block away they saw a girl crossing the street. Tommy stopped next to her to ask for a doctor. When she got a look at his face, she let out a scream, and ran off.

The next pedestrian, a man in his fifties carrying a newspaper under his arm, was more helpful. He told him how to get to the emergency hospital, a mile away.

The doctor took eight stitches near his mouth and four on his head. Tommy was bruised all over, but there were no broken bones.

Groggy and weak, Tommy left the emergency hospital an hour later, leaning heavily on M.H.

If he thought his troubles were over, he was wrong. They had only started. . . .

### What her mother thought

M.H.'s mother let out a shriek the minute she saw her blood-spattered daughter. For a moment Tommy thought he was going to get beaten up all over again, and at this stage he couldn't have defended himself against a five-year-old.

"What did you do to my daughter?" she screeched. "You monster . . . you terrible boy . . . I never wanted her to go out with you. . . ."

Tommy tried to explain. "We were sitting in the car. . . ."

"I bet you were. I just *bet you were!*"

"But Mommy . . ." M.H. cut in.

"You be quiet!" the mother said. And, turning back to Tommy, "You were in a brawl, weren't you. . . ."

"But Mrs. . . ."

"Don't you 'But Mrs.' me," she shouted. "Look at my daughter. Look what you've done to her. I should turn you over to the police, you . . . you. . . ."

Tommy couldn't fight back. He was desperately tired. Mainly he had wanted to explain for his girl's sake, because of what her mother had thought so far, and what she might come up with next!

Slowly and with much effort he turned and walked to the door while M.H.'s mother was still shouting and gesticulating wildly.

Tommy stopped briefly. "I'm sorry," he said weakly. "Honestly, I'm sorry. . . ."

And then he left.

It was only a ten-minute drive to his own home. Ten awful minutes in which Tommy worried what he could tell his mother. If M.H.'s mother didn't believe him, would she? Seeing him with blood all over him, there was no telling what she would think, particularly if she knew he'd been with a girl.

Suddenly he got an idea. He pulled into a gas station, got out of his car and headed for the pay-phone. A few seconds later he heard his mother's sleepy voice.

"I had a little accident, Mom. Nothing to worry about . . ." he assured her.

Mrs. Sands pictured a dented fender or scraped side or something like it. Yet while she hadn't been prepared for bandages around his jaw and head, and blood spilled all over his new suit—his appearance didn't come quite as much of a surprise to his mother as it did to M.H.'s mother. Then, in order to have more time to think instead of giving himself away by sputtering out all about the fight, Tommy told her he was exhausted and needed some sleep. Mrs. Sands could see that was true, and helped him to bed.

"The next morning," Tommy recalled, "nothing looked quite as black. I put my clothes into a suitcase so Mom wouldn't be reminded of what she saw the night before, and took them to the cleaners myself. The cut on my face, I told her, happened during the accident when the other car and mine collided—which in a way wasn't so far from the truth. I knew she'd worry a lot less when I went out thereafter if she didn't know *all* the details. . . ."

When Tommy finished his story, I asked him if I could write it up. I was sure, I told him, that his fans would be interested in hearing about the night he almost lost his life.

Tommy wasn't sure. After all, he hadn't told his mother. . . .

"Tell you what, Tommy," I said. "I won't write it unless you tell your mother first. Matter of fact, why don't you tell her anyhow? You've had it on your mind these last two years. . . ."

Next day I got a call from Tommy. He told his mom, and it turned out that she knew it all the time! She just didn't want to add to his misery.

"Maybe," Tommy concluded, "you shouldn't call the story *The Night I Almost Lost My Life*—it's more like the night I almost lost my *mind*!" **END**

*Tommy will soon appear in* MARDI GRAS *for 20th-Fox.*

## why I keep my true love a secret

(*Continued from page 37*) in Hollywood, who looked so young that strangers talked to her as if she were a child—who on earth would be sending *her* flowers?

Breathless, Millie snatched the long green box out of the boy's hands. Shelley Winters, standing over her, noticed that Millie's hands were trembling. The next instant she wasn't looking at Millie's hands—she was gasping with surprise and staring down at the flowers.

For they were the loveliest she had ever seen. Long-stemmed roses, snowy white, nestled among green leaves with dew still trembling on them.

"Why, honey," Shelley breathed, "who sent you those?"

### Flowers from no one

Millie Perkins looked up, her incredible thick black eyelashes making shadows on her cheeks. Her face was flushed, her lips smiled, her eyes shone.

"They—why, they're from—" Suddenly her voice faded away. She took a quick look around the set. George Stevens was smiling at her. Across the room a carpenter caught her eye and self-consciously turned back to his work. The glow faded from Millie's face. The smile disappeared.

"I don't know," she said faintly, in the voice she used when reporters' questions shocked her into shyness.

Shelley stared at her. "You don't *know?*"

Millie's lashes dropped. Now her face turned red. Her voice was fainter than ever. "That's right. See—there's no card."

Shelley peered into the box. "But Millie, no one gets flowers from someone she doesn't know, not flowers like that. They can't be from a fan; they must have cost a fortune. Why, they're the sort of thing a guy sends to a girl he—he adores, or something. I mean, they're a love gift, you know? A—"

This time it was Shelley Winters who stopped talking suddenly.

Millie Perkins was crying.

Just for an instant. The next second she brushed the tear away angrily. She clutched the box to her, the flowers making wet marks on her blouse. And then she was running to her dressing room, the box in her arms.

For anyone who cared to listen, there was the sound of sobs coming from behind the door. But no one listened. The people left on the set were staring at each other in amazement.

They talked about nothing else for weeks.

But Millie Perkins, when she finally returned, dry-eyed, with her face set stiffly, never said a word.

### Now it will be told

This then, will be for most of the people who stood bewildered on that set, the answer to the questions they asked so often—the eagerly awaited story never before told. The story of Millie Perkins, the little model making her movie debut in *The Diary of Anne Frank*. And most of all the story of the love she was forced to keep a secret.

It begins eleven years ago, when Millie was nine. It begins in a two-story brick house in Fair Lawn, New Jersey, on a Sunday afternoon. . . .

They had been up since 6:00 a. m., the whole family. At that ungodly hour they


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had been routed out of bed, blinking, sleepy, tousled—fourteen-year-old Janet, twelve-year-old Lulu, six-year-old Jimmy, baby Katherine, only three—and Millie, the in-betweener.

In the grey dawn Millie had pulled away from Janet's hands shaking her awake. "Go 'way . . . too early. . . ."

"It's six o'clock," Janet hissed. "Come on, Millie, you've got to get up and get ready. . . ."

"Ready . . . fo' . . . wha . . .?"

"Why, you dope, don't you remember? Daddy's coming home today!"

Instantly Millie sat bolt upright in bed, her eyes wide open. "Oh! Of course! Oh, Jan—today!"

She threw back the covers. Janet was closing the window, turning on the radiator. "Listen, Mama's washing Jimmy up. Hear him holler?"

They both listened for a minute. Then Millie, slipping into her robe and pattering barefoot into the hall, shook her head in wonder and disgust. "What a dope. Doesn't he *want* to wash up for Daddy?"

But Jan was on her way back to her own room already, too busy to listen. There was so much to be done—so much. For Daddy was coming home—tall, blond, handsome Daddy who sailed the seas for the Merchant Marine and made it back to his family only once a month. And with him he brought into the house more than just himself, though that was enough. He brought excitement, romance, adventure. And he brought—authority.

For Daddy the house had to shine the way the glasses did on board his ship. For Daddy every dresser top, every table, must glow with polishing, every hairbrush must be lined up, neat, clean, orderly. The windows were washed, the house was swept, the bathroom and kitchen were scrubbed within an inch of destruction before Daddy came home. And that was not all.

On Daddy's children, not a hair must be out of place, not a button undone, not a lace untied. For Daddy clothes had to be brushed, shoes shined, faces scrubbed. So that wonderful, long-gone Daddy, would smile approval and love upon his adoring clan.

Of them all, Millie was the one who worked hardest to please. Maybe because she was the middle one—neither the oldest, who got the most privileges nor the youngest who got the babying, nor the boy who could grow up to be a sailor, too. She was only Millie, who got her fair share of love, to be sure, but was still to herself, just the middle child, the quiet one.

The great moment came at last. For an hour the children had been lining themselves up behind the door with its brightly polished knocker. And then suddenly, just as they were dying with impatience, certain it would never happen—the key turned in the lock. The next instant their mother was clasped in Daddy's arms and they were clutching him from all sides, laughing, half-crying, pulling at him, crowding closer to be kissed and hugged and smothered in his embrace.

"Now," said her father, freeing himself from them all, "let me look at you, all of you. Not bad. No, not bad. But if you really want your shoes to shine, you've got to do better than that. Here children, take them off. I'll show you how to polish shoes!"

And he did.

That was the homecoming. Today Millie laughs about it, reports cheerfully that they went through that sort of scene every month. But then—then it was just another case of being little Millie, who never quite managed to stand out from the crowd. In-between, nowhere-special Millie.

She might have felt that way forever if that particular miracle hadn't happened.

When she was eleven she met The Boy, and he looked at her with special eyes.

If you've ever felt you were nobody and then suddenly you became somebody—then you know what Millie felt. You know a little something of the transformation that swept over her, of the joy that seemed about to lift her off her feet and carry her away, of the incredulous, shouting-out love that she could feel—even at eleven.

For this was not just any boy. This was a special, wonderful, brilliant, popular boy. This was the boy who led in everything—athletics and discussions, class plays and picnic plans.

It was magic. For she had been given by him the greatest gift of all, more precious than the envious eyes of the girls, the whistles the boys now bestowed upon her. She had been given herself!

And since that gift could never be revoked, that love could never die.

### Busy improving

At home, she was still little Millie, still eager to please, quick to love. Her father liked to see the children busy with improving things, so whenever he was by, she would snatch up a book and pretend to be immersed in it. One day he walked past her chair and found her apparently intent upon a book on how-to-raise-chickens. This time she got the recognition she had longed for—her father was tremendously impressed with Millie's practicality, her varied interests. A year earlier it might have cut her to the quick that when she finally got praise it was for a lie—but now she was not alone, now she could no longer believe that that was the *only* way she could be loved.


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Didn't the boy love her for herself? Didn't he believe in her for what she really was?

When high school was over, the future seemed perilously near. Lots of the kids were getting married right after graduation, starting out in small jobs and smaller apartments.

"We could, too," the boy said to Millie. "But we won't."

If she was disappointed, she said nothing, trusting him. "Tell me—"

"I'm going to college. Then to medical school. It takes a long time to be a doctor, eight or nine years. It wouldn't be good for either of us to be trying to start out a marriage while I had to study and sweat over the books. We'll wait."

Panic hit her. "Where will you go?"

"Not far. You could go to college, too, you know. Your folks would send you."

She shook her head dolefully. Much as she wanted to be with him, lost as she would be without him, she was no student by nature and she knew it. The thought of a college campus, filled with brilliant young people expounding difficult theories was too much. "No. . . ."

He nodded, understanding that his girl had come far, but would never be filled to bursting with self-confidence. "Very well, then. You come to New York and get a job. We could see each other every week end. You could live with your sister."

"With Lulu? That would be great."

Millie thought it over. Lulu had a darling apartment, was easy to get along with. "But what would I do? I haven't got any training for anything."

The boy took her hands and looked into her eyes. He had an idea; he'd been saving it for the right moment. Now this was it.

"Honey, you could be a model!"

Millie's eyes positively bulged. For a moment she was utterly speechless.

"Me? A model? You're crazy. I—I know you think I'm—pretty—but nobody else—I mean—"

The boy waited till she ran down. Then he led her, still holding her hands, to a mirror. "Look!" he commanded. "Look at your eyes, look at your mouth—Millie, I don't know if you're pretty, really. But I do know people look at you. I do know you take a great picture. And I know—I *know* you can do it!"

Slowly, Millie turned to face the mirror.

And a year later, she was one of the top models in New York City.

### Life in the big city

All week, she carried her model's hatbox, filled with make-up, clothing changes, skin lotions, from photographer to photographer, posing in glamorous clothes, collecting fabulous fees. Evenings she returned to Lulu's pretty apartment to eat Lulu's marvelous cooking along with Lulu's fascinating guests. All sorts of interesting people came over—writers and musicians and artists—many of them eager to meet Lulu's stunning little sister whose face peered so pertly from the pages of the fashion magazines. But to Millie they were a terrifying crew, full of confidence and grit and strong ideas. She admired them and envied them—but she was much too shy to talk to them. The life she herself was leading never struck her as really unusual and interesting.

As far as she was concerned, she lived for the week ends with her guy.

Life was good and easy and smooth. Until everything happened at once.

On the same day, she was asked to test for Anne Frank, and he received his draft notice.

All week end they argued it back and forth, over and over.

"But I can't act. I've never acted."

"If you can't act, you won't pass the

test. Let *them* decide that! Millie, dear."

"I'll make a fool of myself."

"Cary Grant flunked his first screen test. Clark Gable flunked his first screen test. Lana Turner—"

"She *passed* hers!"

"So will you!"

"That'll be even worse! I don't want to go so far away from you."

"Honey, I'm going into the Army. They might send me to Japan—how do we know?"

"Oh, they couldn't—"

"And just think—California's a lot closer to Japan than New York is!"

As always, his confidence in her won the day. She took the test. But it was not his confidence that won the role—it was the serious dark eyes, the shy smile, the delicate face, the hidden talent that made her *be* the sensitive little Jewish girl hiding from the Nazis.

By the time the tests were analyzed, by the time the part was hers and she had gotten the—to her—unmitigated gall to sign a seven-year contract for doing something she'd never done before, her fellow was indeed in the Army. He hadn't been sent to Japan but he had made sergeant and he was definitely—busy. So they were prepared, or almost prepared for separation.

When he put Millie on the plane for the coast, she was determinedly cheerful. "At least," she said, "we'll have plenty of money for your med school. We won't have to wait any more to get married."

**The sergeant puts his foot down**

Very seriously, he took her into his arms. "Millie, darling, maybe we won't wait any longer once I get out. God knows I don't want to. But we won't use a penny of your money. Not a penny."

Startled, she drew back. "But whatever is mine belongs to you. Just as yours does to me. It's always been like that."

"Not where it comes to that. I'll save my Army pay, sweetheart. I'll have a lot put away. I'm not going to live off you no matter how much you make. So buy yourself half a dozen assorted shades of mink, Millie. The money is all yours."

In her first interview with the big brass of the studio, she heard the words: "and then your next picture. . . ."

She interrupted shyly. "Well, you'll have to give me a little time off. For—for a honeymoon."

The silence fell like a lump of lead. "You're—engaged?"

She nodded. She always felt better when she could talk about her fellow. "Oh yes. Since high school. He's in the Army, but when he gets out we're getting married. Then he's going to med school."

She looked around the room, her eyes shining. But the men weren't looking at her. They were shaking their heads.

"What's the matter?"

"Look, Miss Perkins—Millie. This is hard to explain. But you're a newcomer, right? And actually, this picture rides on your shoulders. You'll make it or break it. So—we have to sell you to the public. Get them to know your name, wonder about you, want to see you. See?"

"Yes—"

"Well, the best way to do that is—well, for them to see your name in the papers. In the gossip columns. *Millie Perkins seen at the Mocambo with So-and-So. Millie Perkins, out dancing with Joe Doaks, says her favorite joke is. . . .* You know."

Millie's face was white. "But I can't. I can't go dancing with anyone at all. I'm engaged. And I don't want to. I haven't gone out with another boy for—"

They nodded, soothingly. "But he would understand, wouldn't he? That it was really just for business? Then after the picture is over, you could announce your engagement. He'd understand, you know."

"Maybe he would," Millie cried out. "But I wouldn't. I'm sorry. I can't do it. Not for anyone. I'll go home tomorrow, today. But I—"

They all talked at once then. In the end, they talked her down. Not on dating. She could no more do that than cut off her arm. But they persuaded her to let them *pretend* even if she wouldn't.

"Yes," poor Millie said miserably. "I guess. I mean—well—"

But she couldn't hold out against them. For the first time since she was eleven, she was alone again—and she had to please them, had to have their approval, their praise. Alone, she just wasn't strong enough to defend herself.

And so she set out to live a lie. Millie Perkins, whose face turned red at so much as an evasion, faced interviewers by the score with her lie in her mouth, burning with shame. Reporters found her shy, diffident, noted that as soon as they got onto personal topics, her voice seemed to fade away. If they pushed it further, she might stop talking altogether. Or, sometimes, an angry spark might finally flare in her cheeks and then they would go away wondering what Millie Perkins had to be so snooty about. The stories that went out to the papers contradicted each other over and over again.

*Millie Perkins at the Mocambo with George Stevens, Jr., son of the director of* The Diary Of Anne Frank.

*Millie Perkins' favorite Hollywood dates are Nick Adams, Barry Coe, Tommy Sands, Gary Crosby, Dick Sargent.*

*Millie Perkins, new find, never dates; she's too busy studying her* Anne Frank *script.*

*Millie Perkins has never had a crush on a boy since a six-year-old intrigued her in grammar school. When that died out, she never found another.*

*Millie Perkins went steady with three boys at once in high school. . . .*

And so on. Once and only once the reports were true: Dick Beymer, who plays opposite her, took her to a ballet.

"But that wasn't a date," she protested violently to a reporter.

"Why not?"

"Because he didn't ask me. I asked him. I wanted to go and so—"

Joseph Schildkraut, who plays her father, saw her tremendous embarrassment, came to her rescue. "I love this girl," he boomed to the reporter. "I love her!"

The reporter went away confused, but satisfied.

After that, because he played her father and because he was kind and she was too lonely to bear it, she told Schildkraut the truth. Later, as she grew closer to Shelley Winters and Nina Foch, losing her awe of them in the warmth of their kindness and affection, she told them, too. After that, things were a little better.

But not better enough. At night, after she has cooked, burnt, and eaten her dinner alone, after she has studied her lines and written her long, nightly letter to the Sergeant—after that, the tears still come. And because she is too bound by her love to date, too tied by her lie to seek friends, she remains alone and desolate.

Perhaps by telling this story for all the world to see, we have brought an end to loneliness for Millie Perkins. Perhaps it may even be seen that a love story is not duller than gossip, that truth is something more precious than a useful lie.

We hope so. We would like to see an end to the lie, an end to the loneliness. We would like to know more about Millie's guy, their plans, their future.

We would like to share their love. **END**

*Millie will soon be seen in* The Diary Of Anne Frank *for 20th-Fox.*


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**Modern Romances**

*the "live" magazine that lives for you*

# why I posed for those phony romance pictures

(*Continued from page 39*) I'd ever met him. It had been about a month earlier, at a party following a big movie première at the Beverly-Hilton Hotel. I'd gone with my date, Floyd Simmons, and we'd sat at a table with six very good friends—none of them in show business, by the way. A couple of tables away sat a very good-looking young fellow and his date—a New York girl—alone. They'd come in a little while after most of the others. And as soon as the other girls at our table saw the newcomer (male!) they started going ga-ga-ga. To be truthful, I let out with a 'ga' or two myself—but I was about two years older than these other girls and felt I should act just a little more sophisticated.

One of the girls at our table, a very lovely, wide eyed-type girl, said to me, "Judi, do you know who *he* is?"

"I think," I said, "I think he's Barry Coe, the young 20th Century-Fox actor who played in *Peyton Place.*"

"That's right!" the girl said, more and more excited. "Oh, Judi, do you think you could get me his autograph on this menu? I'm just crazy about him."

"Why don't you go over to him yourself and ask?"

"I'm ashamed," the girl said.

I tried to persuade her, but she wouldn't budge. "All right," I said, getting up, "I'll do it . . . And to show you that actors are really people—and Barry Coe over there looks like 'people,' I'll even get him to come over and say hello to you.

"Barry," I said, when I got to his table, very informal about the whole thing, "I'm Judi Meredith."

"Oh?" Barry said, as if he couldn't care less.

I told him about my friend and how she would like his autograph.

Without saying anything, he got out a pen and signed the menu.

Then I asked him if he'd mind, when he had a few minutes, coming over to the table to say hello.

"If it's all the same to you, I'd rather not," he started to say. "I. . . ."

"Okay," I said, interrupting him, realizing I'd figured him wrong. I nodded, picked up the menu and began to walk away. "That's perfectly okay," I said.

And it was as I was walking away that I heard his date ask, "Who'd she say she was?"

"Judi Meredith," I heard Barry answer.

"Hmmmm," I heard his date hmmmm. "She acts just like all the phony ambitious glamour girls out here—piled into one."

I never got to hear what Barry said to that. But I was furious with him. *She'd* said it—that girl. And yet for some reason, I was mad at *him.*

And I stayed mad all that month.

And I didn't ease up on being mad when the MODERN SCREEN photographer suggested those lake pictures with young Mr. Coe.

"I'm sorry," I said, over and over, "but the answer is no."

The photographer caught on all right. But he gave one more try.

"Judi," he said, "there's not a girl in town who can stand on water skis the way you can. And without you, I'm sunk on this assignment."

"Well—" I started.

"Sunk!" the photographer repeated.

Suddenly I felt awful. "Well," I said again, "all right, I'll do it—for you. But let me warn you, I'm going to be having an awful time and you'll be lucky if you get one decent smile out of me."

The photographer said thanks. He told me that Barry would be around to pick me up at seven o'clock the next morning—that the two of us would drive out together and meet him, the photographer, at the lake.

Before I could object, he hung up.

And I realized that there was nothing for me to do now but go to bed, madder than ever. . . .

It was at exactly 6:00 a.m. the following morning when the car-beeps woke me up. Groggily, I got out of bed and walked over to the window. "It can't be *him,* already," I remember thinking to myself. But as I looked out the window I saw that it *was* indeed him. Mr. Barry Coe himself.

"Hey," he called up at me, still beeping away, "come on down and let's get going."

"But you're an hour early," I called back down.

"So what?" he said. "It's a great morning and we can spend some time driving around the lake before we meet up with the photographer."

**At a recent stag dinner, Burt Lancaster started to say: "Ladies and gentlemen," then realized his mistake and said to the stags: "That'll show you what I'm thinking about."**

*Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post*

"Oh, fine," I muttered to myself. I was very tempted at this point to march back to bed and stay there for another hour and just make him sit there in that car and wait till the time this glorious day of ours was *scheduled* to begin.

But then I realized that I was awake already and I remember thinking that maybe the sooner we got this whole thing started, the sooner we could get it over with. So I said okay I'd be down soon.

When I got to the car I was very surprised. Barry Coe was actually smiling.

"We've met, haven't we?" he asked.

*"We sure have!"* I wanted to say. But seeing he didn't remember exactly where or when, I thought I'd have some private fun. "I think so," I said, very casually.

"Well, c'mon," Barry said, starting the car, "let's find a place where we can have some breakfast and then head for the lake."

The first half hour was very confusing. I mean, I'd expected Barry to be one way—the wrong way; and here he was now, smiling away, excited about this trip we were making, trying so hard to make all kinds of conversation.

But I had by no means gotten over being mad from that night at the Beverly-Hilton—that night he obviously didn't remember now. I spoke very little as we drove—saying yes and no and uh-huh and huh-uh to all his questions and nipping every start at any conversation right in the bud.

Besides, I thought to myself, *Why the nice-act all of a sudden, Mr. Coe? I remember how you acted one night, not nice at all. So why this energetic try at making a good impression all of a sudden? Why don't you just relax and act like your natural self? Annoying as that is, at least it's honest!*

When we got to the restaurant—a little diner just off the highway—I changed my tactics a little. Suddenly seeing Barry sitting there across the table from me, I remembered him sitting at the hotel that night with *that* girl. And her words—about my being a common, ambitious glamour type—came flashing back to my mind.

Ohhhhh—as always, I got so mad when I thought of those words. And now I really felt like letting loose. I didn't know exactly what to do. So I thought, *I know, I'll act just like that kind of girl now and see how he likes it.*

For the next ten minutes, I was terrible.

### The ambitious act

I began to talk and I talked only about myself. I bragged. I told Barry how I had been such a clever young girl back in Portland, Oregon, when I was little. And how I'd learned to ice skate so young. And how I'd been signed up by the Shipstad and Johnson Ice Follies people at fifteen. And how I'd toured all this country and Canada till I was seventeen. I didn't mention that at seventeen I'd been in an accident and broken my back and been laid up for a year—with everyone wondering if I would ever be able to walk again, let alone skate. No, I didn't say anything about this, because it was sympathy stuff and I didn't want any sympathy now. I just wanted to be gay and glamorous and ambitious sounding. Then I went on to tell about how I'd fallen into television acting and then movies. I made it sound so easy that it was ridiculous. And I ended up by saying, "But of course, *you* must have had it easy, too."

"Pretty easy, I guess," Barry said, shrugging. "But—" And then he went on to tell me a little about himself, about how he'd always wanted to be an actor, ever since he was a kid in Los Angeles, his birthplace . . . about how he'd decided somewhere along the line that no, acting wasn't for him, not after that school play fiasco, how then he'd gone in for business administration courses and had actually graduated from UCLA with a diploma in that subject a few years ago.

"What about that school play fiasco?" I asked, surprised that Mr. Barry Coe would admit to something in his life that wasn't exactly great.

"Oh," Barry said, "I was given the romantic lead in a production of *You Can't Take It With You.* I played Tony. And, believe me, I wasn't a very good Tony. And as a lover, I guess I stank. At least, that's what one of the critics said."

He'd been looking down into his coffee as he talked. And now he looked up. And I could see that he hadn't said what he'd just said so that I could say, "Oh, I'm sure you were very good!" or some such thing. I could see that he was just being very nice and honest about something that had obviously hurt him at the time and that he was telling me this because . . . because he kind of liked me . . . ?

I quickly gulped down the rest of my coffee.

And as I did I noticed that Barry was still looking at me—and I blushed.

"Hadn't we better get going?" I found myself saying.

"Sure," Barry said.

And then I found myself getting up and looking up and smiling into this face I'd disliked so much for the past month.

And I wondered, *Could I have been wrong?*

I still wasn't sure.

But I did begin wondering. . . .

### Up at the lake

The rest of the drive to the lake was fun. Barry talked, I talked, we turned on the radio, we hummed along with the music, we talked some more . . . and yes, it was really fun.

But the best part came when we got to the lake. I've always been partial to fellows who've liked what I like—the great outdoors I mean. I love Nature so much I could fall in love with a tree. And here was Barry now, showing me around this beautiful lake. He told me how he'd lived here one summer as a kid and all the

great things he'd done and how someday he'd like to come back and build a tiny cabin here. "A cabin with a tin roof," he said, "so I can hear the real sound of rain when it comes pouring down." And as he talked and as we drove I found myself liking him more and more and more. . . .

By the time the MODERN SCREEN photographer showed up—about an hour and a half later—the first miracle of the day had happened. Barry and I were friends.

The next six or seven hours were a ball. Just turn back to the pictures at the beginning of my story and you can see for yourself the great time we had—swimming, water-skiing, ice-skating.

And when the photographer, more pooped than we were, finally said, "Okay, kids, I think that's it for today!"—I felt suddenly very sad.

I found myself wishing Barry would say something like, "How about it, Judi, would you like to stick around for dinner?"

Well, he didn't ask me in quite that way. In fact, he hemmed and hawed over it for a while, as if he thought I might say no.

But, finally, I helped him along with the invitation and said, "Why yes, that might be nice."

Instead of going to a restaurant, Barry suggested that we drive back into town, buy a couple of steaks and fixin's and bring them back to cook over an old, abandoned stone fireplace in the woods.

I'm not exactly queen of the kitchen at home. But there at Arrowhead, that bit of cool green heaven on earth, I turned out to be pretty good. At least, the steaks didn't burn too badly, I mean. And the beans heated up fairly well. And the pineapple sliced nicely. And to hear Barry rave after we were all through, you'd have thought a caterer from Romanoff's Restaurant had come and prepared the meal especially for us.

And then lying back against that big pine tree the way we did after we were finished and looking up at the sky! You'd have thought that we were back on some gorgeous make-believe movie set looking up at the most beautiful dusky-blue prop ever painted to the order of some high-paying producer who wanted things right, just right.

Hesitantly, he took my hand in his. "Like you," he whispered.

I wanted to say something back, right away. But I couldn't think of a thing to say except thank you, and how happy I was right now—happy that the day had turned out so wonderfully, happy that I was where I was right now.

But before I even had a chance to say a word, Barry bent over to kiss me.

Suddenly, I did say something. "No!"

I saw the hurt come into Barry's eyes, but I tried to ignore that hurt.

And when he asked me why I'd said no, I told him.

Suddenly, I told him about that first night we'd met. I reminded him of that night, of exactly what had happened when I'd gone over to him to ask him to sign the menu. I reminded him that he'd been rude and that somehow the image of his rudeness kept clinging to my mind—that I couldn't help remembering it, but I did.

"That night. . . ." Barry said, remembering now, too. "That night I was sick, Judi. Believe me. During the première I got an attack of something and by the time I got to the hotel I had a fever—and to get up from that chair . . . Well, all I wanted to do when I got up was to go home, not to go over and introduce myself to some girl I didn't know and who I just didn't feel like meeting. Believe me, Judi, I was sick and—"

"And," I interrupted him, "that remark your date made as I was leaving the table!" I gave him the details of the remark, word for word. "Were you too sick to laugh along with her after she'd talked about me like that?" I asked.

"Laugh along with her?" Barry said. He shook his head. "Judi," he said, "do you know what I told her after that crack of hers? Did you hear me say what I told her that night?"

I didn't answer.

"I told her, Judi," Barry said, "that I was embarrassed to hear a date of mine talk like that, that I didn't ever want to hear her talk like that again . . . As it turned out, Judi, I never did hear her talk like that again. Because I've never seen her again, not since that night. Far as I know, she's gone back to New York and will never come back."

I've learned one thing in my life. I've learned that I can tell when somebody is telling the truth or lying.

I knew Barry was telling the truth.

I told him so.

And then I said nothing and waited to see if he would kiss me again.

He did.

And then the second miracle of that beautiful day happened. For then we fell in love. . . .

I don't know how to end this story of mine and Barry's.

I could tell you about the marvelous times we've been having together ever since that day at the lake. I could tell you lots of marvelous things.

But there just isn't the space.

And so I guess maybe the best way to end is to say—I hope it never ends. . . .

**END**

*Watch for Judi Meredith in U-I's* WILD HERITAGE. *Barry is in* THE BRAVADOS *for 20th.*

# $100 FOR YOU!

Fill in this form (there's more on the other side), or a reasonable facsimile thereof, as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because the 100 readers who send us the questionnaires with the earliest postmarks will receive a crisp new $1 bill. And even if you don't earn that dollar, you'll be glad you sent it in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love.
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**Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:**

**1. I LIKE SAMMY DAVIS, JR.:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

**2. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

**3. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

**4. I LIKE INGRID BERGMAN:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

**5. I LIKE DEAN MARTIN:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

**6. I LIKE MILLIE PERKINS:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

**7. I LIKE JUDI MEREDITH:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I LIKE BARRY COE:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

**8. I LIKE KATHY NOLAN:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I LIKE NICK ADAMS:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

*(see other side)*

## the sammy davis, jr. story

(*Continued from page 21*) learned, in an hour of shame and fear, just how very much he had, after all, to be thankful for. . . .

It is the story of Sammy Davis, Jr., and of the town that suddenly seemed to remember that he was a Negro.

It was cool and brisk when Sammy Davis, Jr. walked out of the Moulin Rouge and into the late night air. His last show had ended around two; it had been a good audience and they kept him coming back for more and more songs until his tired throat just couldn't sing another note.

He finally raised his hands in a happy, weary gesture of good-bye. "Come back tomorrow night," he told his audience and they had laughed and given him a final burst of applause before they began to straggle home. Now, tired and content, he was leaving, too—but not for home.

Dean Martin was giving a party at his house, and Sammy had promised to be there, no matter how late. For a moment, breathing in the crisp fresh air, he thought of not going—of taking a long walk home, of getting some sleep for once. Then he shrugged and grinned. Sleep could wait—his friends couldn't. Besides, the best tonic for him had always been a good time with nice people. It would relax him, refresh him, take his mind off his troubles. For a couple of hours he would laugh and talk and forget to worry about the movie he had just finished, *Anna Lucasta* . . . and the one he wanted so desperately to make, was going to talk to Sam Goldwyn about tomorrow—*Porgy and Bess*. He'd forget about his separation from his wife, about the pressure of two shows nightly—he'd simmer down and enjoy himself.

Happily, he drove through the deserted streets to Dean's house.

The party was still in full swing when he got there. Hollywood parties usually began late and ended early—early in the morning. Now this party was getting to that time when everyone in the room was getting up to do something—sing, ham up a dance, tell a few jokes. For most of them it was the best part of a get-together, the time when they did their stuff for the hardest and best audience of all—show people. A well-known comedian, a good friend of Sammy's, had the floor when Sammy walked in; he had already pulled Gordon MacRae and Jimmy Durante up to the front of the living room for a song; and now he was launching into his own act—jokes and patter and a quick exchange of friendly insults with the laughing audience. Sammy stood for a moment at the entrance, getting his bearings. A head turned, someone noticed him.

"Hi, Sammy!"

Instantly, other faces turned to him, other voices called out. Up front the man with the jokes broke off a word, glanced over. Sammy put his finger to his lips, nodded to his pals, and started to tiptoe across the floor to Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh.

**"Black and White"**

He was halfway there when the comedian spoke up. "Sammy, shut up. I don't like a performer to be on when he's not on."

For an instant Sammy's jaw actually dropped with surprise. Then he shut his mouth firmly. *Don't be an idiot,* he told himself. *He's just doing his act. You're being over-sensitive again, boy.*

He went on picking his way across the room. Tony had his hand stretched out in greeting. Sammy reached out his own.

"*Sammy, shut up!*" There it was again.

This time he couldn't help himself. His head jerked up. "I haven't said a word," he started to protest. But he didn't get the words out. His friend's long arm had reached out for him, pulled him up front. For an insant he held Sammy there, cheek to cheek. "Black and White," he quipped—and waited for his laugh.

It didn't come.

In the silence, the dead, awful silence, Sammy felt his heart turn over. From far away somewhere a piece of his mind whispered, *Make it a joke. Make it a joke.* . . . He heard his own voice saying loudly, "Say, when I leave, someone please send for Mr. Lincoln." Dimly, he heard the faint, embarrassed laugh from out front. And then somehow, he was sitting down again with Tony and people were talking to him and an hour later Frank Sinatra was telling him to sing: "You close the show, Sammy. Nobody here has the guts to follow a guy with your talent. . . ." And so, of course, he was up front again, singing this time, and smiling.

And all the while, his mind was whirling and a voice was repeating over and over and over again: *Why, why, why? I thought he was a friend of mine. Why did he do it? What does it mean? Are they all thinking it behind their smiles, that I'm black and they're white? After all this time—is that what it comes down to after all? They're white. I'm black.* . . .

This voice went on whispering long after Sammy had said good-night to Dean and his wife. It whispered in his ear through the long drive to his place in Hollywood Hills; it kept him lying awake through the grey dawn.

Was it possible? His friends—they *had* to be his friends. After all the years they had known each other, worked together, eaten and partied and visited together. It

---

**9. I LIKE RICKY NELSON:**
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

**10. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:**
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

**11. I LIKE JOHNNY SAXON:**
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

**12. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:**
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

**I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:**
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

**13. I LIKE GIA SCALA:**
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

**14. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:**
1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

15. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

**AGE** . . . . . **NAME** . . . . . .

**ADDRESS** . . . . . STREET . . . . . .

**CITY** . . . . . **ZONE** . . . . . **STATE** . . . . . .

couldn't have been all a lie. And yet. . . .

And yet—he had thought this comedian and his wife were his friends, too.

**His pal Frankie**

The sun came up over the hills. Bleary-eyed, unable to sleep, Sammy got up and put on a robe. He had to remember. He had to know. . . .

And of course, the first guy who came to mind—was Frankie.

Frank Sinatra! Even through his fear, Sammy smiled remembering the first time he met 'The Voice.' That was in 1941. Frankie was with the Tommy Dorsey band; Sammy was part of a vaudeville act that played the same bill. Frankie was skinny even then, and getting skinnier. Sammy used to sit in his dressing room night after night and mutter, "I've got to try it on my own. I've got a beautiful wife; we're going to have a baby. I've got to make it. I feel it. I've got to try. . . ."

That was in '41. The only way Sammy Davis could get near Frank Sinatra was by bucking the mile-long lines to get into the Paramount Theater. Frankie had made it, all right. Then the Army gave a whistle, and for a few years Sammy had more to do than stand on movie lines. In 1945 he got out and the first place he and a buddy headed for was the Hollywood Canteen. Like a couple of teenagers, they hung around waiting for a glimpse of the movie stars, even wearing their uniforms an extra couple of weeks. Man, that was the life.

One night some guy let them into the Hit Parade show even though they didn't have tickets. They sat in the sponsor's booth, and all the way through Sammy made a dope of himself, nudging people and pointing to Sinatra. "I know him. Sure. I worked with him once. He wouldn't remember, but—"

At the end of the broadcast, his buddy wanted to take off. Sammy hung back, watching Frankie sign autographs, joke with the kids. "Come on," his buddy pleaded. "He won't know you. What are you waiting for? Look who he *is!*"

Maybe it was the sound of his voice that caught Frankie's ear. He turned around and took off his sun glasses and looked Sammy right in the face.

"I know you," The Voice said slowly, "don't I?"

Sammy was shaking with excitement. "Yeah. We—we worked together once."

Frank nodded. "Sure. You look familiar to me, Charlie. . . ."

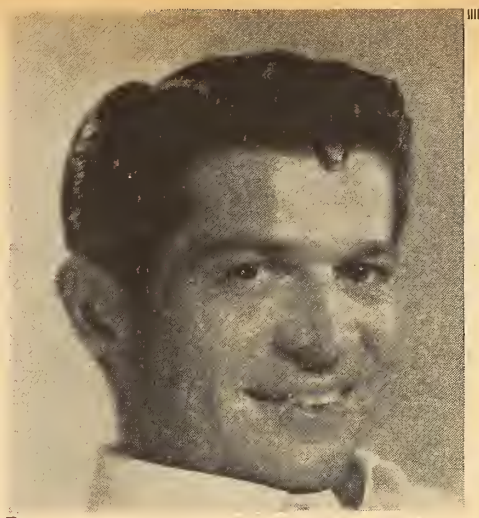
"No—my name—my name is Sammy."

Frank shook his head. "I hate the name Sammy. I'll call you Charlie."

After that, twice a week there were a pair of tickets at the box office for 'Charlie'. And after the show there would be a phone call from Frank. "How's everything going? You like the show? You want to come to rehearsal? There are some people I'd like you to say hi to. . . ."

He never said a word about helping Sammy get back into show business. He didn't have to say anything. He saw to it that he met everybody who might possibly be interested in a guy who could do impersonations and dance and sing up a storm. He took Sammy with him to Humphrey Bogart's house and Judy Garland's place—everywhere. Through the lean years he was always there with a good word and a big laugh and a sawbuck if a guy ran a little short of luxuries like food.

And when Sammy lost his eye, Frank had been there then too, with more than sympathy—he'd swept Sammy out of the hospital and off to Palm Springs to recuperate. He'd picked up the bill all right—that was a kindness for which Sammy had long since paid him back. But the bigger kindnesses—the companionship, the comfort, the hope he held out when life seemed impossible—those were the debts



# HE'S JUST AN AMERICAN, THAT'S ALL

When George Nader went to London to film *Nowhere To Go*, he knew that life there would be quite different from America. He was prepared for fog, formality, cockney accents, and tea instead of coffee. And an English friend had forewarned him, "You may have trouble understanding us. If so, just remember that we're a nation of characters, that's all."

In the huge, spread-out city, the trip from his apartment to the studio took two hours. "At least it was *supposed* to take two hours," George says, grinning. "But my driver made it every day in just under an hour and forty-five minutes. And never once dented a fender."

One late afternoon a real pea-soup fog rolled in. "You'd better stay out here tonight, George," the studio brass told him. "Can't take a chance on your having an accident . . . not when you're in every scene. We'll make a reservation for you at the local golf club."

When the car finally got through the fog to the Club there wasn't a light to be seen. The driver said, "Well, mate—'ere we are."

George barely had time to make out a huge heavy door before the car lights faded away. "I stood wondering for a minute," says he, "and then I knocked. No answer. I knocked again. Same thing. Finally I tried the handle—it worked and the door swung open.

"There were lofty beamed ceilings, a huge fireplace, a great staircase rising into the gloom, candle-light gleaming softly and reflecting in polished brass and copper, and the whole thing crawling with elaborately carved oak—like an old Boris Karloff movie."

George looked around and listened. There was no sound. He cleared his throat and said, "Uh—hello there." But no one answered.

George started hunting for a door. Finally, just as he'd begun to give up hope, he saw a small brass ring in the oaken paneling.

He grabbed it and pulled. Nothing happened. He pushed. Still nothing. Then he twisted the brass ring and heaved his shoulder against it. A door opened suddenly onto a room full of people.

"I was off balance," says George, "and so I went hurtling in. I landed in a heap. And the conversation stopped abruptly while about twenty-five well-dressed ladies and gentlemen paused to regard me with interest as I sat there on the polished floor."

The porter dusted George off. Then a tall woman with high-piled gray hair said, "Why, it's Mr. Nader! Oh, dear—we'd given you up for lost. Michael, get Mr. Nader's luggage and show him his rooms."

George mumbled that he didn't have any luggage. There was an awkward pause. Then the tall lady came to his rescue again.

"But of course not," she said brightly. "And it's *perfectly all right.*"

As George left, an old gentleman by the fire put an ear trumpet to his ear and said irritably, "I *know* he's in the cinema, but why does he have to act like that?"

And his wife leaned forward to shout, "Dear—he's an *American!*"

"Apparently," George chuckles, "that explained everything."

*Look for George in U-I's* APPOINTMENT WITH A SHADOW.

a man was proud to owe all his life to his friend.

No, Frankie couldn't be prejudiced anywhere in his heart. He couldn't.

**His pal Tony**

There had been Tony Curtis, too. There was a guy who had to like Sammy all the way. He *had* to. Why, Sammy had been one of the first to hear about Janet when Tony was dating her. He could still remember the look on Tony's face when he drove up to Sammy's place one night in the used Buick convertible he was buying with his first movie checks. He'd babbled all night in that Bronx accent he hadn't gotten rid of yet: "Man I've been dating a chick that is the most wonderful girl in the world. I've been dating her too much, because I don't make enough money to marry, you know? But she is everything. I'm young, Sammy, and just starting, and everyone says I shouldn't marry. So I won't. But man, she is—" And so on, right up to the night he eloped with Janet despite his age and his money troubles.

A guy wouldn't talk to you about the woman he loved unless he really dug you, would he? He wouldn't confide in you when all the time in his heart he thought you were dirt. . . .

But, then—last night . . . Sammy shook his head miserably. If only there were some way to *know* why that had happened to him. Why, he'd never had anything but the most courteous, the most generous treatment in the world before an audience. Like, for instance, his opening night at Ciro's—the first time he had stepped into a spotlight with a patch over his eye and deathly fear in his heart. Would they hold still for him, a one-eyed colored man who had just barely begun to make a name for himself? Would the patch distract them so they wouldn't listen, wouldn't give him a chance? He was trembling with nerves; his face glistened with sweat as he walked out on stage.

And then—and then they had cheered. That whole roomful of people had stood up and cheered him till their voices were hoarse and their affection and admiration had seemed to enfold him in a pair of loving arms. His cheeks had been wet with something other than perspiration when the shouting finally died down and he began to sing.

**His pal Jerry**

And that wasn't all, either. When he began to tire toward the end because of the excitement and the singing and the weakness he still had from the long weeks in the hospital, when his breath began to run out—Jerry Lewis had come climbing up over chairs and feet to join him on stage, to clown like nobody else in the world could do, to kibitz around to the delight of the audience till Sammy could get his wind again. The next day Jerry was fined $500 for it by the entertainers' union, AGVA—it was against regulations for an artist to appear, unpaid, like that. So what happened? The night after, he came back again and did it all over. It cost him a thousand dollars to do a favor for a friend —and he did it with an open, loving heart.

Oh, there had been so many who had befriended him. Jack Benny, who used to buttonhole producers and talk to them about Sammy. Elvis Presley whom Sammy scarcely knew—he'd been thoughtful and interested when Sammy asked him how it was to work the South. "People are just people anywhere," Elvis had said. "You've got good guys and bad guys all over. Me—I've got every record you've ever made, Sammy." He'd invited Sammy over to the set of *King Creole*, and Sammy'd brought his kid sister Sandy along to watch. El had been marvelous. He'd come over to be introduced and then, worn out as he was from shooting a hard scene, he'd gone into his act for ten minutes just to give Sandy a thrill. And did she swoon! Man, Sammy'd been wondering how to tell Elvis that Sandy didn't really dig him so much—she went for Pat Boone. But when El was done, he didn't have to. Sandy was standing there with her mouth open and her feet glued to the floor. The next day she went out and bought half a dozen Presley records.

Yeah, Elvis had been great. And him a southern boy, too.

Slowly, Sammy got up from his chair and wandered about. This house—this wonderful house in a canyon, jutting its three stories out over the view—no one had tried to talk him out of buying this house. No one had told him a colored man couldn't live in a house Judy Garland and Sid Luft had once owned. Everyone had helped him find it and furnish it, and they were all thrilled to pieces when his father decided to build right next door.

Anyway, they *said* they were glad. . . .

Debbie Reynolds had said it with even more fervor than the rest. "Maybe your dad," she had added, "will be a sobering influence on you, Sammy. Make you put an end to those weekly poker games. . . ."

*Did you know that*
**PAT BOONE**
*has two 'sons'?*
*see the actual pictures*
*read the whole*
*never-before-revealed*
*story in the*
*December issue of*
**MODERN SCREEN**
*on sale November 6*

Sammy had shaken his head, laughing. "Why blame me? I didn't start this jazz."

"No," Debbie had admitted, "but the games are at your place after all. Eddie doesn't get home from them till three, four in the morning. I'm glad he has fun and all that—but when does a girl get to see her guy?"

**Those poker games**

She had had a point, Sammy had to concede. Tony Curtis' wife had objected, too. And Dean Martin's. He and Frankie were the only ones who didn't have to fight anybody over it. But in the end it *was* Sammy who called a halt, not because of the ladies, but because what had started out as a dollar game had suddenly sky-rocketed into big money. Sammy himself had dropped $2,500 one night and won $4,000 another. If anything, it made him feel worse to take that kind of dough from a pal than to drop a wad of his own. So the poker games were no more.

But had it really been because they just didn't want to play with him at his place? Had all his friends suddenly remembered that he was a Negro? And that they didn't like Negroes?

It was too late to go to bed now. In another hour or so he'd have to start getting ready for his appointment.

Four hours later, a trim secretary opened a door, and Sammy walked into Mr. Goldwyn's office. What he expected, he didn't know.

And then, from behind a huge desk, a man was advancing to greet him. A hand was thrust into his and a voice was saying:

"So this is Sammy Davis, Jr. The richest man in all of Hollywood. . . ."

For a moment he thought he hadn't heard right. He cleared his throat. "Oh—no, no, I'm afraid not," he mumbled. "Most everything I make goes right off to Uncle Sam for taxes. . . Why, I'm just buying my first home. . . ."

But Sam Goldwyn only shook his head and laughed. "No, Mr. Davis. I didn't mean money." He walked away, turned back. "Mr. Davis, a man like you doesn't *need* money. You have something more important. You have *friends*."

He sat down behind his desk. "I've been in this business a long time. But I have never known anyone to have as many friends as you—real friends, people who cared. From the minute I announced that I was producing *Porgy and Bess*, my phone hasn't stopped ringing. If I haven't had fifty calls telling me that you are the greatest talent in the country, the perfect person for Sportin' Life—then I haven't had one."

**The richest man**

Sam Goldwyn shook his head. "I never heard anything like it. Frank Sinatra. Jack Benny. Mary Benny cornering me at parties. Jeff Chandler. People I hardly knew, even. Incredible." He sighed. He grinned. "If all Hollywood is calling to tell me you should have the part—who am I to say no?"

And across the desk, into Sammy's hand, he pressed the contract.

Half an hour later, Sammy Davis, Jr. walked out into the sunny Los Angeles day. It was, he told people later, the happiest moment of his life. They nodded and clapped him on the back and told him how glad they were.

But they didn't know the half of it.

For again, Sammy's head rode high. He had more than the contract, more than the coveted role.

He had his friends back in his heart.

And it suddenly seemed so plain—and so foolish, his night of anguish. So his 'friend' the comic had made a crack. All right—the comic was famous for his occasional lapses from good taste. Everyone knew it—why had he, Sammy, forgotten it? It didn't mean anything—not a thing. It didn't even mean anything about his friend's heart, his true feelings—except maybe that he considered Sammy a good enough friend to take it, understand it—and forgive.

And he could. Indeed, he could. Out of the riches of his life, out of the wealth of love and friendship on which he could draw, out of the warmth given and returned honestly all these years between him and his friends—from that deep source, he could take understanding and compassion.

Yes, it was so plain. For years he had told Negro friends, "I have found no discrimination in Hollywood." And they, out of their many rebuffs and disappointments, had answered: "Wait and see."

Well, he had waited. He had seen. He had seen that his friends had come through for him even when he didn't know he needed them. He had seen that a fearful night like last night was never to come again.

He had seen, indeed, that he was the richest man in Hollywood. Maybe in the world.

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## "Don't hurt Eddie... Don't hurt my husband"

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JOHN SAXON, STAR OF UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S "THE RESTLESS YEARS



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# modern screen

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**POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579, to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York.**

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 52, No. 11, December 1958. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., NewYark36,N.Y. Chicago advertising office 221 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years; $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1958 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800

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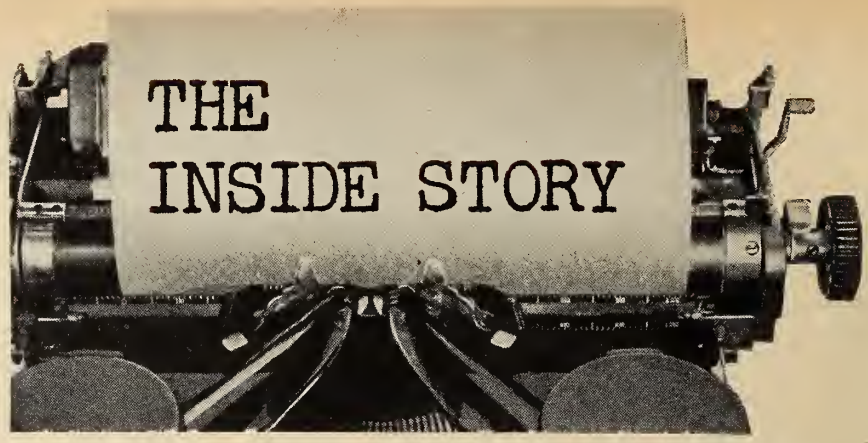
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**Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.**

**Q** Is **Elvis Presley** secretly married?
—S.B., NEWARK, N.J.
**A** *If he is, it's* really *a secret.*

**Q** Wasn't **Tab Hunter** supposed to be in *Darby's Rangers?*
—B.A., LOUISVILLE, KY.
**A** *Tab was originally signed for the role but changed his mind.* **James Garner** *took over instead.*

**Q** What will **Clark Gable's** next picture be?
—R.B., AKRON, N.Y.
**A** BUT NOT FOR ME *for Paramount.*

**Q** What is **Kathryn Grayson's** real name?
—H.U., KEENE, N.H.
**A** *Zelma Hedrik.*

**Q** Does **Debbie Reynolds** drink?
—G.L., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
**A** *Coffee and tea, sometimes water.*

**Q** Is **Louis Jourdan** married?
—S.M., HOUSTON, TEXAS
**A** *He was married in 1944 to Bertha Frederique.*

**Q** Is **Ray Danton** married? Does he have any children?
—A.S., MALDEN, MASS.
**A** *Ray married* **Julie Adams** *in 1955, and they have one child.*

**Q** We hear so little of **Richard Widmark.** What does he do in his spare time?
—R.C., LISBON, IOWA
**A** *He spends most of it with his wife Jean and their child.*

**Q** Has **Richard Long, Susan Ball's** widower, remarried?
—G.L., WATERFORD, CONN.
**A** *After Susan's death, Richard married* **Mara Corday** *in 1957.*

**Q** How old is **Hugh O'Brian** and do you think he will ever marry Nancy Sinatra?
—B.S., NEW YORK, N.Y.
**A** *Hugh is 33 years old. He's been dating Nancy and there's always a possibility of marriage.*

**Q** Did **Marilyn Monroe** make some recordings for RCA?
—D.H., JAMAICA, IOWA
**A** *She made one recording called* THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS.

**Q** In what years were **Ozzie Nelson** and **Harriet Hilliard** born?
—J.D., CHICAGO, ILL.
**A** *They were both born in 1907, Ozzie on March 20 and Harriet on July 18.*

**Q** How long have **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis** been married?
—D.C., TALLAHASSEE, FLA.
**A** *Since 1951.*

**Q** What has happened to **Valli** who starred in *The Miracle Of The Bells?*
—L.S., ROME, GEORGIA
**A** *She lives in Italy and is a popular star there. Her latest picture is* THIS ANGRY AGE *with* **Tony Perkins.**

**Q** What is **Liz Taylor's** real name? When was she born and where?
—C.Y., CHICKASHA, OKLA.
**A** *Elizabeth Rosemond Taylor. She was born on February 27, 1932, in England while her parents were in Europe buying pictures for their art gallery in New York.*

**Q** Did **Elvis Presley** ever make any movies other than *King Creole?*
—M.S., NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE
**A** LOVING YOU, JAILHOUSE ROCK *and* LOVE ME TENDER.

**Q** What movies has **Lizbeth Scott** made lately?
—R.A., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
**A** *Her last film was* LOVING YOU *in 1957.*

**Q** Which actresses have been married only once and are still married?
—D.W., CHICAGO, ILL.
**A** ***Lucille Ball, Marge Champion, Jeanne Crain, Irene Dunne, Betty Garrett, Gina Lollobrigida, Virginia Mayo, Dorothy McGuire, Thelma Ritter, Jane Russell, Rosalind Russell, Gale Storm****—and many others.*

**Q** Has **Montgomery Clift** ever been married?
—F.M.V., TRINIDAD, COLO.
**A** *No.*

**Q** Could you please tell me if **Jerry Lee Lewis** wears a wig or not?
—K.J., ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.
**A** *He doesn't.*

**Q** Is **Dick Clark** going to make any movies?
—L.M., IMPERIAL BEACH, CALIF.
**A** *Not in the near future.*

**Q** Whatever happened to the once popular **Veronica Lake**?
—B.M., ELGIN, ILL.
**A** *She acted in summer stock theater this summer on the East Coast. There are no immediate plans for her to make a movie.*

Now the performance and the story that have made this the most discussed motion picture this year!

# JEAN SIMMONS




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*The Barbarian and The Geisha*
*The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*

**FOR DRAMA**
*Separate Tables*
*In Love and War*

**FOR MUSIC**
*Damn Yankees*

**FOR LAUGHS**
*The Tunnel of Love*

**FOR HORSEPLAY**
*Born Reckless*

# NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



*Ingrid Bergman (right) becomes indispensable to Robert Donat (left), and Curt Jurgens, an Eurasian officer in the Chinese army, in* THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

## THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS

**Ingrid Bergman**
**Curt Jurgens**
**Robert Donat**
**Athene Seyler**
**Michael David**

*Bergman plays missionary*

■ Ingrid is a servant girl who has a burning desire to work as a missionary in China. Anyone can tell her she's unqualified. So she hoards her small salary and buys a ticket on the Trans-Siberian Railway—and almost winds up in a labor camp. Finally she arrives at the remote mountain town of Wancheng. This 'foreign devil' soon becomes indispensable to the Mandarin (Robert Donat) who has tested her by making her his Foot Inspector—she has to enforce a new law which forbids the binding of little girls' feet. She also becomes indispensable romantically—to Curt Jurgens, an Eurasian officer in the Chinese army. Ingrid is no mere do-gooder; she loves China and its people and becomes a citizen. Breathtaking mountain scenery, vivid and shocking scenes of civilian bombing, heartwarming incidents inspired by Ingrid's indomitable courage—go to make *The Inn* something to remember.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

## THE BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA

**John Wayne**
**Eiko Ando**
**Sam Jaffe**
**So Yamamura**
**Kohichi Umino**

*spectacle in Japan*

■ For sheer spectacle alone this is an outstanding film. The setting is the empire of Japan in 1856, untouched by Western influence. Here—in color and filmed in Japan—the costumes, the pageantry and the emotional atmosphere are brilliantly recreated. Townsend Harris (John Wayne) sails into the small port of Shimoda as United States Consul General to Japan, but Governor So Yamamura forbids him to land; he does not recognize the treaty between the countries. John Wayne insists on recognition and is reluctantly given a house. But he and his interpreter, Sam Jaffe, are either harrassed or ignored by the superstitious population who hate and fear foreigners. In order to learn more about his enemy, Yamamura provides Wayne with a beautiful geisha girl, Eiko Ando, who is supposed to spy on him but becomes enchanted instead. Wayne becomes a sort of hero to the villagers when he stops a fierce cholera epidemic, and they escort him in an elaborate procession to the capital where he can advance his country's cause to the shogun. The colorful incidents are unforgettable. More than history, more than a love story, the film is a gorgeous documentary of an exotic land.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

## THE TUNNEL OF LOVE

**Richard Widmark**
**Doris Day**
**Gig Young**
**Gia Scala**
**Elizabeth Fraser**

*and baby makes three!*

■ There's just no justice in the world. Take a man like Gig Young; he plays fast and loose with the ladies but still manages to keep his wife happily supplied with offspring. Then take commercial artist Richard Widmark who is a model mate. He and his wife Doris Day want a child. But (*Continued on page 8*)

# NO.1 FUN BOY GOES ORIENTAL!



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

# JERRY LEWIS

in

# The Geisha Boy

Jerry in Japan– oh, man! It's his funniest ever... strictly "sayonara" to sanity!







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*everytime you puff*
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*Evening in Paris*

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CREATED IN PARIS. MADE BY BOURJOIS IN U.S.A.

## new movies

(*Continued from page 6*) when an adoption agency sends Gia Scala over to see how deserving they are, Widmark is discovered with a bottle of whiskey in one hand—he's been mourning his fate—and a towel wrapped around his midriff—he's been using his trousers to swat at the mice. Gia is not impressed. Doris is furious. Widmark is driven into one mad romantic fling. The results bring a baby into the house. *Whose* baby? That's the question upon which the film revolves. —MGM.

### BORN RECKLESS

**Mamie Van Doren**
**Jeff Richards**
**Arthur Hunnicutt**
**Carol Ohmart**
**Nacho Galindo**

*Mamie's in the saddle*

■ Mamie Van Doren is a trick rodeo rider but every time she dismounts some wise guy leers at her, and every time she sings a song some wise guy grabs her for a finale. It was awful until Jeff Richards came along to protect her. Jeff's an all around rodeo champ and the women adore him. "Be careful," his buddy Arthur Hunnicutt warns Mamie, "Jeff loves 'em and leaves 'em." But Mamie thinks—*Isn't Jeff dreaming about owning a ranch, and won't he need a wife and family?* Jeff dreams big, but all his prize money flows through his fingers. And one day, just before a big rodeo, a divorcee named Carol Ohmart lures him into her convertible—and away they go. How does Mamie solve that problem? See it and find out.—WARNERS.

### SEPARATE TABLES

**Burt Lancaster**
**Rita Hayworth**
**Deborah Kerr**
**David Niven**
**Wendy Hiller**

*trouble in a small hotel*

■ The scene is one of those English hotels in a seaside town whose permanent residents have more or less retired from life. You can pick them out in the dining room—the former major (David Niven) who maintains a jaunty military air; the proud dowager (Gladys Cooper) and her frightened rabbit of a daughter (Deborah Kerr) who has never grown up; the wistful ex-schoolteacher (Felix Aylmer); the typical maiden ladies. A spark of outrageous life is supplied by medical student Rod Taylor and his liberal-minded sweetheart Audrey Dalton. An undercurrent of excitement is provided by American Burt Lancaster who is a writer, drinks too much and suffers from some hurt in his past. Over them all presides hotelkeeper Wendy Hiller—efficient, kindly, strong—who's in love with Lancaster. Scandal strikes the hotel when it is learned that David Niven had a run-in with the police for annoying a few women in a movie theatre, and that he never really was a major. The scandal's enough to ruin him and to destroy Deborah who, pathetically, loves him. And what happens when Rita Hayworth arrives at the hotel? A worldly, still stunning ex-model—she's also Burt's ex-wife, and wants him back. Life gets pretty lively at this establishment. It is an unusual drama—mature and exciting.—U.A.

### IN LOVE AND WAR

**Robert Wagner**
**Dana Wynter**
**Jeffrey Hunter**
**Hope Lange**
**Bradford Dillman**

*drama of three Marines*

■ When the Marines land on Japanese-held islands in the Pacific there are three very different kinds of American heroes among them. One is Sergeant Jeffrey Hunter who comes from a family of Greek fishermen and can take anything life has to offer; that includes war—and love. Back home, he loved Hope Lange and didn't hesitate to marry her even though she was a little embarrassed at having become pregnant first. Another is scholarly Bradford Dillman, whose father is very rich and enraged at Brad's insistence on being where the fighting is. Dillman's girl, socialite Dana Wynter, has lots of principles but can't find them because she's usually drunk at her parties. And then there's cowardly, frightened Robert Wagner, of a poor Irish family. What war does to these three buddies makes a very absorbing film. The big cast includes France Nuyen, Murvyn Vye and Sheree North.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

### DAMN YANKEES

**Tab Hunter**
**Gwen Verdon**
**Ray Walston**
**Russ Brown**
**Rae Allen**

*baseball goes jazzy*

■ Half the husbands in America—that's a modest estimate—are glued to their TV sets during the baseball season. One middle-aged husband (Robert Shafer) is so upset by what he sees that he's willing to sell his soul for a long ball hitter on the Washington Senators. No sooner overheard, than the Devil (Ray Walston) appears to make a deal. He takes Shafer's soul and turns him into Tab Hunter, the greatest baseball player in history. The Devil's such a baseball fan that he foolishly grants Shafer an escape clause, effective at the end of the season. Tab Hunter is absolutely sensational. Because of him it looks as if the Washington Senators will even win the pennant. *But who is Tab Hunter,* wonders newspaper gal Rae Allen. There's something fishy about him! She makes enough trouble for Tab to have him hauled before the Baseball Commission. But he has other worries, too. Namely Lola. Lola is a 179-year-old hag whom the Devil has transformed into a siren. Her orders are to make Tab fall so hard that he won't want to exercise his escape clause. As Lola, Gwen Verdon sings and dances the numbers that made her famous on Broadway. It's delightful.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

### RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW PLAYING:

**THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANT** (MGM): Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall are trying to catch a husband for their daughter Sandra Dee, who isn't too happy with their choices. She prefers drummer John Saxon whose reputation isn't quite what London society considers acceptable. But Sandra is determined to get *her* man—not just any old man—and the struggle is a fahulously funny one.

**ME AND THE COLONEL** (Columhia): When the Germans invade Paris, Danny Kaye wants to flee—real quick—hecause he is a Jew. Curt Jurgens, a Polish Colonel, wants to leave also. But the prohlem is that Danny's got the only car in Paris. So Curt agrees to drive Danny out of Paris, to safety. But once in the car and hehind the wheel, Curt drives toward German lines in order to rescue his sweetheart, Nicole Maury. A mad mixup follows, including a love triangle and capture hy the Nazis.

**THE RESTLESS YEARS** (U-I): When a gossipy town starts spreading vicious rumors, Sandra Dee finds herself the ohject. She's got no friends until John Saxon comes along. He befriends her and together they land the leads in the school play. Things are fine until jealous Luana Patten makes up some nasty rumors ahout John and Sandra. Johnny's father comes to their defense and Sandra's mother, Teresa Wright, has her faith in human nature restored.

**WIND ACROSS THE EVERGLADES** (Warners): Teacher Christopher Plummer is given the joh of hird warden in the Everglades to protect the rare hirds which are heing killed for their feathers. Burl Ives and his outlaw group want to cash in on the hird plumes—at Plummer's expense. Plummer gets wounded a few times hut has lovely Chana Eden to nurse him, and he finally gets a warrant for Ives' arrest.




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## THE SCENE THAT WASN'T SHOT

The place was Corsica, in the Mediterranean. The time was mid-winter. Lovely, blonde, English Mary Ure and rugged, handsome, equally-English Peter Finch were filming a beach scene for the picture *Windom's Way*.

Their job was to run into the freezing water, swim out, wait for the director to yell *cut* and then swim back to shore. They rehearsed three shivering times. Then the scene was ready to be shot. On cue, Mary and Peter grabbed hands and made for the water. They began to swim out. They swam and swam—a little farther out than ever before, it seemed—but finally the director yelled his *cut* and that should have been that. . . .

But suddenly was no Mary to be seen. "Hello?" he asked, as Britishers will under such circumstances. But nobody helloed him back.



Then he heard the shriek. "Peterrrrr!" It came from behind, from at least a dozen waves behind. "Peterrrrr . . . help me . . . I'm caught in the current!"

His first instinct was to swim back and save his drowning co-star. First, however, he thought he'd signal the crew on shore, in case they hadn't noticed. His heart, like Mary, began to sink—because the crew on shore had already begun to set up the next scene and they obviously couldn't have cared less about the two people in the water, stars or no. Peter reeled around and swam back out now, toward Mary, or toward what he could see of the top of her shining golden head. . . .

Mary was only half-conscious when they got to shore, quivering, pale blue. Peter began to slap gently at her face and say, "That's all right, everything is going to be all right."

In her trance, Mary began to cry and talk about her childhood, in Glasgow, Scotland, something about a little dog running down the street and in danger of being hit by a truck. "Oh," she moaned.

Then Peter looked up and saw a sour-faced assistant director standing over them, his eyes meeting Peter's, he shook his head. "Mr. Finch . . . Miss Ure," he said, "this rehearsal is brilliant. But unfortunately the scene is not in the picture—can we *please* get back to work . . . ?"

End of story: Mary recovered nicely—and a certain sour-faced assistant director got himself chased way down the beach by a certain hero-actor, initials P.F.



*Watch for Mary and Peter in* WINDOM'S WAY *for Rank.*




AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX, GEORGE STEVENS HAS COMPLETED

# the diary of anne frank

IN WHICH A GIRL WHO HAS NEVER APPEARED ON THE SCREEN IS ALREADY WORLD FAMOUS

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## MRS. KIRK DOUGLAS REVEALS . . .

● In the July 1957 MODERN SCREEN, my beloved husband Kirk told how I shook him up at our wedding ceremony when I got the unfamiliar English words confused and repeated, "I, Anne Buydens, take thee, Kirk Douglas, as my AWFUL WEDDED HUSBAND!"

Well, since then I've learned about a few of Kirk's goofs with the English language, so here's my revelation about him:

For instance, there was the afternoon, while he was a part-time waiter at a New York restaurant, when he called out this order to the bar: "A daiquiri, a Manhattan, and one bottle of BUPPERT'S REAR!"

As a singing telegram boy in his first Broadway play, *Spring Again*, Kirk forgot his lyrics on opening night and 'la-de-dahed' a Happy-Birthday-to-You greeting!

After he made *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*—his first picture in Hollywood, he nervously named it on a radio interview as *The Strange Hives of Martha Lovers!*"

These were all simple, little goofs, good merely for a laugh, but when Kirk was in the Navy in World War II, serving in the Galapagos Islands, he made a goof that cost him a couple of weeks in the hospital—and almost cost the Navy a good subchaser. Kirk was relaying the captain's orders by telephone to the fantail of the ship. On maneuvers, the captain calmly said, "Fire depth charge marker—seventy-five feet off starboard."

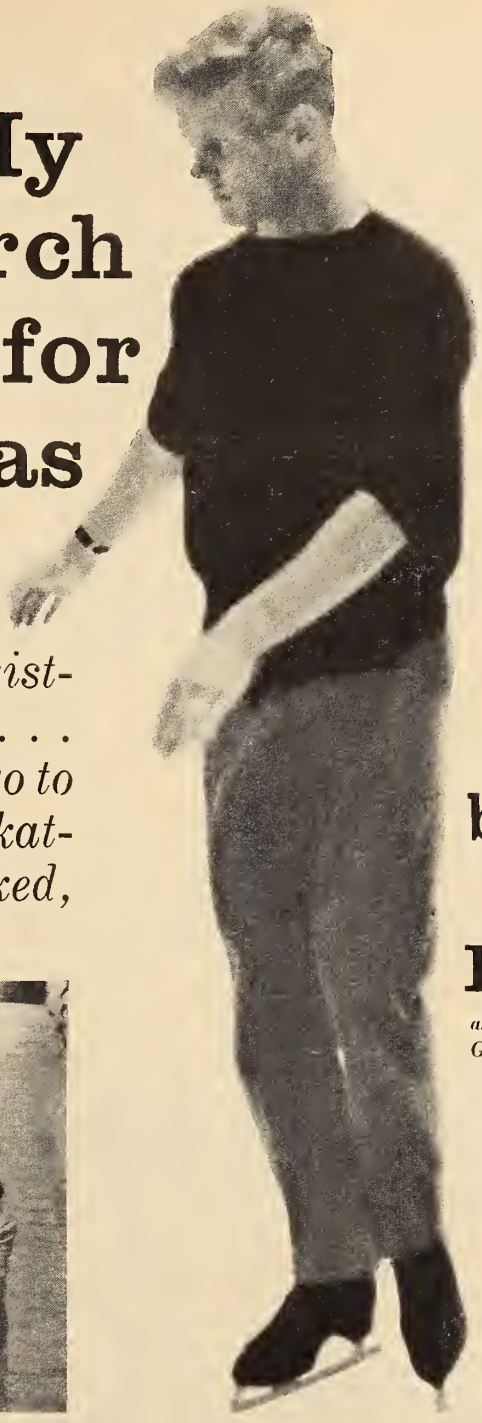
Just as calmly, Kirk repeated over the phone, "Fire depth charge, seventy-five feet off starboard."

"Douglas!" The skipper came alive. "I said depth charge MARKER!"

But it was too late for the correction. The big can of TNT circled out and landed just a little bit past pitcher's mound distance in baseball. The explosion almost turned the subchaser over. Luckily there were no real casualties—except every dish in the galley—but nevertheless the captain picked himself up off the deck, turned to my darling Kirk, and sarcastically promised, "Douglas, I'm recommending you for the medal of honor—from the Japanese Navy!"

No matter how he goofs with the King's English, though, here's one queen who's glad she got her AWFUL WEDDED HUSBAND!

# My search for Christmas



*Sure, love is the spirit of Christmas. But when you're lonely . . . very, very lonely, where do you go to find love? On the street? In a skating rink? That's where I looked, and I was lucky . . .*



**by Tab Hunter**

*as told to George Christy*

The Christmas I was seventeen started as the loneliest I'd ever known. I was stationed in Groton, Connecticut, with the Coast Guard. On Christmas morning we awakened in our clapboard barracks and looked out to the snow-white landscape —and all of us guys who didn't get furloughs moaned. We ached to be home. Christmas isn't Christmas away from home. It's going to church with your loved ones, spending the afternoon with your family, basking in the warm spirit of a holy and heartfelt holiday, exchanging gifts, hearing the laughter of young children and smelling the tantalizing aromas of turkey and muffins and pie in the kitchen.

To tell the truth, the poor Coast Guard outfit tried to give us a Christmas feeling, but it just didn't come off. They put a tinseled pine tree in the mess hall with a scene depicting the Nativity under it, hung ribboned wreaths on the walls, arranged potted poinsettias on each table and served us the works—roast turkey, stuffing, sweet potatoes, plum pudding, bowls of nuts, candy and oranges.

But no matter how hard they tried, there you are with a couple of hundred long-faced, homesick guys, all wishing they were with their sweethearts, wives or friends; and although you have a joy of Christmas somewhere in your *(Continued on page 14)*




(*Continued from page 13*) heart, you can't let it out.

True, I didn't have a sweetheart then, but I wanted to be with my mom and my brother Walt.

I don't know what made me do it, but lots of times you feel as if you're going to burst if you have to stick things out one minute longer. So on Saturday, the night after Christmas, I went over the hill. AWOL. I asked for an overnight pass, and some chicken officer in command looked at me sourly and said, "Nothing doing, Gelien."

I wasn't Tab Hunter then. I was Art Gelien looking to find myself in the world.

So I slipped out of camp after chow, soon as the sun went down, and I thumbed my way into New York in search of Christmas.

**But where to search?**

A young couple gave me a lift all the way into town. They'd been with relatives in Massachusetts, and they told me Christmas in the country was great. Christmas in the city, they said, had gotten too commercial.

For a moment I was afraid to go to New York. But what's a lonely Coast Guardsman going to do? Sit in the barracks and listen to the radio or read a book or play cards with the guys. I'd been doing that for months, and I was tired of it. It was Christmas, and I wanted to come to the city and see a part of the world.

When we arrived in New York, they dropped me off at Times Square.

There I was, plunk in the center of this rushing throng of people. Everybody was with somebody. Like Noah's ark, it was two-by-two for everyone wherever you went or wherever you looked. Two-by-two for everyone except me.

What to do? I began walking along those honky-tonk New York streets—Broadway, Seventh Avenue, Eighth Avenue. The snow had been trampled to slush by the Christmas crowds. All the shopkeepers were hawking their wares: wristwatches and papaya juice, tattoos and candied apples.

I asked a stranger where St. Patrick's church was, thinking I'd make a novena, but he told me he was from out of town and hadn't the vaguest idea. "Anyhow," this guy said, looking at me as if I was a freak, "it's Saturday night, fella. There's plenty of time to go to church on Sunday."

So I walked along those dirty, slush-trampled streets and looked at the jazzy Broadway shopwindows, at the dime-a-dance tango palaces, at all the hole-in-the-wall record shops blaring the novelty songs of Christmas and the corny versions of the sacred Christmas carols. I stopped in a pinball gallery, and people were pushing and shoving to get to the machines.

*I'm in hell,* I thought. *Here it is—hell! —if anybody's wondering where to find it.*

I went out to the windy night. When you breathed, the air clouded around your face. I walked along Broadway, my hands in the pockets of my pea jacket, thinking I ought to hitchhike back to those desolate Coast Guard barracks at Groton. This was a lousy way to spend a Christmas. Better to be in bed at the barracks dreaming about home. . . .

Then suddenly I heard the music—loud, thumping, hurdy-gurdy music. I looked up at the blazing, white-lighted marquee. It read: GAY BLADES SKATING RINK.

The music was too inviting to pass by, and anyway I've always loved skating. This would take my mind off things. It had nothing to do with Christmas, but I'd relax.

I paid the price (*Continued on page 27*)

modern screen's gossip extra!

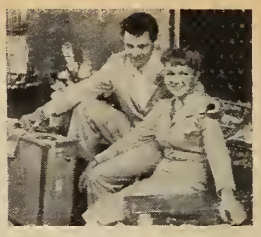
# LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

**I have never known a star to fall so rapidly in the esteem of her own fans as Liz Taylor...**













**LOUELLA PARSONS**
**in hollywood**





**I'm on my soapbox:**

# IF DEBBIE AND EDDIE WEREN'T IN LOVE I DON'T KNOW WHO WAS!





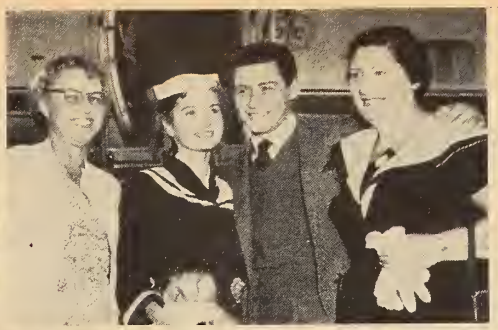















I'm on my soapbox to say I'm sick of all the innuendoes going around, plus **Liz Taylor**'s open charge, that **Debbie Reynolds** couldn't lose **Eddie Fisher**'s love "because she never had it."

What kind of love are they referring to?

As the chaperone of Debbie and Eddie in Las Vegas just two weeks before their marriage at Grossinger's resort in New York, I can tell you that they were two of the most love-struck youngsters I've ever known, always holding hands in the back of our car—or Eddie whispering love songs into Debbie's ear—all right, let's say it, 'necking' all over the place.

Let me address a question to some of you girls who may have at one time in your lives attempted to get an *unwilling* male to the marriage license bureau. How much luck did you have? Except in cases of 'shot-gun arguments,' I bet—*none*.

And there was nobody dragging Eddie to Grossinger's when he took Debbie as his bride.

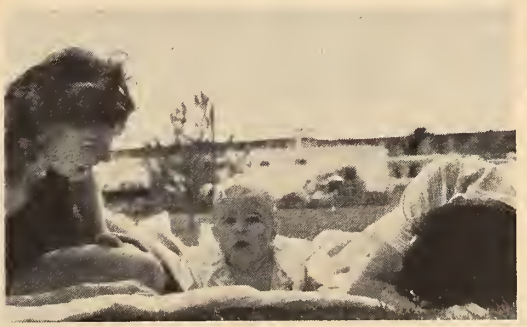
They admit they had their hassles and misunderstandings in the early days of marriage "as most couples do."

And yet, Eddie was always openly proud of Debbie, of her fine charity work—he kiddingly called her his "busy little club woman"; of her fine talent as a comedienne and actress—"and look how she showed me up as a singer with *Tammy*," he'd say with pride; and as a wife and mother. He said to me just a few weeks before they parted when I visited them at their home for a MODERN SCREEN interview, "She's the best."

This isn't love? It's just the kind that makes for the good family life this country is based on, that's all. Maybe it isn't the gasping, panting, you-set-me-on-fire kind of *grande passion* that's based on blinding sex-appeal—but it's *love* in my book. The best kind.

On page 31 of this edition of MODERN SCREEN I have a round-up article on the Liz-Eddie-Debbie tragedy which I hope you'll read.










## PARTY of the MONTH

There were $6000 worth of orchids used in the decorations and over four hundred guests were served at the sit-down dinner given in honor of Cobina Wright, Sr.'s birthday by realtor Hal Hayes! How would you like to get four hundred guests seated at your chateau for dinner? I think *I'd* blow a fuse.

The house is one of the most fantastic in Hollywood anyway. Situated on its own private cliff high above the Hollywood hills, it is built on four levels with enormous trees growing right through the living room and if one walked too close to the edge of the second and third level it would take just a moment of carelessness to fall off into exotic gardens of flowers, plants and luxuriant shrubberies.

The whole effect was so tropical and island-like that Governor William Quinn of Hawaii, visiting in Hollywood, thought for a minute he had been transplanted right back home!

Against this setting of lush greenery, the girls looked very beautiful in their flowing formal gowns. **John Wayne** and **Pilar** looked like honeymooners again, which they really were after their recent reconciliation.

**Greer Garson**'s hair looked more red than ever and **Dorothy Lamour,** heroine of so many tropical *Road* movies with **Bing** and **Bob Hope,** looked as though she might go into another sarong number any moment.

Thoroughly enjoying themselves and the unusual surroundings were Mary and **Bob Cummings, Judy Garland,** Georgia and **Red Skelton,** the **Edgar Bergens** (without Charlie McCarthy), Doris Duke, the David Hearsts, Jimmy McHugh, **Hoagy Carmichael, Norma Shearer** and those 375 others!

## That Brynner Rumor

It took a jolt like the report from Europe that **Yul Brynner** was leaving his wife, Virginia, to marry teenage Frances Martin, to get Yul to drop his rigid rule never to discuss his married life in print.

The baldheaded charmer was hopping mad when I talked with him in his dressing room at 20th where he was starting *The Sound And The Fury.*

"I have been married fourteen years. Virginia was with me all the time we were shooting *The Journey* in Vienna where this ridiculous story originated.

"The only thing that worries Virginia and me is that our son Rocky, who is in school, will hear the nonsense.

"But I suppose it's time the gossip started up again. Every year someone tries to part Virginia and me. I can only think that I offended someone in Vienna who chose this ridiculous way to get even."





*Nat's happy being Mrs. Wagner, but wishes she were working again.*

## Natalie's Battle

**Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner** dropped by to see me on their way to their boat at Balboa. She is an unhappy girl that her contract troubles with Warner Brothers have dragged out so long.

I agreed with her that this is very bad for her career and by the time you read this, I hope everything has been settled.

Natalie said, "I never made the statement that I didn't care if I never work again because I'm so happy being Mrs. Robert Wagner. Of course, I'm happy with Bob. But I have worked since I was a child . . . And I love my work and I'm certainly proud of my career."

Another thing denied by Natalie is that she has been 'holding out' for $250,000 per picture. "That's absurd," she scoffed. "I never made such an unreasonable demand." She told me that all she is really asking for is the chance to do outside pictures and collect the money.

I seldom get into these contract battles because long experience has taught me that there are always two sides to the arguments. But I am sure that if Natalie's agent and her bosses at Warners (Jack Warner has been critically ill in a hospital in France following an automobile crash) could get together and talk out the problems, they could be settled.

*Yul Brynner and his wife Virginia (below) are a happy couple despite false reports about Yul's romance with actress Frances Martin (rt.). Yul was upset about these vicious stories.*



## NO BABY!

The fact that **Marilyn Monroe** had Beverly Hills' famed gynecologist Dr. Leon Krohn as her doctor when she was rushed from the set of *Some Like It Hot* in San Diego to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles, started those stork rumors all over again.

Marilyn says it isn't true—she wishes it were.

But she's confident that baby she and Arthur Miller want so much "will be here in another year." She really wants a baby.

*Marilyn's not pregnant in spite of the sack dress she's wearing. . . .*





*Ann and Bill's wedding started off a tremendous round of parties.*

## Wedding Parties

The wedding of popular **Ann Miller** and **Bill Moss** (Jane Withers' ex) set off a round of post-nuptial parties ranging from lingerie showers for Ann to the formal dinner dance given by Cobina Wright, Sr. and Arthur Cameron at his Beverly Hills estate. (Arthur used to date Ann!)

We Southern Californians had been enjoying the most ideal summer-night weather—and Arthur had set up candle-lit tables on the big terrace overlooking the swimming pool and the gardens. So what happens? A drenching thunderstorm blew up and sent all the help scurrying to bring the tables inside. When you can move a party for a hundred fifty people from the outside to the inside in five minutes—that's some moving.

**Jane Powell,** who was giving a shower for Annie the next day, ruefully remarked, "And I hope it isn't this kind of a shower." She'd no more than finished talking than the rain stopped—and the moon came out!

One of the most admired guests was England's beloved actress, **Margaret Leighton,** in Hollywood to make her first American picture, *The Sound and the Fury*. She was with the effervescent **Zsa Zsa Gabor.**

**June Haver MacMurray** (Mrs. Fred) gets prettier every time I see her and looked like a picture in a shrimp-colored chiffon gown. But Fred doesn't want her to work. I saw the **Randy Scotts,** Pat Brown (candidate for Governor of California) and his wife, the Ed Pauleys among other socialites, and had a long talk with Norman Hartnell, called 'the Queen's designer' because he creates so many clothes for Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. He recalled that I had lunched with him in London several years ago before going on to the garden party at Buckingham Palace. It was quite a party.

## Marital Rifts

If **Sheilah** and **Guy Madison** aren't back together by the time you read this, it's just a cryin' shame. Guy admits he still loves Sheilah and she loves him.

The trouble between them is simply this—Guy does a lot of traveling making appearances around the country, loves hunting, fishing and outdoor activities. Before the babies arrived Sheilah always went with him.

Now that there are three baby Madisons in the household—in four years of marriage—Sheilah doesn't think she should be traipsing around. Feels the children need her.

This, of course, brings up the age-old problem: is a woman's first duty to her husband or to her children? I say—both.

Surely, a compromise can be reached between Guy and Sheilah. He's a good father and loves his family. I know because I am the godmother of the youngest Madison. This is a good marriage and just *can't* go on the rocks.

Honors for the shortest marital rift on record go to **John Wayne** and **Pilar Palette** who broke up for exactly twenty-four hours! "Sure, we had a battle," Duke told me cheerfully. "Then we realized our mistake and right now I'm helping Pilar move back into our house which was destroyed by fire.

"We love each other very much," Pilar got on the phone to add, "and we know now how silly it was to act on an impulse and separate."

Good for both Waynes. If we only had more such sensible couples who aren't too proud to admit a mistake immediately!

# PERSONAL OPINIONS

I don't care what anybody says, cropping **Tommy Sands'** hair for *Mardi Gras* has made a big change in my young friend's personality. When Tommy had his locks flowing down practically into his eyes, he may not have exactly pawed the ground like a juvenile **Gary Cooper,** but he was shy and not too sure of himself. Now with this almost 'butch' cut, he's quite the dapper young man, confident and poised. . . .

Reminds me of **Jimmie Rodgers'** reply when **Dinah Shore** asked him how he managed to acquire so much self-assurance so young: "I got married," quoth Jimmie. . . .

Surprised me to learn that those cute **Lennon Sisters** (singing quartet on Lawrence Welk's TV show) earn $100,000 annually—but most of it comes from their merchandising line (dresses, coats, ribbons *a la Lennon*) rather than from recordings or their TV contract! . . .

Speaking of clothes, **Audrey Hepburn** spends more than any other star on her private life wardrobe. **Dinah Shore** is the biggest spender for a professional wardrobe. . . .

**Kim Novak** is outgrowing her lavender complex. She tells me her new house has a touch or two of lavender in every room, "but there are other colors too." . . .

The new style of wearing wigs looks attractive on *some* girls, **Zsa Zsa Gabor** for one. But **Judy Garland** confesses she bought a wig and is scared to wear it. "Someone might say I showed up in a 'fright' wig," she laughed.

Who else but **Lauren Bacall** would have the honesty to say, "I'm going to Europe because I'm sick and tired of going out to dinner and to parties with married couples. Oh, don't misunderstand me. I love my happily married friends. Couldn't get along without 'em. And I envy them their complete lives.

"But I've *had* it just being the extra woman they're sweet enough to invite.

"Yep, I hope I run smack, head on, into a brand new exciting romance in Europe. There's nothing better for a woman's morale than being pursued by a gentleman who thinks you are the most—even if it doesn't last."

**Rock Hudson** has gone yacht happy. He is now commander of a 40-foot boat he rented from agent Milton Bren and every moment he isn't before the cameras on *This Earth Is Mine,* he's out sailing over the bounding main, or wherever you sail along the California Coast.

The boating bug bit Rock after he spent several week ends with the **Tyrone Powers** aboard their beautiful yacht, or so he says. If you ask me, I think Rock is getting to be more and more of a recluse and there's nothing that discourages dropper-inners like the Pacific Ocean between you and them.

The nicest thing that has happened to our town this devastating month is the return of **Gene Tierney,** now completely well again and looking even more beautiful and radiant than before she suffered a series of nervous breakdowns.

Here is a girl who loved so deeply—and futilely—that she was almost destroyed by the emotion. Let's mention it just this once and then forget it—Gene's unhappy romance with *the* Aly Khan was almost her undoing.

But it's the way a man or woman triumphs over heartaches and pain that is the measure of his or her worth—and after many long years of suffering Gene is her own woman again! Her friends are so proud of her.





*Self-assurance . . . That's something these two young men have plenty of. It came to Tommy Sands (above) with his new butch haircut. And for Jimmie Rodgers (right) it came with his marriage to sweet Colleen.*



*These cute kids—the Lennon Sisters—working so hard on their music here earn $100,000 a year, I was surprised to learn. But not from their singing!*

She called me her first day back in Hollywood, her voice sounding so fresh and vibrant, to say hello and also, "Dr. Carl Menninger says I am completely cured and I feel now that all my sickness is behind me." A few days later I saw Gene, and she is so lovely it's hard to believe she has had a sick day. She is eager to return to her career "as soon as 20th Century-Fox can find the right story for me," she told me happily.

Gene spoke with deep gratitude of her studio. "They never took me off salary a single day during my illness. Do you wonder that I think of 20th as my mother and my father?"

I told her, too, that none of her loyal fans had forgotten her during her absence. Many letters came in asking about her and how she was coming along. "I'm so grateful—and thankful," she said with sincere feeling. "It's so wonderful to learn you are still wanted."







*Dinah Shove (above) spends more on her professional wardrobe than any other star. And these tiers of dresses are all up to date! The script supervisor and the property master are among the many old friends at 20th-Fox who welcomed Gene Tierney (above, right) home. Rock Hudson (right) is having a great time with George Nader on the forty-foot yacht Rock's happily commanding these days.*

## I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—



**France Nuyen:** She's half-Chinese and half-French and her last name is pronounced 'New-yen.' And, 'new yen' is just exactly what 20th Century-Fox thinks she will be after you see her in those love scenes with Bob Wagner in *In Love and War* which followed her Lait in *South Pacific*.

Now France is killing them on the stage on Broadway as the heroine of the highly spiced *The World of Suzie Wong*.

Pretty good for a girl who just two short years ago was selling cookies in a New York bakery—and eating so many of them to keep alive that the boss had to let her go to keep in business! And, before the bakery job, she worked as a housemaid doing the cooking, marketing and housecleaning for a couple on Riverside Drive in the big town.

This exotic looking girl, now riding the crest of sudden fame, is no stranger to sadness, hunger or fear. "I have known the agony of being a stranger in a strange country, unable to speak the language, and with no job," she says, now speaking in very good English. "People say I am lucky. But before I got lucky I was almost dead!"

As a child she barely knew her father, Louis Nuyen, a Chinese ship's navigator, because he was always at sea. Born in Marseilles, France, it was a struggle for her mother to get enough money to send France to the Pension school. Neither one of them had enough to eat during the war years in Paris.

At fifteen, France and her mother, who was beginning to be very ill, came to New York. Mrs. Nuyen took in sewing while France sold cookies or kept house—for other people.

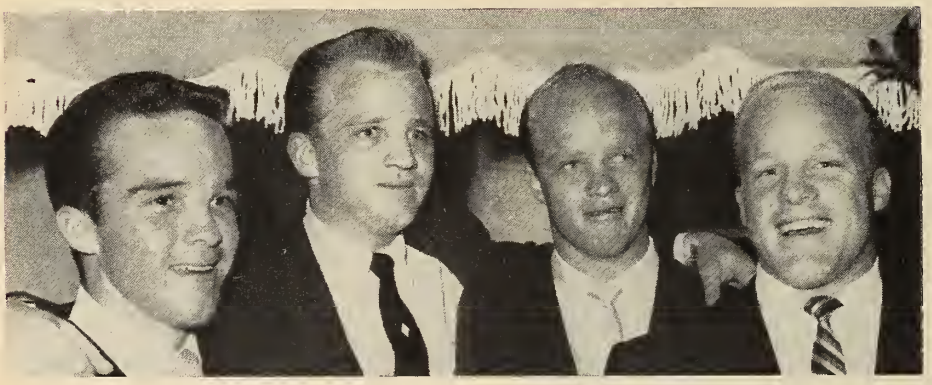
The big break came when the head of a model agency sent frightened little France to be interviewed by Josh Logan for *South Pacific*. As you know, she got it. And a whole new world has opened up for France Nuyen.



*I have received so many bitter letters about Elizabeth Taylor, more than I have ever seen on any other star.*



*With his marriage to Sandra Drummond, Phillip becomes the second Crosby to marry a showgirl. Will Lindsay and Gary follow suit? Who knows?*







*Ricky Nelson (left) has been accused of trying to look and act like Elvis Presley . . . Meanwhile, another reader wonders about where in the world Farley Granger has been.*

# THE LETTER BOX:

I'm still digging myself out of the airmailed snow storm of letters directed to my desk about the **Liz Taylor - Eddie Fisher - Debbie Reynolds** holocaust. Some are bitter, threatening and abusive. Some are disillusioned ("I'll never again believe in a Hollywood marriage"); a few are pitying ("Why the sticks and stones against people who have no religious training and no code of ethics?").

Elizabeth Taylor is getting the worst blistering ever directed against a star in my history as a columnist—and that includes the **Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini** scandal.

Debbie Reynolds is the heroine. Eddie the "mixed-up, infatuation-blinded, erring husband," to put it kindly.

There are many many wishes that Debbie and Eddie will get back together again. This is the consensus of opinions in the mail—but to print it all would take this whole book. So on to other mail:

DON DIETERLE asks: *Where in the world is* **Farley Granger**? *Have producers completely forgotten this fine actor who was so hot just four years ago? I've heard he is 'difficult'—but is he more difficult than* **Monty Clift** *and other stars now working?* When Farley left Hollywood early in 1957 he said he wouldn't be back until he found a script he really liked. So far, nothing.

*I deeply resent all the cracks about the* **Crosby** *boys marrying chorus girls,* snaps KEWPIE CARTWRIGHT; BROOKLYN, *What's wrong with chorus girls? I'm one.* Absolutely nothing wrong with chorus girls, Kewpie. They are a hard working group and many stars have come from the 'line.' Good luck to you. . . .

From MAURE LEE TALLEY, ST. LOUIS, comes: *When I was a teenager (fifteen years ago) movies were romantic and we held hands with our best fellas. Now films are so filled with suggestive sex, the youngsters are ashamed to hold hands.* Oh come now, there's still a lot of hand-holding at the movies, my friend. . . .

*Don't you think* **Rick Nelson** *is copying* **Elvis Presley** *too much, even to dating many of the same girls?* asks ANNE CONNORS, MILLINGTON, TENN. *Rick's pictures in the fan magazines show him even trying to pose like Elvis.* Anybody agree?

LOLA RICE, NEW YORK, is *Sick of reading and looking at those foreign actresses,* **Brigitte Bardot, Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren** *and all the other busty big bores! Why give them all the big roles and publicity that should go to our American girls,* **Natalie Wood, Lana Turner, Kim Novak,** *and* **Debbie Reynolds?** Can't agree with you that Kim, Debbie, Lana are suffering from lack of good roles and publicity—and Natalie is on suspension. . . .

*I believe that* **Andy Griffith** *is the most wholesome, likeable star since the late, great* **Charles Ray** writes MRS. VERNE MACO, DENVER. *Why don't you suggest that Andy be starred in some of the old Ray classics?* Consider it suggested, MRS. M. It's a nice idea.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

## DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in December, your birthstone is turquoise, your flower is poinsettia, and here are some of the stars that share your birthday with you:

*December 1*—**Allyn McLerie**

*December 2*—**Julie Harris**

*December 6*—**Agnes Moorehead**
**Bobby Van**

*December 7*—**Rod Cameron**

*December 8*—**Dewey Martin**

*December 9*—**Broderick Crawford**
**Kirk Douglas**

*December 10*—**Dorothy Lamour**
**Barbara Nichols**

*December 11*—**Betsy Blair**

*December 12*—**Edward G. Robinson**
**Frank Sinatra**

*December 13*—**Van Heflin**
**Mark Stevens**
**Don Taylor**

*December 14*—**Dan Dailey**
**Abbe Lane**

*December 15*—**Jeff Chandler**

*December 17*—**Richard Long**

*December 19*—**Edmond Purdom**

*December 20*—**Irene Dunne**
**Mala Powers**
**Audrey Totter**

*December 23*—**Ruth Roman**
**Barbara Ruick**

*December 24*—**Ava Gardner**

*December 26*—**Steve Allen**
**Richard Widmark**

*December 27*—**Jerome Courtland**
**Marlene Dietrich**

*December 28*—**Lew Ayres**
**Hildegarde Neff**

*December 30*—**Russ Tamblyn**
**Jo Van Fleet**



**Lee J. Cobb**
*December 9*



**Marie Windsor**
*December 11*



**Betty Grable**
*December 18*



**Tony Martin**
*December 25*


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WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

# SHOP EARLY FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS



Hollywood stars are now taking time from their busy shooting schedules to do their Christmas shopping early. Follow their plan and get your gift-giving selections behind you, too. Early shopping gives you the best selection of merchandise, makes wrapping and tying a treat instead of a chore—and best of all, it clears your schedule so you can enjoy more dates and parties during the holidays. As a major part of your holiday fun, be sure and see these wonderful star teams in their new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film releases: Cyd Charisse and Robert Taylor in *Party Girl;* Doris Day and Richard Widmark in *The Tunnel of Love;* and Elizabeth Taylor and Paul Newman in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. All of the star photos by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.







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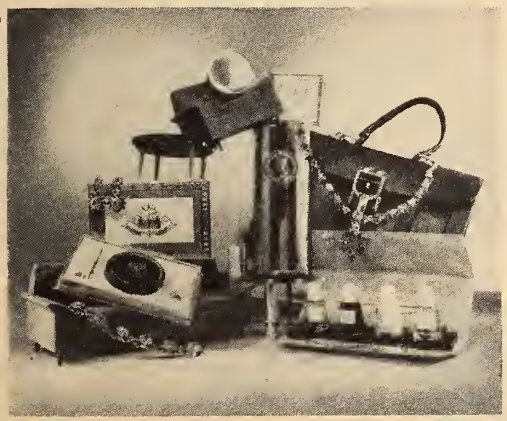


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Get your Christmas shopping off to a wonderful start with these fashionable gift selections, too. Beautiful gifts and beautiful prices—from one dollar up, some even less! 1. Evening in Paris fragrance by Bourjois comes in exciting single units or multiple group sets; Beautiful Bryan stockings hand-jeweled by Ellen Troy; Kleinert's "Beau" boudoir bonnet; Richelieu jewelry; Meyers Make Kidwin leather gloves; bow tree of Bur-Mil instant bow ribbon. 2. April Showers fragrance by Cheramy; Houbigant's Chantilly fragrance; golden highlights—Trifari jewelry and Gustave's crocheted scuff; embroidered Kidwin shorties. 3. Parfum Anjou in Heavenly Twins duet, Celestial and Apropos fragrances, and the Double Dare duet, Devastating and Side Glance fragrances—also, dusting powder in Celestial fragrance; Rolfs carry-all handbag of leather and suede; Carlisle cardigan of Tycora; Harold J. Rubin of New York mink tail beanie. 4. Jergens collections of dainties, including bath oil, salts and hand lotion; Capri jewelry and Hanes seamless stockings. 5. Max Factor's Hi-Society new refillable lipstick case and intriguing Hypnotique fragrance; Meyers Make Launderleather gloves; Laros lingerie; Hanes seamless stockings; and Vogue jewelry—dripping from another bow tree made of Bur-Mil insant bow ribbon. 6. A fabulous collection of Revlon lovelies from famous Futurama lipstick case to exquisite manicure case; Trifari jewelry; Park Lane handbag; and Smart '59 miniature copies of Kroehler's furniture for "little ladies." 7. Lentheric—Tweed or Dark Brilliance fragrances; King's Men, of course, for him; Gustave's scuffs of Cone Washcord corduroy; Capri jewelry; and a Westinghouse portable transistor radio. 8. Jolene shoes for party going—Fedra pump of silk flake fabric and Bandy Spring-o-Lator of plastic, with sparkles; Schiaparelli dotted net over silk half slip; Harold J. Rubin black fox tail purse; Milot's fashionable Crepe de Chine fragrance; Capri jewelry; Hanes seamless stockings; and Guerlain's Madame and Monsieur set of Shalimar and Veritable. 9. Novel and new Cutex multiple lipstick bracelet and a smartly decorated Cutex manicure travel set; Bonnie Doon Streamliner of red Tycora; Capri's topaz dangle pin; and Capezio's fabulous red fox lounging slippers. 10. Coty's L'Aimant and Emeraude fragrances all dressed up for Christmas; Trifari's bead and crystal jewelry; and another of Gustave's scuffs—this one of velvet and gilt with floral trim.

*Gift photos by Roger Prigent*

more gifts ➡

## GIFTS *(continued)*

**11.** Tussy's fragrances of Midnight and Bright Secret; Playtex turban shower cap; Adelaar's white blouse of Tycora; and Dr. Scholl's dual electric foot massager. **12.** For Him, one of Sportsman's single units or gift package sets; DuBarry's fragrances, Seven Winds and brand new fragrance Deauville—don't miss Sportsman's Kool Kat Shaving Lotion or DuBarry's Queen Bee compact and Royal lipstick. **13.** Dorothy Gray's favorite fragrances of French Lilac, Figurine, Voltage and famous Aureate. **14.** Cone wide-wale corduroy slacks by Halpern and Christenfeld; Carousel package of Lucien Lelong's top fragrances; Servicemaster's quick and easy party clean-up kit for carpets and upholstery.

11




12






13



14

*All photos by Prigent*




Dana Andrews poses exclusively for Modern Screen aboard Moore-McCormack's great new ship—Brasil—just before her holiday sailing to South America. The luggage is all by Samsonite. The new latex-backed light-weight, wrinkle-free "soft-sided" luggage for men and women (at left) is water-repellent and zippered for easy packing—the matching travel bag (at far right) has over-size pocket for shoes, books, etc. Grey, brown, tan, blue or blond. The Silhouette luggage (at right, near Dana) is slimmed to natural flowing lines for jet age travel. It features recessed locks that trigger open with finger touch—they stay closed in a pile-up! Grey, white, tan, light blue or brown. With this luggage you can travel by boat or plane, bus or car. You'll love it and, a starter piece makes a wonderful Christmas gift. Dana is currently appearing on the stage in New York in *Two for the Seesaw.* Dana is also starring in a wonderful new film, *The Fearmakers*—a current United Artists release.

## my search for christmas

(*Continued from page 14*) of admission out of the two bucks I had.

Now maybe you won't believe it, but in the midst of that whoop-de-doo Broadway hell I found heaven at the Gay Blades Skating Rink. . . .

**The girl with the bubble gum**

Her name was Rita. Rita Romano. She wasn't pretty the way the models and actresses look in the magazines. She had long, black hair that she wore in a soft, wavy pompadour (it was the hairstyle then), big, wide-set brown eyes and a smile that was worth the price of admission any day in the week.

That wide, open smile—it was what attracted me to her first. An honest smile. She wasn't posing or pretending or trying to put on the dog. Her smile came from her heart; it was genuine.

She wore a tight red sweater with tight black skating pants. She wore lots of dark red lipstick and chewed bubble gum.

Maybe she didn't look like the girl next door, all delicate and frilly. But she was friendly, and with that smile. . . . Well, it made me forget about appearances. After all, prettiness isn't everything in a girl. Personality counts, too.

Rita was eighteen—she told me this later. She had finished school and had a job as a typist for some blouse manufacturer.

We skated for a while, both of us separately, but we smiled at each other. In a way we were flirting. Every time we passed one another on the rink, we'd flash a big grin. It was like a game, smiling and waiting to see who would speak first.

I couldn't stand it any longer. After enough smiles, I went up to her at the end of a skating session and said, "Hi."

She smiled. "How's the Coast Guard treating its infants these days?" she cracked back in a thick, Brooklynese dialect.

"Lousy," I told her.

"How come?" she said, making a funny pouting face. Then she blew a bubble with her gum, and I burst out laughing.

She was a wisecracker, all right, but her gum—it killed me. She chewed it as if bubble gum would be banned tomorrow. She wanted to get every possible bubble out of it.

"Oh," I said, after her bubble busted, "when it's Christmas, nobody in his right mind wants to be in uniform. It's like being in prison."

She looked at me sadly for a moment. "Well, you're not in prison now, are you? You're in New York. The biggest free-for-all in the whole wide world. So, take it easy, little one. Relax."

The music started again. The hurdy-gurdy tempo was lilting.

"Can . . . can I . . . ? I was embarrassed to come right out and ask her for a dance.

I guess she knew what I wanted to say. She said, "You wanna skate with me?"

I breathed a sigh of relief. I was so glad. I was afraid she thought I was a green kid from the sticks with soap behind the ears. Well, I guess to tell the truth, I was.

**Advice from Brooklyn**

Holding hands, the two of us began to skate all around the rink, and I remember I looked up to the blue ceiling and said a prayer of thanks to God for looking after me, for not letting me be alone on this special Saturday night.

We skated merrily, and we talked, all about ourselves. I told her about my




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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Coast Guard training, and how anxious I was to get away from it all—from the petty officers and the awful details. I wanted to start working, I told her.

"Don't be so anxious, Artie boy," she said in her Brooklynese speech. "You're going to have to work the rest of your life. so don't break your back. You're young, aren't you? It looks like they robbed the cradle to put you in the Coast Guard!" She laughed and blew another bubble and looked at me with her big brown eyes. "It's a good racket, the Coast Guard, isn't it? So stick with it. When you come out into this working world, Artie boy, it's dog eat dog, and then look out!"

I liked her. She was frank and down-to-earth. We skated some more to the music of the hurdy-gurdy and to those oldtime gay nineties tunes. I asked her if she wanted to go for a cup of hot chocolate.

She had her own skates, and I offered to carry them for her. We went to a doughnut shop for hot chocolate with whipped cream and cinnamon doughnuts. She told me all about her family. She was Italian. Her parents came from the island of Sicily. Her father was a bricklayer. They had a lot of company at their house for the holiday, and she had had her fill of it, wanted to get away from it all for the night.

"It's too much," she said. "My sister and her kids and all my aunts and uncles. It's fun, sure, but I get tired of it, too. Everybody's saying, 'Hey Rita, when you gonna get married?' and that kind of talk bugs me. So I figured I'd go skating and get away from them."

I glanced at my watch. It was almost eleven o'clock.

"You gotta get back?" she asked, cracking her gum and squirming in the small booth.

"No," I said. "I was only wondering about you."

"Well, don't," she said. "Me, I'm Miss Independence. I come and go as I please. My mother trusts me—finally! Me, with my big mouth, I told her off. I said if she didn't trust me I'd leave home. And she's never said another word about the hours I keep or anything. You'd think I was a stay-out the way I talk. Most of the time, would you believe it, I'm in bed by eleven o'clock. But I want to know I can stay out late if I feel like staying out. After all, I'm not a kid. I'm a working girl. I know how to look after myself. I tell my mother, 'Look, Mom, a girl can get attacked in broad daylight just as easy.' Maniacs, they don't know the difference between night and day."

She made me laugh. She patted her hair in place and cracked her gum and said, "I'll bet you think I'm brazen?"

"No," I said. "Just honest."

**Christmas on Fifth Avenue**

"Hey," she interrupted, "did you see the Fifth Avenue windows?"

"What?"

"You know. Fifth Avenue. All the department store windows."

"Nope," I told her.

"Oh gee," she said, "that's terrible. You gonna be here tomorrow? You oughta have a look. They're fabulous. That's the best part of Christmas in New York."

I told her I was headed back for camp that night.

"Aw," she said with a sad note in her voice, "that's a shame. I hate for you to miss them."

The way she said it I knew she meant it from her heart. We sat for a minute saying nothing.

"Hey, Artie," she said. "Why are we sitting here wasting time? Let's get a move on and I'll show them to you. I'll show you all of Fifth Avenue if you've got the time."

I paid the check and slung her ice skates over my shoulders, and we walked into the frosty outdoors. Snow began to fall, millions of white petals of snow, and suddenly the tawdry face of Broadway smiled and winked in the whiteness.

Rita covered her dark hair with a fringed babushka. We walked along Broadway and turned at Forty-ninth Street. She showed me Rockefeller Center with its huge Christmas tree, the biggest I'd ever seen in my life. Its Christmas lights were the size of basketballs.

We began our tour of the Fifth Avenue shop windows, each one more fabulous than the other. The ones we liked the best, we decided, were Lord & Taylor's: glittering, garlanded scenes in each window of the famous *Nutcracker Suite*—sugar-plum fairies and gilded swans and soldiers with silver trumpets.

Deserted and empty, Fifth Avenue was unlike the razz-ma-tazz streets of Broadway. We walked along its dark sidewalks, the snow falling on our faces, and I reached out and held her hand and she smiled that big, wide smile of hers.

"When are you heading back to camp?" she asked.

"Later," I told her. I didn't want to think of the Coast Guard with its rules and regulations, of those drafty barracks with their squadrooms of snoring men. I wanted to enjoy this night. It was my Christmas.

Soon we were standing in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The sky was dark, but St. Patrick's grey spires were outlined with snow. We climbed up the wide, snow-carpeted steps and went indoors.

Its interior was awesome: large and curved and mellow from the loving hand of age. There were hundreds of dark wood pews, hundreds of white candles flickering before the fourteen Stations of the Cross. Up front, there was an altar of gold.

Rita and I walked to the fountain of holy water and crossed ourselves. We knelt and said prayers in the empty cathedral. There were only a few other people—you could count them on your fingers. Only last night, I thought, this church was jammed with thousands of people for Cardinal Spellman's famous Midnight Mass. I lighted a candle to St. Jude who's always brought me luck. I lighted it for the two of us.

Praying with someone is one of the most personal things in the world. Somehow or other, if you can kneel with someone beside you and get lost in prayer, then the two of you are sharing in something spiritual and profound. I'm not saying you have to be of the same religion, but praying, in whatever language or faith, is a deep and personal thing; and if you can share this with someone, you feel a strange closeness to them for the moment.

Rita dropped some coins in the poor-box as we were leaving. I decided I would, too. I had thirty cents in my pocket, so I left a dime.

I took Rita home to Brooklyn on the subway and told her I'd come in next Saturday night, January 2nd, and we'd celebrate the New Year. I took her address and telephone number, and before I said good-bye, she said, "Hey, Artie?"

"Yeah?" I answered, standing on the porch outside her house and shivering from the cold. Either the temperature had dropped or Brooklyn was colder.

"This is for you," and she leaned over and gave me a smacking kiss. "Merry Christmas, kid."

We said good night, and I stomped out into the blizzardy night. It was after one o'clock, and I must have walked for miles before I came to the Brooklyn Bridge. and I got a lift into New York where I got another lift to the highway and Groton.

I arrived in Groton at 5:00 a.m. I sneaked into camp. I got to the barracks and decided it would be silly to fall asleep. In half an hour we'd be getting up for patrol duty. So I lay back on my bunk, with all my clothes on—pea jacket and all, thinking of Rita and my happy holiday and thanking God for my Christmas even though it came a day late.

But heaven can be a sometime thing.

I saw Rita again that next Saturday. but our date bombed. I had my paycheck for the month, and I wanted to take her to the plush Blue Angel night club, but she wanted to go to a hillbilly clipjoint called The Village Barn. I took her there. and I tried to talk with her but she was in a blue mood. We hardly said boo to each other. She was upset over something. I brought her home, and that was that: the end of Rita and Artie—a hello-and-good-bye affair. . . .

But every Christmas I still think of Rita. and I say to myself, Christmas—you are the day of the New-Born King, the day of the Christ Child born in the manger on a silent night in Bethlehem—but Christmas, you are a woman, too.

Christmas is the spirit of a kind, loving woman who looks at a lonely boy and smiles and gives him a little of the warmth in her heart. . . . **END**

*Tab is currently appearing in* DAMN YANKEES *for Warners, and will soon be seen in* THAT KIND OF WOMAN *for Paramount.*

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF

MODERN SCREEN, published monthly, except January, at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1958

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Albert P. Delacorte, 150 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, David Meyers, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, Sam Blum, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of September, 1958.
(SEAL)

JOHN C. WEBER

Notary Public, State of New York
No. 60-9560350. Qualified in Westchester County. Cert. filed in New York County.
Commission Expires March 30, 1960.

Surprise!

# SAMSONITE TRAIN CASE SALE



## from Nov. 1 to Nov. 29 only... save $3 on this pre-Christmas Special



In Crystal Green, Rawhide Finish (shown), London Grey, Saddle Tan, Hawaiian Blue.

Here's your chance to get a Samsonite Train Case at a big saving. It's perfect as a gift; ideal as a special treat to yourself. Roomy inside holds 52 of M'lady's travel needs. The removable tray has sections for cosmetics and toiletries. The lid opens to reveal a *full width* mirror. "Travel-tested" finish is sturdy vinyl—washes clean. There are full length pockets inside, too. Get a Samsonite Train Case at this low price now! Sale is for a limited time only!

**$14.95**

**Regularly $17.95**

**Samsonite *Streamlite***

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Div., Denver. Makers of Samsonite Folding and Classroom Furniture. Prices plus existing taxes. In Canada through Samsonite of Canada, Ltd. Prices slightly higher.




# COLOR GLO

DuBARRY




**A new idea in hair coloring! It's fun, fast and foolproof . . . washes right out with your next shampoo!**

Color Glo is for *you.* It's new! Not a rinse, not a dye, not a color shampoo. It's a fabulous *foam.* Just pour it on, foam it in and that's it. Natural-looking, silken color that *won't* rub off—*will* wash out when you shampoo!

Six sensational shades, 1.50 plus tax.

© 1958 RICHARD HUDNUT



*These three photos of Eddie and Liz leaving a New York nightclub separately, then driving off together, gave Debbie the first clue that her marriage was over. . . .*

# "It seems unbelievable to say that you can live happily with a man and not know he doesn't love you, but that, as God is my witness, is the truth."

Debbie Reynolds



Through these months of heartbreak LOUELLA PARSONS has been at Debbie's side, a friend and advisor and spokesman... Louella has asked MODERN SCREEN to carry Debbie's plea to the world:

# "DON'T HURT DON'T HURT



# EDDIE, MY HUSBAND"

There is only *one* key figure in the Elizabeth Taylor - Eddie Fisher - Debbie Reynolds triangle and that is,—Debbie Reynolds!

It doesn't matter what Eddie's reasons are for wanting a divorce from Debbie so he can marry Liz, the woman with whom he has fallen madly (and *madly* is the word) in love.

No matter how Eddie and Liz want things to happen, their fate is in the hands of the girl who made the most heartbroken and heartbreaking statement ever spoken in the break-up of a Hollywood marriage. Said Debbie:

"It seems unbelievable to say that you can live happily with a man and not know he doesn't love you, but that, as God is my witness, is the truth.

"We had marital difficulties in the beginning as most couples do, but for the past one and a half years I have truly believed that we had found happiness. I know I had.

"I now realize when you are deeply in love . . . how blind you can be. Obviously I was.

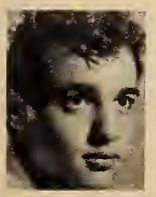
"I will endeavor to use all my strength to (*Continued on page 72*)

# WHAT MY FAITH MEANS TO ME

8 stars tell of the presence of God in their lives







**SAL MINEO:**

## FAITH AND THE MIRACLE

Sal Mineo admits it. Before that night a few years ago, he was a religious boy—to a point. He went to church whenever he felt like going, mumbled his prayers quickly, crossed himself haphazardly when the people in the other pews did, and that was that.

"But then that night came," Sal says, "when we all thought that Sarina, my kid sister, was going to die. She was in the hospital with polio, the worst kind. The doctors had given up hope. All we could do, they said, was wait.

"We got a phone call one night, this particular night. It was a nurse and she told us to rush down to the hospital, that Sarina was sinking fast. When we got to the hospital we were allowed what everybody thought was going to be a last look. I noticed, when I looked at Sarina, that even though her eyes were closed and her skin was as white as the sheets around her, she was smiling and mumbling something, as if she were talking to someone . . . After a few minutes, a doctor came into the room and asked us to wait outside. We waited for one hour, two hours, three hours.

"And then the doctor, who'd been walking in and out of the room all that time, came up to us all excited and said that the impossible had just taken place, that Sarina was pulling through and getting better all of a sudden instead of worse.

"A little while later, we were allowed to go back into the room for a minute. Sarina's eyes were open now. 'I had a beautiful dream,' she said, very softly. 'I was lying here in this bed, asleep, and I felt as if I were going to die. And then a Saint came to me and she said, "Sarina, if you pray hard enough, you will not die." And I prayed. . . .'

"Late that night when we got back home, after the doctor had assured us that Sarina was really going to be all right, I went to bed and I thanked God and His Saint for the miracle they had performed. I promised, too, that from that moment on I would honor my religion with all my might. Not out of gratitude only, I said. But, I said, because for the first time I really felt my religion, and realized how strong and good a thing it was."



**JERRY LEWIS:**

## THE BLENDING OF FAITHS

Mixed marriages are not uncommon in Hollywood. Take, at random, Jerry Lewis, Tony Curtis, Shelley Winters and Marty Melcher. They are Jews. They are married, respectively, to Patti Lewis, Janet Leigh, Tony Franciosa and Doris Day—all Christians. Any religious conflicts here?

Jerry Lewis had an answer to that. "Lots of people ask about conflicts as if there should be conflicts," he says. "But why, why *should* there be? Just look at it this way. A person can get to Chicago many ways—by plane, by bus, by train or car. I—and lots of people I know out here—feel the same way about religion. Everyone is praying to the same place, and it makes no difference how they do it."

In Jerry's case—and Jerry is a practicing Jew, he makes a point of encouraging his wife to remain the devout Catholic she is. When Patti's mother died a few years ago, Jerry went out and bought a life-size marble statue of the saint that had been a favorite of hers and her daughter's—St. Anthony of the Poor—and had it placed in the Lewis' garden. Then he called out Patti and the children and, together, they all asked 'Dear Tony'—as Jerry affectionately refers to the saint—to pray for the repose of the dead woman's soul.

"That night," Jerry says, "was the beginning of Chanukah, an important Jewish holiday. I went to Temple and Patti came with me. It was wonderful having (*Continued on page 62*)

Tears come to their eyes when they look back... there is no returning...for one step into their homeland means going to jail. The charges? Bigamy and adultery! Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti, a legally married couple, are branded love-criminals by their own country... for Italy recognizes no divorce and Carlo was married once before. What kind of lives do these exiles live? Sophia and Carlo asked us to spend the day with them. Switzerland, their present home, is very far away... still we wanted to know and went to see them....

# THE "SINNERS"





This is their chateau in Switzerland. It's close enough to Italy to feel almost like home... but not quite....



Sophia and Carlo greeted us at the door with a lot more enthusiasm than this photo suggests. We represented MODERN SCREEN; we were friends, not enemies....

The telephone bell was the first sound we heard in the house. "That's Carlo's favorite toy," said Sophia. "It rings forever." "With good news or bad news?" we asked. "A little of both," she said.



"What was that call about?" we asked. "A disappointment," said Sophia. "Carlo has a half-done film in Italy. Now it will never be finished."





"Let's eat and forget this nonsense," said Carlo. Spaghetti and meat, mineral water and white wine, then a huge dessert. "This is how Sophia KEEPS her figure," said Carlo proudly. "But also tennis... that's important too," added Sophia.



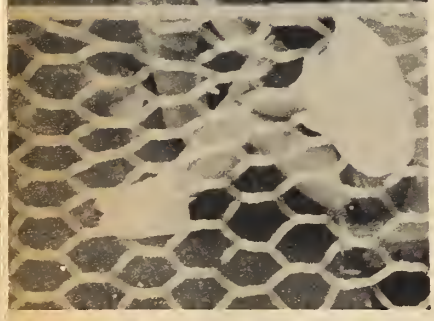
"I hate wearing shorts," said Sophia. "They're so unfeminine... only for games." "Do you play well?" we asked. "Mostly I just exercise," said Sophia, being far too modest. "But see how I've lost my protruding hips. Carlo, however, plays brilliantly. He was once close to being a champion."





Continued →





"Carlo beats me at all games...unmercifully." "Not true," said Carlo. "I win but I am very gentle."



"Are you ever sad," said we... "that you married Carlo, and lost your home?" Sophia smiled and her smile looked a bit sad to us. "Our lives are too beautiful," she said. "We work together and love each other deeply... so deeply. There is no time to be sad... but oh, how we wish we could go home...."



END



*Jean Seberg had definite ideas about the kind of wedding she wanted: "I didn't want a mob there, reporters crowding around, flashbulbs going off in my face—François and I planned to elope. But then I thought how I'd hate to leave my folks out ... and my best friends ... and some of my favorite relatives ... So we sat down with my parents to plan a nice simple ceremony and make out a small guest list. At least that's how we started."*

*Diane Jergens' mind was all made up, too: "Ever since I was a little girl, I've dreamed of a lavish church wedding, a beautiful white gown with a long train, a glamorous reception ... Mom and Dad helped Peter and me plan all the details, and it was such wonderful fun...at first...."*



# things can go wonderfully haywire! we eloped ..





Diane Jergens—Peter Brown

*... There were so many happy things to think of, so many people to invite, so many newspapers and magazines to be notified ... I loved making all the preparations—except sometimes, when Peter and I were alone, I'd look at his ring and wonder ... who's a wedding for anyhow, for everyone, or for us ... ?*

*Suddenly, Peter's studio scheduled him for an October personal appearance tour. And our wedding was set for October 11. What good were all our big plans now? So we ran off to Las Vegas to tie the knot quickly, before anything could separate us ... It wasn't so quick, however, because we couldn't prove we were of age, and no one would perform the ceremony! We sat on our suitcases and cursed our fate. How could everything go so wrong? We finally got the documents we needed, and found a Justice of the Peace, and he pronounced us man and wife.*

*We said our vows in a strange town, in an empty chapel. But we knew that marriage is for two people, and the love between them is what counts. That moment when we whispered our I do's was a private memory Peter and I will cherish forever.*

# and we had the biggest wedding the town's ever seen!



*. . . But our small guest list grew and grew. There were too many people who might be offended if they were left out. And by the day of the wedding, the picture of my white silk Paris-designed dress had been in all the newspapers. Reporters and photographers from Des Moines, Chicago, New York, Hollywood and France were covering my 'quiet' wedding—plus all the amateur photographers in Marshalltown as well.*



*The wedding dinner wasn't exactly simple, but it was elegant to look at, and—I hear—delicious. I couldn't eat much—all the excitement was catching up with me. . . . François and I followed an old French tradition and toasted our life together with champagne from an ancient silver wedding cup. I wasn't sorry, after all, the way my 'intimate' wedding turned out . . . it was beautiful, and I'll always treasure the memory.*




**END**

the best news of the year

# GENE TIERNEY

**A great actress, a beautiful woman entered a sanitarium four years ago... behind her she left:**

**A HOPELESS BABY**





**A HOPELESS MARRIAGE**



**A HOPELESS LOVE**

**BUT SOMEWHERE, IN THE DARK SHADOWS OF HER MIND, WAS HOPE...**

This is a tragic story with a happy ending.

This is the story of Gene Tierney.

It begins on a warm and murky and terrible night in June of 1943. . . .

Gene was twenty-three years old then, a happy girl—one of the most beautiful and successful girls in Hollywood. She was married to Oleg Cassini, the fashion designer, a man she loved. And she was pregnant with his child, their child, their first child.

Then, on this night, her happiness seemed suddenly in danger of ending. Gene, in her fifth month of pregnancy, felt feverish and was put to bed.

A doctor, summoned to examine her, whispered something to her husband as they were leaving the room.

Gene overheard him.

She began to cry.

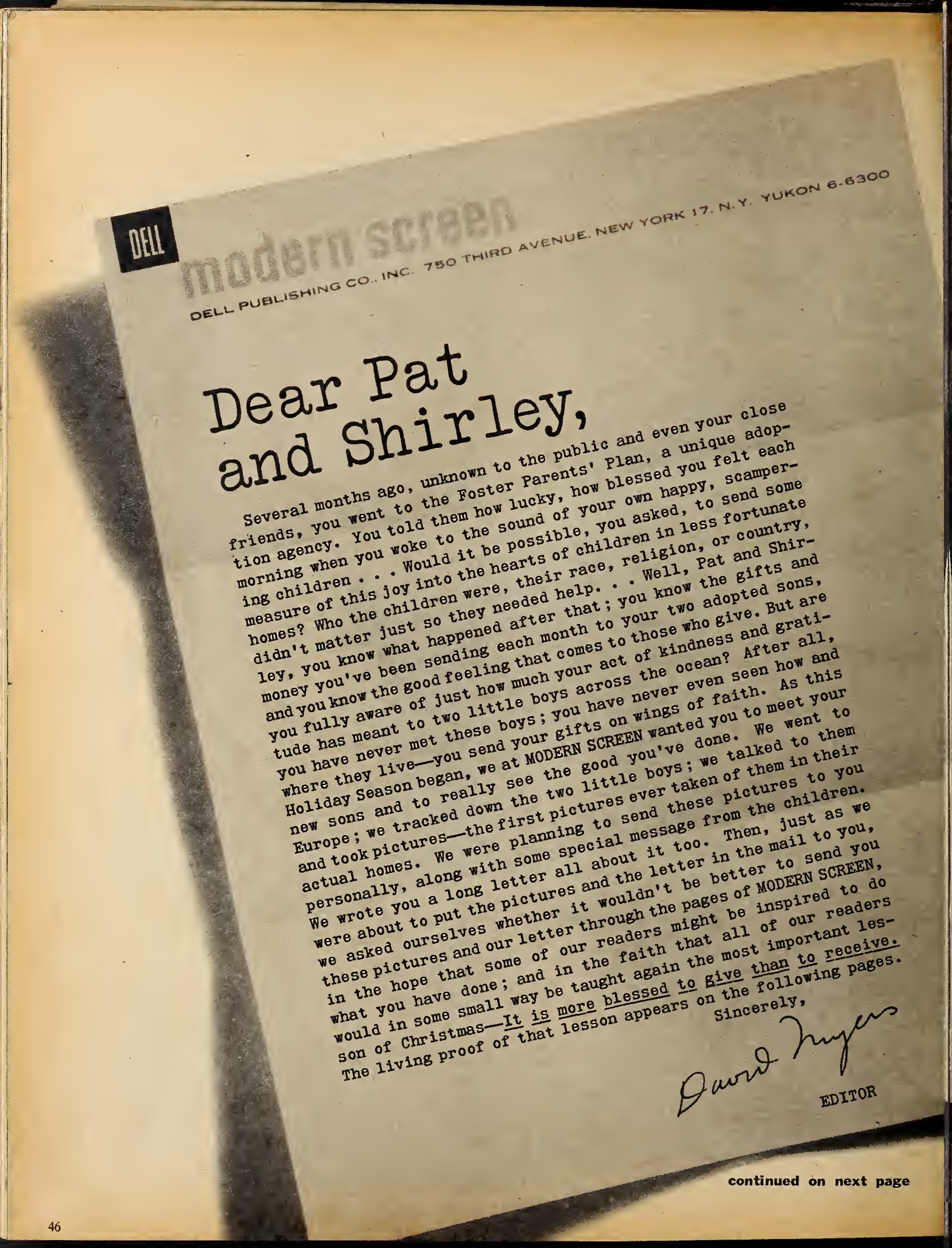
She remembered a boy she'd known in Connecticut, during her childhood. His mother had had German measles when she was pregnant with him, she remembered, and the boy, she remembered, had been born sick and for those first few years of his life people had referred to him as 'that poor little thing'—that poor little thing who couldn't talk right or walk right or smile right or do anything but sit toppled over in his crib and stare down at his feet. And then, she remembered, he'd been taken to a hospital one day, an institution, and nobody but his parents had ever seen him again.

And Gene cried now, alone in her room, thinking of this boy, and thinking of the baby inside her, knowing that she, too, had German measles now and knowing how horribly this simple disease sometimes affected the helpless, unborn child as it lay in its ailing mother's womb.

And for the next four months, though (*Continued on page 63*)

# COMES HOME




DELL
modern screen
DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC. 750 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y. YUKON 6-6300
Dear Pat and Shirley,
Several months ago, unknown to the public and even your close friends, you went to the Foster Parents' Plan, a unique adoption agency. You told them how lucky, how blessed you felt each morning when you woke to the sound of your own happy, scampering children . . . Would it be possible, you asked, to send some measure of this joy into the hearts of children in less fortunate homes? Who the children were, their race, religion, or country, didn't matter just so they needed help. . . Well, Pat and Shirley, you know what happened after that; you know the gifts and money you've been sending each month to your two adopted sons, and you know the good feeling that comes to those who give. But are you fully aware of just how much your act of kindness and gratitude has meant to two little boys across the ocean? After all, you have never met these boys; you have never even seen how and where they live—you send your gifts on wings of faith. As this Holiday Season began, we at MODERN SCREEN wanted you to meet your new sons and to really see the good you've done. We went to Europe; we tracked down the two little boys; we talked to them and took pictures—the first pictures ever taken of them in their actual homes. We were planning to send these pictures to you personally, along with some special message from the children. We wrote you a long letter all about it too. Then, just as we were about to put the pictures and the letter in the mail to you, we asked ourselves whether it wouldn't be better to send you these pictures and our letter through the pages of MODERN SCREEN, in the hope that some of our readers might be inspired to do what you have done; and in the faith that all of our readers would in some small way be taught again the most important lesson of Christmas—It is more blessed to give than to receive. The living proof of that lesson appears on the following pages.
Sincerely,
David Myers
EDITOR
continued on next page



# this is FRANZ and this is GIUSEPPE







*Nine-year-old Franz Stelzner thought he had to be the man in the family, and he tried very hard. His father was near death in the hospital, his mother helpless with a heart attack... But that was before you came into his life, Pat and Shirley, and took away his burdens and worries.*



*Little Giuseppe Marcelli had to eat grass to keep from starving. His mama's hands were so crippled she couldn't use them. Now your love and your gifts are rebuilding their lives.*



Regensburg, Germany

Dear Pat and Shirley:

I have just come from visiting your adopted son Franz Stelzner and his parents, his real parents, here at their house in Regensburg. And I'd like to tell you about him, this boy you've never met, this boy who is your son, not only in a spiritual sense, but in a very real sense, more perhaps than you even realize. . . .

The night you decided to adopt a child was the night your own child was born. Laura Gene was your fourth daughter. You were sitting by your wife Shirley's bedside, a few hours after the birth and held her hand and talked and then, just (Continued on page 73)



# BAD GIRL



# FINDS

It was only nine-thirty in the morning but to the newsmen's surprise, Brigitte Bardot was up. She came to the door of her villa at St. Tropez in her usual outfit—a bikini so brief as to be practically useless. But her lips didn't wear their usual pout. They smiled.

Her voice smiled, too. She listened to the questions the newsmen put at that extraordinary early-morning interview, and then she said, "No, it is not true that Sacha and I broke up in Venice. In fact—" her head lifted under the famous shaggy bangs—"in fact, he is going to marry me."

*He is going to marry me.* It (*Continued on next page*)

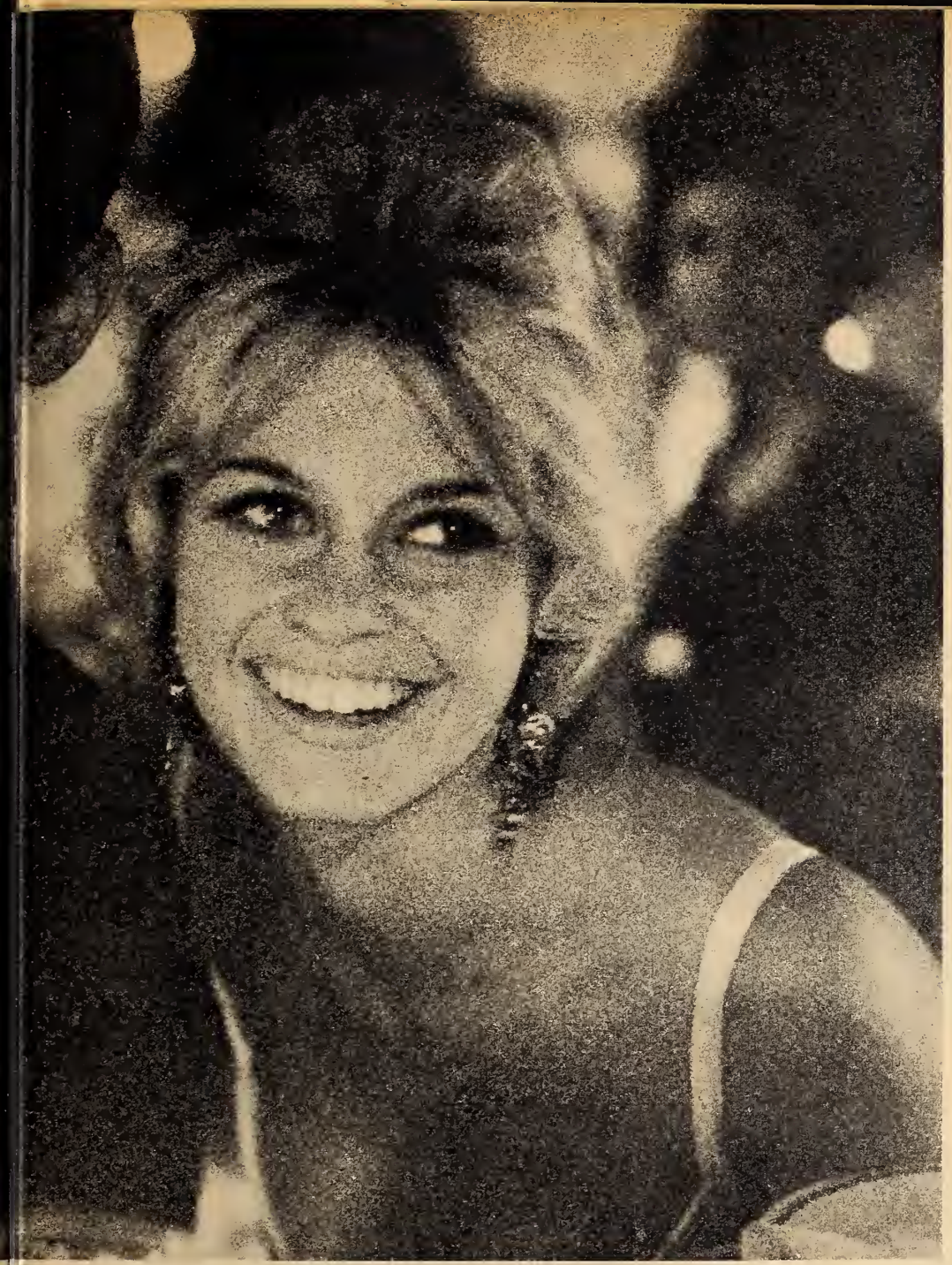


# LOVE!





*Brigitte and Sacha Distel go strolling happily through Saint*



**continued**

was probably the strangest engagement announcement of all time. Not: *We are going to get married.*" Not: *I have said yes to Sacha.* Instead, the words of a girl who has achieved a great victory, a girl to whom an unexpected and undeserved gift has been given. *He is going to marry me. . . .*

They were, in fact, the words of a woman who had for a long time believed that while men might desire her, play with her, might even love her —no man would ever marry her again.

It was a hard belief, a terrible belief to have. Her belief was confirmed by the five men who had left her since her marriage ended; it began, years ago, by the man who made her what she is, the man who was the first to leave her —her husband, Roger Vadim.

When Brigitte met this man, (*Continued on page 66*)



*Tropez . . . Soon they will be walking down the aisle.*



# A MIRACLE SAVED OUR BABY



by Helen Weller

"IT was a miracle," Janet told me.

"Tony and I are very grateful. We could have lost each other—we could have lost our expected baby. We could have had friends hurt. Twice in ten days I was terribly shaken up in automobile accidents. The doctor told me, 'You're very lucky, Janet. So much could have happened.' Thank heavens, it didn't. Someone must have been watching over me."

For many months, Janet and Tony had been eagerly making plans for their second baby, expected in November. Janet had never felt so well and happy, and she and Tony had spent many hours in the yellow nursery, adjoining Kelly Lee's pretty pink bedroom, which they had prepared for the expected baby in their beautiful new home. They had even selected a name—Corey if a girl, Cory if a boy; not for sentimental reasons but because they had loved the name from the time Tony made *Mr. Cory* several years ago.

Then suddenly, within a period of only ten days, two freak automobile (*Continued on page 70*)



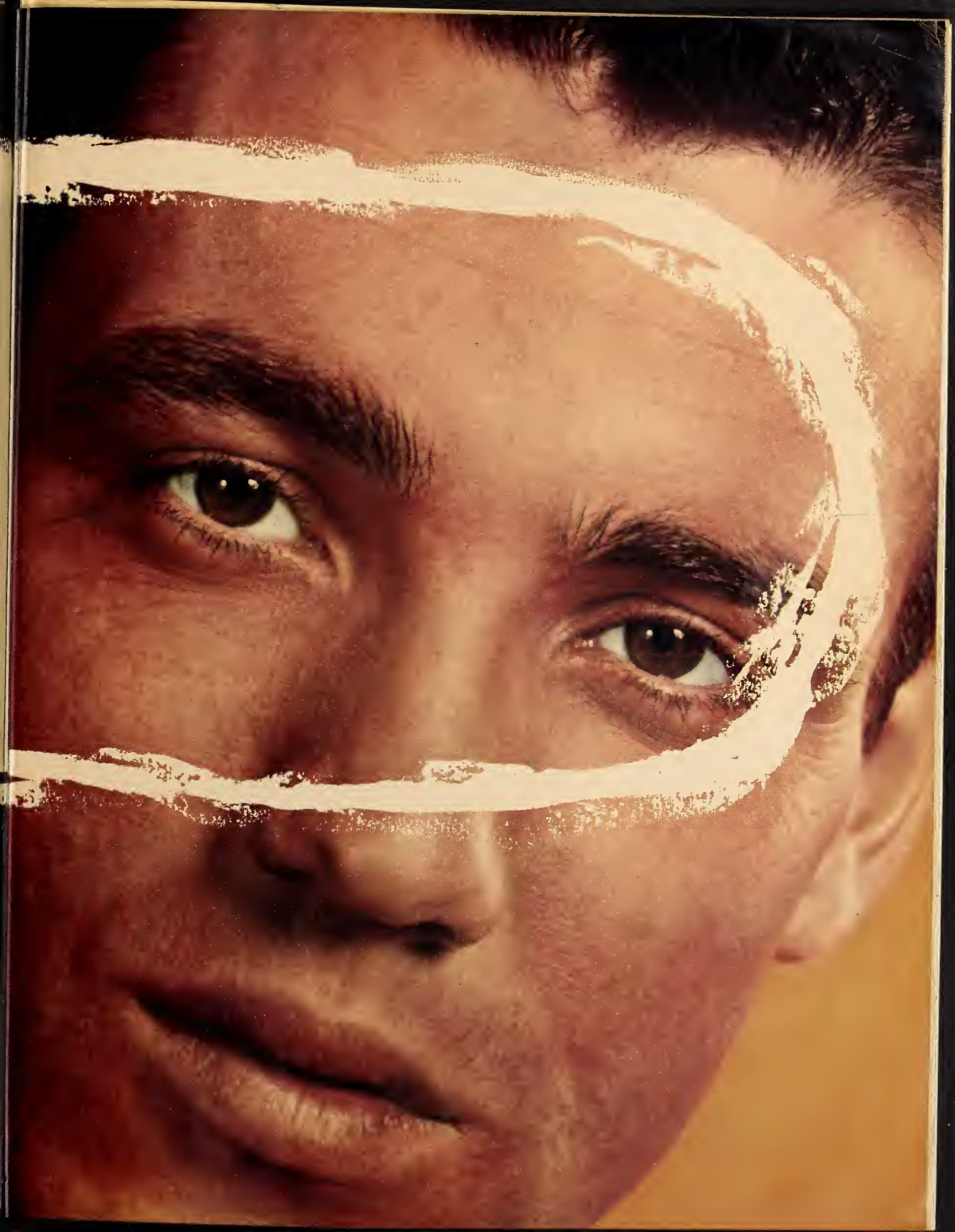
by JIMMIE RODGERS

# THE NIGHT I ALMOST COMMITTED MURDER

*When I was three, or maybe four, my parents gave me a mechanical toy for Christmas. I remember it well—a small car that could be wound up, and as it sped along the floor, the driver popped up and down from his seat. I wound it up and watched it run and after it unwound itself I would wind it again, all morning long.*

*About noon, something happened to the spring and the toy car wouldn't move anymore. In a fit of temper, I grabbed it and flung it into a corner across the room. Little pieces scattered all around where it hit.*

*I can still hear my mother's words. "I won't punish you because it's Christmas, and it's your toy you broke, Jimmie... but if you can't control your temper, some day it's going to get you in a lot of trouble...."* (Continued on page 69)



# who can I run to?

*Alone, rejected, deserted, Diane Varsi lived in a nightmare world, always one question on her mind . . .*

*by Ed DeBlasio*

A new girl comes to your town. She's different. She looks a little different and dresses different and she's quiet and she acts too shy and almost sullen—like a single lost sheep in a lonely yellow meadow—and she says thank you when you ask her to come visit you, to join the gang; but somehow she doesn't join. So you forget about her, fast. *Why bother?* you ask yourself.

Diane Varsi came to Hollywood a few years ago, a new girl in town. She was different. She looked and acted different and she was quiet and shy and she said no to lots of offers of friendship, and she made it clear that she preferred to be mostly alone.

But Hollywood can't ignore or forget Diane Varsi, no matter what her attitude.

Because Diane is too vibrant a talent for that.

So Hollywood can only wonder about her, this young lost sheep of theirs, shake its head and wonder. . . .

The following is the story of the girl they wonder about. It is the story of six key days in her life. It is the purpose of the story to help explain this complex girl by means of those six days.

It begins in a town near San Francisco with that day back in 1951 when Diane was thirteen years old. . . .

Lunch was over and Diane was just about to enter the convent classroom when one of her friends, a fat little girl, called out to her.

"What is it?" Diane asked.

"Here," the fat girl said, pushing a sheet of paper into her hand. "Fill this out (*Continued on next page*)





# Who can we run to, my son and I?





**(continued)** during class and then give it back to me later." She giggled. "It's a Purity Test. Most of the other girls have filled out theirs already. It's fun, Diane. And it's very self-revealing . . . Just make sure the Sister doesn't catch you, that's all."

She giggled again and then she rushed into the classroom, Diane a few steps behind her.

Diane waited about two minutes after class (*Continued on page 76*)



# *Evening in Paris*... the haunting, fabulous fragrance of France

She'll love you for it . . . the gift that weaves its way into her dreams, becomes the web from which her memories spring, becomes a very *part of her!*

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM $1 TO $25**

BOURJOIS • CREATED IN FRANCE • MADE IN U.S.A.



Fabulaus Tria: cologne, talcum powder, purse perfume 2.50



Double Doar to Glamour: ensemble of 5 Evening in Paris beauties 5.00



Jewel Case: 6 Evening in Paris treasures set in gleaming satin 7.50



Music Box: plays a Parisian love song long after she has enjoyed 6 glamour accessories 10.00

(*Continued from page 35*) her stand next to me, to know that each of us respected the other's faith. It was a good thing. It was a right thing. I can't listen to people who say it should be any different."

The Lewis children chose their own faith. Thirteen-year-old Gary, Jerry's first born, so like his dad in all ways, claims his father's religion and calls himself a Jew. Gary goes to bed with the Star of David while his younger brother Ronnie goes to bed with his rosary, and they are blood brothers. At nine, Ronnie has chosen to be a Catholic and more often goes to Mass with his mother than to the Temple with his dad and Gary.

**ALAN LADD**

## FAITH AND THREE RELIGIONS

"Whether or not you believe in God—that is the important thing. I don't care what faith a person has as long as he believes sincerely."

These are not idle words from Alan Ladd. He and his family live happily with these precepts.

Of Alan and Sue's four children, one goes to the Catholic church, two go to the Episcopalian and one to Christian Science services. Sue is an Episcopalian. Alan was formerly a Christian Scientist. He seldom attends services now, believing that whether or not a man goes to church is no test of his religious convictions.

On Christmas Day, this diversified religious family holds a private religious service in their home. Without any denominational leanings, they each offer a prayer to God as they wish. Each of the children learn one of their own to say—a special prayer to God, each in his own way.

**JAYNE MANSFIELD**

## FAITH AND A HOLLYWOOD CHILD

The little girl was being tucked into bed when she asked her mother suddenly, "Who is God?" The little girl happened to be named Jayne Marie. Her mother happens to be Jayne Mansfield.

"Well—" the actress said, answering the question millions of mothers have been called on to answer at one time or another, "He is the most important thing in our lives. He is goodness. He is very kind. He is very full of love for us. And if we pray to Him, and if He thinks our prayers are worthwhile, He will answer those prayers. Like with me. I prayed very hard for a long time that I would be an actress here in Hollywood someday. God granted me that. When you get older, Jayne Marie, you will want to be something—an actress, maybe, or a nurse or a writer or a painter. And you will pray to God the way I did. And if He feels it's right for you, that thing you pray for, He will grant it . . . Oh, He is very good, God is. And He is very wise, too. He is always with us. He knows what we are thinking. He gets very hurt when we are thinking bad things, wrong things, and He becomes very happy when we think of fine things. Yes, He is always with us, always up there in Heaven looking down and watching us."

"Is He watching us right now?" Jayne Marie asked.

Her mother nodded. Then she smiled as she watched her little daughter stare out of the window alongside her bed and up at the sky and whisper, "Hello, God. I'm so glad You are taking care of me, too, just like my mommy does."

Says Jayne of this incident, "I knew then that my little baby girl was growing up, now that she had asked the one most important question of her life . . . I was very proud of her."

**DOLORES HART**

## THE CHOOSING OF A DIFFERENT FAITH

A handful of Hollywood citizens are converts. Most of them are quiet on the subject. "We needed something more than we had," they say, "and we tried to find it in a different church. That's all."

One convert, however, who doesn't mind talking about her decision to change churches, is Dolores Hart, the pretty Paramount starlet.

"I was born a Protestant," Dolores says, "but, because a Catholic grammar school was close to our house, I went there. I was very young but I remember feeling immediately that there must be something very beautiful about being a Catholic. I remember the way all the other children smiled all the time and how happy they always seemed: I was not happy at the time. My parents were divorced and I was very angry at my father, who had left my mother. Things were not right and I was, in fact, a very sad little girl.

"I waited a couple of years before I asked one of the nuns at the school about the biggest thing on my mind those couple of years—whether I could please convert to the Catholic Church. The nun referred me to a priest, who had a long talk with me. After that talk and a few others, the priest said that he was very impressed with my convictions and that yes, I could convert. I know there hasn't ever been a happier day in my whole life. I got down on my knees, I remember, and I said aloud all the Catholic prayers I had memorized—said them aloud for the first time. I prayed that this new church I loved so much would fill the terrible void in my life.

"I'm glad to say that it has."

**HUGH O'BRIAN**

## FAITH IN ACTION

Hugh O'Brian had just returned from his father's funeral. He sat alone and read from the Bible, the Book his father had recited from when Hugh was a boy. He read some of the old familiar passages, and then he stopped and looked up. Words his father had spoken to him once came back to his mind. "To have the Bible in one's heart," the old man had said, "is more important than having the Bible in one's hand."

That had been a long time ago, and much had happened since—and Hugh had forgotten that conversation. But sitting there now, years later, this lonely afternoon, the funeral only a few hours behind him, he remembered that conversation again and he made up his mind that he would always remember it. . . .

The next morning, he phoned a children's hospital just outside of Hollywood. He asked if, on Saturday, he could be permitted to come over and visit with the kids.

"Will you wear your Wyatt Earp outfit, Mr. O'Brian?" he was asked. "They'll really get a kick out of that."

"I don't usually like to," Hugh started to say. "But sure, sure I will."

Early that Saturday morning, Hugh showed up at the hospital. For more than four hours he played with the sick children, talked with them, saw the happy glow come to their faces and almost blot out the paleness in those faces.

When it was time to go, he wrote out a check and donated it to the hospital's toy fund—in his father's memory. Then he asked the doctor in charge if it would be all right with everybody for him to drop around the following Saturday—and he has been going back to the hospital practically every Saturday since.

**ANN BLYTH**

## FAITH AND THE HAPPY MARRIAGE

Ann Blyth and her husband, Dr. Jim McNulty, are one of Hollywood's truly happy couples. Ann is sure she knows why. "We love each other very much," she says, "and, just as important, we share our love of God."

Recently, Ann and Jim were tired. He had been working hard at the hospital. She had been working hard, too, at her studio and at home. They decided to go away for a weekend and relax. But where? A quick, crazy air trip to Hawaii? The little boat to Catalina? Palm Springs and that lovely cottage they'd rented there once? Las Vegas?

They thought of all these places. And then Jim remembered a place a patient of his, a priest, had talked about. It was a monastery, not far from Hollywood, where the brothers in charge conducted week-end retreats for young married couples.

"Would you like that, maybe?" Jim asked.

Ann nodded. "Yes," she said.

The week-end turned out to be the most beautiful they had ever spent. They attended Communion and Mass together. They walked the Stations of the Cross together. They listened to the brothers' lectures on their faith together. At night, they gathered in the big assembly hall with the other young couples and sang the simple, sacred songs of their church. And then after that, holding hands, they walked alone through the monastery gardens, meditating silently.

"When it was over," Ann says, "Jim and I knew we had found the real relaxation—and peace—we had been searching for. More than that, though, we knew we had experienced something that had strengthened our love for one another. That something, of course, was God, and our being with Him, and only with Him, together, those two short days."

**TERRY MOORE**

## FAITH AND CHARITY

Terry Moore is a Mormon. Terry is also a very ambitious and lively girl who knew what she wanted in Hollywood and set out to get it by all matter of publicity—some of it good, some of it not so good. But beneath that flashy professional veneer, Terry is a strict believer in God and in her sect. Like the other members of the sect she gives ten percent of all her earnings to her church. And, on the first Sunday of every month, she fasts and donates the money ordinarily spent for food on that day to the poor.

"This is a custom with us," she says, "and some people think it very unusual and hear the news of what we do as if it were something spectacular. But, truthfully, isn't what we do the most natural way of showing love for God, for your church, for your fellow man?

"Charity is a key-word in the Bible, you know. In Corinthians, it reads:

*'Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.*

"And then, again in Corinthians, it reads:

*'And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.*

"The meaning of these words is one of the cornerstones of religion. Without it—as the Bible says—there is nothing." **END**

## gene tierney comes home

(*Continued from page 44*) she never once mentioned her great fear to anyone, she prayed continually that her baby would be born healthy and well. . . . She was only half-conscious, but still praying, that October morning the child was born. She lay in her bed. "Please," she whispered, "please . . . please . . . please."

Her husband was standing over her.

"Gene," he said, "it's all over. Our daughter is here. Daria is here."

Gene looked up at him.

"I want to see her," she said.

"You will, in time," her husband told her.

Gene dug her fists into the bed. "I've got to see her now," she said.

"The doctor—" her husband started to say.

But Gene began to scream now. "Please, Oli, please . . . I've got to see my baby!"

When they brought the infant in a few minutes later, Gene tried to sit up.

"Now now," a nurse said, smiling, easing her back, "*I'll* hold the child and you just look."

Gene, too weak to do otherwise, lay back. And she looked.

Slowly, she too began to smile.

The child was asleep. But she looked strong and sturdy and pretty.

"Has she cried yet?" Gene asked the nurse

"Sure has," the nurse said.

"Normally?" Gene asked.

The nurse shrugged. "Normal as every other baby," she said.

Gene turned to look at her husband, still standing at her side.

"Normal," Gene whispered.

Her husband nodded.

"Normal," Gene whispered again, closing her eyes. . . .

**But it wasn't so . . .**

It was two years from then, when doctors realized that the child was not normal and that she be hospitalized.

Gene was heartbroken. She succeeded in keeping the full extent of her heartbreak from the world—even from her friends. But the strain within her was there and it worked on her, hard, for the days and weeks and years that followed. It worked especially hard against her marriage.

**Just too hard**

Gene had loved Oleg Cassini very much when she married him. She'd eloped with him after knowing him only a short while and for the first few years she would tell anybody who would listen how crazy about him she was.

But after her daughter became sick, things started to go bad between the two of them.

"Gene seemed to become very nervous in his presence," as one friend put it. "At first, after what happened to her daughter, she seemed more in love with him than ever, as if she were counting on him to fill that terrible loneliness she must have felt. But then, maybe because he reminded her so much of what had happened, things changed. And from then on it was obviously only a matter of time before they got a divorce."

The divorce—preceded by a dozen split-ups and reconciliations, and by the birth, in 1949, of the Cassinis' second daughter, Christina—took five years in coming.

But when it came it came bitterly, with Gene weeping in court that her husband had treated her cruelly, had neglected her, had lived off her.

The divorce was granted. And that, to most observers, seemed to be that—just another Hollywood marriage gone down


# The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



**Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?**

**A.** It's true! One is "physical", caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous", stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex".



**Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?**

**A.** Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



**Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?**

**A.** Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here . . . Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.



**Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?**

**A.** Because of exclusive Perstop*, ARRID CREAM Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this "emotional" perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no "roll-on", spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.

## Why be only Half Safe ? use **Arrid** to be sure !

**It's 1½ times as effective as all other leading deodorants tested!** Used daily, ARRID with Perstop* actually stops perspiration stains, stops odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.




**43¢** plus tax.

*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

the drain, and nothing more than that.

For a while Gene, in her early thirties now, went into a kind of social retirement. She saw few people. She spent most of her time with her mother and her baby, Tina, and working, for her career was going from good to better now and Gene strove hard to keep it going that way. Occasionally, she dated. But only occasionally. Mostly, though, she seemed to prefer being alone. "I'm moody and irritable," she told her friends frankly when they tried to snap her out of her blues. "I don't want to pretend otherwise right now. Can you all understand that?"

Her friends understood. And there was no great concern on anybody's part about Gene at the time. After all, everybody who knew her thought *hard work and the divorce and her first child still in the hospital—that was enough to take the wind out of anybody's sails.* And Gene's sails were basically made of strong stuff, weren't they? And Gene was just going through one of those extra-tough periods now, wasn't she? And what she really needed was something new, a distraction, something that would help set her back on that old familiar path again—wasn't that it, wasn't it really all that simple?

The 'distraction' Gene's friends had hoped for turned up not too long after this—in the person of Aly Khan.

Gene, in France for a picture, met the playboy Moslem prince and fell wildly in love with him.

Actually, she had met him a year earlier, when she was in Argentina on location work. There had been a big party for her at a swank Buenos Aires hotel one night and suddenly in had walked Aly Khan, in South America for a few days to buy some horses. He'd spotted Gene immediately, worked up an introduction and then asked her to have dinner with him. Gene had said no. As she explained it later, "I was married at the time, to Oleg. He was married at the time to Rita Hayworth. And, besides, he struck me as a very dangerous type and I figured I had better stay away."

But a year had passed now and Gene was divorced and Aly was in the process of getting his divorce and when they met this time, this second time, Gene found herself saying yes to a dinner date for the following evening.

"I find him fascinating," she told a friend the morning after their date. "I hope I see him again."

"He's marvelous," she told that same friend a few days later. "He's everything I hoped for in a man . . . Am I going to see him tonight? I'm going to see him tonight and every night!"

Gene, then, had obviously fallen suddenly and madly in love with her new-found prince. And, looking back, her reasons for falling for him are obvious—though few people, if anyone, realized those reasons at the time.

#### Mad romantic whirl

He had charmed her. He had captivated her. And in him, she thought, there would be love and excitement, all spelled out in capital letters, and a chance to throw herself into a mad, romantic whirl and by doing that to try to forget the tragedy that had been her life for the past eight years.

Within a month after meeting Aly, Gene completed her picture, turned down another picture and followed her man all over Europe. Together, they lived life to the hilt. They went to the races in England, the opera in Italy, skiing in Switzerland, to nightclubs and parties all over Paris and the Riviera.

It was, in fact, while they were spending a weekend at the sumptuous Riviera villa of Aly's father, the Aga Khan, that reports began circulating about a forthcoming wedding between the prince and the beautiful actress.

The reports were neither confirmed nor denied.

"Can't we tell everybody?" Gene was overheard asking Aly at a party one night. "You asked me. I said yes."

"Not yet, my dear," was the smiling answer she got. "Why not let's keep them all guessing for a while?"

But Gene, for one, was sure that they would be confirmed one day soon. "We love each other, desperately," she told a friend at the time. "It's just that we don't want to rush into anything right now. In a few months, yes—but not right now."

It's probable that Gene knew as she said this that Aly's father was not in favor of the marriage. The Aga felt, it was rumored, that his son had had one marital fling with a Hollywood actress and that that was enough. Yes, the rumor went on, the Aga felt that Aly could have some fun with another actress, as much fun as he wanted—but to marry her, no, that would be out of the question, that would be the end of Aly's inheritance.

If Gene did know that these were the Aga's feelings at that time, she didn't seem to let them bother her. Love, she believed simply and honestly, had a way of conquering everything. And her love for Aly, her passion for him, her wanting him and needing him and her willingness to sacrifice everything for him, her career, her country, everything—this the Aga would realize, eventually, she was sure, and this would change the Aga's mind. . . .

It was a year and a half later when Gene returned to Hollywood. She came alone. She had come back, she told reporters who met her, to fill a picture commitment. She had come alone, she said, because Aly was busy in Europe.

**Oscar Levant says: "I don't like drinking. It's for ordinary people."**
*Paul Sann*
*in the New York Post*

Aly showed up one night a few weeks later. And the next morning he and Gene drove to Mexico on a weekend-for-two.

Nearly fifty reporters and cameramen followed them.

At first, Aly refused to speak to any of the newspaper people. But, finally, Gene convinced him it would be wise if they at least posed for a few pictures.

Aly consented, very reluctantly.

For he stood around with a seemingly-radiant Gene as the photographers clicked away. Then he put up his hand and indicated that that was enough.

"Say, Prince," one of the photographers called out. "I've got one little question to ask. Are you two ever getting married?"

Aly's face flushed. He was about to take Gene's arm and make a quick getaway when Gene turned to the photographer and said, "We're getting married in six months. In Europe, probably."

She looked over at Aly.

But he didn't look at her.

Instead, he began to walk away.

Gene excused herself and followed him.

A few days later, she and Aly were back in Hollywood again. Aly stayed for two more days and then he left. Gene explained his departure by saying that he had some important work to do for his father and that they would meet again in New York in a month, as soon as she had completed her picture.

The picture completed, Gene rushed off to New York. Aly was already there. They were supposed to go out together that first night, but Aly phoned Gene shortly after she arrived and said he wouldn't be able to make it. "Something urgent has come up," he said, without bothering to explain.

The next night, they did go out—to dinner and the theater. Friends of Gene's reported later that Gene had looked nervous but happy, that Aly had looked very glum.

On the afternoon of the third day, Aly phoned again with apologies about that evening. "Tomorrow," he said, "tomorrow night we will go out. Do not worry."

And it was on the afternoon of that next day when Gene picked up a copy of a New York newspaper and, glancing through a society column, read the following item:

*Aly Khan, who is the soul of discretion and a pearl among gentlemen, is dropping hints among the El Morocco set that he is through with Gene Tierney and that he only dates her because, well, you know the way things are.*

Gene lay down the paper and began to sob violently into the pillow.

And her sickness, long in coming, came. . . .

#### Into the hospital—and out

Gene suffered her first nervous breakdown a few days later. It was a bad one. There were reports in some of the papers that she'd tried to kill herself one night by taking an overdose of sleeping pills, that she'd been caught in time and saved. The truth of this report was never established. But, true or not, Gene entered a sanitarium in Hartford, Connecticut, and began to undergo extensive treatment. That was early in 1955.

At the end of that year, she was released and she went to her home in southern Connecticut where she lived with her mother and Tina, her younger daughter. She showed up in New York every once in a while, but not much.

"I think I saw her twice during this period," one friend remembers, "once at lunch, once at the theater. Both times she was quiet and pale. Both times she looked very much on the verge of a second breakdown."

This breakdown came soon after, and again Gene entered a sanitarium.

When she came out this time, the press reported that she looked beautiful as ever and fit as a fiddle and that she was completely well now and on her way to Hollywood to make a comeback movie, *The Wayward Bus.*

It all sounded happy.

It all sounded fine.

Everybody who had known Gene cheered the news.

Especially her old friends in Hollywood.

How good it would be to see her again, they thought. How good it would be to get together and have a nice friendly old-fashioned time of it.

But Gene, they learned, had different ideas about Hollywood and everybody there.

From the moment she arrived, she made it clear that she had come to work and only to work. As she told one of these friends who managed to get her on the phone one morning: "I'm only interested in getting on with my job again. My studio has been good to me, wonderful to me. They've kept me on salary these past few years. But the money, most of it, has gone to paying doctor and hospital bills for me and my daughter. And I need the money and I need the work and that's the only reason I'm here."

Later that same morning, Gene drove out to the studio. She got a warm welcome from her old bosses. And then they gave her the script of the picture she was to

work on. Read through such-and-such a scene for the next few days, she was told, and then come back and get ready for rehearsals.

Gene went immediately back to her hotel, and for the next few days she stayed closeted in her room, just her and her script, and she tried to memorize the scene.

In the old days, five-six years ago, this had been easy, a few hours' work at most.

**A desperate try**

But now, as Gene sat in that big chair near the window of her lonely hotel room, the script in her lap, her fingers clutching at a cigarette, she found it hard to concentrate. She tried. She tried everything. She had breakfast and lunch and dinner in her room and she read through the scene, over and over, through those meals and through the hours between and at night when she was in bed, reading through the one scene again and again, falling asleep finally and then waking a few hours later, the script still in her hands, that heavy lump of paper that gradually made no sense to her anymore and that she could not look at anymore without beginning to feel her hands tremble and then her head and then her entire body.

But still she tried. Only the more she tried the less she seemed able to memorize a line. And, finally, on the third day she knew it was no good.

"I'm sorry," she said to her studio, "but I can't do it. I'm not feeling well. I have headaches. I've been trying. But it's no use. I'm still sick. I've got to go. I can't do the picture. I've got to go. Give the part to someone else. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

Gene didn't give anyone a chance to help her change her mind. She left Hollywood a few hours later.

"For a while," a friend has said, "none of us knew what had happened to Gene, where she'd gone. Then a few months later the report leaked out that she'd suffered another breakdown, the worst of them all, and that she was in a sanitarium again, this time in Kansas. It looked like the end for Gene. How much could one girl take, we wondered. How much could one girl suffer? Brokenhearted over her first child, over her ruined marriage, over her affair with Aly Khan . . . We wondered if we would ever see her again. We prayed we would. But we doubted it. For we were praying now, we knew, for a miracle."

That miracle, thankfully, was to be. It came a few days after Gene was released from the Kansas sanitarium.

Just before she left the sanitarium, she received a phone call from Hollywood.

"I don't want to accept it," Gene told the operator.

"The lady says she's an old friend," the operator said. "She's very anxious to speak to you." She gave the woman's name.

Gene hesitated for a moment. She and the woman, an actress, had worked together on a few pictures years ago and the woman had indeed been a friend, a very good one.

"I—I'll accept it," Gene told the operator, finally.

When they were connected, the friend asked Gene right off if she was planning to come out to Hollywood.

No, Gene said, she wasn't. She was going to New York, she said, to be with her mother and her younger daughter, Tina, and to rest for a while.

Would she come out for a few days, at least, the friend asked her.

"No," Gene said, "I'm not planning to do any work for a while, at least, and—"

"Who's talking about work?" the friend asked. "I want you to come to a party."

"A party?" Gene asked.






Gene said no, no, that was very kind, but that it would be impossible. Why should she want to go to a party? And who would really want to see her, she asked, except a few people who might regard her as a curiosity piece now that she'd been through what she'd been through.

Was *that* what she had thought the last time she was in Hollywood, the friend asked her. Was *that* why she refused to see anybody that time?

That was partly the reason, Gene admitted.

**Hometown friends**

"Look, Gene," the friend said. "Let me be blunt. I know you've been sick. I know you've had it tough, very tough. But, if I may, I'd like to make one point clear. This is your old hometown I'm calling from, Gene. And there are lots of people out here who love you and who'd genuinely like to see you again, and be with you again. And if you don't realize that—that there are still people around, lots of them, who love you and want you—well, I don't care how many doctors you see or how many hospitals you walk in and out of, you're never really going to get better. . . ."

When Gene left the hospital a few days later, she took a plane for California, not New York. Quietly, she checked into the Bel-Air Hotel—for only one night, she told the desk clerk—and quietly she began to prepare for the party.

Gene, obviously nervous, arrived at the party an hour after everyone else had. But she was not alone for long.

"The room was filled with just about every and anybody who'd ever known Gene," someone who was there that night has said, "and I think that, at first, all of them were as nervous as Gene was. It matter of fact, plastered smiles and loud hellos and everybody a little bit uncomfortable that they might be overdoing it . . . But then something beautiful happened. It's nothing I can put my finger on. But after a while everybody started to relax and the smiles became the old familiar ones and the talk got down to lots of old memories and laughs. Gene began to talk now, too, really talk and smile. And the love everybody in that room felt for her became so thick you would have thought you could have packaged it and sold it for a million bucks a box."

The party ended very late that night, and when it was over Gene decided to stay in Hollywood, a few more days.

They turned out to be wonderful, happy days, the most wonderful she'd known in a long, long time. She visited her old studio again—really visited it this time—and she talked to old pals there, producers, actors, gatemen, make-up people, all the people she'd known through the years. She visited her friends, too, and went out to dinner with some of them one night and to a movie with others another night. And on the last night there was another party, a big and beautiful party, again in Gene's honor. And at one point, when she was asked to speak, she had a hard time keeping back the tears and she could only say, "Thank you, thank you, thank you all for caring. . . ."

On the morning Gene finally left, a group of her oldest and best friends drove her out to the airport.

"You have to leave?" one of them asked her, just before she boarded the plane.

"Yes," Gene said.

"But you'll be back?" she was asked.

"I will," Gene said. "Without any hitches this time—I promise."

It was a promise her friends—and all of

## bad girl finds love

(*Continued from page 53*) she was an ordinary sixteen-year-old girl, living with her parents, going to school. Prettier than most, perhaps, but shyer than most also. Vadim was an unimportant errand-boy-secretary-assistant to a big name in the French movie industry. A young man without funds, without fame.

To Brigitte, he was an exciting older man, sophisticated, worldly, talented, full of brilliant ideas on how to make a movie —or a movie star—important. She was thrilled that such a man would be interested in her, would be willing to marry her, because she did not think of herself as attractive and she knew she had no brilliant ideas about anything.

Roger Vadim saw in Brigitte his ticket to fame and to fortune. He said to her, "One day I will make you the unattainable dream of all men."

### Brigitte as wife

She tried to be a good wife, to please her husband, and when his demands seemed too strange, she would still try to do what he asked, because after all, he was the brilliant one, not she. He felt he couldn't count on his wife's acting ability, but he knew he could exploit her as a Sex Symbol.

He taught her to dye her hair blonde, to wear it uncombed and waist-long, to suck her thumb, to pout, to leave off her lipstick.

He felt he couldn't count on his wife's intelligence, so he taught her to play dumb. To go around asking questions like, "How do mice lay their eggs?"

He chose her movie roles carefully. Roles that would not tax the below-average mentality he felt she had. Roles that would instead make use of the one asset he felt she had. Like the bathtub scenes. . . .

At first, she rebelled. She just couldn't do it, she said. She was too embarrassed. But her husband insisted, and Brigitte dutifully gave in.

And she was beginning to catch on very well to his instructions on how to behave for the screen. And now she must try to live up to the same role for the public.

When her husband, her director, would arrange interviews with the press, he would see to it that she wore nothing at all. When she would meet a new leading man, he would arrange the introduction and see to it that everyone knew his wife wore nothing at all then either.

By 1956, Roger Vadim had established his wife's reputation the way he had planned it, and established his own as well. He was now an important film director and he no longer needed Brigitte.

He had found a woman who really interested him; in fact, she was carrying his child. So, with the filming of *And God Created Woman*, Vadim exerted his last diabolical influence on his creation, Brigitte. He pushed her into the arms of another man—Jean-Louis Trintignant.

He was the boy playing the love scenes with Brigitte in *And God Created Woman*. Vadim directed the love scenes; Vadim urged more and more realism.

Vadim got his divorce on December 5, 1957. On December 6, 1957, a baby girl was born to him and the Danish model, Anita Stroyberg.

Brigitte, burying her pride, bravely announced that she would buy the child a cradle and was "ready to be named godmother if they want."

Brigitte knew the world was laughing at her. There was only one way to stop the laughter.

And she took it.

She informed everyone who would listen that she was wildly in love with Jean-Lou.

And who was to say it wasn't so?

Who, indeed?

Not Jean-Lou, a young unknown, anxious for every drop of publicity he could wring out of an eager press.

Not Roger Vadim, who was still to write and direct his ex-wife in the movies that meant bread and butter to them both.

Not Brigitte, who needed not the publicity, not the money, but the knowledge that people thought her desired, loved. . . .

She took an apartment, in which to cook for Jean-Lou, entertain their friends, take care of him. She went everywhere with him, kissed him for every camera within shooting range, called him her darling, her sweetheart. She talked of him to everyone she met: "I know we are acting like mad people, but I don't care. Let them talk. Let them say what they want. What is important to me? Only love!"

Oddly enough—it turned out to be true.

Or maybe it wasn't so odd after all. Maybe it was the most natural thing in the world. Brigitte was very much on the rebound—and Jean-Lou was young and handsome and as sweetly gentle as the boy he had played in their movie. He treated Brigitte with a sort of little-boy awe; to him she was always the movie star on the pedestal, the goddess of sex. Roger had treated her like a child—Jean-Lou looked up to her as if she were an older woman. Gradually, what had been lies turned into truths for Brigitte, and the love that had been manufactured for a purpose became a passion she couldn't control. She stopped talking to people about madness and talked of marriage instead.

"As soon as Jean-Lou gets his divorce," she would repeat. "Then we'll get married. . ."

Standing next to her, Jean-Lou would nod miserably. "Yes. Someday. . . ."

But someday was a long time coming.

A draft notice came first.

It came out of the blue and took Jean-Lou away from Brigitte with a suddenness that left them both gasping. One day he was in Brigitte's apartment making not-very-successful efforts to start divorce proceedings—the next, somehow, he was wearing the uniform of the French Army and he was on his way to Germany, with a tightlipped Brigitte, arms stiff at her sides, trying not to cry in the railway station.

### Brigitte was faithful

When the first shock was over, Brigitte set about getting her life in order. "I will keep the apartment," she announced, "so Jean-Lou will have a place to come home to."

The skeptics laughed. "She will keep the apartment," they amended, "so *she* will have a place to come home to—after her dates with other men!"

To their complete amazement, there were no other men.

"I am sorry," Brigitte told friends who asked her out. "I have a letter to write. . . ."

A letter to Germany.

A letter that talked of the future with hope and confidence, of how much she had learned about being a wife, of how wonderful their lives would be, together.

They were the only letters Brigitte wrote—but they weren't the only ones Jean-Lou received. For in a small town in France, he had a wife and child.

And whatever he'd done, however much he had adored Brigitte, Jean-Lou was still a Frenchman, a man to whom the ideas of home and family were bound with the ties of centuries.

His first furlough was set for Christmas. For a month before Brigitte talked of nothing else. She bought presents enough to make even Aly Khan's head swim. She ordered the largest tree in Paris delivered to her apartment. She planned a party.

There was only one thing she forgot. Christmas is a religious holiday. Christmas is a family time.

And on Christmas Day, 1957, Jean-Lou Trintignant went home to his wife and his child.

What Brigitte went through on that cold holiday, nobody ever knew. When she stopped waiting for Jean-Lou and stopped telling herself—and everyone else—that he was coming, surely coming any minute now, she locked the door of her apartment and refused to come out. Three days later when she opened it again, she was a different person.

Her reputation, of course, was long since gone in the wake of the 'madness.' Her pride was in shreds; it had happened for the second time that she had loved a man and believed he loved her—and had been deserted. Her fears were confirmed—no man who knew her well could want her. And her future was assured: no man, even if he wanted her, could marry Brigitte Bardot, bad girl that she was. Not in respectable, middle-class France.

She had reached the end of hope—and the beginning of the real madness.

### More rejections

The first thing she did, of course, was call a press conference. Every reporter in Paris turned up, as they always do when Brigitte has something to say.

"I am through with Jean-Lou," she said. "I loved him, yes, but he was too far away. I need a man near me!"

The gullible even believed it.

The rest she began, diligently, to convince.

She went to Spain to make a movie, *The Night Heaven Fell*. Within weeks, rumors were circulating in Paris: Brigitte had a new man. His name was Gustave Rojo, a Spaniard of aristocratic descent who was now making movies. That was fine with Brigitte. Let the rumors fly—preferably right to Jean-Lou. Let him know she wasn't carrying a torch.

But she hadn't precisely counted on Gustave's telling a Spanish newspaper that he had spent a week end with Brigitte in Torremolinos.

That was going too far; she issued a furious denial. In answer, Gustave amended his statement to the paper a little. "We are just great friends," he said hastily. "It could not be serious because my career is in Mexico and Spain; Brigitte's is in France. But we still continue to see each other."

He was wrong, but not defeated. Brigitte left Spain without seeing him again, but on the plane home she read an item proclaiming that Gustave Rojo had


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had any complaints, Brigitte kept them to herself. All right, he had used her shamelessly for publicity.

She knew she had deserved it. She had used him to strike back at Jean-Lou.

The third man was Gilbert Becaud. She met him on a TV program, and instantly there was a spark.

He was different in many ways from the two before him.

In the first place, he was as famous as Brigitte—had been so, long before anyone ever heard of La Bardot, in fact. As a girl, Brigitte had cut his picture out of a thousand newspapers to pin on her wall—for Gilbert Becaud was the Johnnie Ray of France—with guitar-playing thrown in for good measure. For the first time, Brigitte had a man who knew very well the difference between a real person and the person publicity creates for a star. For the first time, she thought, it would be unnecessary to pretend.

It would also be unnecessary to give Gilbert an allowance to spend on her, the way she had had to with Jean-Lou. He had plenty of money of his own and he knew how to handle it, too. There was so much she could learn from Gilbert Becaud. . . .

And the first thing she learned was something she should have remembered from the scrapbooks she had once kept about him: Gilbert Becaud, like Jean-Lou, had a wife and child.

And unlike Jean-Lou, he wasn't even half-heartedly contemplating divorce. He liked Brigitte, yes—but he liked his home more. He liked his reputation as a teenage idol more. He liked peace and quiet more.

When the first headline hit the French newspapers (it read, to be exact: BRIGITTE BARDOT SEEMS TO BE SMITTEN WITH A BIG SINGING STAR WHOSE INITIALS ARE G. B.) he bowed out quickly—and not quietly.

He rejoined his wife. He had himself photographed with her for a dozen newspapers. And he gave out statements about Brigitte: *She follows me everywhere. I've had enough of her*

It sounded cruel, but it was true. Like a tired child, Brigitte had tried to attach herself to Becaud, to lean on him, to turn over to him her life to straighten out. When he left her, she felt not as if her heart were broken—but as if the floor had dropped out from under her feet. In blind panic, she did just what Becaud had accused her of—she chased him. She flew to Geneva, where Becaud was singing. She had no invitation to join him, and she got no welcome. A day later she was back in Paris. Workers on the set of her current movie, *In Case Of Emergency,* watched her wander around as if she were in a trance.

And that night, she took an overdose of sleeping pills.

### An attempt to rescue

Oddly enough, she still had some friends left. They spirited her out of the hospital to which she had been rushed, and off on a holiday. They told the reporters that the stories about suicide were a lie; Brigitte was happily skiing in the mountains. It was a stupid story to give out; anyone who knew Brigitte knew that she hated nothing more than snow except a pair of skis.

But if the story was stupid, the attempt to rescue her was good. Time after time in those cold mountain days, her friends begged Brigitte to look at what she was doing to her life, to herself. "You're beautiful, successful, the whole world's in love with you," one girl friend said. "Why don't you find yourself a man you can fall in love with and marry—instead of chasing after married men who aren't any good for you?"

For an answer, Brigitte pointed to an article in that morning's newspaper. *The Church had included in a pictorial display, a photo of Brigitte Bardot, as representative of evil abroad in the world today.*

"You see?" Brigitte said softly. "Who would marry me?"

Later, telling about it, the girl friend shook her head. "It's crazy," she said. "If she really had no morals, like they say, she wouldn't hate herself the way she does. And if she didn't hate herself, she wouldn't behave this way, punishing herself with this awful, stupid, heartbreaking business of falling for one wrong guy after another. The trouble with Brigitte is, she's got too much love and no one to give it to. Including herself. . . ."

The next wrong guy was Raf Vallone. He was the one who refused to be seen in public with Brigitte. He too—it was a pattern by now—had a wife and child and a reputation to protect. About Brigitte's own reputation, of course, not a word was said.

Vallone walked out on her—literally—the night she persuaded him to take her out to dinner. A photographer was in the restaurant. He recognized Brigitte, and recognized Vallone, who has made a number of movies in Italy. When his camera appeared, Vallone rushed him. There was a brawl. When it was over, Vallone was gone. Brigitte never saw him again.

The fifth one would be scarcely worth mentioning except for one thing. He was unknown to anyone except Brigitte who found him somewhere in St. Tropex and took him to be introduced to an interviewer "This," she said pointing straight at the boy, "is my new flirt. He is handsome, no? But oh—so stupid."

And her eyes added, "Maybe—stupid enough to stay with me. . . ."

Maybe he was. Only Brigitte never got a chance to find out—because something happened while she was still dating the blond young man from nowhere.

### A nice young man

What happened was a miracle.

What happened was the simplest thing in the world.

What happened was what happens many times over to most girls in the course of a year . . . and what Brigitte Bardot thought would never happen to her as long as she lived.

She met a nice young man, and he liked her.

It was no more—and no less—than that.

It happened on a movie set. There was a Bardot picture being filmed, and in it she was to play the guitar. She had always been musical, and she taught herself a few chords to strum for the scene. But when the scene was over, she didn't put the guitar down. She carried it to a chair at the side of the set, and her fingers went on picking at the strings, making tiny bits of music while she closed her eyes and listened.

When she opened her eyes, a young man was standing in front of her.

"You will make your fingers bleed," he said.

Brigitte glanced down, shrugged. "I don't care."

He nodded and pulled up a chair. "You like music?"

She shut her eyes again. "I do. It makes everything seem all right—for a minute, anyway. Until I remember that I can't play.'

"I'll teach you," he said slowly. "I play the guitar myself. . . ."

For the first time she looked at him, and then of course she knew who he was. Sacha Distel, the nightclub singer—she had been to hear him herself in Paris. And he had played like a dream, he had


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■ There will be no separation because of careers to upset the tranquil home life of Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea.

The two players have agreed that neither will go away on any show business assignment for any length of time when the other goes along.

"Separation because of work," said Miss Mayo, who recently celebrated her eleventh year of wedded life with O'Shea, "is at the root of many Hollywood domestic troubles.

"Separate careers can be made to harmonize with married life, but physical separation, with wife and husband working far from each other, often leads to difficulties."



The blonde Virginia started discussing separation due to careers, a familiar arrangement in Hollywood, because O'Shea had turned down a role in a Broadway show to stay with her when she was filling a long engagement as Alan Ladd's co-star in Warner Brothers' *The Big Land.*

"Mike's background is the stage," explains Virginia. "I started on the stage as a dancer, but I was under contract to a film studio when I got married, and realized that most of my roles would be in pictures.

"So Mike and I agreed then that we would never separate because of work—at least no longer than two or three weeks. And we've stuck to that agreement. Our longest separation was the two weeks I spent at Modesto in Northern California doing scenes for *The Big Land.* Mike was doing a TV show then or he would have come to Modesto with me."

*Virginia will appear in* WESTBOUND *for Warners.*

pulled such music out of the guitar. . . .

For the first time, since Roger left her, she looked at a young, handsome man and saw not a boy to make her believe she wasn't lonely, not an escort to show the world that she was adored—but a person with something to offer her, a gift he was willing to share.

"Oh," she said. "I'd like that. . . ."

The lessons began the next week. Sacha took her out to look for a guitar. As they hunted through the little St. Tropez shops, he paid no attention to the stares they got. As far as Brigitte could tell he never even noticed that they were watched. His eyes were all for the guitars, his fingers touched them lovingly, expertly. "This one is too masculine for you . . this one had a shallow sound . . . this little one here might do. . . ."

They bought one finally, carried it home. In Brigitte's living room she sat cross-legged on the floor while Sacha showed her how to hold it, how to form chords with unaccustomed fingers. She learned quickly. Nights, she would sit for hours, until her fingers were too sore to go on. It was something she could do honestly at last—make music on a guitar. Not something Roger Vadim had plastered onto her, like her sexy walk, her pouting stares. That was fake. This—this was as real as she wanted it to be.

**The way Sacha liked her**

A week later, she was playing little songs with Sacha, she doing the basic chords while he played the more difficult parts. One evening he began to hum along with the music, a minute later to sing. After a few bars, Brigitte joined him. Her voice was husky and sweet—and for the first time in so long, relaxed. An hour passed—they ran through all the songs they knew—then Sacha began a rhythmic, sensuous ballad. Brigitte put her guitar behind her head, she began to dance.

It was the sort of dance on which her reputation was based—the climax of her every movie—the dance which was supposed to bring her male audience back to the theatre for a third and fourth time. It was the sexiest thing in her repertoire.

When she finally sat down, Sacha glanced at her. "Very nice," he said. "But I like you better when you sing. . . ."

For once, love grew slowly. It wasn't forced, it wasn't faked. It began with liking and turned to affection; it was not demanding but warm, satisfying, right. It grew out of little things, like singing—and out of big things also.

It grew out of the day Brigitte asked Sacha to come with her to St. Tropez. "I always go there now after a movie," she told him. "It's quiet, the people are nice, I have a house. You could stay with me."

Sacha's eyebrows went up quizzically. "Alone?"

Brigitte actually blushed. "No," she said, "not alone. I have there my maid and my secretary, who is my companion. But when you read stories about my having a guest, they never mention the chaperones."

Sacha nodded gravely. "In that case, let us make sure they *do* mention them this time. I will invite a few people if it is all right with you."

"Of course," Brigitte said. "Who?"

"Oh, a nice older couple I know. My mother and my father. . . ." He took Brigitte's arm. "It is time they met you anyhow. . . ."

And neither of them so much as remembered that Brigitte Bardot was not supposed to be the sort of girl a man took home to meet his mother.

Out of such things, a very great love can grow.

It grew in the long summer days at St. Tropez. It grew while Brigitte and through the tiny town, shopping for fruit and meat, invariably ending up with arm loads of bottled olives because Brigitte would rather eat them than anything else in the world. It grew while she prepared huge French farm-style meals for the Distels, not because she wanted to show off, not even because she wanted to prove herself to them—but simply because she loved to cook, and suddenly she felt right doing the things she loved.

When summer ended, they took the Distels to Venice for the film festival. *Life* magazine reported that Brigitte and Sacha were together constantly, that when she said his name, it came out a song.

And in Venice, they had their first fight.

What it was about, no one knows. How it ended, everyone knows. Sacha slammed a door. Brigitte heard his footsteps striding furiously away from her. Then there was silence—and there were tears.

She wept as she had never wept in her life. Not the tortured tears she had shed when Jean-Lou went back to his wife, not the tears of fury when other men left her behind—not even the tears of anguish when she had first come to believe that no man would ever really love her again. These were the tears of a woman from whom all hope is gone—who had taken the biggest chance, had opened her heart again—and had been utterly destroyed. Sacha was gone, and with him, her whole life.

The next day she was back in St. Tropez, looking like a ghost. The papers headlined: B.B. A FIVE-TIME LOSER.

So it was quite a shock when the phone rang that night and Sacha's voice said, "Hi. You forgot two suitcases and a coat."

For a long moment she couldn't find her voice. Then she said, "What do you want?"

"Well, first I want to tell you we'll be back in forty-eight hours. Then I wanted to ask you to pick up some music for me—you know, the stuff I ordered, so we can get to work on it. And the song I'm writing for you—I wanted to tell you, I've got two more bars done but they're—"

"Sacha," she said, "what are you talking about? We had a fight. You walked out. It's over. I know it. I'm sorry. Now goodbye."

His voice stopped her hand half way down, as she was replacing the receiver. "Brigitte!" he said. "Listen to me. I wouldn't have believed it, but it's true. You, the—the sex-kitten, the love goddess—you don't know a damn thing about love. Brigitte darling, all lovers fight. Lots of them walk out. But if they—if they're serious about each other, if they're not just playing games—they come back. They make up. Honey, you don't think I'd leave you over a fight, do you? If anyone's walking out on us, it's you."

He waited for an answer. He got none. Brigitte was crying again.

Out of such tears, too, love grows. Out of love, wisdom grows. By the time there was a diamond on her finger—tangible proof of her engagement, of her love—Brigitte was no longer saying, "He is going to marry me." Instead:

"We will be married in the spring. I don't know where we will go for a honeymoon. It doesn't matter. Being married will be enough. . . ."

She said it like a woman who knows at last what does matter, and what does not. She said it like a woman who no longer depends on the world's opinion—because only two people's belief in her will suffice: her lover's—and her own.

She said it as if at last Brigitte Bardot had come home. **END**

*Brigitte will appear in* PARIS BY NIGHT *for Columbia, and* THE WOMAN AND THE

## the night I almost committed murder

(*Continued from page 56*) How prophetic were her words! How close did I come to ruining my life during another Christmas season, about fifteen years later.

At that point in my life I had not yet learned to control my temper and more likely than not I would let my fists fly first and ask questions later. But I was now in the U.S. Air Force, and I had little chance to grow hot tempered. No officer or non-com would have stood for any bull-headed nonsense from me. Besides, nothing happened during basic training and my subsequent duty in Korea that made me flare up—that is, till I was assigned to the Stewart Air Force Base, near Nashville, Tennessee. . . .

On a pleasant afternoon a few days before Christmas, I had finished duty and took off for Nashville with two other airmen. We hitched a ride to town, had some hamburgers at a downtown restaurant, saw a double feature and finished with a couple of beers at a local service club.

Shortly before midnight we tried to get a ride back since we didn't want to wait for the base bus. A big sedan stopped but the driver insisted he could take only two of us—he was a traveling salesman and had the whole back seat of his car filled with his samples. After a short hassle we agreed that the other two would accept the ride because they were on KP the following morning and had to get up earlier than I did. I was sure I wouldn't have any trouble getting another ride.

I waited under the street-light for another car. But not one car approached and it got later and later.

I glanced at my watch. It showed almost 1:00 a.m. I grew impatient as I walked back and forth under the light. After a while I looked at my watch again, and it still only showed 1:00 a.m. I lifted it to my ear and listened. It had stopped.

### Footsteps in the night

A few minutes later I heard steps—ominous, heavy, uncertain—coming up the sidewalk. Another couple of minutes went by and then a man came in sight—a big, burly giant of a man with hands like an ape. He must have been in his mid-thirties. The stubble on his face showed he hadn't shaved for at least a day. He was unsteady on his feet, but he still managed to walk fairly erect, and didn't seem belligerent as he came closer.

When he was within about five feet of me, I walked over. "Excuse me," I started out, "would you mind telling me what time it is?"

He stared at me, bleary-eyed.

"My watch stopped," I explained, and stretched my wrist toward him, to show him what I meant. "I have to be back at camp before reveille. . . ."

"Where' you from?" he growled.

I didn't know what this had to do with what I asked, and I was getting annoyed. "What do you mean—where am I from?" I shot back.

"Don't gimme that stuff, soljer boy," he exclaimed. "I says where' you from and I want an answer. . . ."

The man was obviously drunk. I didn't want to get into a fight—and both of us were close to starting it. "Never mind," I said, and walked away, down the street past a vacant lot and along a stone wall.

He came after me, faster than I thought he could move in his condition. "Listen, soljer . . ." he said. "I don't like the way you comb your hair!"

That did it. I swung around and stared at him angrily. "I've combed my hair this way for years and I don't give a darn whether you like it or not!" I shouted.

"Tough guy, eh?" he yelled.

"*Forget it!*" I shouted.

Before I knew what happened, he had me pinned against the wall, his left arm squeezing my neck against the cold stones, his right hand gripping a frog knife. He swung the blade threateningly in front of my eyes.

"You think I dunno how to use a knife, soljer boy?"

I was too angry to realize the danger. Yet, if I hadn't acted instantly, and violently, I may have been stabbed to death.

I raised my knees and kicked him in the stomach. His knife shot past my face within a fraction of an inch and he fell to the ground. I lurched forward, and wung my fist to his chin. Instead of knocking him out, I only made him more furious.

What followed next was a vicious scramble of fists and kicks and scratches—till I suddenly found my left hand gripping his throat, and my right one swinging at his face with a dirty red brick I had somehow picked up from the sidewalk, as we tumbled down the street. Had I hit him with all the force of my anger, I'm sure I would have killed him!

Something held me back. I struggled with myself, my muscles tensed, my teeth gritted in maddening anger—I couldn't move my arm an inch. It was as if I were paralyzed!

Then suddenly I felt as if I were waking up from a bad dream.

The drunk was cold sober now, his bleary eyes pleading for mercy—frightened because he knew that he had come within an inch of his life.

I let go of his neck. Slowly I got up, and let the brick drop heavily to the ground.

And then something curious happened. Something I wouldn't have expected in a million years. Just as if a miracle had happened.

He rose to his feet and brushed the dust off his clothes. He wasn't angry any more, not even frightened. After a few steps he halted and turned around. His cheeks were wet with tears. "Merry Christmas," he said simply as he wiped his face with the cuff of his sleeve. . . .

And then he walked away, calm and erect, a different man from what he had been just ten minutes earlier.

I was a different person, too. I looked up and saw the stars I hadn't noticed before. I felt the clean brisk air of the December night.

I had only one explanation for what kept us from killing one another—that somehow God had intervened. I closed my eyes and said a silent prayer.

And then I saw the convertible approach and without my waving at the driver, he stopped. He was an old man, on his way to work. He had gray hair, and a tired look on his face. "Want a ride, soldier?" he asked.

"You bet I do—if you are going to the base."

He hesitated a moment. "I wasn't really going close to it, but what's a couple of miles? Hop in—I'll take you there. . . ."

When he let me out half an hour later, I turned to him and said, "Thanks—and Merry Christmas."

He looked up in surprise. "But Christmas is still two days away, son. . . ."

"Not for me," I smiled, as I walked toward the gate. "I got my present early. . . ."

This was the very last time I ever lost my temper. **END**

*You can see Jimmie in* THE MATING GAME *for MGM.*




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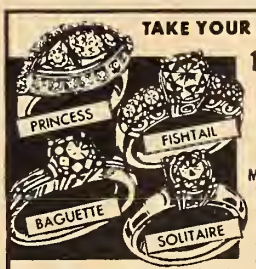
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## a miracle saved our baby

(*Continued from page 54*) accidents had occurred so swiftly, so unexpectedly and with such force that for a time it seemed that Janet's and Tony's dreams for their baby might be shattered.

The first threat to Janet and the baby came on a rainy day in August when Janet was on her way to see her mother, Helen Morrison. She had paused on the bottom of an incline and was about to turn into her mother's driveway when, horrified, she felt the impact of another car ramming into the back of her black Cadillac. So great was the force of the other car, that the entire rear of her car was smashed.

The driver jumped out of his car, and noticing that the pretty girl trembling at the wheel was pregnant, turned pale. Janet was severely shaken up. Later she was to discover that she had suffered a whiplash injury to her neck, but so great was her shock at the moment that she felt no pain then, was unaware of her own physical suffering. Her first thought was, "My baby. My baby."

Her mother drove her to the home of a friend who lived nearby and called Janet's doctor, Dr. Leon Krohn.

"How do you feel?" asked the doctor.

"Dizzy and frightened," replied Janet shakily.

"Go home and get into bed and I'll be right over," he advised.

At the time of this accident, Tony was on the set of his picture, *Some Like It Hot.* Janet didn't want to notify him, knowing that Tony would get so upset he would want to leave in the middle of the picture to be with her. She was determined to say nothing to him till he got home.

But the police had recorded the accident, and it was broadcast in a radio news bulletin. A close friend immediately called Janet. "How are you, Janet? I just heard about the accident."

Then Janet realized that Tony might hear it at any moment. She didn't want him to hear it from anyone but her. She tried to call the studio, but the phones had been shut off on the set. By this time, she was trembling. Wanting desperately to reach Tony, she finally resorted to calling the head of the studio to get a line through to Tony.

"I'll be right over," Tony blurted when Janet told him what had happened.

Although frightened, Janet decided, *I must calm Tony down. There's nothing he can do right now.*

Tony was filled with rage against the other driver, who had so jeopardized Janet and their unborn baby. Immediately, Janet started to defend him. "It wasn't his fault. His brakes didn't hold out because of the rain."

"I want to be with you," Tony said.

"Darling, it isn't necessary. The doctor's here, and so is my mother. I'm under the doctor's care. Everything is being done for me." Finally, she managed to soothe Tony to the point where he agreed to remain on the set.

After she had talked to Tony, Janet lay on the bed shaking.

"Thank God, the baby is all right," was her only thought—but she wondered. The impact had thrust her forward so hard that she had been pushed against the wheel of the car.

She found it hard to follow the doctor's advice to relax. She kept praying that she'd keep her baby. Tony was on the phone every five minutes, his voice revealing the strain, even though he tried to cheer her.

When Tony finally got home, all he cared about and asked about was: "Are you okay? Is the baby okay?"

All that evening, Janet remained quietly in bed—unusual for her because even with help in the house she's always doing something. She lay there quietly, recalling the happy summer. The summer had been a gay cascade of informal poolside parties, with friends dropping in every Sunday. The week-end swim parties had been such a regular feature with their crowd that Tony had named their home Camp Curtis and had bought a load of T-shirts and beanies with Camp Curtis stamped on them which their guests—like Eddie and Debbie, Dean and Jeanne Martin and Lauren Bacall—had playfully donned. She recalled, too, the birthday party Tony had given her in July—her very first birthday party. When she was young, her parents hadn't been able to afford to give her one. This time, Tony had taken over La Scala, an intimate Italian restaurant, for the evening and all her friends had come. There was a large cake and on it a design of Tony and Janet in a pink car racing to the hospital with a wobbly, frosted stork hovering over it all.

And now—her mind pulled back to the present—this accident. She began to think: *Will this interfere with the stork's mission?*

She could feel the baby kicking inside her, and never had the movements of the child meant so much to her.

*He's alive,* she thought, and her heart swelled with gratitude.

For the next week Janet was still very nervous.

But Lauren Bacall, Debbie and Eddie and other close friends came to visit her and comfort her.

Janet nerved herself to sit behind the wheel and start driving again. She knew that if she didn't, she might never again get the courage to get behind the wheel.

There was a full moon overhead on the balmy Saturday night ten days after her accident when Janet began to feel relaxed and secure again. She and Tony, along with Dean and Jeanne Martin and their good friends, Sammy and Gloria Cahn, were driving home from a dinner party at Peter Lawford's house at the beach.

Sitting in front next to Tony who was at the wheel, Janet was feeling like her old self for the first time since the accident. With the pleasantries of the party behind them, Janet's tensions had begun to subside. In less than two months Cory would be born—the baby for whose existence she had feared only a short while before when she had been so shaken up in the automobile collision. She looked at Tony tenderly, his profile etched in the reflection of the moon, and thought with a full heart, *How lucky I am. God has been so good to us.*

She and Tony became aware of the fact that the car behind them was weaving in and out of traffic, occasionally bumping their own car. Tony was a careful driver, even more cautious since Janet had been shaken up. If there had been anything possible to do to avoid the weaving car, Tony would have done it. Without warning, the car rushed ahead and rammed into the side of their car, where Tony was sitting There was an awful crash, and their car shook violently.

Janet screamed, "Tony, are you all right?" Then everything became hazy. Hands helped her to a nearby bus bench. She sat there shaking and sobbing.

"When the second collision happened," Janet told me, "my first thought was, *Is my husband dead?* I saw the car coming right at us, and I thought Tony must surely be killed.

"I was in such a state of shock, I couldn't think clearly. I screamed, 'Darling, are you all right?' not sure whether I was talking to warm, human flesh or to a man who had been killed. The other car had smashed right into the side where Tony was sitting. Tony was trying to soothe me, but I didn't hear what he said. My head felt as if all kinds of things were exploding inside it.

"Tony, worried about me, was beside himself. He got me out of the car; I remember hanging on to him. I couldn't believe he was alive. I wanted to touch him to see that he was there beside me."

Frank Sinatra, who'd been the guest of honor at Peter Lawford's party, had been driving the same route home and within a few minutes was behind them. When he saw what had happened, he called an ambulance from the phone in his car.

In the midst of all this hysteria, one of the bystanders came up to Tony and said, "I liked you in *The Vikings.* Did they really cut off your arm in it?"

It was the worst timed question a fan ever asked. Tony looked numbly at the fan, then turned silently and put his arm around Janet, still trembling violently from shock.

"I started to worry about the baby," said Janet. "I was incoherent. Tony kept asking me, 'Are you sure you're all right?' Instead of answering, I begged, 'Are *you* all right?'

"By this time I knew I wasn't physically hurt—but how could we tell about the baby? I was so nervous, my stomach hurt from the strain and tension.

"I was lifted into the ambulance, and Tony got in and sat beside me. I was crying and sobbing. In the middle of all this, I looked up at Tony, and saw that he was trying to control his own fears for my sake. I said, 'Darling, this just wasn't my week, was it?' and we both laughed kind of shakily. But the fear was still there.

"When I got to the UCLA Medical Ho-


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pital, Tony was right with me. The doctors there examined me and I was given a shot to quiet me. My doctor was called again and he told them to send me home in an ambulance, and he'd see me at home. Tony rode with me in the ambulance."

When the ambulance pulled up in the circular driveway and stopped in front of their home, and the attendants had carried Janet out on the stretcher, Tony and Janet discovered they didn't have their housekeys. Tony's keys were still in the car which he'd left behind, and Janet's bag with her housekey in it was missing. (Jeanne Martin had taken it for safekeeping.) Tony rang the bell and finally their housekeeper, May, came down.

"When she saw the ambulance, she was so terribly alarmed," smiled Janet, "that we had to comfort *her*.

"Dr. Krohn came and examined me. It seemed like such a long examination because I couldn't wait to hear what he'd find. Finally he said, 'The baby's kicking. Its heartbeat is normal. But your stomach is tight because of the strain and shock. This could start contractions.' He

**Suzy Parker says: "I can't take the fashion world seriously. It's all run by women."**

*Paul Sann*
*in the New York Post*

gave me a shot to calm me. Although the shots from the hospital doctor and Dr. Krohn should have knocked me out, I still couldn't fall asleep. We sat up—Tony, the doctor and I—and talked until 5:00 a.m.

" 'You are very lucky,' said my doctor. 'So much could have happened.'

"Tony and I began to feel: *How lucky indeed we have been. Nothing could have been worse than what could have happened that night. Tony could have been easily killed, the baby lost, our friends hurt. It was completely beyond Tony's power or that of any other driver in his place to have prevented the accident.*"

The other driver, according to news reports, had mistakenly thought his wife was a passenger in another car that was ahead of Tony's, and had tried to chase that car. In his eagerness to get to that car, he had woven in and out of traffic, and finally rammed into the car in which Tony and Janet were riding.

The day after Janet's second accident was a Sunday and several of their Camp Curtis friends came to see her. This time they didn't go swimming or play the kid games Tony used to set up. It was a quiet, somewhat frightened gathering.

"Everything's going to be all right," they told Janet. And hoped it would.

"Tony was in such a state of tension," Janet said, "that he hadn't slept at all. Then he was busy with all the phone calls and our friends. His tension kept him going all day and night. Then, around seven o'clock, with all our friends around, he plopped into a chair and collapsed, falling asleep from utter exhaustion."

Janet paused, and then went on. "You remember, Helen, how heartbroken I was several years ago when I went through a miscarriage, before Kelly Lee was born. At least that time there was the consolation of knowing that such a miscarriage is often God's way of getting rid of a bad pregnancy. But this time, my pregnancy was progressing well. If anything had happened to this baby, it would have been a real unnecessary loss—and thus more difficult to adjust to.

"But God has been good to us. Our whole world could have been shattered that night. It may sound trite to say it, but for a woman who has known the blessedness of a happy marriage and the joy of beginning to raise a family . . . fame, with all these blessings, is an empty mansion.

"For many years, Tony and I have dreamed of raising a large family. We'd like to have four children. Tony is a natural-born father. He loves children. He came from a small family and always missed the fun of having many sisters and brothers. His younger brother was killed by a truck when Tony was a small boy, and Tony never quite got over that tragedy. When he was fifteen, his brother Bobby was born. Tony had been like a father to Bobby. Most men don't usually become paternal till their own children are born, but Tony felt like a father long before little Kelly Lee was born.

"As for me, before Kelly Lee was born, I used to say, 'Maybe there are people who envy movie stars, and I agree it's a wonderful life. But every time I see a mother wheeling her baby down the street, I always wish I were in her shoes.'

"After Kelly was born, Tony and I talked of the large family we would raise."

One day last spring Janet, feeling queazy after many mornings like that, decided it was time to see her doctor. He confirmed her happy suspicions and she told Tony that night, but they kept their secret for a month. Then at a party at a friend's house, Janet said, "Guess what? We're going to have another baby."

And from that moment on, she and Tony sailed through the months, actively planning everything wonderful they could for the future Cory.

From the beginning, Tony was very fussy about Janet. Janet's never happy unless she's doing ten things at once, and this time she became so involved in decorating the beautiful new home they had moved into that Tony had to grab chairs and tables out of her hands, as she tried to move them from one end of the room to the other. Tony used to encourage the Camp Curtis fun parties because that was the only way Janet would relax while enjoying her friends; stretching out on a lounge near the pool, lazily floating or laughing as she watched the crowd play kickball or Blind Man's Buff.

Actually, Camp Curtis is their nickname for the most beautiful home they've ever owned. An eighteen-room house on two acres of rolling lawn and pool, a wrought iron balcony circling the upper story and emphasizing its gracious New Orleans charm, the house is across the street from famed Pickfair. Tony, raised in New York's tenaments, and Janet, whose childhood had been too pinched to provide her with a birthday party, revelled in their magnificent new home. Tony beamed and said, "I heard a lot about Pickfair when I was a kid. Now I live across the way."

And then the appalling accidents! Twice Janet had been on the brink of losing their child—and twice the baby had been saved by what seemed like Divine Intervention. Two frightened young people realized more than ever that their blessed happiness was not based on living in a gorgeous home, not based on their fame and success. The things that really made them happy were the things that any young couple may be blessed with—love and a family, children to raise and laughter to share.

"We have no way of turning back the clock," said Janet slowly. "What happened, happened. But now we keep telling ourselves how lucky we were. We're lucky that no one was killed.

"Tony and I have a feeling of extreme gratitude toward God. Only He could have saved our baby." **END**

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# "don't hurt eddie"

(*Continued from page 33*) survive and understand for the benefit of my two children."

And, I repeat, it is on this inner *strength* and *understanding* on Debbie's part that the future of Liz, 'the most beautiful woman in the world,' and Eddie, the captivated one, will stand or fall.

Will Debbie hold off her divorce and let Eddie and Elizabeth dangle in the throes of an unsanctioned love affair?

Or, in her deep, deep hurt—will Debbie cut the agony short and leave Liz and Eddie free to find out for themselves if the world is well lost for their love—or only that they have lost the love of the world.

I have talked to Debbie practically every day during this tragedy in her life. I have talked with her when she was choked with emotion. I have talked with her when she was shocked, sick, worried, bewildered, aghast. unbelieving, defeated, and (before Eddie's incredible statement that he would have left his wife and children even if he had never known Elizabeth Taylor) in a fighting mood to hold her marriage together.

But I have never once talked with Debbie when she was bitter against—Eddie! Liz, yes. But not Eddie.

"Don't say anything to hurt him," she has begged me time after time. "Don't let anyone do anything to hurt Eddie. More than anyone else except his family and me—you, Louella, know what a really fundamentally sweet person he is." Debbie said this at the beginning and she has continued to say it through all the shocking developments since.

At the start of this shattering triangle which shocked the world and rocked Hollywood, close friends of all three principals tried their hardest to influence the course of the outcome and hold back the holocaust.

Friends of Eddie's, who had his best interests at heart and hated to see him attempt to 'whitewash' Liz Taylor at the expense of his wife and children, *begged* him not to release his statement:

"In answer to many questions I feel I should say this—Debbie and I tried very hard to make our marriage work. We have been having problems for a long time. Debbie especially has done everything possible to make our marriage succeed. I alone accept full responsibility for its failure.

"Our marriage would have come to an end even if I had not known Elizabeth Taylor. The break-up was inevitable.

"Although I have moved out of my home, I hope to see my children as often as possible. I have confidence that Debbie understands and that our friendly relationship will continue.

"My personal plans for the future are to concentrate on my work and to solve my personal problems with the deepest consideration for all concerned."

I was one who tried to stop this statement. But it was too late. It had gone to the newspapers before I could reach Eddie and tell him that he should never have said this. It wasn't necessary for him to say *anything* at that time. There was nothing he *could* say that wouldn't hurt someone, including himself—particularly coming on top of Elizabeth's very callous quotes (at least attributed to her):

"I don't feel I have taken anything away from Debbie Reynolds because Eddie was never in love with her. What am I supposed to do—beg him to go back to her? They would only destroy each other."

And when she was asked about this happening so soon after the death of Mike Todd, her husband and Eddie's closest friend, Liz is said to have snapped: "He's dead. I'm alive."

As for her romance with Arthur Loew, Jr, the devoted escort of months, who is known to be deeply in love with Liz and hoping to marry her, she (again quoted) said: "I can't help it how he feels."

So for Eddie to side with Liz after this was a terrible blow to Debbie and could only be construed as the remarks of a man blindly, madly in love beyond all reason.

All Hades broke loose against Liz, and I can truthfully say in all my years as a columnist I've never read such bitter and condemning mail—not even in *la affaire* Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini. Fan clubs were canceling out in all directions. Eddie was said to have been canceled off a guest appearance on a national TV show after an audience hissed at the mention of his name.

As for Elizabeth—I have no words to express the avalanche of blistering criticism she seemed to have set off!

Their friends became desperate—and by friends, I mean those who still felt for Liz and Eddie as well as Debbie.

I happen to know that a famous motion picture couple, heartsick over what had happened to all three of their friends, had quiet talks with all in the hope of at least getting them to stall for time—to see exactly what their true emotions were.

**Danny Kaye and Ray Bolger were both starring on Broadway simultaneously some years ago—and were asked to perform at an actors' Fund benefit and decided—since they were such big stars—to do *The Hallroom Boys* sketch—about a pair of would-be actors trying to get a chance.**

**A few days after the performance, the Actors' Fund got a letter from a sweet lady who'd seen the show.**

**"It's only fair," she wrote, "that those two young actors, trying so hard to get a break, be given a chance on Broadway. Why don't you help them get an audition?"**

*Earl Wilson in the New York Post*

One of the stars suggested that Elizabeth go to New York, go *anywhere*, until the great hue and cry died down. If what existed between her and Eddie was as strong as they believed, they would have the chance to test their emotions in the cool of reason, not in the heat of 'persecution' raging around them, welding them together 'against the world' as they thought of it.

For one split second, Liz was listening to the New York suggestion. Eddie was the one who stopped her cold. He said if the 'mess' meant his being separated from Liz—he'd give up everything, his career, his future, *everything*. He wouldn't let her go!

Even Debbie, who had heartbrokenly given up trying to reason with Eddie, admits she tried twice, unsuccessfully, to contact Elizabeth on the phone. She was going to make a fight of it until that crushing "I-would-have-left-home-anyway" statement of Eddie's.

Then there was nothing for Debbie to do but consult a lawyer—no other step was open to her if she was still to maintain her dignity and self-respect.

While I know in her heart she was hoping, is *still* hoping, the official break seemed to give her courage and fortitude. No longer was she the miserable little girl, crying her heart out to me over the telephone, "What can *I* do against the most beautiful woman in the world?"

One thing she could do and *had* to do was to pick up the pieces, pull herself together, not only for herself but for Carrie Frances and baby Todd.

Although Debbie had been battling with MGM over stories, she immediately accepted a script sent her, ironically titled, *The Mating Game*. Daytimes she spent at the studio on wardrobe fittings and in conferences.

Evenings, she had long talks with her lawyer, or went to picture shows. Or visited with her close, close friends, dancers Marge and Gower Champion.

And, she told me bravely, her eyes—and I guess her heart—dry again, "Don't worry about me. I'm all right. Except for returning to work, right now I'm doing nothing. I mean about Eddie and me."

Her lawyer Frank Belcher said nothing can be done in a hurry anyway. There are many legal aspects which can't be handled in a rush. It can be months before any kind of a property settlement can be reached because all of Eddie's business affairs are taken care of in the East. All this will take time.

The other day, Mr. Belcher said something to Debbie that has helped her a lot. He said a very wise man had once said, "When there is nothing to do—do nothing." I guess another way of saying the same thing is—let Fate take its course. That is what Debbie is going to do. And since she has made up her mind it is the wise course, she is more at peace."

Well, that's more than can be said for Eddie—and I am sure, Liz.

From the very start of this tempest, he has been a sick boy physically. Pounds of weight have dropped off him. He has had a severe attack of mononucleosis. His doctor forbade him appearing at the All-Star charity event that closed the Hollywood Bowl season. (Debbie, too, had to cancel out of this at the last moment on doctor's orders.)

But Eddie canceled himself off Steve Allen's TV show (introducing NBC's star line-up for '58) after the mention of his name had brought on hisses from the audience the week previous.

I know this boy well. He calls me Mom. And you can take my word for it, no matter what kind of a front he's putting up, he's taking this hard!

But he won't listen—and he won't *think!*

And now we come to Elizabeth, beautiful, luscious Liz—what of her?

She's been in hiding and on a chase from the press, ever since she returned from New York where her storm with Eddie blew up and crashed onto the front pages. Outside of that incredible and callous 'interview' she gave to a columnist she thought was her friend—and you can bet all the wine in France she didn't expect it to be printed!—she had said nothing.

Liz has been staying at the home of her agent, Kurt Frings. She has also had a 'secret suite' she can retire to at the Beverly Hills Hotel where she has installed her three children in the care of a nurse. She was unable to move herself and her family into the new home she recently leased from Tyrone Power because of renovations and interior decorating work she had ordered before the holocaust.

And, of course, she has been seeing Eddie.

I've heard gossip which is almost impossible for me to believe that the *grande passion* between Liz and Eddie started up before that fatal, for both, trip to New York.

Whether it did or it didn't, I agree with Debbie that Eddie was being a wonderful

husband and a devoted family man *before* his blatantly open dating of Elizabeth in the East, in New York and at Grossingers, the very same famed resort where Debbie and Eddie were married!

I have been asked if I think that entire jaunt to New York was a deliberately planned rendezvous between Liz and Eddie. Did Liz go through all that hocus-pocus of making reservations to Europe, even to engaging suites at hotels in London and Paris, just as a cover up for a short, and I suppose, intended 'quiet' fling with Fisher in New York?

I don't believe it. She also had made plans to meet Arthur Loew, Jr., in Europe, such definite plans that this much smitten (with Liz) millionaire had told a girl friend that he hoped and expected to marry Elizabeth toward the end of the year in Europe!

This more than interesting bit of news came out when the girl who had once been so much in love with Loew she's never gotten over it—had hysterics in a nightclub, crying her eyes out and sobbing, "He's going to marry her, he's going to marry her" over and over again.

Just as much as this girl was in love with young Arthur, he was and probably *is*, in love with Liz. This movie-millionaire son of a great film veteran has been chased by women who hoped to marry him ever since he was a kid. He's personable, he's handsome, he's a very likeable boy—and he's enormously rich.

But someone close to him tells me, "Arthur never wanted any girl but Liz. She worked for his father's company as a great star. She was constantly involved in romances with other men. Artie didn't think he had a chance with her. But she was always in the back of his heart.

"And then came the tragedy of Mike Todd's death—and Liz's world came crashing in around her. Arthur was there, helping her, sheltering her. Loving her. For six happy (for him) months, it looked as though that love might be returned. At least, he gave up all his time and attention to that end."

Young Loew took Liz to rest and visit at the beautiful ranch of his sister in Arizona. He taught the luxury-loving Liz the fun of riding horseback in the sun, the solace of space, the healing qualities of the 'quiet life.' He taught her so well that she rashly signed a lease on a ranch herself—and then before she moved in, decided, "It wasn't for me. Too many tourists. They aren't used to film stars outside Beverly Hills."

So she came back to the town of glitter where she reigns as a Queen, the devoted Arthur in attendance. If this was the kind of life she wanted, he was game. He gave a huge party for her—an affair so costly that many surmised he expected Liz to agree to announce their marriage plans during the festivities. But as developed—all that was announced was *dinner.*

Arthur was her constant and solicitous escort. Anything Liz wanted to do, he did. Any place she wanted to go—he went. They were so inseparable that at the big party at Romanoff's that followed the première of *The Big Country,* people watching them dance cheek to cheek, murmured: "It looks as though Arthur has finally won her."

And now they call the Liz-Eddie-Debbie storm a *triangle!* What about Arthur Loew, Jr.? If you ask me, it's more of a tragic *quadrangle,* although for all the attention he's been getting, Arthur Loew, Jr., is *really* the forgotten man.

But his understanding and love for the 'world's most beautiful woman' hasn't waned in spite of considerable hell and high water! All the time Elizabeth and Eddie were making those big, big headlines out of New York and then out of Hollywood, Liz's children were living at Arthur Loew's home in Beverly Hills! Until she moved them.

What has *he* had to say? Just a simple little statement, almost overlooked in the bigger fireworks:

"I guess I won't be seeing so much of Elizabeth in the future. She's coming out of her grief—seeing other friends." (This should go on record as the all-time never-to-be beaten understatement of mankind!)

Yes, Arthur admitted gently, he *had* been in New York at the same time Liz was *before* she changed her mind and decided to return to Hollywood instead of going to Europe. When asked why *he* had also changed his mind about his destination and returned to Hollywood alone, he merely shrugged. There were newspapers all over his room which answered that question in big black headlines far better than anything he could say.

A great many people in this town think Elizabeth Taylor missed out on something really good and fine in her life if her friendship and love affair with Arthur Loew, Jr., is really finished.

And there are even more people who wish Arthur had had a happy ending to his love story—not only because of him—but because of Debbie Reynolds and a boy I'm still hoping will see the light—Eddie Fisher. **END**

*Liz can be seen currently in* CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF *for MGM.*

*Debbie will appear in* THE MATING GAME *for Warners.*

## meet your new sons

(*Continued from page 49*) before you were about to leave, you remembered something and told Shirley about it.

There had been something in the mail that morning, you said, from an organization known as the Foster Parents' Plan. The FPP, you'd learned from reading the pamphlet they'd sent, was designed to provide, by means of donating a certain amount of money every month, for the "care, maintenance, education, training and well-being of overseas children orphaned and distressed and otherwise made destitute."

"I've been thinking about doing something like this for a long time," you told Shirley that night. "What do you think, honey? How does it sound to you?"

"Sounds wonderful," Shirley said.

"I've been thinking, too," you said, "that instead of just one. What do you think?"

"Good," Shirley said. "Now you can have a *couple* of sons," she added, laughing.

"What?" you asked her—remember?—pretending to be a little confused.

"Come on now, Pat," Shirley told you. "After four girls of your own, don't tell me you're not going to want to become a kind-of daddy to a couple of little boys this time."

Now you started to laugh, too. It's always struck you as rather fantastic the way your wife can read your mind, and this night in the hospital was no exception. So you laughed with her now and then you kissed her good night and went home to send off your check to help two children somewhere who could use a little help.

You didn't know who they would be yet.

As long as they would be made a little happier by this gift of yours—that was all you wanted.

Well, Pat, I have visited both kids and




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I want to tell you about the happiness you brought to these two boys. . . .

### Franz

It was freezing cold in the little attic apartment in Regensburg, Germany, that day last January, that day everything terrible seemed to happen to nine-year-old Franz Josef Stelzner and his family.

It was freezing cold because there was no money to buy any fuel. The small government pension Franz's bedridden papa got and the small amount of money his mama made now and then at odd jobs was just not enough to buy fuel to heat their apartment.

It was hard, living like this.

"But still," Mrs. Stelzner would console her little boy, "many people are much worse off than we are, and we have a lot to be thankful for. We have at least enough to pay the rent, and sometimes I think Papa is beginning to get better."

On this particular morning, however, Franz's papa was not getting better. He had been injured long ago in the war, and then he had come down with tuberculosis, and he hadn't been able to work at all for years.

And on this particular morning, Mr. Stelzner had awakened with a violent fit of coughing and with blood rushing from his mouth. Mrs. Stelzner knew that her husband was near death and she'd run out of the house to a telephone to ask the hospital to send an ambulance and take her husband and save him.

Then, a few minutes after the hospital people had come with a stretcher to carry her husband away, Mrs. Stelzner had become suddenly dizzy and she screamed and fell to the floor.

Franz and his little sister Gertraud were in the room with her at the time. Franz rushed over to her and tried to lift her from the floor. He thought at first that she had fainted, the way he'd seen her faint before when she'd been working too hard and had gone without enough sleep for many nights in a row.

But always before, he had been able to rouse her.

And this time, he saw, he could not rouse her. And this time, too, he saw that her face was beginning to change to a strange blue color and that her breathing was very hard and gasping and irregular.

He ran from the house to the street outside.

The ambulance with his father in it was still there, just about to leave. Franz banged on the back door.

"Doctor," he shouted to the man in white, "please come back inside. Something is wrong with my mother."

The doctor took one look at the boy's face, opened the door and jumped out of the ambulance. "Go ahead," he told the driver as he did, "I will see this patient at the hospital in a little while."

Inside the house, the doctor spent a long time examining Mrs. Stelzner.

When he was finished, he explained to Franz and Gertraud that their mother had just had what is known as a mild heart attack, that her condition was not exactly good, that she would have to remain in bed for a long time, that he, the doctor, would stop by to look after her as much as he could.

### Franz takes the responsibility

Gertraud began to cry when she heard this.

Franz did not cry, however. Things were too serious to cry now. He looked up at the doctor and nodded, as if he understood.

And then he asked, "But they will not die, my mother and my father, will they?"

"Not if we take good care of them, which we will," the doctor said. "Now," he went on, "I imagine, young man, that you have some relatives, some aunts or uncles, who can come help take care of your mother and the house while she is sick?"

"I have an aunt," Franz said, not adding that his aunt was a widowed woman with children and without too much time to leave her own house and family.

"And I imagine," the doctor said, "that she will bring over provisions, foodstuffs, and help take care of the eating?"

"Yes," Franz said, not mentioning to the doctor that his aunt was as poor as they were and that there would be little chance of her being able to bring them more than a loaf of bread and some wurst occasionally.

The doctor reached into his pocket and put four marks into Franz's hand. "Meanwhile," he said, "use this to buy some meat for soup or some oranges. Just until tonight, until your aunt comes by with something else. . . ."

On the way to the store, Franz stopped at his aunt's house to tell her what had happened. When she met him at the door, she was holding her youngest child, who was crying weakly.

"Oh I am so sorry, dear little Franz," she said sadly when she heard the terrible news, "there is nothing I can do to help you. The baby is sick and I cannot leave him to come to your house. And I cannot even give you any money, because there isn't any to give. But here, I can give you some of this soup I made. It will nourish your mama."

The baby in her arms moaned.

The aunt brushed a tear from her cheek and sighed, "Ach, these are hard times. I wish there was something I could do for you—"

"Aunt," Franz said, "there is something I can do. I have four marks to buy food, and you must take two. Something will work out . . . The good Lord will not forget us. . . ."

And as Franz walked home carrying the few groceries that two marks bought, home to the small cold apartment where his sick mother lay, he hoped, hoped very hard, that he could really believe that—that something good would happen. . . .

About this same time, Pat and Shirley, there was another hungry, frightened little boy who would soon be rescued from terror because you had become his foster parents. . . .

### Giuseppe

Giuseppe Marcelli, the Italian boy, had just turned six. He was a small, round-faced boy with straight brown hair and big brown eyes. He lived in a makeshift hut in Carchitti, a suburb of Rome, a town of makeshift huts, new-built for the people of that area after the war but cheap-built, too, and already old with dirt and bugs and damp walls and floors. He lived in the hut with his baby brother, Domenico, and his mother and father.

His father, a poor farm laborer, got sick early in January. The sickness began with a lot of sneezing one night. Then a fever came. And then the man, normally so strong and hearty, discovered the next morning that he could not get out of bed because his legs would not hold him.

"We will get a doctor," his wife said to him.

"We cannot afford that," the sick man said.

"We have saved 1800 lire and we will use it to pay the doctor," his wife said.

She walked to the other side of the room where her two sons lay sleeping.

"Giuseppe," she said, rousing the older one. "Please, go to the vase where we keep the money and take it all and go ask the doctor to come, quickly."

Giuseppe jumped out of bed. He rushed to the vase and got out the money, about three dollars in American money. He knew that his mother could not perform this task because she had been crippled for so long with a sickness of the hands, a rheumatism, they called it, a very bad rheumatism. So he got the money now and then he rushed out of the house and ran all the way to the neighboring town of Labico to fetch the doctor.

When Giuseppe returned home with the doctor a little while later, his father was dead.

"The Asiatic flu," the doctor said, turning to Mrs. Marcelli, "it has taken this good young man away. I am sorry. . . ."

Because Mrs. Marcelli couldn't afford to have her husband embalmed and have him laid out for the traditional three days of respect, the funeral took place the next morning.

After the funeral, little Giuseppe had a talk with his mother.

"Now *I* must go to work," the six-year-old boy said.

His mother bent to kiss him, She shook her head. "You are good, my baby," she said, "but what can you do?"

"*You* cannot work," Giuseppe said, stealing a look at her lame hands, "so then I must find something to do, no?"

He didn't wait for an answer. Instead, he ran out of the hut and to the big tomato field not far away, where his father had worked until he'd gotten sick.

He walked straight up to the *padrone*, the bossman.

"I am Giuseppe Marcelli," he said. "My father is dead. Now I shall work in his place."

The *padrone* laughed. "Children," he said. "That is all I need. Go away, little boy. Go home."

Giuseppe begged. He showed his little arm to the *padrone* and he pointed proudly to the small muscle there. "See?" he asked. "See how strong I am?"

The *padrone* didn't bother to look. Still laughing, he walked away.

### Like the horses and mules . . .

When Giuseppe got home that afternoon he told his mother that he had had no luck yet, but he told her not to worry. He would think of something, he said.

"I know that Poppa is gone and I have got to help," he said.

His mother nodded, sadly.

"To help now—" she started to say.

"What, Mama, what can I do?" Giuseppe asked.

"To help now," his mother said, "you could—you could go and pick some grass from the field. We do not eat tonight otherwise, Giuseppe. Tomorrow the woman who lives near the church said she will bring some macaroni and tomorrow we will have that. But tonight, Giuseppe, there is nothing in the house. So maybe if you pick some grass in that field outside the town where it grows tall and very green I can clean it in the water and cook it and—"

Mrs. Marcelli had begun to cry as she talked, and Giuseppe began to cry with her.

"Like the horses and the mules we must eat tonight," Mrs. Marcelli said, sobbing.

"That is all right, Mama," Guiseppe said, wiping away his own tears. "The grass, I bet it will not taste so bad."

A little while later, he left the house. He was walking past the tomato field where he had tried to get work that afternoon and was on his way to the field his mother had talked about when he met a friend of his, a boy named Beppe.

"Where are you going, Giuseppe?" Beppe asked.

Giuseppe told him.

"Why?" Beppe asked.

Giuseppe told him why he was going.

"You fool," Beppe said. "Why go pick grass when you can take some of these tomatoes and really fill your stomach with food tonight? Look—everyone has left and gone home, even the *padrone*. See? There is no one here. And look, look at those tomatoes."

It was as he talked that Giuseppe felt the wind suddenly blow past him and he heard someone call out his name.

"Giuseppe!" he thought he heard the voice call out.

He looked around.

There was no one there.

"Poppa?" Giuseppe whispered. It had sounded, he knew, like his dead father's voice. "Poppa?"

Then he remembered something his dead father, buried only that morning, had told him a few months ago.

"Stealing is wrong," his father had said. "God does not look as kindly on thieves as he does on honest people. God asks only that you pray to Him when you need Him, and then He will help you."

"No," Giuseppe told Beppe, "it is wrong what you tell me to do. I cannot take the tomatoes. They are not mine."

And then he walked away from the boy, continuing on his way to the grassfield way outside the town.

As he walked he looked not at the road ahead, but up at the big gray sky above and he asked, "Was my poppa right, God? *Will* You do something to help us the way he said to me You would, if I pray to You the way I am praying now . . .?"

**And now to live again . . .**

Well, Pat, you know how the stories end. You have received some letters from Franz and Giuseppe and some snapshots. And when I visited the boys, I asked them if they'd like to send a message with me.

This is what Giuseppe said:

"I love my Signor Boone," he said. "I have no poppa anymore and one day I find out from the postman who brings a big package and some money that I have a new poppa far away. The people here in Carchitti tell me that Signor Boone makes records and moving pictures and sings. I do not know, because here in Carchitti we have no theater and no victrola and I cannot hear for myself. But I know that he is a good man and that since his packages and his money have been coming my mother does not worry so much anymore and her lame hands are getting well and we are able to eat all the time. I thank Signor Boone for the other things he has sent me, too. He has sent me shoes. And he has sent me a rubber ball. I never had a rubber ball before. Also, one of the people in my village tells me that Signor Boone has a beautiful wife and beautiful children. I want to tell them all hello from Giuseppe Marcelli in Carchitti and to send them a basket of my kisses. I want to tell them when I get big I will be a mechanic, I have decided. And I want them to know that I will save money from my work so that if they ever need me to fix anything they own, if they ever need a good mechanic, I will take the ship and go to America and fix it for them. When I tell this to my friends they laugh. But I tell them it will be a way of saying thank you."

Franz wanted to send a letter back to you. Here it is; I've had it translated:

*Dear Foster Uncle, Aunt and Girls,*

*Your Franz Josef is wishing to all of you good health and God's blessings. How are you? I hope you are hale and well and I wish this to you with all my heart. I am also well, only my dear parents are still sick. My mother suffers from the heart, but she is a little better since your help has come and she can already cook, clean and take care of us again. The money you have sent for the medicines has caused that. My father is still suffering and though he is out of the hospital he must stay in bed all the time. But he now is able to smile when he thinks of all the cares you are taking off us. Now we can get fruits, and some clothes I also bought with your money already. You have made things very different for us. You have sent us money when we needed it so much and you have sent me so many things. I want to thank you for the winter coat, for the nice jacket, the pants, and shorts, T-shirt, sport shirt, the hankies, the tie and the socks. I also want you to know that you are famous here in Germany, too, and I am very proud of you. God bless you.*

*Your Franz*

. . . There's very little left for me to say, Pat. The boys have spoken simply and well.

I would, however, like to add my own thanks to you.

I'd like you to know, Pat, that you are clearly the kind of guy who makes Hollywood a better place to write about, the world a better place in which to live.

Thanks, then, from all of us at MODERN SCREEN, for that.

Sincerely,

David Myers

Editor

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

**1. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

**I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

**I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**2. I LIKE SOPHIA LOREN:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**3. I LIKE DIANE JERGENS:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

**I LIKE PETER BROWN:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**4. I LIKE JEAN SEBERG:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**5. I LIKE GENE TIERNEY:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**6. I LIKE PAT BOONE:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all


*(see other side)*

## who can I run to?

(*Continued from page 60*) had started and the young nun had begun lecturing before she looked down at the hand-printed questionnaire.

She scanned the questions quickly.

*Have you ever been alone with a boy?* was the first.

*What was the first thing he said?* was the second.

*What was the first thing he did?* was the third.

She had barely started answering them when she heard the voice shout out: "Diane!"

Her head jerked up.

She saw the nun hurrying up the aisle, toward her, asking, "What are you writing?"

There was no time for Diane to hide the paper.

The nun grabbed it and began to read it.

As she did, Diane stared at the small silver crucifix that lay sad and shining against the deep black habit.

"Diane!" the nun said, shocked, a moment later.

Again, Diane's head jerked up.

"Yes?" she asked. She was scared. But she tried her best not to look it. "Yes?"

"Come with me," the young nun said, tugging at her hand. "I want to have a little talk with you."

The talk, in a small bare room down the hall, lasted only a few minutes.

"Why," the nun asked, "why do you sit in class with an unholy piece of paper such as this in front of you and honor it and make yourself evil and bad by honoring it?"

"But most of the other girls have filled theirs out," Diane said, remembering what the fat girl had told her in the corridor a little while earlier. "I just—"

"Who gave it to you?" the young nun demanded. "Tell me, Diane, or I warn you, I'll have to take you to Mother Superior and she'll take some drastic action, I'm sure of *that* . . . Now tell me. Who gave it to you?"

"I can't say," Diane answered. . . .

"I can't say," she answered the Mother Superior a few minutes later. "It wouldn't be right. She's a friend of mine. I can't say."

It was a few minutes after that when Diane followed the Mother Superior and the young nun back into the classroom. The three of them walked to the front of the room. The Mother Superior spoke.

She told the girls that Diane Varsi had been caught with a shameful piece of paper in her possession, that Diane Varsi claimed someone in this classroom had given it to her but that she had refused to name the person.

"If that person does not confess immediately," the Mother Superior concluded, "Diane Varsi will be expelled from this convent as of right now. For we will then have to assume that *no one* gave it to her.

The room was very quiet.

For a full minute it remained quiet.

During that minute Diane looked around, from girl's face to girl's face. When her eyes finally met the eyes of the fat girl, the friend who'd given her the paper—she stared pleadingly at those eyes and those eyes stared back hard—at hers.

"Well," she heard the Mother Superior say, suddenly, when the minute was over, "I'm afraid that I shall have to call your parents and tell them that you can no longer attend this school. . . ."

She led the way to the office where the call was made—to her ill mother.

Mrs. Varsi's reaction was a surprise to Diane. "No, do *not* call a cab to bring her home. I will come for her myself."

Carefully shunned, Diane had no choice but to sit there in silence and wait.

Her mother finally came. She heard, in detail, the reason for the expulsion. She listened with a calm that amazed Diane.

Even more amazing was what she said at the finish of the story. "My dear Mother Superior, my daughter has always been taught to be loyal. I think she did right." With that, she stood up and nodded to Diane that they could leave now.

She had never felt so close to her mother as she did on that ride home. But, once there, her mother had to go to bed with another of her migraine headaches. And Diane was alone to think her thoughts.

*So what that I got kicked out of that place and they don't want me anymore?* Diane thought. *I have my family. And they'll understand. Even though we're not a close family like some of the others around here, always hugging and kissing and making all that kind of fuss; even though my mother and father are nervous and always fighting and don't seem to have too much time for me—they'll still understand about this, my family, they'll understand.*"

Gail, her sister, two years younger, came in from school. Diane told her about the expulsion. "Now what'll you do?" Gail asked, her tone implying that she would never get in such a fix, herself, and she went off to a girlfriend's house.

When Mr. Varsi came home that night he listened to Diane and sighed deeply. "I've said it before and I'll say it again—Trouble should be your middle name," he said. And he walked away.

Upstairs, her mother was asleep—oblivious to the turmoil Diane was in.

It was then, at that moment, that Diane made her vow.

---

**7. I LIKE BRIGITTE BARDOT:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**8. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

**I LIKE TONY CURTIS:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**9. I LIKE JIMMIE RODGERS:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**10. I LIKE DIANE VARSI:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**11. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**12. I READ** [1] all of **WHAT MY FAITH MEANS TO ME** [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] completely
[2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

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13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

**AGE**..... **NAME**.....

**ADDRESS**..... STREET .....

**CITY**..... **ZONE**..... **STATE**.....

She clenched her fists and held them tight against her sides.

*"I don't know what I want to do when I grow up,"* she told herself. *"But I know this. There's one thing I'll always be able to do. I'll always be able to do what isn't easy to do."*

### Two

It was a little more than a year later and Diane was sitting in the drugstore, nibbling away at a sundae, talking to her girlfriend, and trying very hard to be honest and different, and sophisticated, too, for she was fifteen now and it was quite an important thing to be sophisticated at that age.

"I got kissed last night," Diane said.

She waited for the other girl to react. The girl smiled.

"Honest," Diane said, "I got real honest kissed.

"Last night I went out with this fellow. You don't know him. He's out of school already. He's five years older than I am, in fact. He's just about twenty. And after we went driving around for a while he parked the car and he started to kiss me. It was so strange, at first. He kissed me on the lips and then on my neck and then all over my face. And it felt so nice, I just let him keep doing it for a while. And when he was through I said, 'Why did you kiss me like that, all over my face?' and he said, 'I don't know.'"

Diane laughed. Then she noticed that her friend made a face.

"You . . . *you* don't think I did bad, do you?" she asked suddenly, dropping her sophistication and most of her smile.

"Oh no, of course not," the other girl said. "I think it's really something. And I'm glad you told me. After all, that's what girlfriends are for, isn't it? To talk and tell each other their secrets and everything?"

Diane nodded.

She felt lots better.

"That's *right*," she said. . . .

It was just before gym class in school the next day when Diane heard the girls behind the long file of lockers talking away.

"And then, I hear," one of the girls was saying, "he began to kiss her all over the face and neck and she let him keep on doing it—because it felt so nice, our little Miss Varsi said."

There was a roar of laughter.

"She said it was so terribly exciting," the girl went on.

"I'll bet," another girl joined in.

"Did she say what happened after *that?*" a third girl asked.

"Did she have to?" the first girl asked back.

Again there was laughter.

"How trampy can you get?" one of the girls asked them.

"How trampy is right," another girl said.

"I bet—" still another girl started to say, "I mean, when you really begin to wonder why she was kicked out of that other school—"

Diane didn't stick around long enough to hear the rest of it. For she ran down the corridor to the girls' room now and she locked herself inside one of the booths. And, standing against the tin partition, she closed her eyes, closed them tight, so her tears wouldn't get through and go streaming down her cheeks, as if she were some silly stupid kid, just like the rest of these silly stupid kids she knew—and didn't ever want to have anything to do with again—ever. . . .

### Three

It was one night a few weeks later now. There had been a terrible argument at home between Diane and her parents. It had ended up with her father shouting her down and sending her up to her room.

It was a little after midnight when Diane decided to run away. She got out of bed, got dressed and walked over to the window, ready to climb out of it and lose herself in the big world down below.

Gail awoke from the noise of the opening window.

"Where you going, Diane?" she asked, rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

Diane tiptoed back to her sister's bed. She opened the little purse she was carrying. "Gail," she said, "I want you to promise not to tell Mama and Poppa that I've gone."

"But where you going?" Gail asked.

Diane didn't answer. "Here," she said, reaching into the purse. "Here's all the money I've got. Look." She took it out, one bill and some change, and counted. "A dollar-forty," she said. "This is all yours if you don't say anything."

Gail was obviously impressed by the sum, and much too tired to ask any further questions.

"Okay," she said, turning over in her bed and going back to sleep, not bothering to watch her sister tiptoe back to the window and slip out of the room. . . .

Diane walked the streets of town, headed for nowhere—but away, just away.

She hadn't walked far, though, when the cold night air began to seep through her skin and she started to shiver.

She kept on walking. But after a while her legs began to feel numb and she wondered why she hadn't worn her heavy coat and why she'd picked a night such as this to run away.

She tried walking just a little more. But it was too cold, much too cold.

And so she turned and went back home and climbed back up to her room and got undressed and went back to bed.

*Tomorrow,* she thought again, *tomorrow I'll decide what to do.*

And then she fell asleep. . . .

At breakfast the next morning, Gail smiled a knowing smile and turned to their mother. "Mama," she said, "I have a dollar-forty."

"Really?" Mrs. Varsi asked. "And where did you get it?"

Gail told about what had happened the night before and, ending it dramatically, handed the money back to her sister.

Diane jumped up from her chair.

"You promised you wouldn't tell," she said.

She turned to look at her mother now. She was really going to get it from her mother now, she knew.

"*You* were wrong, Gail," Mrs. Varsi said after a long moment. "You broke a promise to your sister."

The younger girl shrugged and got on with her breakfast.

"And you," Mrs. Varsi asked, turning to Diane, "aren't *you* planning to eat this morning?"

Diane nodded and sat down. She'd wanted to talk up right now. She'd wanted to rush over to her mother and throw her arms around her and thank her for being good and for being fair.

But her mother had turned around already and was back at the stove.

So Diane—though she couldn't get herself to say the things she wanted to say now, to do the thing she wanted to do now—nodded and sat down. And for the first time in a long time she felt that there was good in this lonely, mixed-up world of hers—goodness and fairness and love.

She loved her mother very much that morning. She continued loving her for the rest of that day and the next and the next.

But then, less than a week later, there


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was another fight, again with both her parents. There were hot words and she got shouted at again and was sent up to her room.

And that night, when she ran away, she made sure to wear her heavy coat and to pack some clothes into a valise and not to give away what little money she had, and she swore that this time she was running away for good.

### Four

It was a year later. Diane was nearly seventeen. A lot had happened to her since that day she'd left home. She'd come to Los Angeles. She'd met a boy, married him, fought incessantly with him and had the marriage annulled. Then she'd become interested in acting. Suddenly, acting meant everything to her. Acting, she decided, would be her life from now on. She sacrificed a lot for it. She got a little money from her grandfather, her father's father, and she used that money to pay the rent and finance the acting lessons. But there was little money left for food, and so she didn't eat properly. And after a while, she noticed that she was becoming more and more sick to her stomach. But still, she had a dream and what did it matter if she had to get sick to realize that dream.

And then the day came when the pain in her stomach was too great. She woke up one morning and fainted. Her landlady found her lying on the floor near the bed and called the doctor.

"You realize you are pregnant?" the doctor asked her when he was finished with his examination.

Diane shook her head.

The doctor looked around the room, then back at Diane and the narrow bed on which she lay.

"You're a sick girl," the doctor said. "And you obviously have no money. Don't you think you could go back to your husband, now that this has happened?"

"No," Diane said. "I can't go back. I won't go back."

"How will you take care of yourself?" the doctor asked. "You're too weak to work, you know."

"I don't know what I'm going to do," Diane said. "I—I only know one thing, Doctor. That I must study. I want to be an actress. . . .

The doctor told her that this was a bad thing she was doing, that she would endanger her life and the life of her child.

"But I can't do anything else," Diane said.

"Then you don't really care what happens," the doctor said, rising.

"I do," Diane said. Won't you understand that? I do care. But—"

The doctor glanced at his watch. He was late for his next appointment, he said. He had to go.

"But—" Diane called out again as he walked away and toward the door and closed the door behind him, "but you *don't* understand!"

She shook her head again and then she brought her hands up to her stomach. Slowly, she lifted her head from her pillow and she looked down at her hands and, as if she were looking through those hands now—through that portion of her body she covered with them—deep inside her womb and at the growing seed there—she whispered:

"You understand, don't you, my baby? *You* understand. . . . !"

### Five

The day of the nervous breakdown began quietly. Diane got up at six o'clock, wsahed, dressed, kissed her sleeping boy, Shawn—nearly sixteen months old now—good-bye, left a few instructions with the housekeeper and drove to Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. It was January, 1958. Diane was a movie star and production on her third and latest picture, *Ten North Frederick*, was nearing an end.

She had a tough scene to do that morning. She had to stand and listen to the actress who was playing her mother shout at her for something she had done and then slap her furiously across the face.

They shot the scene once. And then they shot it again. And again. And again.

In the middle of the fourth shooting Diane began to feel her legs go weak. Then she felt the perspiration break out under her make-up, then through it, so that her face was hot now, feverishly hot. Then she found it hard to keep her eyes open, they were so suddenly heavy. And then her head began to spin, swiftly, as if it had been caught in a whirlwind of warm, twirling air.

And then she blacked out. . . .

At the hospital, a doctor said that she was suffering from nervous exhaustion, that she must rest for a while.

"She won't tell me much, she's very silent," he said to another doctor later; "but her condition is obviously the result of all the pressures that have been building up inside her over the years."

Diane recovered quickly. She was told she could leave the hospital a week after she'd checked in.

"My," a nurse said to her the night before she left, "you'll be going home first thing in the morning and won't that be nice?"

"Yes," Diane said, "I can't wait."

"And won't it be nice to see your little boy?" the nurse asked.

"Yes," Diane said.

"It's important to have someone to love," the nurse said. "And—and it's important to have some one to love you, too."

The nurse stared at her wisely.

"I don't mean to say what it's not my place to say," she said, "but it's true, you know. It is important to have someone to love *you*, too."

### Six

Diane was about to leave the hospital. It was the next morning and she sat in her room, all dressed, watching the rain fall heavily outside the open window, and waiting for an attendant to come tell her her cab was ready.

As she sat, she thought of those words she'd been thinking about ever since the night before—the nurse's words:

*It is important to have someone to love you, too.*

Diane knew they were true words.

*But who?* she kept asking herself, over and over. *A man? A husband? A family?*

*Mama*, she thought now. The word had come suddenly from out of nowhere, it seemed to go straight to her brain, and it wouldn't go away now.

*Mama?* she wondered. *It is my mother I want now? Is it? Is it?*

Diane shook her head again.

The word wouldn't let go.

*But why?* Diane asked herself.

She tried remembering back to the years, so long ago it seemed now, the years when she was a girl and lived at home, those years of confusion and heartache and of arguments all the time.

She tried to remember *that*, and she hoped that by remembering it she could get the word that was clinging to her brain now to let go.

She tried. But, still, the word was there.

She thought next, unable to help thinking about it now, to a time once when she was thirteen or fourteen years old and she'd had some words with her mother.

"I'm not well," her mother had said afterwards. "I've been ill for a time now, in bed and with medicines and everything. I hope that sometimes you understand that, Diane. Do you?"

Diane wondered what she had said in answer to this. She wondered whether she, the girl who'd always felt so misunderstood, had understood that particular question.

And as she wondered, another time came back to her mind now, a morning at breakfast when her sister had tattled on her—something about a dollar-forty and an escape through the window, wasn't it?—and her mother had told her sister that *she* was wrong for tattling, not Diane for having done whatever she'd done, and Diane remembered now how she'd loved her mother for that at the time, how fair she thought her mother had been, and how good.

Diane remembered too, how she'd wanted to embrace her mother then, to tell her how much she'd loved her for that.

"But I didn't," she told herself now. "whatever the reason was, I didn't. And maybe if I had—"

Again, she shook her head.

"It's so late now," she thought.

She sat back in the chair.

And then her eyes caught sight of the phone that sat on a little table on the other side of the room.

She stared at the phone for one, two, three minutes.

Then she got up and rushed over to it.

She picked up the receiver.

"Hello," she said, "Operator? I'd like to place a long-distance call. . . ."

It had stopped raining when Diane left the hospital a little while later. The sun was shining, in fact, as she got into the cab that had been ordered for her.

"Where to, Miss?" the cabbie asked.

*To the little house*, Diane wanted to say, *where my little boy is waiting for me and where my mother is coming to stay for a while—yes, I just spoke to her and she's coming!—and where everything is going to be so nice and wonderful between the three of us. To that little house, please.*

But instead Diane simply gave the address, and the cabbie muttered a quick okay, completely oblivious to the fact that he was about to drive this pretty young passenger of his from the lowest point in her life to what she prayed would be the beginning of that happiness she had never known before. . . . **END**

*Diane can soon be seen in* COMPULSION *for 20th*


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